

MANNERS

perf by susan shramo*may 20*8pm*\$3/\$2

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perf by jan k fleming*may 20*8pm*\$3/\$2

SciFiSalesmen

elec music by david terrell*may 27*8pm*\$3/\$2

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The Island; Coltrane

ne 1 perfs by martha & seth greene*june 3,4*
8pm*\$3/\$2

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KNOWHERE

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In future issues we will have a free
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1436 W. ERIE # 24
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From the Editors:

There's a lot of performance art in Chicago, but it is seldom
written or documented. **KNOWHERE** magazine hopes to fill this
void. Our purpose is to list and cover and review every perfor-
mance in Chicago. If you want a performance listed, or if you
want to write about performance, contact us.

CARPET STAIN.

HARRY KIPPER / BRIAN ROUTH

An interview

by **Brendan deVallance**
and **Nancy Martell**

Brian Routh has been living in Chicago for two and one half years. He is best known for work he has done with Martin when they were both attending East 15, an experimental acting school in England between 1969 and 1970. Their first big booking was the Olympic Games in Munich in 1972. They worked together intensely from 1971 to 1975. From 1975 to 1977 Routh worked on his own, and from 1977 to 1981 they worked together again.

Martin lives now in Los Angeles and they've done three shows so far this year. In fact, Brian, Martin and Karen Finley had done performances in San Diego the weekend previous to our interview...

"...so we still perform. I look upon the shows that I do with him [Martin] to be more lighthearted, they're not heavy. Because the stuff that I do on my own is sometimes a little bit heavy. And it sort of effects me for a long time afterwards. And stuff that I do with him is kind of like good fun--Boy Scouts or something."

Why did you come to Chicago?
I came here for the climate...hahahahaha [laughs]. I don't know. Why did I come here? Because Karen [Finley] comes from Chicago. We were living in San Francisco together and we went on a tour. We went to Italy and Germany and then to

London. When we came back we just came back to Chicago instead of San Francisco.

What do you think of the opportunities you have here? Are you happy with it?

I think I'm doing alot of performances now. But not many in Chicago. I think it would probably be like that living in any city. After a while you exhaust all of the places that there are to perform [at], or get tired of that sort of circuit. Even New York or anywhere you feel like you have to go elsewhere to perform. So that doesn't really bother me at all. I'm thinking I might move in the fall but I'm not sure where to.

The work you were doing in the early 70's, was it considered radical? Did you have trouble finding an audience?

I think the audience was there. The people who present things are the people who are usually scared--the audience is always going to be ready to go. If there's something that's supposedly shocking or alarming, everyone wants to see it. I don't think we ever had a shortage of audience. It got to the point where when we went on tour our shows were usually sold out two weeks ahead of time. Like when I did this thing with Karen they booked the Kipper Kids to perform and Karen and I turned up to do it. They were a bit leary about having us perform. The Kipper Kids had been

advertised with photographs and everything. We played to an audience of 800 people a night for three days. A hundred of those people demanded their money back.

Why is that?

We got into a lot of trouble doing it. I was dressed as Hitler but wearing a jock strap and Karen was this German Fraulein who was eating sauerkraut out of her bra and stuff like that. They were really horrified and upset. I'd never experienced that before in Germany. But I'd never really done that much in Cologne. In that part of Germany, that's where they got bombed the most. And that's where most of the soldiers who were in the war lived. You see lots of cripples. I've done lots of work in Munich and Berlin where it's no big deal to do that. I didn't think it was going to be a big deal, that wasn't why I initially did it. I didn't do it to try and be shocking. What do you see that you're moving towards? Anything specific?

I guess there's no big master plan, no big design. I just sort of act pretty much on impulse. I'm motivated by ideas that I have or whatever. The actual concept is pretty vague, more so than it used to be. I found that when I first started performing I knew much more about what I wanted to achieve. Like "This'll really blow their fucking minds" or "This will get 'em laughing" or "This will make them sad" or whatever. But now I don't think of anything like that when I perform. It doesn't even enter into my mind. So it's like my whole way of performing is out of some inner feeling that's something internal that's externalizing itself through what I'm doing in a performance. And that's all it is. There's no conscious plan to achieve anything

when I'm performing anymore.

What is your relationship with Harry Kipper, that persona?

I think that performances that I've done lately aren't really using that same Harry Kipper persona. I don't feel that way when I'm on the stage. I guess when I set this ritual up for myself to do the persona comes out, whatever persona it is at the time. In San Diego I did a thing where I was wearing just a polo neck and a pair of red trousers with a square cut out with just my dick showing, and I came out and I sang "Catch a Falling Star." I sat down and started talking about my asshole. I have alot of trouble with my ass because of years of excessive drinking and abusing my system with drugs and alcohol and stuff like that. I have a really weak colon. So if I eat anything that is even fractionally spicy I suffer for days with excruciating pain and diarrhea and blood and all kinds of stuff and there's nothing anyone can do about it. You just have to watch your diet. I just talked about that but found myself talking about it with an American accent. And it wasn't planned at all. It just came out like that. So in terms of personae I don't think I use that one Kipper Kid persona. Sometimes I use it and sometimes I don't. The only time I use it is if it feels right. Otherwise it would just feel contrived. Do you think Chicago has anything different about it in the way of performance art from what you've seen? I think it's pretty much the same everywhere. You'll see something that's real spartan and it doesn't have anything to do with where it is, where it's coming from on the map. What's your favorite color? I have to say black.

REVIEWS

"Another Day"

Matthew Buckingham
Randolph St. Gallery
April 29

The nightmares do not suddenly develop happy endings. I merely step out of them as a five-year old scientist leaves the room where he has dissected an alarm clock.

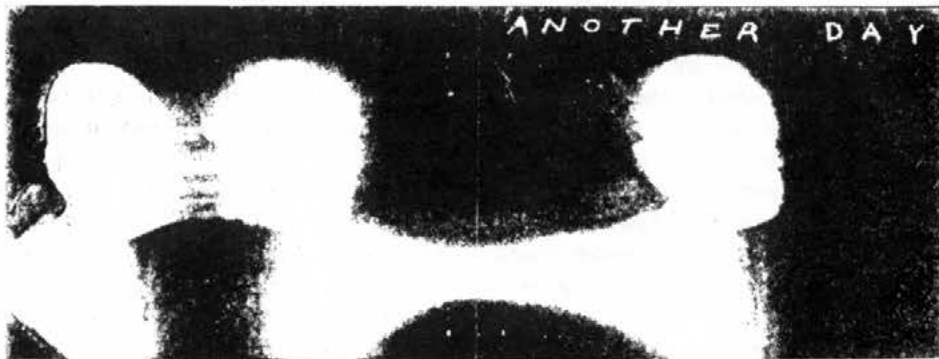
Leonard Cohen, *Parasites From Heaven*

In the darkness, the darkness of childhood where you never allowed it to get completely dark, a fear of being consumed by something bigger than you. I focused on a spot of orange light, 3 inches or 3 billion miles away. The collection is here. That of gesture and light, the ineffable. To move through this compilation of darkness is difficult (as anticipation of an uncompromising argument), but I am here, I want to leave but as well want to know how it works, why I am repulsed and at-

tracted to the privileged moments before me.

Continually one is forced to deal with the now. The clock is working but the time is fixed between the gesture, the moment you can always recognize and the black that is provided for you to wait to consider what is next, no, wait, what is now? Why[sic] is everything to me? The focus is about you, the individual of the text reads: "saved the day...his day", "turn your head", "I don't want to say it...you don't want to say it." "EVER IS ED-(to) NEVER LISTENED". "EYES ON THE WORLD"- are yours. Matthew Buckingham makes me hope for help, here is hell and he is talking to me. Everything is so convinced as if it had happened before.

From far away the sight emerges like a mirage, not out of the heat of day but that of night. How did I see that? Or did I see that? The stairs are there, he stands--he is active, I have to watch, he is in control, I am



FROM A BOOK BY MATTHEW BUCKINGHAM

not far enough. He reaches, it's only a second to the stretch, but I can feel it.

The shears open to express--the wire waits. The shears close to complete. The light, the life is extinguished around him. From behind at the point of darkness, the dim yet powerful light rooted to the wall is ripped with speed from the foundation. Its glow shoots across the room like a hot metal ember to where there once was light and figure before me, now gone, doomed to a new gesture. We knew it wasn't safe and he wanted to let us know why we were there.

Matthew Buckingham is a collector. He collects privileged moments, the kind that want to be forgotten or that are overwhelmed by the otherness of life. But Buckingham changes that, he brings these to the power of themselves--to the point of challenging you in an act by allowing a scrutiny of it.

Dave Kelly

"Race, Vote"

Werner Herterich
SAIC Student Gallery
April 14 & 15

The words Race and Vote written in tar on black paper, a man in a white business suit undressing to reveal black clothing underneath, tar poured over the white suit, driving Afro-American rhythms accompanying--if political art ever existed, it certainly was not on the varnished floor of the SAIC Student Gallery last April 14 and 15. What was there was a series of gestures that screamed its meanings too readily, a much too suc-

cessful attempt to incorporate the didacticism of a political discourse, disregarding the freshness of vision and insight that is art--a discourse that nonetheless took the stance of an art piece, a Performance, presenting itself as a form of personal expression, a one-way expression, forgetting the interaction in a true discourse--and so it was not even a discourse--but was it political? Yes, to the point that it attempted to be an artistic comment on a political situation--and so it must be taken to task for its political content, which is nil: since as a series of gestures, it lacked the validity of action that would make it truly and decisively political. And as it tried to be a political art piece, it failed as art. How does one define it then? As time passed.

Ben Llaneta

"MEMORY + = CHANGE"

Judith Kitzes, Kirk Lockhart
School of the Art Institute of Chicago
Wed., April 20, 7:30 p.m.

At one end of the sculpture courtyard at the SAIC there is a large wooden platform with a bench underneath it; at the other end a cart on wooden tracks. All throughout the courtyard short trenches have been dug in the gravel and filled with plaster. Very near the middle lies some sod in a square heap.

A circular trench about 20 feet in diameter has been dug. Highway signal flares have been placed at uneven intervals around the circle. Inside the circle two wooden houses

about two feet by four feet stand side by side. One is a dark color and is made out of older wood. The other is lighter and constructed of fresh plywood. A propane tank sits close to the edge of the circle. Five people take photographs with 35mm cameras. Judith Kitzes begins lighting the signal flares. Kirk Lockhart shouts "Memory!" after each flare has been lit.

Quartz photo lights remove the night atmosphere. Near them people use a video camera to capture this. Kitzes and Lockhart fidget with the propane tank. One person circulates with a Super-8mm camera. Smoke appears briefly from the darker house. People accumulate in the windowed stairwell inside the school.

It becomes apparent that the fire is being fed by the propane tank through a buried tube. The flames become more intense. Looking down from the stairs it is easy to see how close the burning structure is to the propane tank. The person with the Super-8mm camera moves into the circle next to the houses. She trains the camera on the flames of the dark house and then follows the smoke skyward as it disappears. Someone observes that most of the people appearing in the documentation of the work are also documenting it.

The structure burns in such a way that one flaming wall is left unsupported and could topple either into the rest of the fire or onto the propane tank. Someone suggests how exciting this could be. It falls away from the tank.

The highway signal flares are running low and Kitzes begins setting off the second set, each of which is sit-

ting next to its burning partner. No "Memory!" shouts. It becomes clear that the cart, plaster trenches, sod, and wooden tower have nothing to do with this performance-activated sculpture.

As the dark house falls to the ground almost completely burned-out, the identical structure made of new wood shows its first signs of bursting into flame. As the flames of the second house grow the crowd gathers a little closer around the fire and someone expresses his hope that we win homecoming. What a nice poster.

M.A. Buckingham

"Camouflage"

Eric Leonardson

Randolph St. Gallery

April 23

"Camouflage" is an attractive word for the title of a piece, but I don't understand. This performance seemed lengthy with no continuity, yet choice moments were visually stimulating. The artist, Eric Leonardson, has a strong stage presence and opened the piece abruptly. The silhouette of Leonardson struggling with the ladder built up to a noisy crash. It was surprising and effective. He made music of a sort, using to an exploitative degree a political speech, electronic noises, and his voice, live over two microphones. His movements on stage were casual until he finally exposed himself by taking off his classic white oxford shirt. On top of a box-like stand, he reveal-

ed his body as if he were unwrapping a stick of chewing gum. These motions were precise and almost meditative. Overall, an unnerving tension was created; I felt suspense from the irritations, mixed with a calm boredom.

Mia Ries

"Re-Ve-Rie"

David West

Randolph St. Gallery

April 23

David West's "Re-Ve-Rie" was an actorly performance with moments of humorous self-derision. The tone of the whole was in fact derisive (sar-

casm holding despair at bay). However, he just begins to reveal the tip of the iceberg. West brings up the fact that he is Jewish (among other revelations) but leaves this area, as with the other revelations, unexplored. Why is it brought to our attention if it is not important? If it is important, why is it not elaborated upon?

A different organization of these "lists" (it seemed as if David was presenting us with a list of conventions or attitudes which frighten and/or disgust him) might very well help elucidate his hilarious, denigrating, restless attitude. An attitude which has a place somewhere in the realm of "Kitsch Nihilism."

The imagery used was not par-



ticularly inspired--the exception being the refreshing non-acting attitudes brought to the Performance by some of the people involved. I especially enjoyed Suzanne Dunn's "naughty little girl" character.

If West explores more profoundly some of the ideas how brought to our attention in this performance with the same disrespectful, chaotic approach, it could very well be the three-ring circus "Re-Ve-Rie" should have been.

Nancy Martell

"Ill-Mannered Energy"

Kaya Overstreet
N.A.M.E. Gallery
March 9, 10, 11

Well-conceived, attractively attired, undeniably energetic, and even displaying some choreographic sensibility, Kaya Overstreet's "Ill-Mannered Energy" somehow managed to leave everyone frustrated and bored. The activity of the piece consisted of a bar scene a la film noir Parisienne with some New Wave overtones--basically the use of a decadent, violent situation as a parallel to, and symbol of, the present decaying social and moral value structure. People were treated to a half hour or so of people abusing each other and dancing to a live band. Eventually several people in the piece went outside and beat each other some more and broke beer bottles. Let me say that the band and their occasional accompanist Roderiqua Bell were very good and it is this that killed the piece. The Performance did not live up to the quality of the music and was too long to sustain the audience's

interest. Basically what we have here are more self-indulgent affectations from Fluid Measure, with the required lack of professionalism.

Paul Santori

NEW NOISE: THRESHOLD

A bit of light from the night gets down through the EI above the 1000 block of Lake Street. Some light gets out through the grime on the glass block in the commercial/industrial facade of number 1019. There's just enough light to read a hand-painted sign that announces the building as the **Noise Factory**.

Inside, through the door that opens to the street, a low-ceilinged, longish space widens toward a stage of 2x4 and plywood construction, utilitarian, consistent with the bare-beamed brick and stud decor. The ceiling is higher above the stage. A projection screen is the backdrop. The freight elevator to the right of the stage actually works.

A mixing board and sound machines are to the left in front of the stage. A pair of speakers put out recent rock 'n roll. Two quartz lights set off the stage from the rest of the space, where fluorescent fixtures

hang inches above head level. A carpet, some shade of yellow that begins with "br---," covers most of the stage. It is stained and has frayed edges.

At nine o'clock, an hour after the advertised starting time, a few people are calmly putting the final touches on technical setups, lights, food and drinks. These people are members of the artist's cooperative that has organized this event and four or five others like it in the past nine months.

Things were quiet and well under control. **Brendan deVallance**, a motivating force behind **Carpet Stain**, the name of the artist's cooperative, was apprehensive when I spoke to

perspective offered by week-old recollections and some sadly foreshortened video tapes lead me to describe the pre-show atmosphere at the Noise Factory on April 16th as "fully charged.")

As on previous evenings, two- and three-dimensional work decorated the industrial interior of the **Noise Factory**. Two large canvases by **Peter McGee** draped the high walls near the stage. A bold, if somewhat conventional, mural quality may or may not have been the result of poor lighting. Cartoon-like drawings by **Alex MacDonald** of brutal traffic incidents confirmed the artist's self-proclaimed affinity with "stupid art."

ALEX MacDONALD "THE M.C."



him that evening. Usually there were more people milling about by that time. Everyone knew that the show never began before nine, but it looked as if that night it might be ten or later.

(I remember thinking that Brendan was just feeling the nervousness that comes from having prepared everything thoroughly and having time left over to worry about having certainly forgotten something. The

Paintings and drawings by **Lucas Dohner** sometimes approached the clarity of vision of naive art but more often seemed self-conscious and politically questionable.

By showtime, the crowd was a healthy size. People mingled. Sound pieces submitted by Chicago and Mid-west artists were played interspersed with new and new new wave music. The crowd was young, tough on the outside, warm inside,

smart all-around. The BYO policy left alcohol in the hands of those who really wanted or needed it. Consumption was moderate and mature. Many in the audience had been present the night before for the first part of the two-night show. Most of them had followed patterns developing at the Noise Factory since the fall of 1982 when **Carpet Stain** (unnamed at that time) began evenings of fringe performance, new/noise music, and alternative art forms.

The audience responded with derision toward the reappearance of the M.C., the totally Republican **Alexander MacDonald**. The previous evening he had imposed selected readings from the Illinois State Driver's Handbook. His task of keeping the show moving would be expedited that night by thorough organization and preparation on the part of **Carpet Stain** and the participating artists.

To provide a complete review of the individual performances of that evening is not my intent here. Suffice it to say that some of them were important pieces, not only in respect to each artist's body of work, but also as they related to the unfolding of Chicago performance art. All of them were interesting, if not all captivating.

Here are some responses:

Dave Kelly: An oblique performance that had both audience and artist dangling between art and life.

Andy Soma: Showed a training film for MacDonald's employees that he had found in the trash. Counter-propaganda "Reefer Madness" style.

Kevin Henry: Much-improved performance, strong visual element of a bicycle suspended from the rafters. The artist pedalled throughout the

piece to power a generator headlight for light, reading his own words on cyclical water and rain processes affecting earth and individuals.

Mia Ries: A good first-public-piece, refreshingly personal if a bit too serious.

Kate Glazer and Kim Bissey: A visceral, mysterious multi-media piece, a prime example of the power of collaborative art-making.

Brendan deVallance: Post-punk performance at its best, evoking personal responses from the audience ranging from tears of hilarity to tears of despair. An important piece for all of us.

The Undealt: A visual band. **Matthew Buckingham's** spookily masterful lighting and **Brendan deVallance's** percussive C.C.R.-esque two-string guitar combined in a unique, unlikely but involving weave of sound and image.

Monsters from the Id: A raw, innovative group whose singer/guitarist **Paul Santori** provided a compelling energy to the band's original arrangements of blues standards and original compositions.

Emerald Lizards: This seven-piece band blew the top out of the night.

Eric Cassel's acoustic guitar solo displayed a virtuosity not often seen among the largely amateur bands at the **Carpet Stain** events. A piece that consisted of segments of ensemble screaming and wall-of-noise blowing (or more horns than I've seen in rock since Blood, Sweat and Tears) demonstrated that professionalism doesn't necessarily mean boring.

In recalling the evening of April 16 at the Noise Factory, the charged pre-show atmosphere and Brendan's

apprehensions clearly became part of the extraordinarily electric ambience of an important event. The show marked the maturing of the **Carpet Stain** productions in evenings of alternative art.

Although the problems have not been solved, (lighting, sequence and transition between pieces, the need for drinks less toxic than grape soda!), nevertheless, the unpretentious, unpredictable and unfinished texture of these evenings make them a unique experience in Chicago's art/culture scene. Long periods between pieces prompt audience interaction. In fact, the feeling of a **Carpet Stain** event could be compared to that of a party or informal gathering.

The impression of a deliberate debasement of aesthetics that one

senses, not only in the decor of the Noise Factory, but also in the sensibility of the work shown, confirms **Carpet Stain's** rebellious stance against the institutions of conventional culture.

If the work is sometimes immature, confused, naive, amateurish and just plain bad, it is also mostly honest and daring. Pieces are presented unjured and uncensored. (Attendance at weekly meetings and a helping hand in organization are the criteria for participation.) The result has been inconsistent artistic quality and rather long events. For my money, though, it's still the best deal in Chicago for your performance dollar.

By Werner Herterich



"The Mother of Us All"

Jennifer Sobin

"I Before EEEEE, and Well Out to Sea, & Words Like Neighbors and Way"

Chris Sullivan

The Art Police

Randolph Street Gallery

April 9

Jennifer Sobin's piece started at 9:22 p.m. Her stage had been set and was quite ornate. A large painting of buildings and water hung in the background. Stars were dangling from string in front of it and below them was a plastic pool filled with water. At stage right there was a table with all kinds of food and grocery items on it.

When she entered the stage she was wearing a wild costume and purple body paint. She posed as the Statue of Liberty in front of the backdrop.

She spoke poetically throughout the piece, but was devoid of energy as though she were not sure of what she spoke. However, there were many striking images such as the birth of a baby out of the end of a big penis, her chest of a hundred breasts made from blue and pink plastic cups, and a very interesting scene where she went to the grocery store with a cart equipped with paint cans and brushes so that she could change the color of her purchases before she got home. The feel of her piece was very much of tempera paint and papier mache. Lots of bright colors and glue.

It all seemed matter-of-fact. She

had set up certain things to do and she did them; she had certain things to say and she said them.

There was a very nice scene at the end where she lit a paper boat on fire and set it to sail h, the small plastic pool. It was about being a mother. The mother of the world. The mother of us all.

Chris Sullivan's piece began at 9:40 p.m. It too had a large painted backdrop with brown bricks and various kitchen and bathroom fixtures all painted on it. h, front of that were about five tables set up with dinner place settings and candles and cobwebs. h, various chairs clothing was draped as though the people had evaporated.

Sullivan's piece was a monologue. He walked about the stage talking to imaginary people and telling us of his life. Throughout, he assumed uncountable personae, some of whom were very frantic and others who were very collected.

I thought the way he used his props was very effective. He would go from table to table introducing us to this person and that person and then he would suddenly stop and run over to a wooden box that was up on a stand. He would prop up the lid, get into the box, and begin this C.B. (citizen band radio) conversation using tin cans in a maniac and childlike way. He was playing and it was fun. The piece

ended with his delivering of a bent version of "The House that Jack Built" in full.

I found Sullivan's execution to be very interesting to watch. However, it was about 50 minutes long and people in the audience were leaving throughout the performance. I talked with Chris afterwards and he too felt perplexed as to why the people left. There was also a noisy crowd in the other room and this disturbed him. Despite all of this I was very intrigued by the whole performance. He had a lot to say and he had such an interesting way to say it. It's too bad that people were not able to endure the entire piece, but there are no commercials in performance.

Brendan deVallance

International Workers' Day

"The Night Before"

Various Artists

Noise Factory

April 30

A small event. Not many people. Poetry, Performance, Music. Life...Humans...Good, Bad, indifferent...

Poetry by: Kate Ryan, Paul Skiff, Yvonne Green.

Performances by: Mark Canfield 7
Brendan deVallance, Kevin Henry,
Scott Marshall, Kevin Coffee.

Music by: Dementia 13

Vic Bowler

Nigel Rolfe In Performance

Randolph St. Gallery

April 18

Nigel Rolfe is from Dublin, Ireland, we are told by the poster. At a lecture by the artist earlier in the week I had learned that he is originally from England, but has been living in Ireland, outside of Dublin for several years. He said he considered where he was now living to be a more "primitive" place.

He was originally a sculptor. One of his earlier works done in London was called "The Red Wedge" and involved Nigel sawing up a ton of wood over a week long period, eight hours a day, and creating a pillar with the wood which rose to the ceiling and actually lifted the ceiling two inches. The wedge, and daily photographs documenting its construction remained in the gallery for visitors. The ceiling later had to be replaced.

Later, in Ireland, he began creating works, done at home usually for an audience of only his wife, which used his body in the making of real time sculpture, tying his limbs to a specially prepared table, or pouring liquid over his arm, leaving a trace when it was removed.

This immediate physical contact with his materials as well as his live presence in the work itself was later explored further in a long series of pieces in which he created square shaped "grow~d drawings," symbols and patterns stenciled onto the floor with flour, coal dust, or clay. The material was sometimes six inches I deep and furrowed. The drawings,



NIGEL ROLFE

formed at Randolph Street Gallery and later to be performed in several cities in the U.S. and Europe, Nigel Rolfe spent the first few minutes brushing medium onto a stretched linen sheet placed flat on the floor. Then, using metal stencils, he dusted powdered pigment over the prepared sheet making, when the stencils were removed, the image of a black African continent with a red human figure next to it. Two video monitors to the left and right of him were turned on. The left one showed a "new wave" dancer going thru his frenetic motions, looped and repeated certain movements. The right one showed the artist's face being slapped over and over, with the sound of slapping intensified. A long a series of large slides were then projected on the back wall, images of native African and New Guinea ritual costume and make up, scarification and dance. The soundtrack behind it all was tribal rhythms. As the images and the audience looked on, Nigel slowly undressed, carefully putting each sock in its correct shoe. Then, after standing rather awkwardly with the slides overlapping onto him, he lay down upon the red figures in the drawing. He lay quite still for a few moments, then made a slight movement of his art from the elbow, rubbing red pigment onto the black. He got up, making sure the audience could see the red that had been transferred to his body. The performance ended with the hanging of the freshly created art object on the wall where the slides had been projected. The artist then went off to clean up.

Andy Somma

which took upwards of six hours to create, were then destroyed or altered as Nigel would lie down upon the material and crawl or roll across it, eradicating his earlier marks and having them transferred from the ground to his body. Some of the drawings were quite large, twenty feet by forty feet or even larger. In "Red Man Green Man," done at the time of the most recent Irish hunger striker deaths, he rolled back and forth from a stenciled red figure to a green figure at the other end for quite a long time, until he became sick. Often his work has involved elements of self-abuse.

In "Dance, Slap, for Africa," per-



Mathew Buckingham

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CALENDAR

OF UPCOMING EVENTS

Saturday, May 14 9:00 p.m.

"Yes and No/Yes or No"
by Jacqueline Rapp and
Beverly Feldman
followed by Book of Lies
A New Music Rock Band
\$3/2 students, members,
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee
666-7737

Friday, May 20 8:00 p.m.

"Pandora Bound"
by Jan K. Fleming
"Masked Mannerism"
by Susan Shramo
\$3/2
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee
666-7737

Saturday, May 21 5:00 p.m.

Saturday, May 28 5:00 p.m.
"The German Thing"
A one act play
by Kenneth Shorr
\$3.00
Pipers Alley-Second City
337-2882

Friday, May 27 8:00 p.m.

"Science Fiction Salesman"
by David Terrell
\$3/2
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee
666-7737

Friday & Saturday June 3 & 4 8:00 p.m.

"Island in the Bay/
The Limbo Rimes"
by Martha & Seth Greene
\$3/2
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee
666-7737

Friday & Saturday, June 3 & 4 9:00 p.m.

"A Pattern Developing"
Various Artists
\$2.00
Noise Factory
1019 W. Lake
733-5245 for info.

Friday, June 10 8:00 p.m.

"Who Could Ask for
Anything More"
by Mary Jane McCormick
& Beverly Nelson
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee
666-7737

Tuesday, June 21 12:00 Noon

"Simultaneous Event"
All over the world lots of artists doing
performances all at exactly the same
time. To get involved call or write:
1436 W. ERIE # 2A
Chicago, IL 60622
733-5245

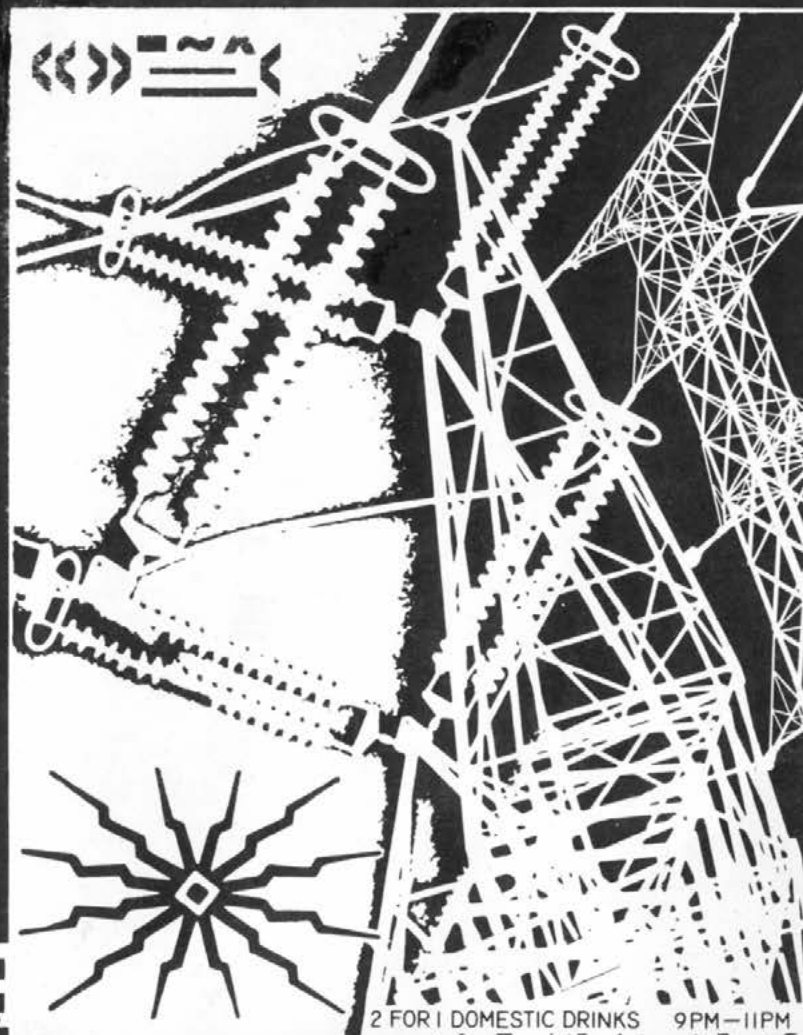
Friday & Saturday, June 24, 25 8:00 p.m.

"A Pattern Developing"
Various Artists
\$2.00
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee
666-7737

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Brian Shanley

2 FOR 1 DOMESTIC DRINKS 9PM-11PM

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MODêrn Dancê Club:
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NINE-FIFTY WEST WRIGHTWOOD CHICAGO
WRIGHTWOOD AT LINCOLN

950
lucky number