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readings & music
8pm: B Meehan/C Sc
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Fasnacht/G Gorman/
L Wilkes/T Loesch...
10pm music by "
Dementia 13" and
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UNOMATOPOEIA before music, JULY 8, 8pm ONO
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graphic interpretation

KNOWHERE

A Chicago Performance ART Magazine

JUNE/JULY

1983

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KNOWHERE

volume 1 number 2 1981

This magazine is published and funded
by CARPETSTAIN Productions.

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cover: Bosco in kuntz Kocks

From the Editors:

Carpet Stain is a name for a group of young Chicago artists. Carpet Stain organizes unjuried events featuring performance and live music, as well as, installations, film and video. Carpet Stain also publishes a magazine called KNOWHERE about Chicago performance art. Anyone is welcome to attend meetings and contribute to the Magazine. KNOWHERE magazine solicits any and all contributions—whether it is information for our calendar of events, critical essays, editorial reply or classified ads. Please help us promote performance art Chicago.

B O S C O

An interview

Jose Marie Bustos

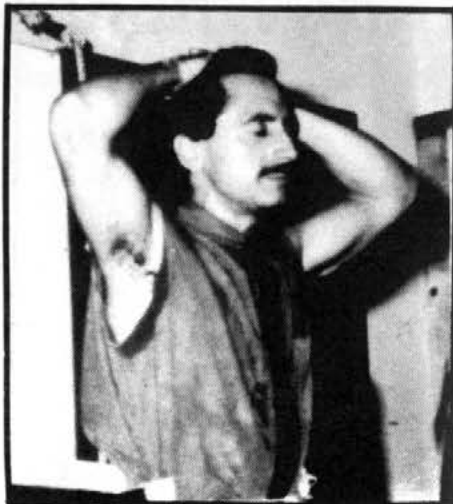
an interview by Kris Goralka

Jose Marie Bustos, better known as Bosco, moved to Chicago two years ago from San Francisco where he attended the Art Institute. He has done formal performances in galleries and alternative spaces in Chicago, most recently "Getting Over the Hump" at the Navy Pier Art Expo '83. He has also done independent street pieces that not too many people are aware of. The works were documented only by flyers mailed out after-the-fact.

ART STINKS: Bustos perfumed the Oak Street Beach viaduct in anticipation of the crowds over a 4th of July weekend. The viaduct normally smelled of urine.

DEAD WEIGHT: On the graffitied walls of Chicago's most intensely populated and gang-ridden areas, he spray-painted "Copacetic Dragons Rule." This gang no longer exists.

SNOW BOUND: In the empty lot of a gas station on Chicago's north side, 5000 pounds of salt were dumped in concentric circles to form a bulls-eyes, creating a bomb target.



ALL HUNG: In Sacramento, the capitol of California, he was asked to do a piece on a bench as part of a project involving other artists. The bench was located across from city hall. He painted it all white and wrote "Puerto Ricans are well-hung" followed by a noose. It created a ruckus.

JUMP: From Jan. 2 through Jan 5, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., the post-holiday peak of blues and financial statements, Bustos drove around the financial district of San Francisco in a station wagon. Lying flat across the top was a huge piece of black plywood with 2-foot block letters spelling out JUMP. It was visible only from the second floor or higher.

KG: Do you want to say something more about your street pieces?

JB: Sure. The idea with the DEAD WEIGHT piece was that when I first arrived in Chicago there was a lot of attention given to gangs. Mayor Byrne had just moved into Cabrini Green, and there was a lot of shooting on the west side. As a young boy I was a gang member and belonged to the Copacetic Dragons. I had a sweater fabricated with this name on the back of it, and that's my sort of actualizing this mythological gang because they're no longer in existence. I went to City Hall and got maps of the regions which were the heaviest populated and went to them with spray paint.

Wherever I read gang names I sprayed over that "Copacetic Dragons Rule." Gangs are very territorial. The whole premise is to let you know that this is their turf. So now this piece, this artificial gang, was art in which the audience was participating but not aware of their participation. And it was directed at gang members, specifically, so that was my audience.

KG: Have you gone back to see if your saying has been sprayed over again?

JB: No, it would be interesting but I try not to go back to the pieces after they're done. With ART STINKS I could have stayed there that day and have waited for people to re-

spond to the odor in the tunnel, but I feel as if I'm voyeurizing on my own art, as if part of the piece isn't for me to know. I think the piece itself is doing it, and then the rest of it, knowing what the responses are and all of that, just seems after-the-fact.

I did go back to the SNOWBOUND piece, however. It was two winters ago, just before the snow started to fall and I hadn't seen the snow for fourteen years. Having just arrived here from California everything was anti-bomb, anti-nuclear... I was going crazy. Even Chris Burden had done his atomic alphabet piece. Across the country, everyone was on the atomic bandwagon and I just felt reactionary to all of that.

I had been here in Chicago and tried contacting all kinds of people, galleries and stuff and got the cold shoulder. I mean -- it was really cold. It was the biggest runaround and I was not used to going out and looking for performance or exhibition opportunities. I got totally depressed. So I decided -- I felt vindictive, and I just wanted to say "Fuck Chicago". I was creating a target with the rock salt for whomever had the nuclear weapons, conceivably the Russians. So, that if they were gonna blow anything up, they should blow up Chicago. But I wasn't really thinking that anybody would

drop a bomb, but certainly when the snow came, it would be like a bomb falling on Chicago, it was my mythological bomb. It was like an exercise. And the snow would come and fall down like a bomb and then make a target where it melted, like an after-effect. It was a "Fuck You Chicago" piece.

KG: What about your bus bench piece in Sacramento?

JB: That was a pun on Puerto Rican physicality, but what it really ment was that they are well-hung politically. It didn't stay up long.

KG: You mentioned that you do not like to go back to your street pieces for the reaction. When you'er doing a piece in front of an audience, do you try to be oblivious to their reactions?

JB: I try not to concern myself because then I can't pay attention to the action. What makes performance work for me is really concentrating on the action. However, having come from San Francisco where the audience is very aggressive--they bring eggs, they come in large groups, they confront you--it is primarily a very young punk audience. That's not always true, but for the most part it is. It's very challenging and I like that. It pushes you, makes you reach deeper inside yourself. It challenges your art, right up front. You have to interact with them. I've felt at times here, in Chicago, that if I was challenged verbally by

someone, I would confront them and deal with it. I enjoy that, quite honestly, and I'd like to see more of it. I think too many people are too polite. There's nothing like going to a terrible performance and sitting through it. I like it when I'm at a terrible performance and everyone just says "fuck you" and boos and gets up and leaves. Because then the artist has to go home and deal with it. The artist has to reevaluate what they are doing.

If everyone sits through it and applauds at the end, the artist isn't going to benefit from that at all.

I think the best piece I've done while I've been in Chicago was also the shortest piece I've ever done. It was about three minutes long, at the Prop Theatre. I said I would be interested in performing under one condition: that I be the last person to go on. The night of the event proceeded as I expected it would. It's a real sticky situation when you get ten or twelve or fifteen people to go on, one right after the other, in five-minute time slots. Generally speaking, the work usually sucks. I just hunched that by the time I would be going on people would be falling asleep.

They announced me, I turned on circus music, walked out into the audience, removed my shirt, put on another shirt that said "State

of the Arts," and turned on a red light. I filled up a balloon and clipped it to a table with a clothesline clip and let it sit there. I looked at the audience and said "Performance art is good for the heart, the more you see the more you fart." Then I released the balloon which went flying around, turned off the light and left. Everyone was in an uproar. It just sort of consumated or closed the feelings most people had that night.

KG: What do most of your performances deal with?

JB: Most of what my art is about is artist-gallery relationships, or art-dealer relationships. I truly believe that art dealers and a lot of people in the support structure outside of artists themselves--critics, writers--have over the years become very disillusioned with performance art because it is not like drawings and paintings where it's an edited sort of situation. With performance, once you pay and you walk in the door, you're there, and you have to deal with the time. If you don't like what you see, you can leave.

So there is a situation now where a lot of people have become disillusioned and the reason is because much of the work we see just falls short of expectations, wich is another issue. Over the years performance art

has become very much an audience-actor kind of situation and I'm really against that. My roots in performance were Happenings. The audience came and they were part of the piece because when they left that piece left with them. They are the only record of what happened that night.

People come to performances now stoned, drunk, and ready to be entertained. The cross-reference in my piece KUNST KOCKS, Randolph Street Gallery, is where I have the girl rubbing herself and I'm doing pull-ups confined in that wheeled cart. It relates to the idea of making love. Two people are in bed and this person feels like he has to perform for this other person, like this other person is expecting him to perform. I've been put in that situation many times and I resent it when the audience comes and they din't ant to scream or holler and they just sit there. I'm not there to go through this action to do this art piece.

KG: What about people who come to see performance art and are not that involved in those artist-dealer-audience relationships? I can't

JB: I think there were elements in KUNST KOCKS that didn't involve such a relationship. I can't afford everybody every experience.

That's not my concern. I have to concern myself with following through with my project as closely as I can to the original guidelines and the feelings I get from the piece as it develops. I think there are other implications in that piece, things everyone could relate to. A lot of what I was addressing was't just artist. It was the same reference in the shoe shine piece at Navy Pier. I use the artist, and then the art structure as my frontal tools. But what I'm really addressing are social and economic issues. Climbing walls...being screwed over... by the man. Galleries represent that man. That guy who was walking around with one uneven shoe was the minority versus society. So that was applicable throughout the piece. In "Modern Day Martyr" we were talking about people who are still socially oppressed. You have to remember I am Puerto Rican, and I came from Spanish Harlem in New York City. Throughout the next few years the situation for minority people, not just Blacks and Hispanics, but poor Americans across the board, regardless of color--is going to get rougher before it gets easier. This is a crucial issue in my work.

KG: Do you feel you were addressing those poor Americans directly?

JB: I wasn't addressing them directly. I didn't want to. I wanted to leave enough play, enough flexibility, so that people can interpret in their own way. I don't want to beat them on the head with it. When the girl handed me the uneven shoe she asked me "Does the shoe fit?" So...whatever hits home for you, that's what you deal with.

KG: Do you intend to do pieces more removed from your direct experiences with the art structure? Will that continue to be your vehicle?

JB: Maybe for a little while. I'm enjoying it. I get lots of ideas, it seems never-ending. I got inspired at the Navy Pier Art Fair. I think there are still tons of issues to address. There were only three performance artists who performed at the fair, out side of the Randolph Street Gallery booth. That's a very small representation. I had to solicit to be there. Paul Klein Galleries was nice enough to sponsor myself, Karen Finley and Harry Kipper. Paul sponsored all three of us on his own accord.

KG: What do you think of heavily pre-planned pieces, as opposed to more impromptu routes of approach where the artist allows room for feeding off of audience reactions?

JB: All you can really ask of a performance artist is to put out as much as they've got, to give it the whole shot. When you hold back it comes through. Some people, like Karen Finley, can feel the energy. She sort of has things planned, but she has been doing it long enough so that she has an understanding. A lot of it is very impromptu, she just feels the energy. She's naturally in-tune that way. There will always be those people who can, and those who can't.

KG: You distributed a very involved statement with your piece at Navy Pier. Why?

JB: That statement that I typed up, I thought was necessary because of the audience. I wouldn't normally do that, I would normally just do the piece. I felt this piece was not for the gallery dealers. The fair was for the gallery dealers, that's their little party. But they have thousands of lay people who come through here and this is going to be one of their first encounters with performance, what I will call action-art. The audience is invited as an afterthought to raise funds. So I directed this project at the audience. I typed the statement up so that novices who were coming to the fair would get an idea of where I was coming from. I wanted a one-on-one

interaction, because the fair doesn't really afford you that.

KG: Did you get much reaction?

JB: Oh yeah! I shined shoes all day long. People could ask me whatever they wanted to about why I was doing what I was doing. I was talking to five people at any one time, like it was a street corner. We pulled up extra chairs, I had music playing, we all hung out and talked about art, the street, anything

KG: It seems closing the gap is a major emphasis in your works--either socially, or within the art structure.

JB: Yes, because although I use myself as the example, I'm not socially inept, I've walked through most of those doors. I've been here a small amount of time, yet I've been to every major collector's home in Chicago. I go out with gallery owners. And I'm saying "fuck you" to these people and they're my friends. But they weren't offended by it, they understand the gap exists. I'm not bitter for me, I'm bitter for a sour situation. It's something wrong that needs to be righted. It's what I've chosen to do and I don't back off from it. Every piece of mine will hassle with that and it's consistent. I get criticized for it.

KG: What do you think of people who see the same gap

between artists and dealers, but instead of trying to close the gap take the punk approach that the whole system is bullshit?

JB: Well, I'm very supportive of that whole action. Unfortunately, it doesn't speak for everyone. I've worked within that structure of "Fuck you, I don't need them" performances, but in saying that essentially I am trying to close that gap. There's an obvious paradox here.

That's why I do my street pieces. Because I don't need anyone to do those. That's why I formulated the little poster documentation format of mine. I'm my own self-generating entity. I'm saying you have to go for yourself and work outside of that structure. Performance artists, especially. The main thing is to just get out there and do it. To promote yourself as best as you can by yourself. But not everyone is going to do that. There's a large group of people who feel they need that structure.

I could probably join an anarchist movement real easily. My heart is there. Sometimes I feel as though I have my own little anarchist movement. I work so well independently and with alternative spaces. In San Francisco they were going beyond alternative spaces to abandoned warehouses. But there's problems

there, you've got to find the owner, there are restrictions as to whether or not people will even be allowed in because it is abandoned. You don't want to work within the city but it seems like such a fine line. I want to do abandoned pieces, totally outside the structure. At the same time, the structure affords me certain accessibilities--like getting into the fair. Even if I wanted to scream anarchy now, the

best place to do it would be at the fair. So you have to work within the structure to destroy the structure. Maybe that's the paradox.

KG: Do you project into the future at all with your work, or do you view it in retrospect?

JB: It's always retrospective for me. The intent of my pieces has developed gradually. When I started out I didn't know what I was saying. You can't know in advance what linear pattern is going to develop. You simply have an idea which you enact, and you may see some lucid concepts or images in retrospect.

When you do a second piece, in retrospect you'll find associations will tie either conceptually or visually to the first piece, and so on. Part of the linearity which developed in the pieces was that they were word pieces. Another pattern

CONTINUED ON 16

PERFORMANCE ART—LIFE

A Futurist Legacy

Werner Herterich

In an essay for a 1976 edition of "Studio International" devoted entirely to Performance art, Hugh Adams describes Performance as:

Largely characterized by an abandonment of rules, shifting values, and an impermanent ground, as well as the absence of anything that might be seen as a manifesto.¹

Adams' description is consistent with attempts by others to define the boundaries of Performance and, thereby, to develop criteria for critical analysis. An emphasis on the ephemeral nature of Performance art and a tendency to employ negative descriptives ("abandonment," "impermanent," "absence of") ultimately allows the critic to sidestep the difficult task of establishing criteria. A flexible, transitional formal base and an anti-conventional, anti-art stance are two characteristics that most often head lists of the distinguishing features of Performance art. In fact, the anti-traditional active/responsive mode is clearly indicated in what may be the earliest attempt to define what live art or Performance is or should be.

1. The variety theatre, born as we are from electricity, is lucky in having no tradition, no masters, no dogma, no tradition, no masters, no dogma, and it is fed by swift actuality.²

This is the first item of the manifesto entitled "The Variety Theatre" published by Filippo Tommaso Marinetti

in 1913. This manifesto contradicts Adams' contention that such a body of theoretical criteria do not exist for Performance art.

(The purpose of this investigation is to review the individual points of the manifesto, to draw connections to contemporary Performance where it exists and to gauge the validity of the manifesto as a guide to critical criteria. The work of the Italian Futurists in live and cross-disciplinary media clearly anticipated contemporary Performance and the reader is invited to insert "Performance" wherever "Variety Theatre" appears in direct quotes from the manifesto. Although the terms "Variety Theatre" and "Performance" should not be understood as being interchangeable, I have, nevertheless, adopted Michael Kirby's term "Futurist Performance" to refer to the live and theatre art forms of the Italian Futurists.)

The first item of the manifesto establishes reaction against tradition or the denial of the influence of tradition in favor of a responsive alignment with the moment as a principle tenet of Futurist Performance. The rabid denials of connection with the past that characterized so much of the Italian Futurists' work were consistent with similar positions held by other radical movements. (Italian Futurism can, in fact, be seen as a youth movement. Marinetti boasted that the Futurists were all under thirty, a claim that, with a little re-wording, could be the catchword for the alienated youth movement of the late Sixties.)

Marinetti, the leader and foremost theorist of the Italian Futurists spent time in Paris shortly before the turn of the century. There he came into contact with the work of Alfred Jarry. One finds, in the art and life of Jarry, a sensibility that had much in common with what Marinetti eventually formulated as Futurism.

Jarry, like the Futurists, assaulted his audience, attacked society's conventions and ridiculed the traditional in art. "The work of art is a stuffed crocodile."³ His warning that his absurd and violent new theatre was "only for those who [were] virile enough to create new life"⁴

paralleled the Futurist bias towards machoism and youth.

The scandal created by the opening of Jarry's "Ubu Roi" in Paris in 1898 can be compared, in the intensity of audience reaction, to the Futurist events that occurred between 1910 and 1914.

In many ways, Jarry's theories of theatre (simplified stage set, accent on props, masked or de-personalized actors) prepared the stage for concepts of the "space

scene," the drama of objects and the abstraction of the psychological masks of performers that characterized Futurist Performance.

A case might also be made for seeing the Futurists as embodying the qualities of the "dandy" as described by Baudelaire in his 1863 essay "The Painter of Modern Life."

...an artist pure and simple...
possessing a characteristic quality
of opposition and revolt...⁵

Baudelaire calls the dandy a philosopher, a pure moralist who subscribes to a doctrine of originality. He quotes his dandy as saying such things as: "I am passionately in love with passion."⁶ He describes him as possessing

A quintessence of character and a
subtle understanding of the entire
moral mechanism of the world; with
another part of his nature, however,
the dandy aspires to insensitivity.⁷

Moira Roth's definition of the dandy as

A psychological type, obsessed with
a cult of self who used elegance and
aloofness of appearance and mind as a
way of separating himself from both an
inferior external world and from
overt pessimistic self-knowledge.⁸

provides a starting point for a study of F. T. Marinetti as a dandy. Highly cultured, educated and a member of the idle rich, Marinetti was able to pursue his complex and absorbing art/promotional/philosophical activities with an unfettered passion. The self-cultivated public image of the always immaculately attired Marinetti (as well as the image of the bicycle-riding, pistol-wielding eccentric Alfred Jarry) recalls the description of the dandy of Baudelaire's age. More recently, the public/private lives of Marcel Duchamp and Joseph Beuys might be cited as examples of contemporary dandyism.

Returning, however, to the final words of the first item of "The Variety Theatre" manifesto, we find a reference to an aesthetic of action inherent in all modes of Performance.

The phrase "fed by swift actuality" clearly links Futurist Performance to a direct response to reality, a self-sufficiency of elements as opposed to illusionism of traditional theatre. This reliance on the conditions of reality rather than on the artificial constructs of a planned theatrical environment is evident in the works of such performance artists as Alan Kaprow, Claes Oldenburg, and Ant Farm.

The second item of the manifesto reads:

2. The Variety Theatre is absolutely practical, because it proposes to distract and amuse the public with comic effects, erotic stimulation, or imaginative astonishments.

That early Futurist evenings took place in theatres across Europe showed the Futurists to be pragmatists in reaching their audience. Theatres were the most popular entertainment spots and were perfectly suited to the Futurists' desire for a mass audience.

Having launched our appeal to youth with our manifesto, we understood that this was still too indirect a method for stimulating public opinion; so we then felt the necessity of entering into the immediate contact with the people.⁹

The very choice of the *serate* (evenings of mixed events) as the form of communication indicates an innovative and imaginative understanding of modern media on the part of the Italian Futurists. Contemporary street theatre of the bread and puppet variety, guerilla performance tactics of an artist such as Suzanne Lacey, and even Laurie Anderson's assimilation into pop media, testify to a continuing desire on the part of Performance artists for effective interaction with an audience more extended than that offered by the traditional art world.

The Futurist *serate* were mixtures of art, polemics, and quasi-political action. Declamation, poetry reading, lectures, short plays (*sintesi*), dance, noise music, improvisations, and fistfights all took place before a backdrop of Futurist paintings. Humour in the form

of parody, satire, and exaggeration was a primary tool with which the Futurists assaulted the passivity of the status quo. This notion of the artist as clown was adopted by the Dadaists and is evident throughout the history of Performance art. The work of the Bauhaus Stage Workshop as well as that of contemporary artists like Jim Dine, Yves Klein, and Vito Acconci often exhibit a tension between reality and art, a realm of contextual ambiguity that result in humour.

3. The authors, actors, and technicians of the Variety Theatre have only one reason for existing and triumphing: incessantly to invent new element

to invent new elements of astonishment...

The fact that Futurist evenings rarely took place more than once in any given location imposed conditions requiring innovation and improvisation on the part of organizers and participants. Audience reaction and critical or official response to the *serate* was unpredictable, so any formal scheme of presentation would have lacked the flexibility the Futurists relied upon to be able to find and then capitalize on given audience's sore spots. One has the sense that the *serate* were a kind of free-for-all of agitation, a blend of actuality and theatre.

The doctrine of originality, so important to the Futurists, has continued to be a tenet of modern Performance art. For example, originality was the prime criterion for membership in the Gutai Group in Japan during the Fifties. A continuation of the spirit of innovation is evident in the wide spectrum of techniques, styles, and imagery used by Performance artists today. The works of Laurie Anderson, Stuart Sherman, Joseph Beuys, and Suzanne Lacey, for example, exhibit very diverse approaches to the presentation of live art.

TO BE CONTINUED

1. Adams, Hugh Against a Definitive Statement on British Performance Art, Studio International, vol. 192 no. 982 July/August 1976 pg. 3

2. Marinetti, Filippo Tommaso, The Variety Theatre from Marinetti, Selected Writings New York, Farrar, Straus & Giroux 1971 pg. 116

3. Jarry, Alfred, Selected Works of Alfred Jarry ed. Roger Shattuck and Simon Watson Taylor, New York, Grove Press, 1965, (from unnumbered page in portfolio of illustrations)

4. *ibid.* pg 88

5. Baudelaire, Charles, The Painter of Modern Life ed. C. Geoffrey Holme, London, The Studio Limited, 1930 pg. 47

6. *ibid* pg.47

7. *ibid* pg.47

8. Roth, Moira, Marcel Duchamp in America: A Self Ready-Made, Arts Magazine vol. 51 no. 9 May 1977 pg. 92

9. Carra, Carlo, quoted by Raffaele Carrieri in Futurism, trans. Leslie Van Rensselaer White, Milano, Edizioni del Milione, 1963 pg30.

BOSCO

which developed was that my work concerned itself with minorities. Now I am comfortable with something, more power to you. It helps the work continue to move.

One of the disasterous things that an artist can do is think an idea too easy to enact, or too simple. Artists have a tendency to overburden themselves with wanting it to be something heavy. It's always the simplest, dumbest ideas that work. You think, why didn't I do that before? It's so clear then. That's part of the artist's function in society: to see for himself and then to help others see through his ability.

Unfortunately, we come into being artists with a heavy clutter factor. That clutter factor has to be reduced, it's a minute-to-minute, second-to-second removal of clutter. If you stop for one second then it all comes back. It's always there. It's your psyche, your person, all your inherent knowledge and the knowledge you've assimilated over the years--it's all there fucking it up. When you act spontaneously the best things happen. You are just standing back, even though you're doing it. And there are moments like that when you're in front of a group of people enacting an idea and it starts to happen on its own.

REVIEWS

6 X 6

Sharon Warner, Tim Coates, Jan Wizezorek, Lisa Marsh & Deborah Leigh Wood
Randolph Street Gallery
May 6 & 7

The program of performances at Randolph Street Gallery on May 6th and 7th was an interesting grab-bag, uneven--as performances by several artists doing several pieces always are, but revealing new performing talents that may well grow.

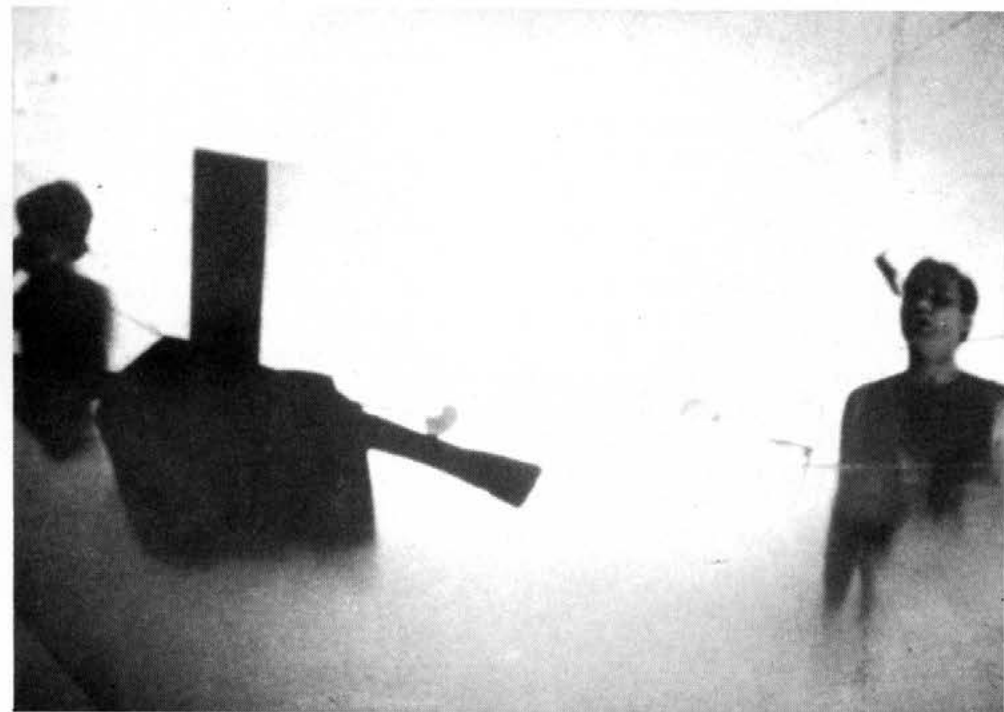
The best performance of the evening was Sharon Warner's. While perhaps autobiographical in inspiration, "Alter Ego Trip" was immediately accessible and genuinely funny. Warner, who is black (an immensely welcome sight to see a black performer, because, admit it, people, most performance art is directed to and created by whites from relatively upper backgrounds), assumed four personas in "Alter Ego Trip": Sharon,



Randolph St Gallery/Mike Love



TIM COATES &



JAN WIEZOREK

SHARON WERNER



the good girl who conformed and studied and was bored to death; Shari, the party girl, who was out to have fun; Francesca, the deadly bourgeois snob with not a think to be snobbish about; and Frankie, the tough slut. Sharon decided to become these other women because she thought it would be interesting to be slightly crazy and have several personalities. In the end, Sharon decides to become Sharon Warner again. It's a welcome choice--Warner seems a funny and friendly person. Her performance was economical, and required only a supple red dress, which she rearranged (hitching the hemline up or down, etc., as each character required). All in all, I cannot wait to see Sharon Warner perform again.

Next in interest was "Synergism," jointly created and performed by Tim Coates and Jan Wiezorek. The piece was elaborately produced, perhaps too elaborately, because the production elements were more comprehensible than the text. Coates inveighed against the pitiable life of one "Jack the Hat," who was evidently a businessman too concerned with deals to realize he was alive. But it was good to see Jan Wiezorek perform in this piece, for he was much better in this than he was in his March appearance at MoMing, and Coates is

energetic and inventive, though not a performer who catches his audience easily. This piece simply had too many ideas, good and bad, in it, and too few of them clearly expressed.

Lisa Marsh offered her quiet piece "Legacy" as the show's opener. In very dim light, Marsh sat by a small table with a lamp on it. She was wrapped in a shawl, and as she took feathers and snipped them in half, she spoke about thing she wanted to save in a small box and enigmatically, about "alternative endings and alternatives to endings." Marsh lacked energy; a student of James Grigsby's own works. But March, like the others, is new to public performing, and will undoubtedly grow.

Deborah Leigh Wood's piece "Good Things Come in Turning Thirty/Window Shopping," followed Warner's piece, and suffered by comparison that was odious but inevitable. Like Warner's piece, Wood's was about a woman's search for her identity, and like Warner's, it was funny. But ultimately sad, too, to see a person relying on the appearances created by clothes to describe fully her identity. Wood is a talented writer, and I think we can hope for much from her.

Richard Pollack

Untitled
Artist Unknown
Clark & Division Subway Station
Full Moon, May 19

In the cool clammy never-changing atmosphere of the Clark & Division subway, an act so real, nihilistic, and premeditated took place. The performance began as passengers idly waited for a north bound Jackson-Howard train. Forty feet prior to the train's designated stop the artist made his move. The train headlights approached and without warning or announcement the figure of a small conservatively dressed man leaped out from behind the ceramic tiled stairway.

Seconds stretched as actual time was thrust into a visual slow motion. The artist landed casually between the rails, picking himself up, and repositioning his chest on the outer rail with his vision turned toward the oncoming wheels. The train passed over him with a routine unawareness of superior physical power. Man and machine interact to create an echoing sound similar to that of a popping paperbag, leaving the body severed and sealed.

The artist plunged forward into his fate, as his mind and soul leaped backwards into self-inflicted death. Putting life into the context of art and man

into the role of artist, matter-of-factly, this instance redefines suicide as the final performance.

Tom Tomek

Something So Wrong You Have to Ignore It.
Science Fiction Salesmen
Randolph Street Gallery
May 27

The Science Fiction Salesmen are students at NIU. They came to Randolph Street Gallery to play their music on May 27. I came to listen at 7:45pm. They brought synthesizers and computers to manipulate generated and taped sound. They started and we all sat between the four speakers they had set up.

Slides began to appear showing optical illusions and collages made from magazine ads and illustrations on the wall behind the musicians. Sounds continued to happen. Almost immediately I had lost track of which of the 14 songs we were listening to. I noticed the mother of pearl guitar.

Somewhere in the middle of the piece Dave Terrell, synthesist, came out from behind the equipment to assist Claire Anderson in raising the slide projector to its proper height. When they stopped playing the people who were talking became quiet.



The German Thing
A one act play
by Ken Shorr
Piper's Alley — Second City
May 28

Dave Terrell began the next piece of music while sax and guitar players John O'Connell and Tom Smick drank Old Style. Claire Anderson focused. I don't know where Joyce Latino was. More sound and Dave found time for an Old Style. Throughout the first half of the concert it was unnecessary to repeat any slides thanks to 3 full carousel trays.

After a bit John played his saxophone while Dave wore a rubber mask on his face and his synthesizers played. Often as the music stopped the musicians could be heard laughing. No applause was ever heard.

After a half hour had passed, Dave announced intermission and more than three audience members responded with "OK." At intermission Dave took the opportunity to field questions and discuss the equipment. After a sufficient time intermission ended and the sounds began and continued as before. Recording equipment was prohibited.

M. A. Buckingham

This reportage piece follows the course that Ken Shorr has taken in his art which follows the political with a taste of the medical. The characters: President, woman, man, referee, Agent 1 & 2, and comedian—rather than follow the roles along a plot needing of them, followed ideas in which they were essentially images used to instigate the concepts and ideas which creates this piece. The piece—although full of interaction, was not based on plot primarily, but on a series of related issues and concepts strung together to create a form. Still the characters were well chosen and played, strong in their roles and dialogues.

The format of this piece is reminiscent of Fassbinder's later work (*Alexanderplatz*,



Querrelle, and *Voss*)—the sets and scenarios interrupted by narration, a solitary actor, an event, another narration. Its pace was quick—summed up by the hopeless comedian who runs from the front to the back of the stage delivering again and again the same lines expecting somehow a different response.

I felt that many of the facets of the issues prevalent (politics—in the home and big top; sex: phone sex, medicine, TV, protection, etc.) were generally well regarded and briskly dished out in order to maintain the interest. This worked out the clarifying of issues without being dependent on

a strong forward plot. Which reminds me yet of another film—*Caligari's Cure* by Tom Palazzolo. Good thing the majority of the audience was familiar with Ken Shorr—like the film, with its relentless humor, it was "so much fun" to see "those familiar faces of friends and faculty" in the public limelight on stage intact with your very own inside jokes. We should add yet another title to *The German Thing: Your Complaining is Just a Pretext for Your Politics*; that is: Your politics is just a pretext for your complaining.

Dave Kelly

The Undealt
2939 W. Belmont
May 13

DETAILS

Objective:

2 chairs, drums & 2 amps (one, a TV set with speaker where tube should be, on top of another) between them—in front of this, a table, 2 small reflector lamps clamped at either end, with a toaster on it. Under the table, 4-6 loaves inexpensive white bread, Butternut brand. On the wall behind, 3 black pieces of paper arranged horizontally in a vertical configuration. On the middle one drawn in white chalk a toaster and the words "Fast Time"—Matthew Buckingham seated in chair to left with microphone in hand, wearing black pants & white shirt, black bow tie—Brendan deVallance standing at left in front of chair with white

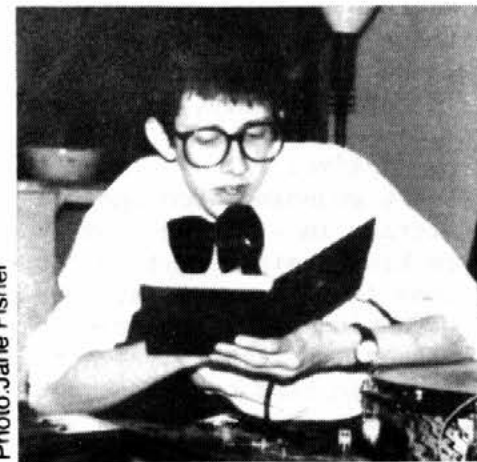


Photo: Jane Fisher

hanging from strap around neck (has two strings; end of neck held together by clamp) wearing black suit, white shirt, black tie. four buttons, one with Mondrian repro on it, which he touches now & then—Kim Bissey between and behind at drums in white shirt, black pants, black, thin, headband, holding drumsticks, now & again hitting drums (1 tomtom, 1 snare, 1 pair bongos, arranged in that order going away from audience). All this within a taped-off area—compact. After short time adjustment, arrangement, lights, etc. start with Joy Division tune "She's Lost Control" Matthew Buckingham in speaking tone reciting, as it were, lyrics. All other tunes original, perhaps, Matthew for most reading from black bound sketchbook, Kim playing drums, Brendan alternately bass & guitar, now standing, now sitting. Last tune/piece, Matthew Buckingham begins to toast bread. Hands me first piece with note saying "toasted lightly."

Subjective:

Heart pounding from speed sitting in a living room in a rocking chair next to a faceless female mannequin, people gathering as it starts—"She's Lost Control Again" and then that one ends and the next one starts and it's really got a tune not so different from the last ("Things

will be much better if you have a glass of milk" says Matt Buckingham who rises now & then walking out & then returning, this several times, the last of which he returns with a glass of milk and drinks it down to sinister wailing of guitar, 2-stringed of Brendan. After several more tunes (2 or 3, I don't know which) they're all really similar (this girl notices Brendan's button and screams "Right On, Mondrian!") and it's like it's all separate tunes and not really separate and the whole thing is connected (milk, bread, America, conspicuous consumption, Kleenex culture and the element of time always, lights on and off, punctuation mark, repeat) until the end when Matt hands me that piece of toast (although this was only the end for me. I left when he handed me the toast, apparently he handed out more) and I walk out—

Paul E. Santori

Pandora's Box
Charly Krohe
Midway Studios
May 5

Performance was originally the experimental edge of visual art, while today genre and specialists—even purists—predominate. Nevertheless, interesting work may still be performed by interlopers, and

Charly Krohe, mostly known for his painting has expanded his media to create an evocative performance at the University of Chicago's Midway Studios.

The space was described in a painterly fashion, consisting of three primary planes. At either end of the rectangular room were projection screens, bearing geometric and organic imagery. Integrating these spheres were two dancers, who intersected at a median plane, attempting to merge emotional and intellectual elements of the person.

At this point, the performance produced a delicious ambiguity between generalized desire and an appetite for women. As the women moved and spoke, interacting with the audience, Krohe entered dressed in an outlandish manner. Wearing a false beard, sunglasses with eyes, and yellow tights, the artist's demeanor as a voyeur seemed to compromise his role as an objective observer. Unfortunately, Krohe's costuming shows that no language is transparent: an audience necessitates a cipher.

Midway through the performance, black-and-white footage of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rodgers appeared on the gossamer middle plane, expressing an ideal Hollywood depiction of relationships. The performance then endeavored to reconcile this ideal

with the reality of the audience. As Krohe effectively used performance to cultivate and isolate primary concerns.

M. Staff Brandl

Performance at the
RSG Booth at Art Expo '83
May 18-24, 12-8pm

Randolph Street Gallery
sponsored 18 live acts by
13 performers in and around
its booth at Art Expo '83

Violet Bank-5/20, 21, on three occasions, in black tights and leotard, wearing translucent, ever smiling female mask, she performed 'Excitation,' a movement sequence sometimes seductive, sometimes aggressive, full of undulations and angles, ending with removing her mask to the audience.

Mario Terule-5/20, 21, on three occasions he performed 'There is No Fire Escape in Hell,' his amplified and electronically distorted voice builds in volume, repeating fragments of the title; electronic feedback is heard; in his camouflage, behind sunglasses with painted eyes, the words end and he takes a burning candle which sat in front of him before a large water bottle, and dumps it into the bottle which is doused with alcohol, whereupon it burns, creating a whooshing sound ending with a snap.

Jacqueline Rapp-5/21, 12-1:30pm, in a vampy, blond do & sexy burgundy skirted pants suit, carrying a cigarette-type tray full of mounted & framed lithographs (magazine cut-outs) of works by famous artists, she approached Expo'ers with, "Would you like to buy some art?" Prices: \$5 for the small ones, \$10 for the big.

Beverly Feldman-5/21, 2-3:30pm dressed in a 60's white prom dress, sitting by a window with a sign by her feet saying "LET'S TALK ABOUT DEATH," she asked people that same question and conversation ensued.

Brendan deVallance-5/21, 4pm in a green walled booth with red carpeting, standing on a red pedestal in shiny, green sport-coat, red and white cowboy print shirt, grey jeans, red sneakers, with a shiny broken red plastic accordion strapped around his chest, his guts-exposed tape cassette recorder taped around his face, playing some beat yo-yoing except for when he fucks-up, so he takes out a cap gun and fires it. 30 min. duration.

R.A. Daulton-5/21, 6pm in business suit, white shirt, mounts red pedestal pulling rope, hand-cuffs & spring from his pants leg, he screams to passersby, "Don't go away. My art is better

than theirs!" He pleads, "Ladies don't go, don't go!" This activity continues briefly; frantically he ropes up the pedestal and drags it down the corridor screaming.

Gregory Greene-5/22. 1-3 'Have a Nice Day!' atop a 3' high pedestal in brown corduroy suit, bending at the waist, he greets passersby with offered hand for shaking and "Hello, I'm Greg Greene, an Artist. Have a nice day!" handing them a printed card saying "It seemed necessary at the time." 'Art Farts' followed where in a red polyester dress, butt cut out and covered with plastic on which was written, ART FARTS, performance by Greg Greene, hair tied up in red, white, and blue bows, he messily eats with a paint brush brightly colored beans and tries to fart, but he can't. He falls off the pedestal onto his butt.

Billy Miller-5/22. 4pm rapidly cut sequences of popular culture TV show on the monitor while he plays and scratches lotsa records.

David West-5/22, 4:30pm, looking weirdly at the audience, he plays country music, like Conway Twitty's "It's Only Make Believe," does a bunch of acts: a dildo, one side dressed as a bride, is on the floor and he smashes it with his foot;

he chokes himself with a chain around his neck till he's red in the face, then takes the chain and does the same to his head.

Andy Somma-5/22, 5pm, a tape plays the music beat, he stands on the pedestal swinging a mirror ball catching the light and making spots all over, then he tapes up the ball and fondles & cuddles it and makes a comment about something being "better than a herd of art historians" and he takes out a ceramic mask, the theater emblem type, its smiling & he laughs, covers its mouth with his hands, laughing stops, repeats... and he bends lower with the laughter which turns to crying and he shatters the mask, picks up the big piece and walks away whispering into its ear.

Laren Wilkes-5/22, 6 pm standing still on the pedestal, 12 feet of cheese cloth draped over her head, holding an open notebook in one hand, tape cassette recorder playing her voice saying something quite inaudible, she reads from her book.

Matthew Buckingham-5/23, 5:30pm acts in a variety of installed situations including: pedestal with a chair on it, black shoes in a small taped-out rectangle, industrial noise, loud buz-

zers and bell sounds, a line strung between two columns on which a coat-hanger twirls, on it is written Day by Day. He writes on a pad and passes out his words. Goes over to the window and looks out of the taped rectangle on the window Puts on subglasses and looks into the sun. Sits on the chair and reads, his voice amplified and distorted.

Eric Leonardson, 5/23, 7pm, sits and plays his tape recorder for seconds at a time, creating little squeaks of music.

Hudson

June 3
Pattern Developing #5
Noise Factory
1019 West Lake

The performances given at the Noise Factory on the evening of June 3 began slow. I apologize to Michael Archibald because I arrived a few minutes after he began. He had five or six metal plates of different sizes suspended behind him, and, dressed in white pants and black sweater he paced around the stage, bent over in agitation, gesturing his hands and fingers in anxious, rapid, self-absorbed movements. He spoke: "First things first, things first..." While a woman struck one of the metal

plates in a steady rhythm. The lights went out. They came back on. He had removed his sweater. He turned the metal plates and revealed paintings on the other sides. He moved to the end of the bar from which they were hanging, and carefully, reaching on tip-toe, he set the works into a gentle swaying.

By removing his shirt in the second part and proceeding to reveal the paintings, he seemed to be making a connection between the ideas of exposing himself and exposing his work. To me the sequence read: Present, Expose. The dualistic nature of artist and his work appeared to be the issue. He introduced the idea in the first action by focusing attention on himself, and his agitation at initiating a presentation; though we noticed the plates, they were secondary and functioned as accompaniment. He resolved the issue by focusing the final action on the works themselves, indicating that the works supercede his role as mover and maker, they calmly move beyond him.

In Ken Peterson's piece, 'Last Intro,' he read a poem and prose. He initiated an open and somewhat intimate discourse with the audience: first describing the details of how and where he wrote the piece, then telling us that the piece meant a lot to him.

in setting the scene, he reconstructed his immediate surrounding of the original place, which was a cabin in Minnesota. The scene shows candlelight, beers, and a Walkman tape player. He re-enacts the entire writing, except now we witness his thoughts.

Several themes emerged incoherently in his speaking. He admits to having written with "emotion and confusion." He tells us we "did not notice" many things which he parenthetically described as the 60's; that "it cannot be wrong" to expose these things; that fear is only "mother worrying about the rain."

I got the sense that Peterson had taken time to think deeply about some things and he wanted to share his thoughts and feelings with someone: us. He revealed a romantic vision of some serious and not so serious intimate matters; a projection of being able to sustain himself on candlelight, music, beer, and writing; a projection which expressed a wish for simple pleasures and continuing self-awareness. His statement (something like): "I am happy for the love of God, whether or not there is a God" summarized the sometimes mundane and somewhat oververbalized yet unquestionably sincere humanism of the piece.

Kim Bissey's piece described characters not strict-

ly her own. In the center of the floor below the loft, only one light burned on a duffle bag of stuff. From the bag she began to pull out objects of life such as cigarette tobacco and media supplies and equipment, and tossed them about. She said, "always got too much stuff, ya know." At some point she turned out the light and revealed small beams emanating from her wrists. She turned one light on her face, with the other she spotlighted the people before her. She talked into a tape player, then played it back, the message saying "everyone becomes normal, everybody is normal..." She set an electronic music toy to play a Muzak rock rhythm. She waved a plastic American flag and shouted, screamed "God Bless America" repeatedly, accompanying herself with a loud capgun, to a mounting chaotic pitch. More electronic shrill and she had a friend start spraying raw strawberry aerosol air freshener. A high point was when she brought out an SX-70 type instant camera and shot photos of people. She asked each subject for some meaningful symbol of identity: height or favorite color or name. This information she wrote on the photo, which served as an official souvenir. She gave a strong sense of what the piece was about, serenely saying, "Come back again,

it's been nice... Ah, Kodak" but then "you want more? Everyone wants more, but they don't want to give it." She then left, her face illuminated by hand-light.

She described her personal experiences in an abstract way, elaborated mainly through the action which was abrupt yet familiar. The action was far more descriptive than the dialogue which seemed incidental and more expressive than descriptive. As a whole it was disconnected but to the point.

Brendan deVallance's piece 'Transition: The Big Deal' began with childish fear on his face, a bowling bag in hand. He tripped directly into a bucket of water and submerged his head. The simple repetitive tune skidded in and out. With a bowling ball chained to his leg, he spoke into the mike about how people in crowds look all the same, but all different, but animals all look the same. He turned on a tape which played fast Ventures music, overlapped with some music which was less beat. Someone taped Giant cue cards behind him which literally described the scene: Brendan sawing the chain accompanied by the suspenseful music. Finally he just pulled the bowling ball from the chain and put on an amplifier head piece which said "Hey you... Hey stupid in the hat..." He had a huge

comic golf club with which he batted a golf ball into a spring-loaded return device. The music now played New Wave song lyrics: "I don't know what it is but I like to feel it... I don't know what it is but it drives me crazy, it must be LOVE" Brendan had torn the cue cards and knelt forward screaming the lyrics his face a lovely red. He calmed himself by lighting a cigarette with a set of five matches stuck into a block of wood. Once again he stuffed his head into the bucket, and as he left he put a sign there which said "Hydrochloric Acid."

My experience with deVallance's work is that there is a lackadaisical intensity in each gesture and action. The coincidence of absurd and mundane events point out an equality between them. There are no particular stress points; in each part of the piece he quickly finds snobs and discards the movement or thought and moves on. Everything is part of The Big Deal. No extra baggage, and well executed.

There were three bottles and a clip-on light set upon a wooden horse, sand and more bottles on the floor for Tom Tomek's piece. Recorded water sounds and simple soothing tones played. Suspended to his left was a beaten brass ball. He began speaking by defining sand, its geological

characteristics etc. as he poured handfuls of sand into the three bottles. His description of sand led to "hourglass." His definition of hourglass led to the idea of "time." He set the brass ball in motion, and told how time was represented by a pendulum. He made the bottles into three hourglasses. He said "the sands of this government are running out of time, rapidly." He defined "light," then "truth," then put on sunglasses saying "now I see the matter in a different light." He then swung the ball into the hourglasses, crashing them and the light.

The action and effect was exciting here, but the speech was subordinated: it made the logical connections between the elements and actions, without any meaning of itself, except for the two statements quoted. A political content is hinted, but commitment or comment is minimal, hence the piece borders on sensation.

For the last performance, the benches were cleared from the floor for dancing. Alex McDonald, Paul Santori, and Brendan deVallance staged a music piece. An ancient home movie of Rusty the swimming dog and other vacation adventures played behind them. Unfortunately, either the film inhibited the dancers or no one was inspired. After a short "set," they took a cigarette break during

which Santori still played with Langmack. Later everyone played together again, and a few people danced. The whole piece was very loose and disconnected.

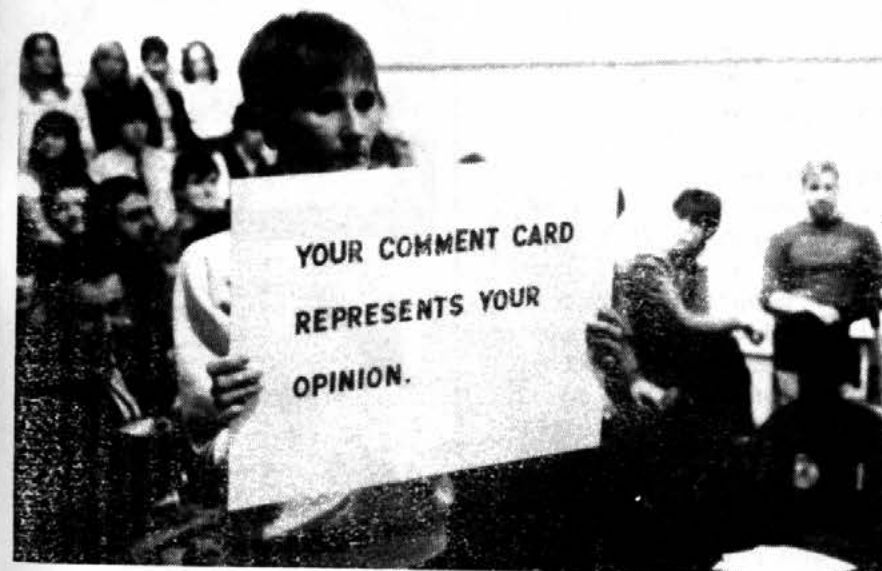
CarpetStain's organization has improved considerably, and I commend the brevity of the entire evening compared with some of the earlier shows which lasted till two in the morning and consisted of up to a dozen performances. A shorter and limited format gives more respect to each piece, and allows the audience more time and space to appreciate it. A general criticism of the performances is that there are too many Middle America sores being scratched till they bleed; but the techniques and various audio-

visual vehicles which are used continue to improve.

C. E. Klammer

Yes & No/Yes or No
Beverly Feldman
Jacqueline Rapp
at Randolph St. Gallery
May 14

We were all sitting in this sorta set up like a basketball court there were two areas of chairs on risers facing each other with two other different chairs in the center facing each other and a mike for each chair it all looked real smart the piece was about audience reaction so it was good that the audience looked at one another.



Randolph St. Gallery/Mike Love

But anyway these two girls came out in cheerleaders outfits and showed the audience some signs that said they were going to hand out cards and we were allowed to respond to the piece by holding up our card they said things like YES on one sides and NO on the other and all sorts of other words with their opposites you know like GOOD and BAD. This was alot of fun and the audience laughed alot and held up their cards then the girls sat down in the two chairs and took turns reading stuff like stuff in newspapers and magazines all stuff from printed media the audience mostly laughed but there was some stuff about blacks and every one got serious and stopped laughing and it was better then.

Because then the audience was really seeing something about itself instead of just laughing at funny stuff I thought this was a real good designed performance but it needed to control the audience's responses more with what was read. It could have been a performance that showed us something about ourselves and other people but instead we just laughed at dumb excerpts they read instead of really looking at one another and I think that is what the girls really wanted and I might be doing the same thing right now you know denying a serious and good observation by emphasizing something I think is funny.

P.S. I suppose, that if I am going to make something look serious I should also write seriously. It is funny though, Yes & No looked strong and interesting, but it never lived up to its looks. But anyway after they read they showed us some more signs that asked for the cards back but some people had messed up and the cards also said they were going to pass around a basket for money and they got the cards and 23 dollars I think that is how much and then they left and that was the end.



CALENDAR

June 24-25, 8pm
Pattern Developing #6
Carpet Stain (the group)
various artists
\$3/2.00
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee Ave.
666-7787

July 3, 2pm
New Music at MoMing Series
Douglas Ewart
\$5.00
MoMing Dance and Arts
Center
1034 West Barry Ave.
472-9894

July 8, 8pm
"Onomatopoeia Before
Music."
ONO
\$3/2.00
Randolph Street Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee Ave
666-7787

July 8,9,15,16, 8:30pm
"Attachments: Prayer for
a Realistic World,"
"Journal," "A Young Girl's
Arithmetic".
Carol Bobrow
"Solo Suite", "Group
Piece"
choreographed by June Finch
\$6/3.00
MoMing Dance and Arts
Center
1034 W. Barry Ave.
472-9894

July 10, 2pm
New Music at MoMing Series
Marcel Duchamp Memorial
Players
\$5.00
MoMing Dance and Arts
Center
1034 W. Barry Ave.
472-9894

July 15, 8pm
The Young and the Serious
Poetry and Live Music
Dementia 13, Sapphires,
and Untitled
\$3/2.00
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee
666-7787

July 17, 2pm
New Music at MoMing Series
Kapture
\$5.00
MoMing Dance and Arts
Center
1034 W. Barry Ave.
472-9894

July 22, 9pm
"A performance by Dot
Dot Dot"
\$3/2.00
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee Ave.
666-7737

classified

Sunday, July 10 8pm
AutomatroniX
Chicago Filmmakers
6 West Hubbard
Chicago Illinois
\$2.50

July 24, 2pm
New Music at MoMing Series
Musica Menta and lioF
munimula
\$5.00
MoMing Dance and Arts
Center
1034 W. Barry
472-9894

July 29, 8pm
"Black and White"
Eric Leonardson
"Technical Melodramas"
John Goss
TV Series 2; Ladders
of Reciprocity. . . "
Shaun Gilmore, R. L.
Nielsen
\$3/2.00
Randolph St. Gallery
756 N. Milwaukee Ave.
666-7737

WANTED proposals, ideas,
suggestions, for performance
installation project to
occupy entire house/
building. Performances of
long duration (here's a
good opportunity to a
non-theater oriented work)
contact Nancy: 733-5245

Coming articles in Knowhere:
How to rent, or otherwise
obtain equipment for perfor-
mances

obtain equipment for
performances.

Exclusive interviews
with Jimmy Hendrix
Bob Marley and Chris
Burden.

How to obtain, rent
or otherwise recieve
permission for performances.
(God The Pope Mayor
Washington Your Alderman)

How to improve your bowling
Performance Score by E.
Anthony.

classified section. Send your
classified ad of 25 words or less to:
CARPET STAIN
1436 W. ERIE # 24
Chicago, IL 60622

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2 FOR 1 DOMESTIC DRINKS 9PM-11PM

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Thê Elêctric EclectiC
MODêrn Dancê Club:

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NINE-FIFTY WEST WRIGHTWOOD CHICAGO
WRIGHTWOOD AT LINCOLN

950
lucky number