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MAY/JUNE No 41
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PERFORMANCE

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9 - 17

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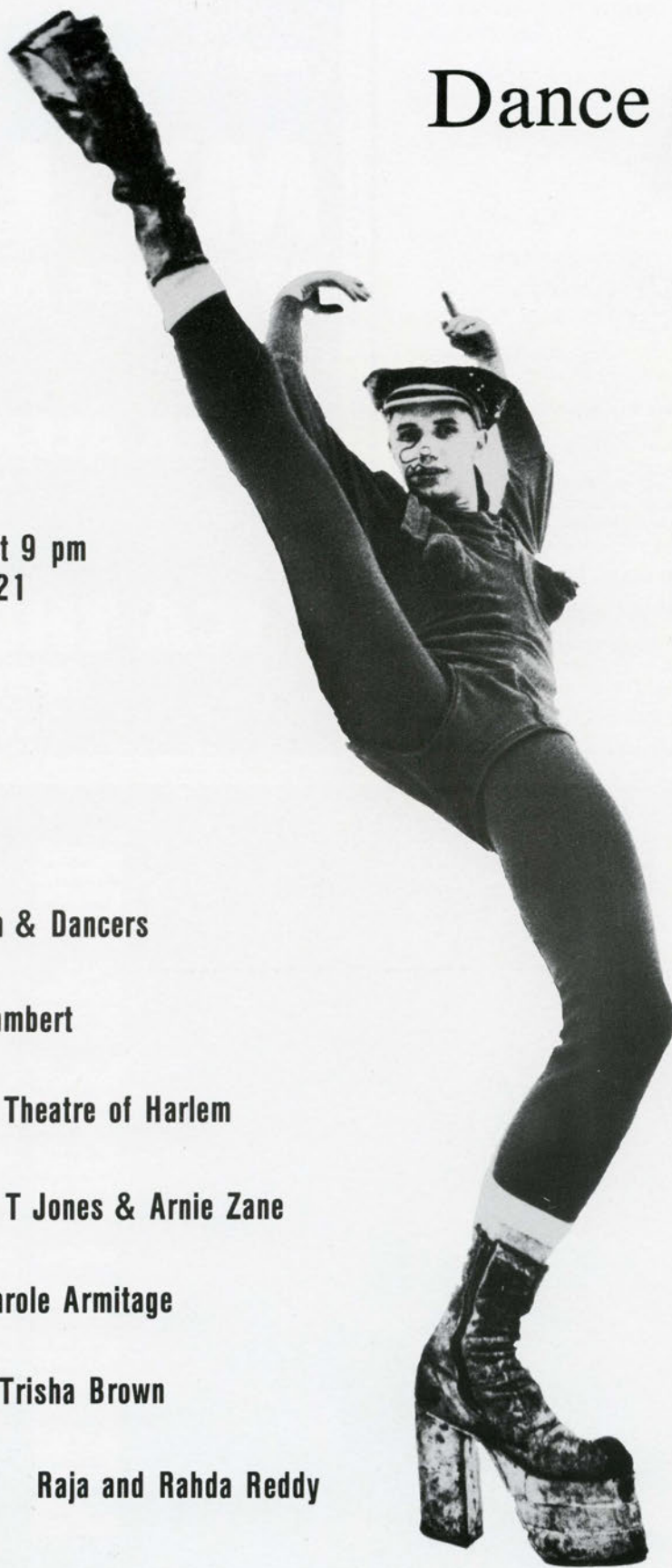
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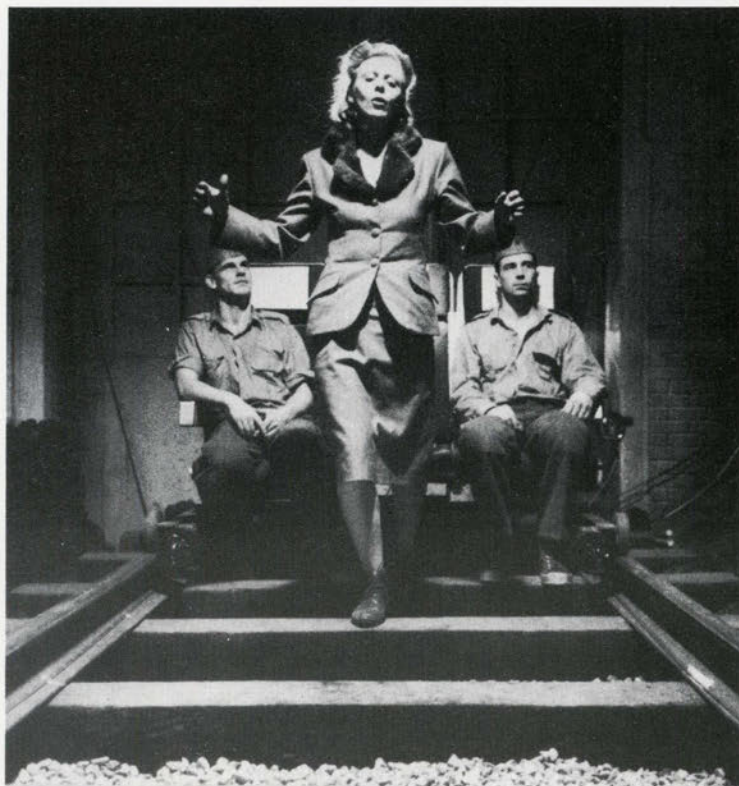
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PLEASE NOTE: Issue No 38 was a double issue and should have been numbered 38/39. There was no separate issue 39. **Apologies:** Issue 40 contained a number of mistakes and omissions: apologies are due to **Forced Entertainment** and **Impact Theatre**. We inadvertently attached pictures of Forced Entertainment to our review of Impact Theatre. Sorry too to **Hugo Glendinning** for getting his name wrong. We also omitted to credit the **Midland Group** for commissioning 'A Split Second of Paradise' from Station House Opera. Finally, the feature 'Our Wonderful Culture' was written by Glyn Banks. We apologise for not crediting him.
Cover Photo: From 'Home of the Brave' by Laurie Anderson. Photo by: Les Fincher. **This page:** Le Rail, the installation performance by Carbone 14. Photo by: Yves Dube.



PERT

PREVIEW

MY LIFE, BY JOSEF MENGELE



PHOTO / TOM BARRANCE

First produced at Chapter in Cardiff, *My Life*, by Josef Mengele moves to the ICA Theatre with very high recommendations. Directed by Chapter Theatre director Yanek Alexander the show is complex and provocative. Hopefully it will make some of the more metropolis bound critics take notice of what's going on in other cities. (Performance included?).●

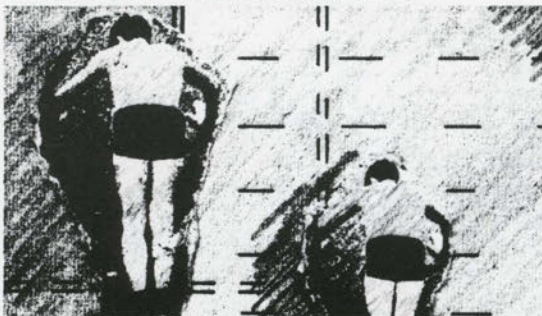


LA BOUCHE — BIKINI WEATHER

LA BOUCHE, along with Theatre De Complicite, Lumiere and Son, Michael Nyman, The Flying Lizards and a collaboration between Extemporary Dance and Kate & Mike Westbrook are all donating themselves for a benefit for CND. This bright idea will take place at the Academy in Brixton, worth a visit for the decor alone, on Sunday June 8. A great opportunity for anyone who isn't a fan of Billy Bragg, The Mint Juleps or the Flying Pickets to feel part of something worthwhile and have fun.●



NOT WAVING BUT DROWNING/INDUSTRIAL AND DOMESTIC THEATRE CONTRACTORS



Industrial and Domestic have been commissioned by the Midland Group to create a work for swimming pools (empty). Opening at the University Lido in Nottingham on July 3/4/5 the work is concerned with the 'politics of leisure — leisure as enforced occupation, as an inevitable result of technology, as a Utopian lifestyle, as child's play, and a necessity for health of mind and body'.●

STEVE SHILL — DARK WATER CLOSING

Steve Shill of Impact Theatre recently moved to New York. *Dark Water Closing* is his first solo work, created in New York and performed there before touring the show here. With music by Impact colleague Graeme Miller, it is described as 'A Psychic Thriller' and 'Tarkovsky makes a film in Robert Wilson's apartment'. *Dark Water Closing* is bound to be visually and musically good, and Steve Shill's performance will be mesmerising. Not to be missed ●



PHOTO / DONA ANN MCADAMS



ON TOUR
IN JUNE

THE DAYLIGHT CLUB

The Daylight Club will be presenting a series of afternoon events throughout the summer starting in early June. The venue is an old synagogue in Spitalfields, and there will be films,



performance and two dimensional works including contributions from Derek Jarman, Ron Hazeldon and Anne Bean. Watch out for further details.

.....

Sef Townsend & Hermine in 'Chamber Opera' part of last years 'Daylight Club'.

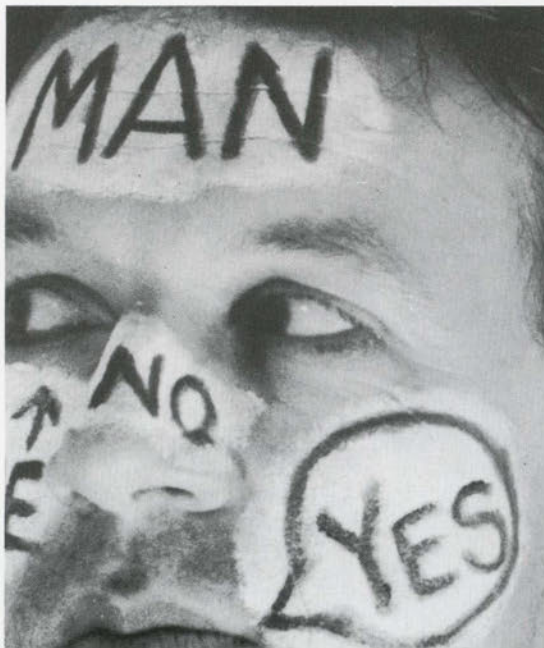


PERT

PREVIEW

“WORDS” AND “DEFINITIONS”

“What, like mime is it? . . . so, you were a sculptor, but this is like theatre now . . . yes, I can see the influence of Dada . . . your live work is much more direct . . . semi-improvised skits, cut-out sculptures . . . where did you train, you must have been to Drama School . . . are you sure you should rehearse, I mean what about the tradition of spontaneity . . . by why call it performance art, you’re an actor . . . entertaining . . . I was comparing you with what we saw last week . . . I expected something less theatrical . . . I expected something more theatrical . . . mmmmmmm . . .”



At Sculpture Space in Utica USA I was trying to build a sculptural environment to perform with. When I started calling it a ‘stage-set’ it got much easier, what a relief. When people tell me I’m an actor I’m baffled, so what is performance art, I wonder? But that’s its strength, I know it, you can’t pin it down. Yet it’s become a label, like all the others, like this magazine even — Oh, Performance Magazine, yes, it would fit there. These labels, these labels, they’re like brick walls, like dark glasses that obscure our vision. That’s how I came to work on Definitions — always the same unanswerable question at parties, “Oh, really, what is performance art?” It’s a privilege to perform, to communicate with an audience, but such hard work trying to categorise it, does it matter? Maybe if I perform in a theatre it will get called something else ‘perfacting’, that’s perfect. *Richard Layzell is presenting ‘Words’ and ‘Definitions’ at The Gate Theatre, 11 Pembroke Road, London W11. (Above Prince Albert Pub) Tel: 01-229 0706 on May 19, 25 & 26 at 8pm and ‘Definitions’ at the Battersea Arts Centre on May 23 at 8pm.*

RICHARD LAYZELL

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PERFORMANCE



SPEAKING IN TONGUES

Laurie Anderson's new movie *Home of the Brave* had just opened to mixed reviews and she was about to embark on a six week tour of Europe with *Natural History*. BARBARA LEHMANN met with her at her home in Lower Manhattan. It had been two weeks of interviews for her. Amidst the cacophony of the outside traffic, the phone calls and the doorbell they sat over coffee in the kitchen. There were few personal objects around: a Canon tpestar printer, an IBM typewriter and a ceramic violinist sporting a cowboy hat. Laurie Anderson broke the filters off of her Marlboro cigarettes and had this to say.

Barbara Lehmann: With the release of your film, you're reaching a wider audience. You've performed a kind of crossover dream from the New York Downtown Avantgarde into the Mainstream. Do you see yourself as a ground breaker for other performance artists?

Laurie Anderson: Yes. I hope that happens.

BL: Who are the artists that you are interested in?

LA: Well, when I'm in New York, I'm working around the clock. The rest of the time, I'm not here. One of the things I'm looking forward to, going on this tour, is being able to get some sense of what people are doing because I really don't know.


BL: Your movie has been compared to The Talking Heads film, *Stop Making Sense*, directed by Jonathan Demme. Is David Byrne someone you're interested in?

LA: I'm interested to see his next film. Because I thought *Stop Making Sense* was wonderful. It's kind of strange to compare the two films because the concerts themselves are very different.

BL: What kind of movies do you like?

LA: I liked Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise* very much. I just saw his new film. And I liked that. There are some really moody scenes in New Orleans that I liked. And I like Peter Greenaway's films. And Alan Rudolph's films.

BL: *Choose Me*. That was my favourite film last year.

LA: Umm hmm. Film is really perfect for what I'm doing now. Records 

PHOTOS / LES FINCHER



LAURIE ANDERSON



SPEAKING IN TONGUES



have always been very frustrating. Because you're just doing the sound and I've really missed the pictures a lot. The next film I make definitely won't be a concert film. That was a way of trying some things out, and learning about film because all the films I've shown before have really been films from performances. It's ridiculous to call them films. They're not films. They're silent metronomes. They come right out of the camera and onto the screen. I never edit them. For example, the radar shot from *Home of the Brave*, or in animation. Something is going on around the film.

BL: Would you like to be an actress in films?

LA: No. I'm not interested in that. I'm interested in directing. The experience of making a film is something that I particularly like. I shot 'Home of the Brave' really for two reasons. One was to find out some things about making a film, and the second was to save that particular work. So I wouldn't ever have to perform it again. And in a certain way, I'm sorry that I didn't do that with *United States*. It becomes a very different work as soon as you shoot it on film. Obviously. It's something completely different.

BL: In your movie, you show us a new and different side of yourself. With your face projected larger than life, you become a pop icon, a kind of screen goddess. The 'Classic Laurie Anderson Clone', the androgynous punkette, changes from her man's suit to a satin jumpsuit into a silver lame gown.

LA: (sotto voce) That silver lame.

BL: That silver lame, you say! That was a new way of seeing you. Suddenly, you're not so androgenous anymore. In fact, you became a bit of a sexpot.

LA: Well, for me, it was another way of telling that story, which is the story of creation. And then that was sort of instigated by a woman. That was her story, hers and the snakes. The idea was to do a conversation between me and the snake and the woman. Which was the point of the snake gloves. But the dress took over more than the snake. It was kind of a battle.

BL: With the visual intimacy of the screen, there is no escaping that kind of femaleness.

LA: Well, the snake sort of sheds its skin at a certain point and it gets thrown away. That was the reason I did it. I really didn't think it would have such a sexual

impact, though a lot of people said, 'Oh, you wore a dress! What's going on?' I've always thought of myself as a neutral narrator. And in that case, I thought it was the narrator as well.

BL: Well, yes, it was. It had all that in it. But there is more to image on the screen than there might be in performance.

LA: It's true, at a distance you can get away with wearing a suit more.

BL: In a song, if you have a distanced persona, and you're talking about something that is very intimate, there is a cross current of energy that is transmitted. While on the screen . . .

LA: That's a very complicated thing you just said, starting with persona. Because I never understood that word at all. It was Bergman's worse side. There are a whole heap of performance art theories built on this idiotic word. Because I think people are afraid to say things more pop, like personality. But that's what they mean, I think.

BL: Maybe they're trying to be generous when they talk about persona instead of personality. Personality is your private sense of yourself, reserved for your friends. Persona would be your public personality.

LA: Personality reminds me too much of some of those be-bop songs from the 1950s. It's not what I would want to have alone at breakfast. I'd never want to have persona. I mean, I construct various voices, some of which slightly relate to myself as a person, but I've gone through a lot of trouble to, as I said, to act as a narrator, and constantly change voices. I mean, you'll hear the voice change five times within five songs and that's what I'm really trying to represent. Different ways of speaking. Rather than construct a coherent persona.

BL: And yet, you have effectively projected a very concise, clear, tight persona, the 'Laurie Anderson Clone'.

LA: I think ego in this country is very much about that. It's about Logo. It's about every gallery having its own special logo, or every magazine having its own individual stamp. It's so conservative. They forget what they're talking about, once they get their voice. So it's about, as far as I can see, sales. Because most of the people I know are much more complicated than the way you describe their personality in one sentence, in one image. They slip around all the

time. They use fifty voices a day, anyway. And it depends. You're just talking to them as a friend. But you should follow them around and see how they talk to somebody in a store when they buy something. You're seeing one little piece of them and you're calling that them. But it's your interaction with them that's making them. It always is so. And in a Performance Work, it's also that you're not interested in how a performer buys something in the store. You're interested in what he represents. So, yeah, you are focussing on that way of representing ideas. But I hope I'm steering away from that kind of possession. But, then, on the other hand, it would be a little odd to come from nowhere.

BL: Well, you have to come from yourself.

LA: And it just depends on how you're using yourself. The Japanese are capable of saying in all good faith, there is thinking going on. They don't have to say, I'm thinking. It's not a Cartesian situation. It's not bound to the ego the way the west is. And they think that this question of persona is so bound to the way that we perceive ego and the whole structure of the art world, that it really has become overblown. It hides the intent. Some of the press reaction to the movie in New York has been focussed, in a very negative way, on me as a performer. Which I'm used to, in a way, because some people treat performance as something like, I wander onto the set in the last five minutes and do something. They don't analyse it as something that I've structured. This is music, and these are images that I've put together, and that also I'm in. But what they concentrate on is whether it's sharp or flat, or what my hair looks like. Issues of sexism haven't really occurred to me for about 12 years.

BL: You're lucky.
LA: I'm very lucky.
BL: You bet.
LA: Because, also, I choose to let them go by. And I choose to be pompous enough and put out things like. Would you believe that I live by politics. I've spent a lot of time in the woman's move-



ment, pamphleting, you know things like that, and then I thought, hang on a minute. I'm going to do this in some other way. Because I'm not interested in lecturing people. I don't think that works anyway. I'm interested in building an intimate work in such a tight way that it's there without question. But with something like this film, when you're directing it as well as in it, the easiest way to talk about it is to look at the performer.

BL: Do you read a lot?

LA: I do a fair amount of reading.

BL: What do you like to read?

LA: Let's see. Technical manuals.

BL: Do you read those out loud?

LA: Yeah. Always. Let's see, what else am I reading? Anything in French, mostly.

BL: The French theorists?

LA: No. I'm getting ready to do these concerts in other languages, so I'm reading through my collection of books trying to remember what the language sounds like. Let's see. What else. I got this book that I read about a few days ago in the Times. It's a book of statistics about

And many of the social services we as Americans think, oh yeah, we're a country that loves the kids, and we give everyone a chance. But then you look at these statistics and you think, we're really at the bottom of the line on everything like daycare, pregnancy leaves, any opportunities for women. And certainly blacks are a whole other issue. I mean, the whole thing goes so far back. That's one of the reasons I find myself angry at this book. It looks like nothing happened. It looks like it was destructive instead of constructive. You look at this and it just breaks your heart. You just go, I'm living in this complete dream world. This country is something quite different than it says it is. Quite different.

BL: This is a subject you get very passionate about. I keep coming back to the images in your work. It really strikes me how, when you come out dressed in a suit and tie with your really feminine voice that gets synthesized into a lower, masculinesque voice, it incites just by the duality. You are a woman who can bear the trappings of a man. You can play

is definitely paying the bill, and the waiter is a professional waiter. Here, the woman, particularly in New York, may just as easily be paying the bill. The waiter is writing a novel and will sit down and tell you about it. It's much more fluid. People are trying to separate their roles as they move, which is a more exciting way of living. But it also unhooks you from your culture, not that we have much of one anyway. But you're more of a free agent. Which is frightening.

BL: What was your experience of this in Japan?

LA: One of the most chilling things I saw in Japan was a cemetery where people who work in the same company are all buried together, instead of being buried with their families. I can't really analyse that country. I haven't spent enough time there.

BL: They have a very sexist society. I mean, there are not so many women out on the street.

LA: That part of it drives me crazy. You see the woman ten feet behind the man. I'm not treated that way, because

'LOOK, I'M NOT FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT'



social issues in this country. Feminists are very down on this book because it's kind of gloomy. One of the statistics is what women make as salaries, which in 1939 was 63¢ to the dollar, and in 1984 is 64¢. I figured out that at this rate, it would be the year 3624 when we achieve parity. I don't know about you, but that's an awful long time to wait. Which means that it's going to be even later before we achieve other kinds of parity, really being able to hold an equal footing. The other very, very shocking things in this book were things like 89.5% of the people who live in this country at the poverty level, or below, are women and children.

both sex roles. And well.

LA: I think the distance between men and women is less in the United States than, for example, in Europe where there is still a history of romanticism in women. I think women here are not as . . . well, it's a cultural thing, too. There's not as big a space between men and women because our roles in general aren't as defined. For example, the situation of a man, a woman and a waiter in France is very different than the situation of a man, a woman and a waiter in the United States. People are more into their official roles in Europe. The woman is (LA MAKES A GESTURE), and the man

I'm a guest. One of the ideas of the Japanese promoters was to go to Bali for a couple of days and talk to the Prince of Bali. That was very strange. That made the Japanese seem enlightened in terms of women. We stayed at the palace, and again, I was treated as a guest. But the other women in the party were . . . well, we each had our own house. If a man left his clothes on the floor and his house a mess, it was all cleaned up and his clothes were laundered and put back in the drawers. But it wasn't the case for the women. They had to clean up their own place.

BL: When you are received as a guest around the world, do you find yourself in



SPEAKING IN TONGUES



the position of Ambassadrette?

LA: Ambassadrette. In the situation right now, which is politically, ridiculously hot. You go to places where you're really hated. Period. And I start to talk, 'Look, I'm not from the State Department. So let's talk about something either one-to-one, or let's talk about music' Inevitably I'm drawn to that because that's what I'm most interested in. Particularly with the element of terrorism, which I think of really as a serious deflection. I think that it conveniently prevents people from talking about the real problems. Not that terrorism isn't a nightmare. But it means that you can't stand up in this country and say to the people who are in power, I'm afraid that the entire world is going to blow up. There's no kind of security here. What kind of happiness is this? That sort of Rally-Round-The-Flag-Boys mentality here, and Cowboy Machismo is a kind of

infantile reaction to terrorism. A way of saying, Hey, man, we can do something about this. We can get that guy. The way he got us. Let's have these little squabbles. Not to underestimate the fact that people are getting killed for these little squabbles. But if effectively, very effectively prevents people from looking at this other, much more frightening issue of nuclear holocaust.



BL: On the Monday night when Reagan bombed Libya, I was out having an intimate drink with a friend and then I went back to a friend's loft where the

television was on and I discovered what had just happened while I was out there innocently carrying on with my life. There was Reagan saying, 'And I'd do it again if I had to.' It was terrifying. I felt so powerless, helpless. How does he get to broadcast a statement like that?

LA: He gets it from the movies. And it gives people a sense of achievement. Our little wars, here and there, that make people stand up and cheer, are obscene. As if we were taking on someone our size. You know, it's pathetic. And the worst thing is, that it takes people's minds off the things we should be paying attention to. Which is that we are serious and dangerous aggressors in a very serious, a very hot global situation. Not one that's just a squabble with Libya. That's just a part of it. It's on the level of a four year old making things worse. I find it intensely disgusting. And when I go to other countries, I am constantly asked about it. Because they're going, What are you doing?

BL: So how does that affect you

ISSUES OF SEXISM HAVEN'T REALLY OCCURRED TO ME FOR ABOUT TWELVE YEARS



when you travel?

LA: I can't remain noncommittal to something like that. I think that, even though I am not there as a member of the State Department, I'm there as a citizen of this country that I have opinions about and I'm happy to air them. It's no joke that Reagan is a crook. Let's say that it's no secret that the guy is an extremely violent man, out of control.

BL: Ronbo. Have you heard that bastardization?

LA: To me, Ronbo is about as real as Dumbo, or Bambi. What I'd actually like to see is a film that's Rocky vs. Rambo. Kind of a split screen kind of thing. Like Pillow Talk. Rambo comes back from Nam and he's really being obnoxious, just bragging about it. He challenges Rocky to a fight, the Italian Stallion. He thinks Rocky is such a sissy, all he does is fight in rings. Not in the jungle. So the two of them take each other on. That's as far as I've gotten with the script.

BL: Let me take you back to your work.

LA: Right now I'm ready to do another project. Touring is gruelling. At the moment, I'm sure that the next work I do will be much more interior.

BL: Do you do any training for your performances, anything to keep you in shape?

LA: I started working with a woman who is very interesting. A voice therapist actually. The voice is, of course, very connected to many different things. Your sense of yourself, as well as all the physical tubes that are running through



you. So trying to locate that means trying to be as free as you can.

BL: I saw you last night at Franklin Furnace's Artie Awards. They presented

you with an Artie for *United States*. You said you were happy to be reminded that there's still a New York Art World.

LA: I enjoyed seeing the short films, but I really don't like all the social part. I love to do the work, but I don't really like the things that surround it, all this yammering around about the stuff, you know. But I enjoyed Vito Acconci's speech.

BL: Yes. I did too.

LA: but those endless thank yous.

BL: I liked it when Acconci thanked the late 60s/early 70s for his award.

LA: Ummm hmmm.

BL: Thanking the time instead of a person.

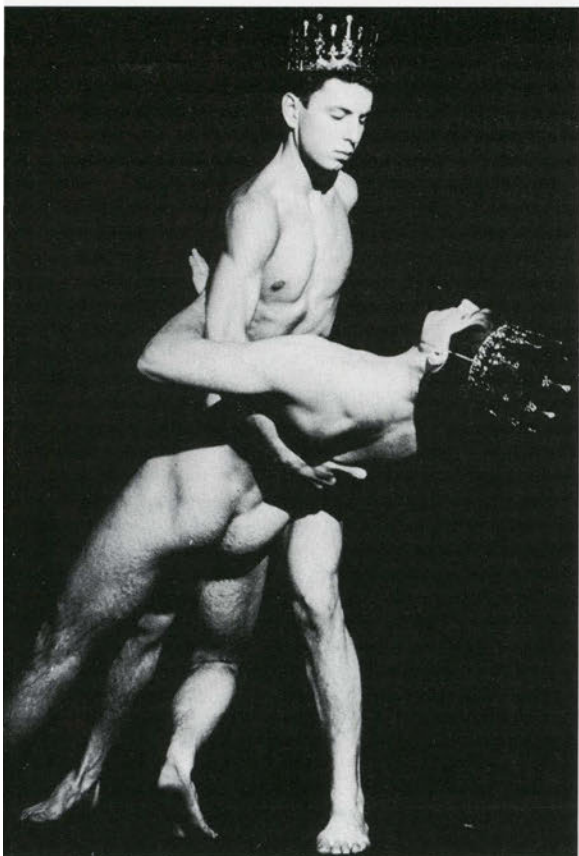
LA: I think it's difficult to spread your name and your picture around time without losing something. And I think you pay a price for that exposure. I've found that, personally, I've become very guarded.

And I don't want that to happen in my work. Because you have to feel free to do anything ●

I'D NEVER
WANT TO
HAVE 'PERSONA'

THE POWER AND THE MADNESS

RIGHT FROM THE START, Jan Fabre declared *The Power of Theatrical Madness* to be a work for 'an Italian Stage'. He meant the opera houses found in most towns in Italy: high end-



'Last one out switch the lights off, would you?'

PHOTOS / ROBERT MAPLETHORPE

stage, flat or gently raked stalls enclosed by a wall of boxes on four levels, sometimes seating as few as 350, elaborately enriched by classically referential decor. I saw the show at just such a theatre in Iesi, and indeed this was its true context. The projected paintings of the piece completed a container within which its art historical allusions found a pitch of sympathetic resonance.

The nearest thing we have to such theatres in London are the nineteenth century auditoria of the West End. But such theatres are not available for short-term hire. The Lyric, Hammersmith, would have been ideal; the Royal Court has the right architecture, although the detail has been effaced; but neither of these theatres pursue a policy which readily embraces the avant garde. Sadler's Wells, reasonably appropriate, failed to grasp the nettle.

And so to the Albert Hall, that pompous and bloated inflation of the Italian prototype, and 'The Theatrical Event of 1986'. The earlier and inappropriately cramped showing of *The Power of Theatrical Madness* at the ICA Theatre had proved it could conquer most spaces — just as long as there was a black-out and the work could be seen. Regrettably, neither of these conditions were fulfilled at the Albert Hall.

There was no black-out: the secondary lighting system rivalled the house lights and provided sufficient ambient illumination to read a book in the auditorium. The delicate painting with light achieved by Fabre's bare-bulb grid was washed out, and the relationship between projected paintings and action destroyed. On the other hand, paradoxically perhaps, the audience could not see, simply because they were too far away within the Hall's cavernous auditorium. Whereas in classical work such a distance might preserve an illusion of perfection, here the audience needed to be able to see how difficult it was. The detail of effort, the driving dynamic of the piece, was lost.

Given, then, the circumstances of a rehearsal in Waterloo Station, *The Power of Theatrical Madness* did become an event of the year — but for rather different reasons than the quality of the work itself. Preview features in everything from the Financial Times to I-D had drawn a 3,000 strong audience of bewildering diversity. They were soon united, however, in a competition of mockery — some of it witty and within the spirit of the work, most just plain ignorant. Some shouted comments: 'Get 'em off' ... 'Boring' ... 'I've got a friend who can do that' ... 'Will you shut up, I'm trying to read' ... 'Bet they get an Arts Council grant' ... And, more approp-

riately, 'What would Shakespeare have said?' — 'Much ado about nothing'; from the chap who spotted the 'interval', 'I'm coming back', and on his return 'I can see I've missed the best bits'; and, my favourite, 'Last one out switch the lights off, would you?' At times, the performers had to fight through a barrage of abuse, at others the audience relapsed into a kind of docile lethargy.

At the 'interval', a friend of mine visited me in the stalls. She was having a really good time. This was like theatre used to be, she thought, a social event where she could invite her friends into her box and give them a drink, rather than having the bother of inviting them home for a party with all the subsequent mess. She'd even managed to get some business done. And there was always the diversion of being able to watch what was going on down below if you felt like it. I could see what she meant, and cheered up a lot at that. Indeed, I'd also done some business, betting Nicholas de Jongh that Michael Billington had not seen Fabre's previous and superior work *This is Theatre like it was to be Expected and Foreseen*. The deal was a million pounds or half a page feature in The Guardian on Impact's *The Carrier Frequency*. He lost, and didn't follow through with the feature. Did the few remaining 'No Betting' notices left from the previous night's boxing at the Albert Hall invalidate his debt of a million quid?

Others seemed to find more entertaining diversions. Curtains may be drawn across the fronts of the Albert Hall boxes, and a few did this. What occurred behind them is a matter of conjecture; but at least one incidence of inventive sexual activity has been authenticated. Whether such celebrations were a response to what was happening on the stage, or in defiance of it, we shall never know. Ah, the Power of Theatrical Madness. ●

JOHN ASHFORD

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL was packed with (in the balcony at least) a youngish audience drawn to the 'event' by sheer weight of media attention and willingness to accept that this was ART. The PR job done on this one, John, was wicked. If you declared yourself at all interested in theatre then you had to be there. People felt guilty for not being there. Some people went not expecting to get anything out, they didn't, they left early and yet still wouldn't have missed it for the world. I too was unable to resist the tantalising promise of the shock of the new. It was not so much what we wanted to do, but, more, what we felt we ought to do.

It is possible to 'justify' nearly anything by



THE POWER OF EFFECTIVE MARKETING?

The single performance of Jan Fabre's *The Power of Theatrical Madness* presented by the ICA at the Royal Albert Hall has created some very strong reactions. COLIN

WATKEYS vents his anger, and JOHN ASHFORD takes a cooler look at the way the audience responded.

referring to it as "ART". You shouldn't expect Art to give value for money. You shouldn't expect to like or understand Art. Most of this I agree with. I would support (but not buy) the bricks in the Tate (and I might give money for the artists to live on while they were looking for a job). Duchamp signed toilets and placed them in galleries as Art. The questions raised will probably never be dealt with to everyone's satisfaction. What is Art? Who are the Artists? How much money can we make? Some of the most creative artists around today are the moneymakers: imagebuilders solely concerned with what it's worth; manipulators who'll make you want it, whatever it is; fixers who make money by placing a value on ART and then controlling that price tag. It's easy really, all you have to do is buy up everything a 'new' artist has done and then convince everybody else, not only that he/she IS an artist but also an IMPORTANT artist. Sometimes the artists themselves do just this. It always seemed impossible in theatre because theatre only exists during a performance and it's very expensive — it would be difficult marketing your valuable collection of Robert Wilson's or Pina Bauchs — first you have to pay them to do it again. BUT change 'theatre' into 'performance' and then slowly start calling it 'LIVE ART' and before you know it the stage is set for JAN FABRE.

'PHILISTINES' was the cry from the stalls to the hecklers mainly above. Unable to understand or appreciate 'ART' the cry from the balcony came back: '... and how much did you pay for your seat?' It was just like those times when the tube breaks down and everybody starts talking to each other. Several people sitting around me were reading and most of the others were chatting amongst themselves. I turned round and asked, genuinely, if anybody was enjoying the performance. Everybody laughed and shrugged and shook their heads ... except one person who told me to be quiet: 'If you don't like it you can leave'. 'What did he say?' 'Does he like it?' 'Which one?' 'Who'. 'That one there, he's the one who's enjoying it'. But still we were quieter, respecting one person's desire for silence.

THE FEELING IN THE BALCONY WAS REVOLUTION. Walking out wasn't good enough. But what about disruption when some people did not want to watch? It's not polite is it? What about revolution when some people *do* want a Conservative Government/so-called Democratic system. I wanted to take a vote. But people were walking out. Worse ... potential allies were walking out ... people carried on making

minor interjections but no one would *do* anything; something that *counted*. THE STATUS QUO, as ever, WAS MAINTAINED. We were witnessing the power of artistic elitism. We were being seduced by the discreet charm of fascism. After all we were there.

This was Art that called itself Art and demanded to be seen as Art — inflexible, dogmatic, superior and inhuman. I cannot accept that this has nothing to do with politics and if your reaction is opposite to mine then you are against me. It's as simple as that. Let's be honest about what side we're on.

'Let's have a stage invasion'. 'Yes let's'. Why didn't we? Why did we respect what was going on? Because the actors took it so seriously? Because we had paid so much for our tickets? Because Jan Fabre is an Artist? So what? The audience reaction in words and behaviour was far more interesting, to me at least, than anything onstage. It's no wonder they rebelled and shouted and walked out and didn't pay attention — they were completely excluded by Fabre. Why do artists feel that what they have to say is so much more interesting than what "ordinary" people have to say?

Most of the time so-called artists have only varying degrees of skill i.e. they can do something which is very difficult. So what? What have they got to say? What are the political implications of their work? What are they really telling us?

THE AVANTE GARDE should SHAKE THE ESTABLISHMENT not PLAY FOR, and up to, IT ...

At the end of the performance the audience which remained rose to its feet in a standing ovation.

I have rarely felt such intense anger. I had not heckled the actors but now I screamed, yes, screamed, this was an emotional outburst. 'How can you salute this elitism? It's fascism, theatrical fascism'. I felt like I was at a political rally ... the ovation might as well have been 'Sieg Heil' ...

Jan Fabre presented an exercise in real time and real action on a stage in a "theatre" — nothing new about that. There was no reason for any of us to be there except listen to Wim Mertens music. The only shock, for me at least, was seeing theatre meet the art dealer and their union welcomed and applauded.

The fostering of elitism in any form has important political implications.

At one point there had seemed to be the possibility of revolution and it had to end like this. ●

COLIN WATKEYS

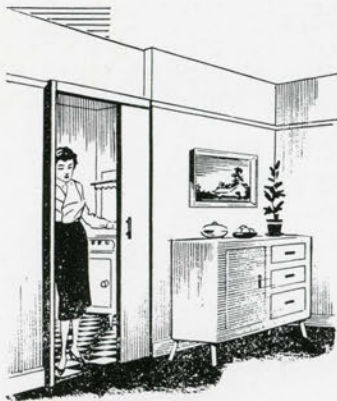


Theatre meets the art dealer?

PERFORMANCE ARTISTS

THE BARBARIANS ARE AT THE GATES OF ROME

For longer than anyone can remember the artistic establishment has excused its lack of support for 'difficult' art, including Performance Art, by resorting to the criterion of public popularity. It gets little support because so few people want to see it. It is therefore a singular irony that Marty St James and Anne Wilson, two artists whose prolific output includes Performance Art, should have performances cancelled, because, in essence, they were too popular. They describe what happened.



A Domestic pulp romance for the home
PHOTO / JOHN CASS

AS PERFORMANCE ARTISTS we were invited to be part of the Living Art Pavilion (Arts Council of Great Britain) at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Earls Court. Presenting a short work created specifically for the Ideal Home situation entitled *Soap* we began performances on March 3rd beneath the Living Art banner. It was exciting to see British art included as part of such a massive public event, and Performance Art too! Aha! NOT SO.

On Wednesday March 5th we were contracted to perform five performances of *Soap*, we were stopped after the first one . . . due to clogging. The Anjex, (organising agency of Ideal Home), representative had decided that too many people were stopping to watch. The General Public were not being allowed to stop and look, an interesting notion where art is involved.

Attempting to keep our composure for the next four performances that we were intent upon presenting that day we watched as a temperamental and unreasonable agency rep wielded his absolute power. No amount of argument or reasoning would budge him, and the word clogging could be heard by all ringing around the pavilion. The word ART was never mentioned. £20,000 of Arts Council money invested in the Living Art Pavilion could not bargain for a 7 minutes 56 seconds piece of Performance Art. Tony Hancock's landlady in *The Rebel* was a friend of the Tate compared to this.

Under strain the rest of the day's performances were completed and a final termination sentence was passed, unwittingly aided by an interested and as always discerning public. The woman from Lancashire's question 'When is the next performance as I would like to go and fetch the rest of my family to watch?' being the final nail.

The gates had fallen, the Barbarians decision was final. So, to a video without sound inside the pavilion were

added performances without performers at the entrance. Again no mention of art only of clogging.

We have to deduce that the Ideal Home organisers and their agents are not taking their theme of Art in the Home that seriously. Or perhaps the art has to be within prescribed parameters and that surely is the road to no art at all.

Would Ted Moulton have had clogging problems demonstrating double glazing or would the people watching him be exempt.

We hope for the protection of the lovely paintings and sculpture in the Pavilion that the public keep moving, so that they may not be victims of such grossly tyrannical, egotistical and unreasonable behaviour.

For as Goya stated only too clearly . . . 'The sleep of reason breeds monsters'. ●

Marty St James and Anne Wilson

I spoke with Elizabeth McGregor, the Arts Council Officer responsible, to ask if she wanted to comment on the artists statement. She agreed that what had happened was terrible and said that she too was angry at the insensitivity of the man from Anjex. When I asked her if she thought they would have complied with the request to remove the work if it had been a painting that was causing the problem she gave an emphatic 'yes' and went on to say that they could not have insisted that the shows be continued since the Pavilion was not theirs alone and that both Liberty's and The Ideal Home Exhibition had shared the costs. I know that making comparisons between the costs of feeding a dozen performance artists for a year and the money spent on the wigs for a new production at Covent Garden is naive and not very helpful, but surely the Arts Council's contribution of £20,000 was a big enough stake to be able to insist very strongly. This sounds like a case of 'where there's a will . . .'

LIVING ART

CLOG IDEAL HOME



MONA HATOUM

NOT AN ENTERTAINER

Mona Hatoum's performances are uncompromising, powerful statements of struggle and suffering. BOL MARJORAM considers some recent performances and asks if her work is inspired by her experience as a Palestinian living in Britain.

MONA HATOUM WASN'T born in England and she doesn't identify with the 'laid back' English (as she calls us). She has lived here for 11 years coming from her native Beirut in 1975 (she is Palestinian) for a short visit and finding herself stranded by the outbreak of civil war in Lebanon. She went to art school in London and afterwards just stayed on. Her background colours her work and gives it a raw edge of feeling. Sometimes this raw edge makes it rather shocking. Her video *Changing Parts* for example, begins with placid and austere shots of a marble floor (actually her parents bathroom in Beirut) one slide dissolves into the next, squares of white marble and squares of black following a simple geometrical pattern. On the soundtrack Bach's *Cello Suite (No 4)*. Suddenly the soundtrack is interrupted by a burst of white noise, the Bach resumes, but it is soon interrupted again, radio reports intrude. The calm atmosphere created by the music is destroyed. As the interruptions of street sounds and radio reports take over, so the pictures change, we see Mona Hatoum naked and struggling in the middle of what looks like blood (actually mud). The effect of the piece is extremely powerful. It manipulates the viewer, the opening sequence leads one to believe that this is an extremely refined and tasteful example of art at its most formal and abstract. This makes the invasion of the screen by the images of a struggling woman and the sounds of war even more shocking.

In her flat she shows me photographs of some early work much of it inspired by Duchamp. It includes a sealed box containing night air and photographs of other works which were constructed from mirrors to create various optical illusions. Most surprising of all is a very early work from her foundation year at art school, an aquatint of an English thatched cottage. Very folksy

and traditional, it leads me onto something I wanted to ask her.

BM: Your work refers to events in the Middle East but there doesn't seem to be anything specifically Arab or Palestinian in your approach.

MH: What do you mean?

BM: I think what I am trying to get at is that you don't sing like Umm Kalthoum, you don't wear Palestinian embroidery, you don't incorporate calligraphy into your work . . .

MH: Are you asking me why I don't belly dance?

BM: Exactly.

Mona seems outraged by this question and explains that she does not see herself as an 'exotic' or 'ethnic' artist and accuses me of projecting my stereotypes of Arabs onto her. She insists that she is working within what she sees as the mainstream art practice, and as she is addressing a western audience she wants to use an artistic language that they can understand. She doesn't regard herself as an entertainer and she avoids anything which might undercut the seriousness of her work. Recently this led her to pull out of a mixed performance event organised by Hermine Demoriane. The event had an orientalist theme which she was suspicious of, feeling it might lead to crass and superficial caricatures of Arabs. She felt vindicated, but was at the same time mildly amused when I told her that the event had started with the Neo Naturists serving tea, naked except for veils which covered their mouths.

Although some of Mona's performances may be of long duration and physically demanding, unlike the Viennese performance artists of the 1960's she doesn't mutilate or wound herself. She is trying to create images which have a symbolic power. She is very much alive and wishes to celebrate the fact. Indeed she emphasises that even the images of her

.....
Live Work: Variation on Discord and Divisions/Cutting herself free of stereotypes

PHOTO / CORRY WYNGAARDEN



MONA HATOUM



flailing about naked in mud in *Under Siege* can be taken in two ways; firstly, as images of pain and death, but secondly, as referring to birth and sensual experience.

In a recent performance at the Pitt Street Studios in Sheffield — the performance begins with the space darkened. At first the audience hears only a scuffing, dragging noise coming from an annexe of the main room. As the light increases they see Mona Hatoum walking around dragging a pair of boots, which are tied by their laces to her bare feet. She is wearing a large black knitted hood which covers her whole face, even her eyes.

She struggles to cut the laces, finally throwing the boots away. Next she tries to tear through the hood, failing she makes an incision with a sharp knife and tears at it revealing an eye. She repeats with the other eye, pulling the hood which is a long tube of knitted black material, up, again her face is covered, again she must cut holes.

She had done a similar performance at Brixton during the 'Roadworks' exhibition organised by Stefan Szczelkun. In that context it seemed to make a direct political comment; and as she walked through the streets, bare footed but with boots tied behind, passers-by had no trouble telling her that there was a policeman following in her footsteps. The boots of the state and the hood which covers her face and which she tears in order to see and be seen. Does it represent a wish to free herself from personal constraints and to make herself visible to the world?

Perhaps, but, she adds, her own idea was more specific. The black hood which covers her face makes her anonymous, like an anonymous black person, defined only in terms of colour, or like a Palestinian defined by the Western press as a

terrorist. In tearing the mask and freeing herself of the boots she is freeing herself from images that she does not identify with and refuses to be defined by. Mona identifies herself as a black person (this doesn't of course refer to her colour. Which is quite pale). She says it is a political term referring to all people who have a history of colonial oppression.

Recently Mona has started to comment directly on England. For example her recent performance for Projects U.K. in Newcastle was envisaged as a comment on unemployment called *Position Suspended*. Seven hours long it was supposed to be the kind of event where the audience could walk through and stop to watch as much or as little as they wanted. An element of surprise was also important. Mona wore black trousers and a mud covered torso. Because of objections by the curator of the Laing gallery to the effect that bare breasts might offend some members of the public, she had to remove the mud she had applied to her torso, put on a body stocking, and apply the mud over the top of that. This meant that the performance started an hour late.

We the audience finally enter the room of the performance. A wedge shaped corrugated iron enclosure or shanty house stands in one corner of the room. The front wall of the house is made of chicken wire, it has a floor of gravel. The corrugated iron top makes it very dark. Mona is in the house with a colour TV on the local television channel Tyne Tees, (actually a video). A sickle, an axehead, a pair of pliers, a circular saw blade, a meat hook, a cleaver, sheep shears hang suspended on wires inside, like a jungle of symbols. As she slowly walks through them the tools clank and bang, they chip away at her mud caked body and appear to bite into the flesh. As things go on the line of the body stocking emerges from the mud. At certain points Mona applies more mud with a wooden spatula from a mixing bowl. She moves about, she watches the TV screen. She walks from one corner to the other of her cage. Watching I am aware of what looks like considerable physical discomfort.

Roadworks/ In the street in Brixton

PHOTO / PATRICK GILBERT



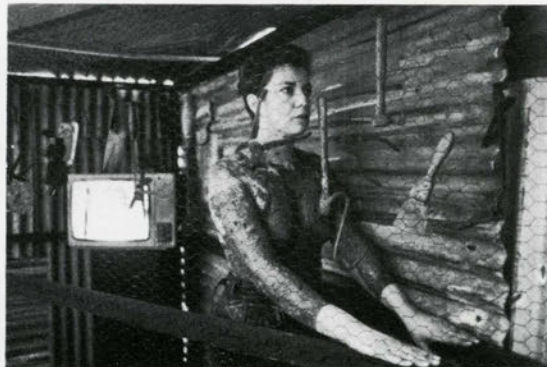
SHE IS VERY MUCH ALIVE AND WISHES TO CELEBRATE THE FACT

JUNGLE OF SYMBOLS

She is walking on gravel, touched and pricked by sharp objects. As the performance goes on she begins to shiver. She is like a prisoner who can only fill her time with trivial pursuits. She stands at the chicken wire front partition quite still like someone looking out of a window, or she scratches off the mud which has stuck to the TV as she brushed past it. She walks up and down, she renews the flaking mud on her arms. Throughout, the TV remains magnetic. It is the only source of light in the space. Its brilliance of colour contrasts with the drab interior space. Although the sound has been turned off I find that I am watching it. Adverts for Rape Crises Centre are followed by giant figures casting huge shadows jogging past immense office blocks, skirts fly up as the joggers pass. Cut to a woman making a cake, then Eamonn Andrews is on with 'This is your Life'. For some reason his guest has mud on his face. The same video on the TV repeats. Something I didn't see the first time, a situation comedy; a man finds a black bra with holes for the nipples, he holds it up. Cut to something else. My attention returns to the performance and the audience.

Two young men come in barely more than schoolboys. The performance seems so outside their experience that they start laughing in an embarrassed slightly hysterical way. They go round to the back of the corrugated iron, where Mona can't directly see them. She peeps at them through a little hole in the corrugated iron. They leave the room seemingly driven away by the eye staring at them. I am surprised some time later when they return and very quietly sit down to watch the performance for a further quarter of an hour. ●

“AS SHE SLOWLY WALKS THROUGH THEM THE TOOLS CLANK AND BANG THEY CHIP AWAY AT HER MUD CAKED BODY AND APPEAR TO BITE INTO THE FLESH”

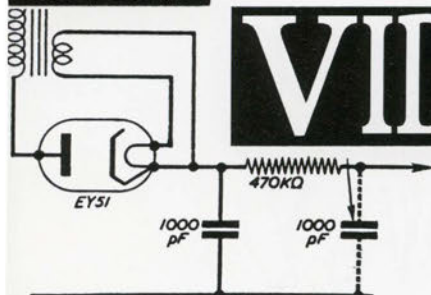


Position Suspended

PHOTO / STEVE COLLINS

PERT

REVIEW



VIDEO

The last few months have brought a bewildering variety of video events to London. French and Japanese, student work and established artists, short works and long works, cut up, cut down and cut out . . . NIK HOUGHTON manages to keep eyes and brain in tact, but sometimes only just.

ROCKERS, SHOCKERS, EDIT-SUITE FEVER

SOMEONE I TALKED to recently reckoned that there was a new breed of art school medianiks who had absorbed the effect of pop promos, were technically informed and were about to take on visual culture mobhanded. At the time I was cynical about this but having attended the St. Martin's show of student work and then carted my eyeballs to the ICA for works selected from nationwide student entries my doubts are at least partly deferred.

At the St. Martin's show it was *Marked For Life* by Garrie Kirkpatrick which nudged me toward acknowledgment of the 'new breed' theory. The tape itself is a slyly humorous 'shocker' about tattoo parlour subculture. It features the enigmatic, ace nipple-piercer Mr Sebastian at work and rest, theorising on his trade. A terse, concise slice of 'subjective documentary'. Kirkpatrick's other tape, *Newspaper Scratch* was less successful being a chop edit prowl through medialand. Worth a mention too is Anne Robinson's visually engaging piece on agrophobia which generated a real sense of frustration. Also in the programme was a live piece from Adrian Northover and some Happy Enders. Here the band provided a live percussive soundtrack to multi-screen film projections of trains on the move. Titled *Rhythm Myth* it was a rough, lively experiment and, importantly, good fun. More please.

Meanwhile over at the ICA on Sunday, the start of a month long exhibition of which this film/video programme is only a part, something slicker was going on. Here an arsenal of hi-tech video gimmickry had been used to create a distinctive crop of short, entertaining works from Sheffield. Elsewhere in the programme dense and nightmarish texts got an outing with *Stanislaw Was Accidie*. Worst of the bunch was *Elemental Spirit Traps* by Steve Scott which overstayed its welcome as a series of iconog-

raphic images — priest, snake coiling, dove on statue — got remixed with irritating and predictable results. The tape-loop soundtrack which complemented the piece underlined a 15 minute work aching to be called hypnotic and beautiful . . . migraine inducing and chocolate boxy would be more apt.

One Of Those Things You See All The Time, from Simon Robertshaw, was by comparison a tougher tape altogether as we hear the story of 'Craig' described in unsentimental detail. As an image of this casualty of life appeared, a sub-text ticked across the screen informing us of Craig's medication/sedation. The compassion of the piece was echoed in El Glinoyer's film-to-video work. *To Grips With Grit*, a subdued portrait of one woman's obsession with house-cleaning.

Both these pieces had a content which was

lacking in a lot of the programme where the intention seemed to be a result of a disease we tapeslingers call 'edit-suite fever'. What happens here is that you become addicted to televisual trickery and end up producing abstract, beat-happy pieces which look good but communicate nothing. Entertaining and occasionally innovative I'll agree but hardly brainfood. This said, however, the programme offers, with one or two exceptions, an engaging insight into the practices and concerns of the 'new breed'. With a few more original ideas to inform the sporadically exhilarating imagery there's evidence here of a burgeoning new video culture which is eager to escape the constraints of 'video art'. Out of the ghetto and onto the 'box'? Not quite yet perhaps but there's every indication that the revolution will be televised. Load the edit-suite — Ready? — Fire. ●

St Martin's Students work at London Film Co-op & New contemporaries, ICA.



GOING FRENCH

Recent French Video at London Film Co-op

PRESENTED AS PART of the Co-op's excellent 'French Season' this programme of contemporary videotape offers itself in three parts. Firstly a selection of short works, then a compilation tape featuring 3-5 minute works and extracts from longer tapes compiled for the European Media Art Network (EMAN). Finally *CRNS Joyce*, a 50-minute piece, was on view to close the evening

As an opening taster the first collection set the mood for much of what was to follow. The style slick, zippy and modish with an emphasis on post-production trickery. The reference points here are the jumpcut techniques of pop video aesthetics allied to a sort of hi-tech cartoon strip approach. Amongst all this hip-pop, flash-framed imagery it was a relief to encounter the comparatively slow and hypnotically fluid work of Robert Cahen and his tape *Juste Le Temps*. Concise, vividly dreamlike and electro-ghostly this is an enigmatic work which operates in a space somewhere between oblique narrative and the landscape art genre. Truly beautiful. After this the porno blue sheen of *Nuit Blanche* by Tessa Weenberg/Pierre Lobstein looked weak and meaninglessly avante-garde. The next tape, another Lobstein piece, merely confirmed this as the piece presented itself like some sort of 6th Form Caberet Voltaire parody.

Next up was the EMAN compilation offering works biased toward the breakneck, edit-suite-in-overdrive, avantfunk mode of production. Initially engaging this frantic choppy form, most usually accompanied by an electrofunk soundtrack, screams and wierd voices optional, soon began to batter this viewer into edit numbed ennui. "Oh for an original idea", I thought as Dominique Barbier's *Heat of the Monster* came to its stylishly nihilistic conclusion and a Top Shop punk, toting crowbar and Raybans, finished running around a derelict factory and strangled a punkette (Zeitgeist or what? ... It looked like *Subway on Copydex*).

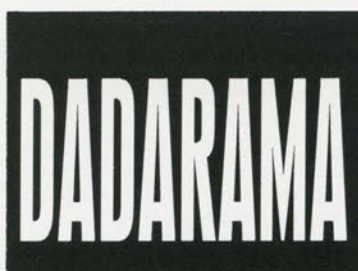
As a counterpoint to this witless drivel a short work by, I think, Code Public came close to blessed relief as a mock swordfight got the 'scratch' treatment and a witty, rhythmic collage of noise developed. Between this and the innovative, comi-strip graphics of Jean Michel Girone and the Telegraph groups pop promo work, a multi-mixed, effects crazed, landscape developed where rock poetry made a brief yowl, pianos burned, a performance group bopped around Tibet and a pregnant woman posed in suspender belt and knickers. Left with an impression of the EMAN programme as a sort of offbeat, superficially 'arty', pop transmission I readjusted my intellect for *CRNS Joyce*.

Described as a digitally processed collage of readings from James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* this 50-minute epic by Jean Paul Fargier ticked across the monitors for some 30 minutes before I began to experience something close to brain death. This was induced not by the tape itself, a rich mix of fractured, glowing, imagery attempting to parallel Joyce's text, but by the preceding blur of the EMAN material. I shall watch *CRNS Joyce* again, and soon, when my critical faculties have had a holiday — it looks intriguing.

Setting *CRNS Joyce* aside however I'm left with an overview of French practice which, largely, sidesteps original thinking, politics and personal expression and instead relies on sophisticated, post-production, gadgetry-images mixes/processing/multimixing for its impact. Mostly what's on view is a product of post-modern culture. Relentlessly chic, sexy and stylised but ultimately blankfaced. Well yes it IS fast and often entertaining. It's the sort of stuff you wouldn't mind bumping into on a nightclub monitor, but it's also skilfully devoid of ideas or intention. 'The aesthetics of the cocktail bar hold sway', wrote Waldemar Januszczak in an arts review (GUARDIAN 28.12.85: He was commenting on 1985's art scene). I get the feeling French tapemakers are a bit drunk a lot of the time — on cocktails of course ... ●

OCCUPYING A GALLERY space this exhibition offered a) A compilation of Ian Breakwell's *Continuous Diaries* and *Xmas Diaries*; b) A separate monitor showing a selected compilation of 'Dadarama' works; c) a multi-monitor piece by David Cunningham and, finally d) an installation, *Tumbled Frame* by Rose Garrard. All the works on show were tapes which had been produced for Channel Four with the 'Dadarama' works being commissioned for a number of artists.

For starters Ian Breakwell was offering handy hints on cooking 'Squirrel ravioli' as I focused on his designated monitor. This was, of course, a scene from his broadcasts of 84/85 and I was pleased to be reunited with Breakwell's quirky, deadbeat texts again as the artist steered me through an everyday world made both sinister and funny through his insight. Breakwell's style — he is primarily a storyteller — suits TV and I



Riverside Studios

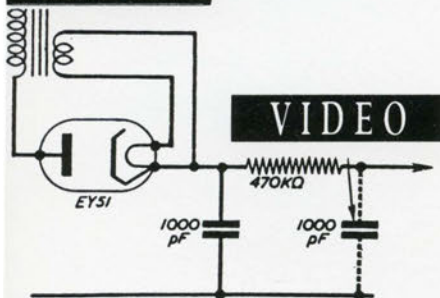
look forward to seeing the broadcast project he is presently at work on. By comparison much of the work on the 'Dadarama' tape seemed too contrived and over precious to these eyes; *The Kiss*, by example, from Paul Richards with music by Michael Nyman, was an attempt to integrate video paintbox techniques with the

stylised gestures of a man-and-woman duo. Something cold and formal here which left me aching for a more vital, crude approach.

Around the corner Rose Garrard's installation occupied a room of its own. A framed painting was dangling in mid-air with a grouping of plaster figures tracing a path to a single TV monitor where images of classical/religious femininity were slowmixing their way across the screen. As an extension of Garrard's original *Tumbled Frame* broadcast this piece and its concerns with female iconography seemed somehow intriguing but at odds with its brightly lit space. This was also at least partly true of David Cunningham's multi-monitor 'ambient' work, a slow-moving and delicate 'waterwork' seeking to describe the texture and surface of water. I have problems with video like this anyway but felt that this 'moodpiece' might be more effective in a larger space. ●

PERT

REVIEW



SCANNERS IS AN important exhibition in two senses. One, the 'Video Postcard' compilation tape of selected works, all 3 minutes or less in duration, acts as a condensed primer for interested parties, mapping out many of the current directions and concerns in contemporary video art; Two, the exhibition in total accounts for installation works, often marginalised in the arena of video art, and the activities of foreign tape makers, here Japanese medianiks.

A less successful aspect of the exhibition is the 'Video Windowbox' where nine monitors stacked three in a row sit in the gallery window facing onto the Rosebery Avenue pavement. Here often complex series of images flash across the screens creating different relationships between each monitor as the specially commissioned works whirl and tumble around the grid of screens. The problem here is that most passers by glance only fleetingly at the stacked TV's, catching only a fragment of works. Given this, its the Duvet Brothers piece, flashy and vivid, which seems most effective whilst other, less dramatic, works, function less well as 'attention grabbers'.

Inside, in the warmth of the lower gallery, the 75 minute compilation of 'Video Postcards' is screening 23 selected works. As a comprehen-

sive package of contemporary works this snappy programme has 'scratchers' alongside more abstract works, political texts nudging slyly humorous pieces. *Close That Deal*, from Mike Jones/Graham Ellard, stands out as a concise, pointed tape. A textbook point-of-salesmanship gets wryly deconstructed. Catherine Elwes' underplayed *Baby Work*, where a child cries underline a problem page text, is also particularly effective. Brief mention too for Mike Stubbs hardnosed overview of South African repression, *Greetings From The Cape Of Good Hope*, and a jazzy, neon-lit sketch of Soho offered up by Phillip O'Shea.

Adjacent to the 'Video Postcard' lies Kevin Atherton's *Television Interview* where Atherton, sited in one monitor talks to a facing monitor transmitting a carefully doctored *Coronation Street*. Atherton is directing his questions about broadcast TV to Elsie Tanner and company but there is only vague response from 'The Street'. It's a clever and, seemingly, simple idea both funny and direct in style.

Upstairs a more formal, abstract aesthetic is at work as Mineo Aayamaguchi's *Beyond Colour*, nine monitor installation operates around notions of colour, texture and formal relationships. With a reflective grid of small squares

laying on the gallery floor to echo the shifting crisscross pattern of the monitors, *Beyond Colour* has an almost sculptural feel undercut by the frenetic soundtrack. Its a busy, complex work but apart from a sort of formal admiration I have to say I didn't feel fully engaged by the piece. This same feeling informed my response to the 'Video Art From Tokyo' compilation tape, showing in a separate corner of the gallery space. My impressions here were underlined by the selectors comment that 'Japan is undergoing a glorious media transformation' as techno trickery impacted with multi-layered images of the landscape. A concern with composition and fractured perspective is evident here but its a very cool sort of art which left me largely unmoved. Warmer somehow was John Goff's *Alop* piece. A fluid, hypnotic work constructed simply around the play of light on water. Calm and meditative the piece deserved more time than I had to give it.

Finally 'Scanners' was a varied and sprawling summation of video art which deserved attention if only because it acted as an audiovisual comma in the increasingly frantic story of video arts upwardly mobile strategy. All thanks to the LVA for letting the 'Scanners' transmit. ●

Class of '86, Royal Festival Hall

SOMETHING OF A PR job for the newly instigated London Institute — an establishment set up to co-ordinate the activities of a number of London colleges — this showcase of film/video from past and present students, here dubbed 'The Class of '86', is surprisingly thin in the video area with 16mm film works offering the bulk of work. This said there are some intriguing works on show.

Scratchwise there's Peter Boyd's *Live Scratch Mix* to contend with. One half of prime scratch team the Duvet Brothers Peter Boyd here instigates a multi-monitor scratch extravaganza. Elsewhere there's Jane Shaw's, quirky, abstract installation to consider. Titled *After Teenage Knights Out Door Girls Come Faking Sneezes In The Bedroom*, Shaw's video piece with its textured imagery, coy and playful, sits uncertainly in a video programme which includes a variety of practises. Most striking of the tapes is perhaps David Kew's work, a 22 minute telecine work, which seeks to explain the plight

of a tribe occupying an Indo-Chinese island. Shot on Super-8 and subsequently transferred to video this piece is an intimate, semi-documentary portrait of a people under threat made all the more poignant by the illegality of the makers methods. (Kew smuggled himself and his camera in to shoot the film fully aware of the Indo-Chinese Governments hostility toward coverage of his sort). Relative to this extraordinary politicised work 'Babylon' by Julia Moore, a messy sub-standard 'scratch' piece, tends to look insubstantial and ineffective. Images of war, riots, graveyards flicker across the screen to a bassheavy soundtrack but ultimately there's a sense of resignation rather than resistance or subversion. Bad scratch. Similarly Dominic Dyson's 'scratch pieces' irritated rather than enlightened. Chopping up TV adverts to signal an opposition to mainstream telly is a limited/limiting strategy. Although Dyson's 11 minute piece, *Phantom Limb*, indicates a tougher, more visual approach to video which is

underlined by the strikingly fluid imagery and snatches of vox pop.

Virginia Heath's *Pandoras Box*, 24 minutes, extends the 'style mix' of Dyson although here the work is narrative. Subverting the 'private dick' genre *Box* weaves its story around a jokey investigation into patriarchy and mythology. Engaging, surreal and assured *Pandoras Box* occupies that area of 'video drama' where the theatrical and political merge. Its a funny and intriguing piece which indicates a mode of practise which, when handled well, highlights the potential of drama/narrative to both entertain and inform.

As I say video accounts for only a small part of this exhibition as a series of 16mm/Super-8 student works fill out the bulk of the programme. On show here is an eclectic collection of pieces ranging from the semi-documentary to the highly experimental. For some indication of art school practise this show is well worth a visit. Catch the scratch and watch the screen. ●

SCANNERS

Scanners Video Exhibition, Air Gallery

LOST TRIBES AND BAD SCRATCH

DUVETS GO MAD IN DUDNO

Are the videos of the Duvet brothers art, promo, dance floor decor, or alternative cabaret?

COME TO LLANDUDNO off-season, slide between the sheets with the Duvet Brothers and indulge in some Pillow Talk and a lot more besides. In a most unlikely setting, the Mostyn Gallery, an exhibition space to rival any of London's finest, is out to prove that life and an audience for scratch video exists west of the M56.

The Duvets, meanwhile, are out to prove that there is life after scratch video, and that their work to date has only begun to scratch the surface of a wealth of potential for social comment; multi-screen narratives; pop promos and a host of other artistic and technical possibilities besides. They could be right. After all the fuss made over scratch video last year by the video and television world, and the inevitable backlash of accusations about the limitations of scratch video, single or multi-screen, the Duvet's work, shown here on 18 screens, proves that there is still a lot to be explored, and that scratch video can be used for more than a pleasing visual hip hop.

Take *Virgin* for instance. To all the people who asked how they are going to follow *Blue Monday* the Duvet Brothers have replied with a hard, clear comment on the arms trade in Africa and the Third World, mixing and scratching imagery of war, casualties, political figures and chilling speeches, scratched of course, to a heavy backing track by Prince Far I. A long way from their much more arty *Strictly Trig-a-Lig*, commissioned by the Air Gallery for its "Window Box" exhibition, but not so far from *Harry Goes Mad in Dudno*, a piece specially commissioned by the Mostyn Gallery and the first piece to be purpose shot on three cameras. Mixed on 18 screens, a narrative in which obvious political allusions are made by the character who eventually throws a box over the Berlin wall and... well, I wouldn't want to spoil the story. Sponsorship from the television company Diverse and Peter Townsend's Eel Pie Studio enabled the piece to be realised.

In the Duvet's work the sound is almost always scratched music and speech reworked together with the imagery. In *Strictly Trig-a-Lig* the excellent Band of Holy Joy's mournful and evocative music is used, and in *Harry Goes Mad in Dudno* Schoenberg is reworked and unscrambled to a reggae beat. It's difficult to discern which came first; sometimes it's the imagery, sometimes the music. But by the time the Duvets have finished with them a new context has been created in which is placed the mes-

CHRISIE ILES caught up with them at the seaside.



sage. And that can be either the arms trade in Africa or something far less direct. Whatever the subject, when it comes to Y Brodyr Duvet, the medium is the message. If they weren't making videos they'd be... making videos. It's what they do. And they're quite pragmatic about it. To the inevitable and often asked question of how they reconcile work like *Blue Monday* and *Virgin* with the commerciality of their pop promos and the occasional advert they reply that they see no conflict. In *Blue Monday* it could be said that the two converge. In this case the meaning of love is re-interpreted as politics, and it's success can be measured by placing it alongside the original, which is positively insipid by comparison. And, since their latest pop promo for Blue in Heaven, an Irish band, is currently playing MTV in America 15 times a week, the scope for entertaining and talking to large audiences with whatever message they choose to scratch is wide indeed.

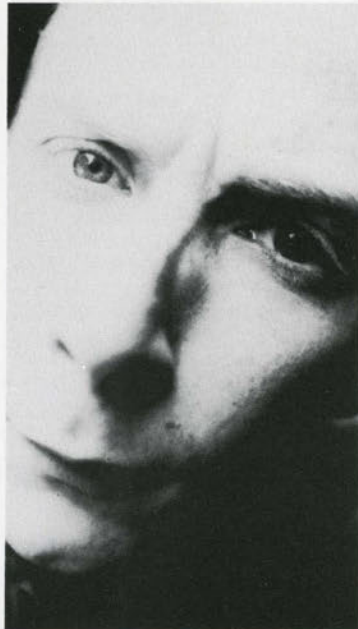
To understand the Duvet Brother's work it's important to remember that they think of it as entertainment, not art. So what is it doing in an art gallery? Introducing the travelling exhibition "Five Years of the Face" actually. But this is only the third time they've shown in the gallery context (The Air Gallery and the Third Eye Centre, Glasgow being the other two). Their work is equally at home in clubs, cinemas, even, as was the case in a showing in West Berlin, in a tent in the middle of a square. The point is that the Duvets form a potent blend of the arty and the extremely down to earth which makes the arty work accessible and the hard statements (political or commercial) artistic. In Llandudno, where they call a bucket and spade a bucket and spade, this mixture goes down very well indeed. ●

The Duvet Brothers 'PILLOW TALK', a compilation of their scratch video work, is available by mail order, from the Duvet Brothers, 18 Naylor House, Albion Avenue, London SW8 2AJ

The Duvet Brothers will present their live mix scratch video multi screen show at the Electric Ballroom, London in June, and the Royal Festival Hall in July.

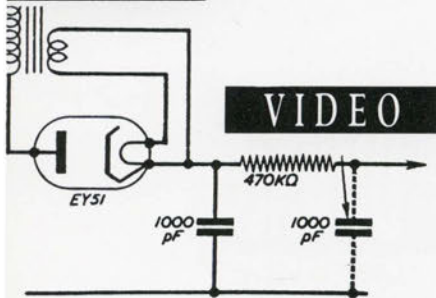


ABOVE / PETER BOYD
BELOW / RIK LANDER



PERT

REVIEW



ALL THROUGH FEBRUARY, a small artist-run gallery in the East End of Glasgow became the platform for the developing culture of video art. It's environment, usually host to static exhibitions of paintings, was transformed into an Aladdin's Cave: stacks of video monitors lined walls, a computer sat churning out its observations, wires were everywhere, artists' video cassettes littered the place. Signs and arrows outside the gallery were anything but obscure; 'Come in, we are open, this is art, and this is free,' is what they seemed to be saying. Inside a participating artist would give you coffee, show you an installation and then give you a catalogue list of artists' video works which you could view at your discretion. This not only attracted the attention of an interested art audience, but also of Glasgow crooks and subsequently the CID, disorientated critics and perplexed locals unable to grasp the fact that this was an art exhibition. On several occasions people would come in wanting to buy a TV; or the woman from the chemists' next door who came in wanting to hire a video for her husband's viewing that evening. The attendants were willing to oblige, no doubt, though her response of awe and embarrassment of the sight of Steve Littman's 16-monitor video installation made it perfectly clear that she would decline the offer today, thank you. One would have given more credit to Glasgow art critics who should have been able to recognise art when they smell it, even though their nasal passageways were slightly blocked from spending too many years in the draughty Fine Art Society. 'What is the difference between a painting and a video work of art?' asked one critic, who was clearly out of his depth, verified when the question was asked 'How many frames are there in a video work of art then?' One critic asked if the place was still a gallery. When told that this was an art exhibition he swiftly made an exit saying that he would return when there was a real art exhibition on. One particular Glasgow newspaper, in fact the only one which reviews shows — did not send a critic to review the event because they did not know whether to send an art critic, film critic or TV critic.

'Is video art?' was the question that local radio and local press saw the event as proposing, though not much time was wasted on this question since it seemed to be an unequivocal 'yes'. This was work by artists using video. Not a state of the art but a selection of work that is being done in Scotland linked with some nation-

COME IN, WE ARE OPEN, THIS

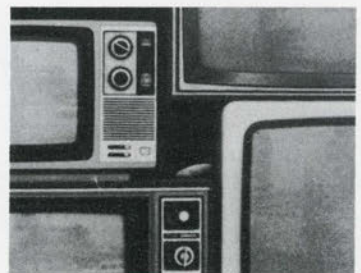
al developments. The event could have safely given credit to known work and big names, but participation and crossover characterised this show: established video artists such as Littman, Zoe Redman and Steve Partridge presented works alongside artists presenting their first pieces; artists of a high profile, such as Kevin Atherton and David Hall presented works in the same contexts as student work from Dundee. The event had more the feeling of a multi-media show, incorporating performance pieces, film screenings and a film installation by Jane Rigby. There was also a vast video library at hand, containing videos and film work, such as a compilation from Newcastle based Projects UK, a selection of work from London Video Arts, a selection of new Independent Australian video, to some excellent tapes from Factory Records' video company IKON.

The venue for all this was Transmission Gallery. This was the first show of its kind in Scotland since the Third Eye Centre, under the directorship of Tom McGrath, staged 'Towards Defining An Aesthetic' in 1975. It seemed fitting that the opening evening event should feature the irrepressible McGrath, with the added presence of Peter Nardini, both taking turns on the impromptu stage to deliver their own brands of Glaswegian humour. McGrath through his poems and Nardini through his snappy lyrics accompanied by acoustic guitar, both made incisive exposures of Scottish cultural pretention. The sedate activities in gallery one were fed through to a 16-monitor video wall in gallery two, for the benefit of those who could not drag themselves away from the free wine table. This video wall had earlier been installed for Steve Littman's piece 'Overseen . . . Overheard . . . Overlooked', which was shown for the first four days of the event. This was the piece in its original structure, without the addition of live performance or the collaboration with Hidden Grin (see Performance No. 38). In front of the video wall, a video camera as a surveillance device was recording the movements of a goldfish and the movements of the audience beyond. The effect of the video wall was overwhelming, and the torrential rain of images that ensued contained a sense of oppression that

carried the theme powerfully: surveillance, the collection of information about individuals and its potential use. The piece used 4 inputs into 16 monitors and developed in stages: a child learning to recognise images of who is watching us; recurring images of a police surveillance helicopter; an interrogator questioning us (the scene might be anywhere, from DHSS office to police station). It then went through a series of images of ears, eyes, noses. It was too much to take in one sitting — a bit like having brillo pads rubbed into your temples. Littman's piece was not a pleasant experience for those not deconditioned from watching TV.

In contrast, Zoe Redman's installation *She, Her, I*, was contemplative, meditative, and ambient. In a blackened gallery, six monitors were reflected in a pool stained with black ink to heighten its reflection. As in her single screen work *Lost Place*, it contained slow, shifting images — a child, the sea, landscapes and organic symbols. With an effective musical score and soft dreamy monologue, its affect was poetic. *Lost Place* was dedicated to her mother and all mothers before and after her, for creating hope. It dealt with cycles of birth, growth, decline, decay, death and rebirth. These were emotional as well as metaphysical cycles, commenting upon life, meaning, essence and despair. The discussion which followed revealed nothing and broke the spell of this moving meditation on mortality:

In *The Dream of Diagon*, a performance collaboration between Tony Judge, Brian Rowlands and a video, — two monitors were stacked vertically on a plinth flanked on either side by a table, at which the performers sat scribbling



IS ART AND THIS IS FREE

Transmission is a new gallery in Glasgow and as, MALCOLM DICKSON reports, its first video event created a long overdue stir amongst the local art community.

notes. The central characters, the video monitors, portrayed a close-up of an eye and a mouth. As the two performers move towards the video, the eye watches them suspiciously, moving from one and then to the other. The video is entwined with rope, which the performers pull at in a 'Tug-of-War' fashion. The performers return to their desks, then approach one another again, untangle the video and proceed to try to pull the rope from one another in a ritualistic fashion. The earlier action expresses the struggle of coming into contact with a technological medium, the later action between the performers represented the antagonistic process involved in the collaboration of ideas. Lasting a short 15 minutes, this was a simply stated and entertaining work.

For one night, television provocateur, Kevin Atherton presented a piece called *Death in Glasgow* a flawless delivery on the contradictions and the possibilities of TV. I had seen his *TV Interview* in the British Arts Show, and the derivative thereof on Channel 4's survey of British video art last year, and I found his performance in Glasgow to typify what I imagined Atherton to be all about. Atherton was concealed throughout the piece behind a large black curtain from where he watched us through a small monitor linked to a camera being operated by an assistant out front. It wasn't until the second half of his piece that it became apparent to those who hadn't realised already, that Atherton was in the venue, that this was live. His talk tape — on a second monitor — acted as a commentary on what he is watching. This gave us the feeling that he was watching us, which in fact, he was. As Atherton is watching out front,



he can instruct his other assistant to stop and start the tape when he sees fit, to make interjections and comments about the nature of the piece. This was not only entertaining but was also informative. Atherton's art always questions and attacks the problematic idea of 'this is not what art is but this is what art should be doing'. His concern is not with aesthetics, but one of deconditioning passive expectations in the process of viewing TV. By addressing particular issues of the way we perceive life through TV, his position is a political one. TV has yet to realise what it is

I was unmoved by Jane Rigby's installation — the only work of its kind represented in the show. This used four 16mm projectors, each placed in a corner, images being projected onto all four walls and blending in with one another. Images of trees, the countryside, a churchyard (or a cross on a church tower?) gave the feeling of being drunk whilst driving through the country. The piece was silent, except for the sound of the projectors, and as it used film loops its time length was flexible. It was good to show a piece of this kind amongst what was a video dominated show. It had to be approached in a different way. It didn't give you the fixed reference point that video does. There is no focus. The idea of installation, however, is to arrest and engage and to draw you into the piece. This, however, seemed a pure exercise in film aesthetics. If Jane Rigby was attempting to transfer an emotional experience, she failed. The work was simply too cold and unstructured to hold my attention.

There was some stunning film material available in the video library, however, including the vintage Burroughs inspired *Towers Open Fire*, the enigmatic *Feverhouse* with text by Ken Hollings, and the Super-8mm compilation tape form Ivor Unwin called *Flickering Shadows*. All the tapes were from IKON. The latter two works, however, left the aftertaste of an unfulfilled experience — the fate of many films transferred onto video. Language specific to film, in the editing and in the process of perception, loses something in the video medium. *Intellectual Properties* by John Adams was an exception; filmed originally on 16mm and 35mm and trans-

ferred onto Umatic video, manipulating the filmed material by editing out certain numbers of frames to give a strobe effect, this utilised the film and video medium in a way which enhanced the visual and thematic concerns of the work.

All the work from artists based in Scotland has been produced at Dundee School of Art, where Richard Gardiner and Pictorial Heroes have put the video departments' advanced production facilities to good use. Current students at Dundee, Jo Goslan and Cammy Galt use rapid images of boiled sweets in the video *Raison d'Être*. An assault of shape and colour, which, with its synth generated soundtrack was as interesting to hear as to watch. *Human Landscape* is the first video work by another Dundee student, Sandra Christie. Using time-lapse and colour effects to transform shots of a male torso into a surreal, unsettling and animated looking work. It suggested a repressed eroticism and an imagination, which — judging by the energy of this work — is soon to make more of a disclosure.

"Glasgow Events Space" brought diversity and excitement to Clydeside, though it was not without its critics amongst the young Glaswegian artistic community who were a bit suspicious of all these English artists. That no experimental groups or tendencies exist in Scotland reflects the cultural marginality of the country and at the same time the conservative structure of its teaching institutions, and not any lack of vitality of talent amongst the new and eager generation of Scots bred artists. It was unfortunate that no public discussion took place about the sort of structures that are needed to support experimental artists in Scotland. Apart from Dundee video department there is a very real problem of a lack of access to the necessary technology.

'Glasgow Events Space' was intended to act as a *catalyst* for the development of a widespread experimental activity that encompasses video, film, performance, contemporary dance, visual theatre and installation work.

Such activity, if it is to be radical in any way, should not remain as sub-cultures to the tradition of painting or writing in Scotland, but should be equal to, dependent on and interactive with them.

I hope that the lack of sympathy from some quarters towards 'Glasgow Events Space', will motivate the creative determination of young artists North of the Border, and will stress the necessity for Transmission's continuation. ●

PERT

REVIEW

THE GREY PLAGUE

The Event Group tackle the difficult subject of A.I.D.S and the moral panic that has surrounded the disease and have come up with a performance as complex and ambiguous as its subject matter. BRUCE BAYLEY reviews ...

FOR ANYONE, WHO, like me was a 'regular' at Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura or attended the Final Solution nights at Heaven throughout 1981, the name of the Event Group conjures memories of anarchic 'happenings' in unexpected venues; cross-cultural, mixed media performances that had a spontaneous, zany lunacy challenging assumptions about form, space and spectator/spectacle.

It seemed that there was little that the Event Group would not do — from spraying fake urine on Depeche Mode to marathon dancing; from performing meticulous-looking surgical operations to highly static music performances like *Approach Work*, using tape loop Krishnamurti, Fred Truman and live music around the action and images of a game of cricket. Combining musical, visual and performance elements, environmental installations ingeniously constructed out of found objects and junk, tape loops and pyrotechnics the Event Group's work exhibited what one Times reviewer called 'A proverbially inconsistent collective temperament'. Their approach led Record Mirror to describe one historic gig at the 101 Club as 'a sort of War Game meets Holgar Czukay in a Shoot Out at Clapham Junction'. Anarchic, inconsistent, shock theatre or not, there was always what I fondly remember as something going on that may have confused, bemused, inspired or repelled but that had a spontaneity, a quality that rightly intended to challenge assumptions and expectations with an unpredictability. It forced one either to dismiss them or look at new thresholds that they were attempting, albeit gropingly, to cross.

So I asked myself, what is the Event Group doing performing a show called *The Grey Plague* in the small theatre above the Latchmere pub and in the original Victorian music-hall theatre in Hoxton?

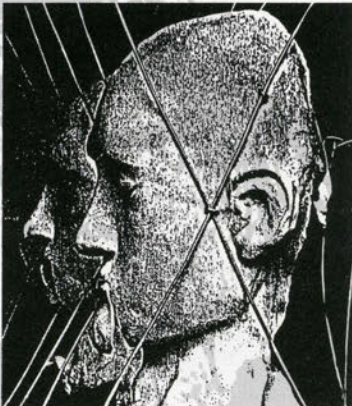
The press release for *The Grey Plague* describes it as a multi-media cabaret dealing with the 'public face of AIDS, the ignorance, the press sensationalism, the smugness and the fear'.



I saw both performances and the first thing that struck me was that *The Grey Plague* was the most structured performance that the Event Group had done to date. Yes there is the old mixed media approach — live action, robotics, slides, film, sudden audience participation (coming from almost nowhere, unexpectedly), recorded music, tape loops — but to a great extent this is an analysed, sequential piece with a narrative development.

Each section of the 'cabaret' serves to enhance the preceding section by admitting additional unexpected elements. The piece starts at its most formal, as we are introduced, through slides and taped prose, to the central character, Roger. We learn of his daily life and relationship with Gary from America. We are led to expect a continuing narrative about the two friends and we are shown slides of Roger and Gary in London, through which we learn that Gary has a secret lifestyle to reveal!

After this point, the linear narrative ceases and we are plunged into a series of unexpected



surprises. Nine robotic heads present a song called *Safe Sex* which is hilarious and at the same time discomfiting. The lyrics, it seems, have been adapted from an American safe-sex poster 'Don't let him come in your mouth, don't come in his. Don't let him come in your arse, Don't come in his'. One wonders whether safe sex is advocated, questioned or ridiculed.

The piece then develops into more sequences using film, robot dolls, recorded music — all of which makes various statements about AIDS, relationships and the press hype, until it reaches its least formal and most personal stage.

The fiction is suddenly over, the characters Roger and Gary have now been renounced to enable the performers themselves, Trevor Goronwy and Tom Castle, to take their places and share their own personal experiences with us. They talk about sex, pick-ups, how AIDS may or may not have affected their friends, their relationships. The nature of *The Grey Plague* has changed from a spectacle to a personally shared confessional, from an allegorical stance of 'Greyness' to a real life stance of personal security. It is an uneasy passage but one which allows the audience and the performers to start to relate honestly and sincerely.


Whether the performers achieved this transition successfully or not is questionable. Perhaps they were a bit too self-conscious for my own conviction. They seemed more comfortable in the more 'performed' sections of the 'cabaret'.

However, it is here more than anywhere else that the new Event Group approach appears. Previously, personal obsessions, intense fantasies were presented by them as images and music and left there. In *The Grey Plague* the fiction/fantasy is terminated and the performers appear to become responsible themselves. It is a risky juxtaposition but, perhaps, a necessary unmasking of the public face to show what is underneath. ●

The Grey Plague can be seen at Oval House, London May 30, 31, June 1.

FROM SPECTACLE TO CONFSSIONAL

LAIBACH



TOUR OVER AMERICA

Never heard of Laibach? You soon will have, starting here with a rave by **JULIA ORKNEY**.

IF JAN FABRE was the unmissable theatrical event of the year, then the unmissable concert has to be Laibach. Laibach is all about POWER — not of theatrical madness, but of something equally compelling, classically ordered, and far more ambiguous. Laibach deal with ideology — but they are *not* necessarily ideologically sound; an Eastern European Test Department they aren't. Their stance is far from clear; it is not political — but it is very . . . ideological. To quote the boys themselves: 'politics is the highest and all-compromising art and we, who create the contemporary Slovene art, consider ourselves politicians'. Quite.

Since their first concerts in their native Yugoslavia in 1980 and their 'Occupied Europe tour' with our own Last Few Days (the first and only time an Eastern and Western European band have come together and toured both sides of Europe) Laibach have been filling people with a sense of unease. Accused of being fascists in one part of Europe and communists in another, they continue to stir up contention wherever they go. People just cannot make their minds up about Laibach. And do Laibach care? Not a bit. After all they are, as they have often pointed out in their statements, merely handing people a mirror with which to look at themselves. If they don't like what they see, then it's hardly Laibach's fault.

It would, however, be a mistake to take them *too* literally. Sometimes you could be forgiven for a nagging doubt that things are not what they seem. But they are masters of the paradox. And the biggest paradox of all is that, whilst they possess the kind of European cultural authenticity we watch people only vainly attempting to manufacture over here in England, the aura of mystery which surrounds them and their work is so impenetrable it has led some to postulate that they are, surely, merely the product of some A & R man's imagination.

A taste of Laibach live in concert will soon change your mind about that. Larger than life, antlers, impassive stares, trumpets and all, their music is powerful always, grandiose and Wagnerian often and, just occasionally, very evocative and emotional indeed.

But Laibach are not your average cult band. They would positively shudder at the very suggestion of such a label, should you find yourself in the unlikely situation of actually speaking to them (they refuse point blank to have any direct

contact with the press, communicating instead through written questions and answers which function as a kind of prose/poetry/manifesto). No! Laibach want to be right at the centre of things, whether it's the music business, Cork Street or the National Theatre. And this grand ambition is not that far removed from being a reality. Laibach, like ideology, is uncompromising and all-pervasive. Their activity goes far beyond merely mesmerising, visually and aurally, audiences of up to 1,000 people at a time. The other principle on which they operate is SAFETY IN NUMBERS. Unlike the spoilt, egoistic only children who are the producers of culture here in the West, they appear and operate as a bombasting, rumbustious (peer) group who intimidate and dominate with the sheer energy of their work. Laibach have a long-standing and flourishing ideological love affair with two other extraordinary Slovene groups:

... not your average cult band

PHOTO / ZORAN JOVANOVIĆ



LAIBACH: TOUR OVER AMERICA
 29th May BRIGHTON — Zap Club
 30th May LONDON — London University
 31st May MANCHESTER — The Broadwalk
 2nd June NEWCASTLE — Tiffany's
 LIVERPOOL — Polytechnic —
 (check press for date)
 4th June LONDON — Bay 63 Aclam Hall
 5th June LONDON — Bay 63 Aclam Hall

IRWIN, a painting group, and The Theatre of the Sisters of Scipion Nasice, both of whom embrace Laibach 'ideology' and show it to the world proudly through their art and their theatre. Together all three are a formidable force. Their collective work has, despite great opposition, permeated and infiltrated the top cultural institutions of their native Yugoslavia, and is poised to do just that over here.

Witness the recent 'Scipion' production *Baptism (Under Triglav)* staged in Slovenia's answer to the Barbican, (no mean feat for a theatre company barely three years old and consistently treated with great wariness, in Yugoslavia, throughout their short history). It was the most important and visually stunning theatrical event in Europe for a decade, according to some of Europe's top theatre directors and programmers who saw it. A delicious irony for Laibach, as they watched the government institutions who have officially banned them from playing in parts of Yugoslavia for years pouring the largest amount of public money ever awarded to the theatre company in Yugoslavia into the most spectacular display ever of Laibach Kunst. Banned in their home town of Ljubljana, Laibach went on to communicate their ideas and music to a far greater section of the population. 10,000 people from all over the country who flocked to Ljubljana's prime cultural centre every night to form a captive audience for Laibach's music and Laibach Kunst ideas in one of the cleverest cultural manipulations since the Trojan Horse.

Is there no end to the sheer complexity and volume, not to mention quality, of cultural production which emerges unabated from all flanks of this 'militantly classical' group? All three sections of it are prolific. Laibach have produced a considerable number of records in Germany, Belgium, Yugoslavia and England. Their latest 12" single *Die Liebe (Ist Die Grosste Krafft die Alles Schafft)* and LP *Nova Akropolis*, has just been recently released by Cherry Red Records. The Theatre of the Sisters of Scipion Nasice opens the most exciting BITEF for a long time in Belgrade in September (15th) this year and will perform in Parma, Venice, New York, Germany, Edinburgh and London. IRWIN, apart from their numerous shows and critical acclaim in Yugoslavia, will be showing their work in New York, Bordeaux, Ghent, Germany and London later in the year. Watch out Jan Fabre. Who doubts the terrible power of these horns! ●

PERT

REVIEW

BARROOM FRENZY

Forced Entertainment are rapidly earning a reputation as the most exciting of a new generation of experimental theatres. STEVE ROGERS agrees.

NIGHTHAWKS HAS A structure which whilst being about as simple as you could make it is nevertheless surprising. It has two equal halves. Nothing simpler but perhaps not so surprising. It is set in a seedy American bar where the daylight is shut out along with the identities and daily lives of its customers. The only rule is that the privacy and isolation of everyone who comes there is to be protected. But as alcohol and the nether worldly warmth of the bar take effect relationships begin to develop and these four anonymous individuals repeat revolving patterns of desire, fear, jealousy and guilt. As they drink more they let go of their protective isolation and reveal their humanity and vulnerability which as the patterns become increasingly frenzied turns into a crescendo of self and mutual destruction.

This is familiar territory. It is perhaps only what we would expect from Forced Entertainment, and its conclusion appears equally predictable. But here is where the surprise comes and *Nighthawks* moves from being a competent example of a theatrical form into more innovative and dangerous ground. At the height of the frenzy the barroom set suddenly opens like a flower to reveal another inner space. This space, drawn like the barroom from movie cliché, is a motel room. It is bare and simple and the blinking neon sign is shredded by the venetian blinds. It is anonymous, and glowing, like a womb or a haven of the spirit, and is the scene in which the relationships started in the barroom are brought to their logical conclusion of intimacy and sex. But far from being a coldly calcu-



lated, *Looking for Mr Goodbar* type fuck, what takes place here is a scene of tenderness and of sadness. This is a dreamlike world in which a chance encounter rekindles both human warmth and with it the pain of loneliness.

The frenzy of the barroom is not a conclusion but is the outward expression of the inner strug-

gle between desire for human warmth and fear of pain which leads eventually to the bedroom. This is filled with a gentle undulating pattern of embraces, sleep, meetings and partings. It was beautiful, lyrical and a real theatrical surprise, but it didn't quite work.

Forced Entertainments other shows suffered from the same problem that defeated *Nighthawks*. Simply, their technical ability is not up to the purity of their design. In the second half of the *Nighthawks* the repeated actions are structured musically like a canon. It is a circular pattern which is complete when everything returns to its starting point. This purity is essential to their vision and is vital to the texture and meaning of their work. Yet the performers do not as yet have the technical ability, although they do have the integrity, to sustain this kind of structure against the demands of theatrical expedience. The human brain/spirit responds to a perfectly completed pattern with a kind of satisfying resonance and so the final resolution of the cycle of patterns performed in *Nighthawks* should bring with it a deep and resounding sense of 'rightness' but, as it is, it appears merely unnecessarily rigid and overlong.

It would be simple to imagine changes to *Nighthawks* which would deal with this problem but I suspect that in doing this the purity of their vision would be destroyed and it is this purity which is their greatest asset. *Nighthawks* is their best show so far. It is a show full of theatrical innovation, it has committed performances, some good jokes, but most importantly, it has vision. ●



NIGHTHAWKS

WHAT DO SIXTH-FORMERS THINK ABOUT PERFORMANCE ART?

New Work Newcastle, organised by Projects UK at the Laing Gallery, was not only an important series of performance works, but was accompanied by one of the most thorough and successful educational programmes ever attempted for Performance Art. The Laing house an exhibition of 'static' work to provide something of a history and context for the performances and there were talks and workshops for

school groups and interested members of the public. One of the participating artists was Tara Babel who, in addition to performing, held discussions and devised a questionnaire for her audience. The questionnaire and the question and answer session gave some interesting results.



As part of my work in Newcastle, as a commissioned artist, I thought it would be interesting to devise a questionnaire to provoke and stimulate ideas for myself and the participants. Alongside the performances, there was an impressive 'static' show in the Laing Art Gallery introducing and presenting performance art and also a comprehensive education programme involving some of the artists, of which I was part. I knew I was to give a talk and hold a workshop for mainly sixthformers, some studying art and others not, so I had the idea of a questionnaire, mainly to gain a reaction and also as an outlet for comments or ideas. As sometimes with a group, certain things may not be said or asked so the sheet of questions offered a second chance for this, and allowed more opportunity for the students to express themselves to me.

Although the questionnaires were left in the Laing for anyone, most of the replies I received were from the sixthformers I had talked with. For me this project compensated for the fact that I ever actually got to show my commissioned performance to its full advantage as at the last minute I was offered an ultimatum of making do with an alternative and unsuitable space to the original space offered, or of returning to London without doing

anything! All this arose from the fact, (which amazes me) that the intended space to hold the majority of performances, did not have an entertainment licence. So after Bow Gamelans pyrotechnics the fire and safety people used this clause to halt any other performances in this space. The alternative offered to me was an upper gallery which housed the 18th century English landscapes and could not be blacked out due to the wide skylights. Also, being the first to arrive after this 'mishap' rigid restrictions were imposed on my movements and items used in my piece. Nevertheless I proceeded as planned to a reasonably sized audience, and hopefully inspired a few more people to respond to my questionnaire.

The majority of replies I received were thoughtfully observed, often humorous and sometimes quite prolific. 17-20 years was the average age group and both sexes were represented very neatly by a 50/50 proportion.

I have selected some interesting points and comments produced by this 'survey'. 40% of replies had seen a performance before, but mostly connected with the 'New Work' show. P Turnball describes her experience thus, 'The last one I saw was Silvia something dressed in pink being



Today I watched Newcastle play Arsenal. The game was boring. I felt cold. When Newcastle scored I leaped up and down with everyone else. I was no longer cold. Everyone was happy as we left.



middle class, talking about shopping and food, living in a fantasy world, isolated, a woman arranging material things as her occupation.' Stephen Davies describes Bow Gamelan as 'a deafening ritual of sound and lights', but a particularly amusing parallel came from Mark, 'Today I watched Newcastle play Arsenal. The game was boring. I felt cold. When Newcastle scored I leaped up and down with everyone else. I was no longer cold. Everyone was happy as we left'. 20% linked performance with everyday rituals of musical performances such as the Virgin Prunes or U2. Definitions of 'taboo' ranged from 'The size of the Queen's breasts', to 'Anything which causes embarrassment', or 'A subject you can't talk about with your parents, or at work'. Jeremy Stern obviously gave a lot of thought to his answers — 'We all act, we all perform. Sometimes because of emotional changes in the way we perceive moments in our life, we consciously take them out of the context of 'time' and think of them as containing elements of a higher state of reality, knowledge or emotion. It is these performances that make up our personal memories. Our first performance is birth and our last is death.' His personal obsessions rather moved me — 'I am obsessed by light refracted through blue glass, certain books from my childhood, faces as images, peoples' personalities and the ability we have to fall in love'. Most people thought the art world could reach more people by publicity through the media, 'Ask Saatchi & Saatchi to do an ad campaign', or by appealing to children, or exhibitions at places of work. Also that a basic language is required to show that art can be interesting, and a general opinion that the art world should not be so exclusive. Good suggestions. 60% agreed with the statement 'Life itself is the absolute art', here are a few opposite examples, 'Yes, because all art stems from life', or 'No, because art can express imagination and the unreal world, or exaggerate reality'. Malcolm Lockie says, 'Art is abstract perfection, life is not'. Mark suggests, 'No, because the majority are following the herd instinct and are vegetating in front of the TV, many artists would like to uphold this statement so they can peddle anything as art'. Not as cynical as it could sound, I think. 33% claimed to affiliate with some form of christianity, 40% had no strong political views and the other 60% were

mostly left wing, anti Thatcher and against Nuclear weapons. The questions about killing or dying I felt stirred some interesting reactions, I would have said no to both, but 30% said they would willingly kill for someone. J. Stern gave a double barrelled reply, 'No, but I would have shot Hitler had I the chance'. Other would be 'victims' varied from rapists, terrorists to vivisectionists and Thatcher being a popular target. 50% pledged to die for someone. I wonder could this sentiment become less appealing with experience or age? I agree that it would be hard to know how one would react in that situation. Amongst some of the special obsessions were cycling; the number 7; car crashes; horseracing; appearance and homosexuality to name a few. Some people would divulge no more than a 'yes' to this question. Finally a last point. 10% of replies believed the media 5%, 25% believed it 20%, 50% believed it 50% and 15% believed the media 99%. Stuart Clarke commented that he would be less likely to believe the 'SUN' as opposed to 'NEWSNIGHT' and that most news coverage was biased, or that many important facts in the media were avoided but as far as the writers or presenters were concerned it was true. I think someone should ask these presenters, 'Do you actually believe in what you are saying on TV?'. . . As a final conclusion to the questionnaire I invited the participants to submit their own questions. As it turned out most of the questions were related to me or my work, so I have set about to answer their questions as they answered mine.

The first question comes from

JEREMY STERN:-

What is the most important dream you have ever had?

I think all my dreams are important, I have particularly vivid dreams. Sometimes they worry me. For example, I dream of a person I vaguely know or had known in the past and I wonder why. I had a friend who physically acted out her dreams, sleepwalking etc. According to her sister she used to talk a lot, recite poetry and tell jokes while asleep, and in the morning when her sister relayed the jokes back to her, she roared with laughter as if hearing it for the first time. One night to the fright of her poor sister again, she got up turned on the light, took a suitcase down from the wardrobe and began folding and packing her bedclothes and blankets,

and was standing in the hall when her mother found her and asked, 'what are you doing?' she replied still asleep 'I'm leaving'. Weird. A hilarious story I heard was:- a friend's parents were asleep on their wedding night in the brides mother's house, the new husband never having slept there, got out of bed by habit and walked the distance he thought to the toilet and pissed in the wardrobe! If I wrote all my dreams down it would fill volumes. I think it may be possible to think of dreams as a kind of link to the collective consciousness Jung goes on about. Like a big switchboard, with inputs from other peoples dreams and outputs from your own.

Could you explain exactly what your Nivea/Aphrodite performance represents?

(CLARE HURST)

I suppose it was in a way a tribute to one of my favourite places, the wonderful island of Cyprus. The start contrast of Cyprus being the legendary birthplace of Aphrodite, Island of love and playground of the ancient gods to that of a divided country through the conflict with the Turks. This was the setting of the piece. I don't know what instilled in us the need for war but maybe it was Aphrodite who inspired us to love and pursue beauty and eternal youth even through the use of creams, oils and lotions.

Would you show your body to a large group of people (not as a sex object).

(SHARON HOWARD)

I already have done so in a way. Once I had on nothing but silver paint and a belt of 'runes'. I have also been in a series of mildly pornographic slides. I think sexuality is very important and should not be exploited. I am very wary of appearing naked now, unless it is absolutely necessary. I find no matter how intense the context may be, there can always be some lecher in the audience gleaning a certain amount of pleasure from seeing a naked person.

Because your art has so much meaning behind it, do you think its depth stops people from understanding it?

(JOANNE RICHARDSON)

I think art is a very personal thing and for me has to have depth and meaning behind it. I am aware that some of my projects have been quite complicated in content and backup material, but when I present the work as a performance or whatever, it hopefully ties together as a whole. I think everybody has a



The last one I saw was Silvia something dressed in pink being middle class, talking about shopping and food, living in a fantasy world, isolated, a woman arranging material things as her occupation.

different set of experiences and any reaction is based on these. So if someone else translates it in a way to suit them, or picks up on an isolated image or movement, well that's perfectly alright. I think there is a misunderstanding about art, that there are a certain set of rules by which to understand it. The onlooker should be responsible for putting effort into a translation for themselves and not to expect a black and white explanation. If there is any information relevant to my performances I make sure that it is clear beforehand, and afterwards I hope the work can be seen afresh from the point of view of each individual, thinking independently.

What turns you on?

(STEPHEN DAVIES)

Pornographic mail and lying in the sun.

Does the mind rule the body or does the body rule the mind?

(DEBRA WARREN)

From the difference between our primal or animal instincts and the civilised conscious state we possess as a higher mammal, it would seem that our minds control our actions. There is no clear answer to this question. Our minds and our bodies can be used, for example, to induce higher states of being, one through meditation (mind) and the other through extreme physical activity, (body) I think the mind and body play dual roles. Outwardly people are more or less civilised but inwardly we are still primitive. Something in us is deeply disinclined to give up our beginnings and yet something else believes it has long since gone beyond all that. Here is a favourite quote of mine from Yeats:- 'I am an immortal soul tied to the body of a dying animal.'

How closely would you say drama and art are related?

(JANE RUTHERFORD)

Basically to me, not at all, apart from them both being creative activities, but so are a lot of other things. Art or if you mean performance art, (which I think you do), and drama should not be linked in the way that it is. I find that the 'umbrella' of performance can cover experimental theatre, dance, scripted dialogues and 'A LOT OF ACTING' which I think is wrong and damaging to a purer concept of performance art which seems to be practised by less and less people in

favour of a more accepted established format which progresses nowhere. My idea of performance or actions should not be repetitive or rehearsed, but improvised and spontaneous. I see each performance as a personal exorcism or ritual, concentrated time, transient, and set within the actual time of its happening. The end should allow for progression or transgression onto something else as a spiral goes around and upwards. A play or rehearsed piece cannot be performance art as I believe the participants or characters are not living the piece, merely mimicking it.

What do you consider the most influential beliefs on an individual — politics, religion or the media?

(JANE BURKHARD)

I think a lot depends on one's upbringing and conditioning. I also think there comes a time in one's life

when inbuilt concepts or beliefs are re-considered and sometimes exchanged for a more individual set of ideas. Certainly I think the media is very effective, especially in a subliminal way. Our brains can be soaked in sophisticated advertising without us being aware of it. I once caught myself ranting on — about a pet food my cat seemed to particularly enjoy. It made me realise how gullible and influenced one can be.

Do you think art is a waste of time?

(MALCOLM LOCKIE)

I can hardly say yes and do what I do, but even bad art serves a purpose in setting down a basis for which one can appreciate good art. A lot of it is a matter of taste anyhow. Art is important for many different reasons; therapeutic; design; a form of expression when other outlets are repressed. People have always made art, whether it was the personal decoration of ones surroundings, diagrammatical, or art for art galleries, just to look at. Anyone can appreciate art, and all art is certainly not contained in art galleries. I believe in looking for art in places its not supposed to be, in everyday life. An art context can certainly elevate objects or actions drawing attention to them, also perhaps elevating our awareness of life. A lot of ideas on art are a waste of time but certainly not the process of creating.

So, that's all the questions I'm going to answer at present. I thought they were very relevant questions and they certainly made me think a bit more by answering them, as I hope did the people who answered mine. I feel it is important to break down certain misconceptions about performance and create a more honest approach. I think working and communicating with a group before or after a performance can enhance and add to their experience of the work and also give the artist a clearer view of how it is received. I often find that sometimes performance can draw a complete blank and any reaction is with-held perhaps by a lack of understanding. So despite the drawbacks in Newcastle I feel I gained a lot working with the students, and that this perhaps held more meaning and understanding than the situation of arriving somewhere, doing the piece and leaving, wondering afterwards, 'What the hell was that all about?'

QUESTIONNAIRE

- Have you ever seen a performance? if so describe it.
- What is a ritual?
- Can you define repression?
- What is a taboo subject?
- Do you think you have ever (even subconsciously) created an action/performance or ritual? If so describe it.
- How do you think the art world can reach more people?
- Do you like art galleries?
- Do you agree with this statement, 'Life itself is the absolute art.'? If not why?
- What was the last film you saw?
- What was the last book you read, and how long ago was it?
- Do you practice any religion? If so what?
- Do you live with your parents?
- Do you have a special skill?
- Which countries have you visited and what is your favourite place?
- Do you have any strong political views? If so what?
- What food do you eat most often?
- Are you engaged in any form of musical activity or anything that directly relates to the public?
- Do you hate anyone enough to kill them?
- Do you love anyone enough to die for them?
- What is your greatest ambition?
- Do you have a special ambition?
- Do you have a special obsession?
- Do you believe the media, ie news, TV, newspapers etc?
- Please tick one.
5% 50% 20% 99%
- Can you add your own question to this questionnaire?



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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A **NEO-NATURIST**

CHRIS: Hey Jen, guess what.

JEN: What?

CHRIS: We've got something really exciting to do on Sunday.

JEN: What is it?

CHRIS: Well Michael Clark rang up and asked if we wanted to something in a ballet at the Royal Opera House.

JEN: Oh Brilliant.

CHRIS: Mike n' Dave give us the best little acts to do.

JEN: I know! I'm looking forward to it already.

CHRIS: So am I. What shall we do? I've forgotten how we start. Mike said something about chanting.

JEN: He probably meant cheerleading like we did at Riverside.

CHRIS: Oh of course! I wondered what he was talking about. It's a benefit for Sadlers Wells. Let's do the Money Making Money Chants as well.

JEN: Yeah OK.

We arranged for Wilma to come round early on the day so we could get our cheer leading routine perfectly synchronised and then all set off for the Royal Opera House together. The men at the stage door seemed to be expecting us, something we always appreciate, and as we clattered along the warren of corridors which is back stage at the Royal Opera House we stopped and said to each other 'This is back stage at the Royal Opera House and we're on tonight in the nude'. It made us come over all historical.

N.Ns: Hello Mike we're here.

MIKE: The Neo Naturists Hello.

N.Ns: Oh it's such a proper dressing room.

MIKE: Well it is the the Royal Opera House, make yourselves at home girls. Do you want a drink?

Luckily for us the dressing rooms had a huge toilet area with big mirrors, hot water and heating, everything a neo naturist needs but so rarely gets. We gave Mike a quick run down of our idea and then set about getting painted.

Our sexy little cheerleaders outfits were only half on when Mike came into the toilets and announced. 'Hey girls it's time for a rehearsal on the stage now'.

We slipped our garments over our semi painted bodies (after all Princess Margaret was supposed to be there that night and we didn't want to ruin the surprise for her) and joined the rest of the company in the main dressing room.

'Hello David, Hello Stevie, Hello Judy, Hello Nico, Hello Eilis, Hello

The Neo Naturists join Michael Clark and company for a performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Chris, Hello Julia, Hello Jeffrey, Hello Lizzy, Hello Jeremy, Hello Leigh, Hello Ellen, Hello Les Child, Hello Lesley, Hello Julie, Hello Eric, Hello John, Hello Cerith, Hello Angus'.

There were so many people to say hello to. Then with a signal from Mike we set off, ala St Trinians, to find the stage. Those corridors really are a hoot.

'SHHH RAMBERT'

'WHAT?'

'SHHH RAMBERT'

'PISS OFF'

'SHHH RAMBERT ARE ON'

'RAMBO'S ON SHHH'

'GIGGLE GIGGLE'

'SHHH RAMBERT'

'GUFFAW GUFFAW' 'SHHH'

'GIGGLE GIGGLE WHAT?'

'SHHH RAMBERT SHHH'

This strange message was passed along the line. And there they were on stage eith Dame Ninette de Valois. 'They call here Madame' whispered Leigh and offered his bottle of poppers to the nearest ballerina who used her pert little nose to take a deceptively large sniff. You should have seen her on points!

The rest of the ballerinas stuck their noses in the air. How dare anyone laugh at Rambert. Our rehearsal was over in a flash and we managed to go over the piece 5 times (well it was only 2 mins long)!

We St Trinianed it back to the dressing room.

'Dame Ninette said so!'

In the few minutes that were left we made beautiful jobs of our body paint. We made uncannily realistic jobs of our cheerleading outfits. The procession to the stage was even more raucous this time and the SHHHs SHHHs even more urgent. Then we were on. The curtain opened and there we were fast asleep until our Fairy Godmother Les Child woke us up with the touch of his magic wand

Christine, Jen, Michael and Leigh in the dressing room



and the delicate stomp of this platform shoes. We woke up and took deep breaths. We love shouting and couldn't wait to try out the famous acoustics.

This was our chant:

Be Aggressive

B.E.Aggressive

B.E.A.G.G.R.E.S.S.I.V.E.

Be Aggressive

B.E.Aggressive

B.E.A.G.G.R.E.S.S.I.V.E.

OOHH UM GOWER

WE GOT THE POWER

WE ARE THE BEST

SOCK EM IN THE CHEST

WATCHA GONNA DO

THE MONEY BOOGALOO

THE MONEY BOOGALOO

THE MONEY BOOGALOO

THE MONEY BOOGALOO

MONEY MONEY MONEY

MONEY MAKING MONEY

MONEY MONEY MONEY

MONEY MAKING MONEY

The N.Ns were centre stage, behind us were a long line of disco dancers and in front Mike, Dave, Nico, Eric n' Les Child. While we were chanting we did a very complicated majorettes dance and the disco dancers did their routine, Lizzy played her synth and Michael and Nico were everywhere as usual. At the end we all formed a chorus line and chanted MONEY MONEY MONEY. The curtain went down and we rushed off the stage ecstatic hardly aware of the mere smattering of applause that came from the auditorium.

'What do we do now Mike?'

'Have a drink.'

'Oh all right then.'

'Let's go to the canteen.'

The canteen was boring. Although the orchestra seemed to enjoy the nude yoga session, our boredom was soon disturbed by Leigh who burst into the room wearing an exotic Rococo opera dress.

'Where did you get that?'

'Dame Ninette said so.'

'C'mon let's all wear them.'

'Yahoo.'

Leigh led us to the opera house costume dept and when it was time for the curtain call we all appeared in enormous crinolines. An absolutely perfect end to a perfect day or so we thought when as soon as the curtain came down for the 4th time several large trolleys full of wine were wheeled onto the stage and we were suddenly at a party.

Gorgeous!



PERFORMANCE

Issue No.	Interview	Features	Price	Issue No.	Interview	Features	Price
1	Ken Campbell	Welfare State / Comedy Store / Heartache & Sorrow	Photocopy Only £2.50	22	—	Impact Theatre / Bloodgroup / Video Afterimage / Basement Group	
2	—	Roland Miller & Shirley Cameron / Demolition Decorators / Mods / Nuttall on Money	Photocopy Only £2.50	23	Nan Hoover	Zap Club / Hermine / Paperpool / Sheffield Expanded Media	
3	Genesis P. Orridge	Hummer Sisters / Happenings / Performance from Poland	Photocopy Only £2.50	24	Kazuko Honki (Frank Chickens)	John Maybury / Urban Sax / New York Performance / Charlie Hooker	
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