

P·FORM

PERFORMANCE ART NEWS

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\$1



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P - FORM

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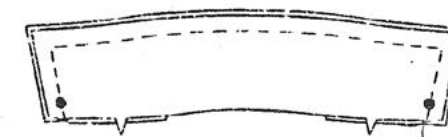
Editors Note

"...indeed, the feature lends itself to inventory, it constitutes a unit of analysis whose handling makes possible both the control of the mass of magazine utterances and the postulation of a regular inventory of Fashion phenomena; and furthermore, since it is filled with substance, the feature encounters constraints which are no longer logical, but which derive from reality itself, whether physical, historical, ethical, or aesthetic..."

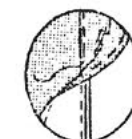
Roland Barthes, *The Fashion System*

The Fashion Feature *curated by Irene Tsatsos.*

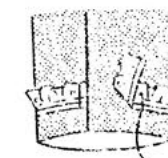
Stitch collar sections together, leaving notched edge open. Trim and clip seam, being careful not to cut trim.



UNDERSTITCH facing.



On outside, pin pregathered trim to lower edge of sleeves, placing bound edge 1 1/4" (3.2cm) above raw edge, as shown, turning in 1/4" (6mm) on one end and lapping remaining end at seam. Stitch. SLIPSTITCH ends.



Letters

To P-Form:

"Mom is pretty funny. Mogul really isn't" (Lorel Janiszewski, P-Form, Summer 1987).

My mother, whom I clearly identify as Rhoda Mogul (giving her an identity as an individual and not just as a "MOM"), has given me lots of raw material over the years: her letters, her clothing, "her old body," and perhaps I have also inherited her obsession for making, doing, and transforming. But I took her raw material and I

made her funny. And more correctly -- made us funny. There is a thin line in my performance "News From Home" where my mother ends and I begin. There is also something called fiction and persona. Yes, I exaggerate, I edit. I even invent.

My mother is not the buffoon of my work. If I had no respect for my mother, if I saw her as a buffoon, I would never speak about my mother in public, it would be too embarrassing. I am embracing my mother. I happen to do it with humor. And in embracing my mother I am also embracing myself. One cannot make fun of one's mother, of one's own background and experience, if there is no acceptance of it.

My mother Rhoda is a jock. She is a highly competitive woman -- still at 63 years of age. I read her letters in public and she in turn challenges me -- tongue in cheek -- with the copyright sign in her salutation in a letter to me. Rhoda is one tough cookie, and believe me she wouldn't invite forty of her friends to see me perform in New York, on several

occasions, in order to be embarrassed and look like a buffoon.

My mother Rhoda has a sense of humor. Lorel Janiszewski does not.

One's relationship with one's mother is perhaps the most potent relationship of one's life. And over the past few years I have observed and heard vast reactions on how people interpret my presentation of my mother. And it has become imminently clear that such divergent reactions to the same work indicates that it is the viewer who is projecting their own relationship to their mother onto my work and has no bearing on my presentation. Think about it Lorel. Maybe you should let go of your copious note-taking during a performance which allows you to spit back the performance verbatim and stay strictly inside your head. Why not let yourself feel for a few minutes. Ask yourself: "How do I feel about my mother and my relationship to her?"

Sincerely,

SUSAN MOGUL

The Reviewer Replies:

Dear Susan,

In the question and answer period after your performance, you made it clear that you didn't want your process or motivations to be discussed. You deflected all queries touching on you or your feelings by turning these questions back on the audience. As indicated in my review, I sensed in your performance that same reluctance to reveal yourself. An immediate investment of self opens the channel between a live performer and the audience, evoking feeling and thought. The more directly involved the artist is with the material, the more directly the audience will respond to the material.

My response was to the performance, which in its tenacious distancing overrode the material. Therefore, any projecting I may have done would have had little to do with my relationship with my mother. When I am not stimulated or allowed to feel, I resort to secondary reactions such as intellectualization. I returned in kind -- or rather unkind -- what I was delivered. Hence, copious notes, verbatim recitation and a lack of a sense of humor. -- Humor, after all, is a joyous, felt thing.

Your letter hurt me: It reminded me that I am capable of hurting other people -- a thing I do, but on the whole do not like about myself. In a way, I must thank

you for your letter. By revealing yourself and your process as you did in those paragraphs, and by conveying your feelings, you invited me to spend two sleepless, yet constructive nights thinking and feeling. . . though not about my relationship with Belle Janiszewski, my mother.

In my head, in my heart, and on paper I drafted many responses to your challenge, ranging from defensive to apologetic to downright witty to an elegant kick in the gazongas. But I had to ask myself, "What am I trying to do here? Am I trying to prove that I'm right about this terribly subjective matter? Am I trying to entertain? Maintain an intellectual dialogue? One-up you? Smooth things out between us?"

Knowing that you will only perceive this as you want to, I can only say this: I stand behind my review, particularly the message that a feeling of attack engenders counterattacks. And I add that, when it gets personal, I choose to stop attacking.

Sincerely,

LOREL JANISZEWSKI

P. S.: One semi-retraction -- I did find the first section of your piece funny. Does that mean that I have a bit of a sense of humor? If you don't think so, you're the one who's going to have to break it to my rubber chicken.

Matthew Owens with Mark Owens "Doppelgangerbanger"

Randolph Street Gallery
May 29-30, 1987

C.: "Hey, K., How are your siblings?"
K.: "What's it to ya?"
C.: "I don't know. Just askin'."

". . . whenever kinship is structurally significant, and provides a frame for corporate relationships and social status, the birth of twins is a source of classificatory embarrassment" (Turner, p. 45).

A horse costume animated by front and back wearers lumbers up the main aisle of the performance space, swaying to the exultant lyricism of Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." We wait anxiously for its/their arrival. We are relieved when the sweating Owens twins discard the costume upon reaching the stage. "Whew! Enough of that!" they say, as they mount the stage, sit in their symmetrically arranged seats, and turn on the slide projectors.

K.: "The only woman I ever hit was my sister."

The slides are identical except that the left one is seemingly 180 degrees reversed from the right



one. The pictures are variously of the cute little boys with closely shaven heads, their telling fingerprints, sometimes on horseback (?).

"PETE"
"REPETE"

They decided voluntarily to wear identical clothing, after a while, even though Mom had given up on the idea.

"Go ahead and stare now."

"Sibling order is another important factor: older siblings exert certain rights over junior siblings and may in some cases succeed to political office before them" (Turner, p. 45).

Their mother was not expecting twins. Consequently, at birth (Matthew was 5 minutes behind Mark), they were dubbed Owens Baby A and Owens Baby B, and these letters became their middle names, the fact of which still causes confusion.

". . . twinship presents the paradoxes that what is physically double is structurally single and what is mystically one is empirically two" (Turner, p. 45).

C. turned to me during the performance and glibly remarked: "This is old hat. I've heard all of this before." I remembered that she was also a (fraternal) twin.

They each had a built-in playmate, ready-made camaraderie in opposition to the adults. Their cousins, in a pre-Trivial Pursuit maneuver, would guess their names based on the direction of their hair whorls, great fun for all. They played with dolls.

"We recreated the scenario of the Kennedy Assassination". . . (Mark is blowing up a big balloon) . . . "with little people made of clay. It took us 2 days". . . (The balloon is a Happy face) . . . "It took us a good 2 1/2 hours to wipe out the entire population of Dallas, Texas". . . with a beebie gun. The balloon pops.

"If you have twin girls you should give them names which allow them to have separate identities. If you have twin girls you should name them. . .

Jennifer Ann and. . .
Mr. Pus" (Judy Tenuta).

You had to be there.

"You may, for example, in some situations focus attention upon the duality of twins, and in others upon their unity. Or you can reflect upon natural and social processes whereby what were originally two separate and even opposed elements fuse to form something new and unique" (the Anthropologist).

"Have you ever slept together?"

Being in a rare position of a real duality the twins, curiously, choose to dwell on death: "When does twinship end? Will we be halves sharing organs? or liberated personalities? Who's gonna kick off first?" They recline and prematurely hang death tags on their big twin toes.

I can't remember, but I think that they kissed each other, on the mouth.

I could be wrong.

C.: "I mean, you know, I have thought about it."
K.: "What."
C.: "Fucking my brother."
K.: "Oh come on, calm down."

The Anthropologist Quoted: Victor Turner, The Ritual Process

The Comedienne Quoted: Judy Tenuta

The Reviewer: KATHRYN HIXSON



An End to Simulation



"... by making an intire verse of these words, Iesus wept, and no more, to intimate that there needs no more for the exalting of our devotion to a competent heighth, then to consider, how, and where, and when, and why Iesus wept. There is not a shorter verse in the Bible, nor a larger Text."

-- John Donne, ref. to John XI.35, 1622

It is rare that one sees something this simple, succinct, pointed, and perfectly inscribed as a single verse consisting of only two words, yet one that is so free and metaphorically inclusive that it does indeed result in an exalting of "devotion" -- it mystifies, it carries you away, it can confuse and opiate. It is a perfection of encapsulating the complex within the simple. But, it is simple. The exaltation, the intoxication, take place in the submission to wide open simplicity.

"Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon be,
Let your indulgence set me free."

-- Tempest, Prospero's Epilogue

It is to spiritualize art in the simplest sense; by means of a waxing sail enchanting. But not to spiritualize it in the sense of an in-fusing of spirits and gods, satyrs and nymphs. This is the unnecessary aspect of the spiritualization. It is not to return to popular mysticism. It is to assimilate the violin creaking in real life's incidental music; to be stopped

dead by the weathered corner of carved pieces of stone; to be "mystified" and set free by broken buildings and unwashed streets, by lonesome grease pit diners and a torn hat in the gutter. These are everyday things. They are passed by. Their ability to enchant is dependent on one's particular disposition at the moment the object or situation comes into view. We cannot be constantly mystified by the presence of everything -- we wouldn't function -- we couldn't eat. But, we do stop once in awhile and take hold of a thing and revel in the enchantment of its honesty. It speaks.

When a machine takes over, an institution of duplication, of reproduction, it strikes a blow to the real. A real, a specific one, but not necessarily THE real. It can wash away the mist of mist-ification, of enchantment, and inspiration. Things theatrical can kill a reality in the duplication of it. Suspension of anything is difficult, especially disbelief. Theatrical reality is of itself. It cannot be a representation of an external reality because it is necessarily a part of it. If it attempts to defy, to renounce its position as a special segment of the everyday, and claims to be a microcosmic reproduction, a mirror of it, then it is hardened. The theatrical is blunted. Its potential remains unrealized. It can be watched, endured even, only when it admits of the position as a particular part of the integral, inter-graded everyday. Theater, things that are theatrical, that which is performed, intended, becomes itself only when it admits of itself.

Until recently, the most inspiring, magic-filled, intoxicating experience that I had witnessed in a performance-audience situation was Tom Jaremba's staging of Jean Cocteau's *Orphee*, at Lodge Hall. It was perfectly nested in the old hall, lined with windows curtained by angels. Everyone floated. I was dumbfounded. Jaremba had managed to resurrect Cocteau's magic and make it live. It was not a story of the real. It was a truly mystic tale with death and an angel. The glazier had wings. The production revolved around itself. It closed around, it completed itself in admitting its own fantasy. What happened on the stage wasn't happening in another place or time, something we had been privileged as an audience to watch, it all happened there, with a pure presence. A presenting through a presencing; an honesty of completeness; the destruction of its own artifice; its artifice was surely and comfortably itself. It was a denial of simulation. It spoke only to itself.

"All the world's a stage. . . blah, blah, blah. . ."
-- Everyone, all the times

If one is privileged enough to be in the presence of such a work, it will be impossible not to identify it. Brutal selfsameness announces itself clearly; it is when the artifice exposes as it bows to itself. Performance art, the elusive gargantophine, exosofilic art form that it is, embodies this unsheathed truthness essentially; such is fundamental. Performance happens; it once had that name; the ugly, period-specific tag that was just too true. As a name, happening could be construed as powerful. It is repressive. It is a delimitation. It begs that there be an actual event, a something real, as unconstructed, as un-acted as possible. Brendan deVallance DOES stuff on stage. This lies at the heart of his appeal. What you see is for the most part what you get. He hides things, or they lie hidden of their own accord and can sometimes be elicited; that which stands naked is his activity. It is not mock-up. It is play, and not play at a representing. We do not like being limited though. It defies our sense of freedom that we could not act at play. Why can there not be acting in the happening? The name denies it -- so call it performance, call it art, engaging artifice and therefore introducing the responsibility of craft.

Performance gets theatrical. As such, it can trip up on itself, it is in danger of losing its fundaments; the honesty of the real; the avoidance of simulation through being self-same. *Orphee*, though, was theater? Why, how, where, and when did it drop representation to play to itself? How was it so unique? I said until recently. Now I have seen Kevin Henry. I saw his piece from "The Bad Actors Series" at the Organic Theater in March (see P-Form summer issue, p. 15). And I saw it again. A self-consciously theatrical piece dropped false front and became singular. It was an act of brilliance. It wasn't theater at all. It didn't try to be.

Yet, and Although. Kevin Henry is a brilliant actor. His presence on the "stage" is relentless. Henry is a tall, thin but well-structured body under the light. His stature can be at once overwhelming and pathetic. He is in control. When he menaces, he is; when he shirks, in an instant his body can become limp and feeble; from athlete to walking corpse. But, it is completely natural. Henry doesn't have to act. In and of himself he is commanding. In front of an audience he commands. His voice is naturally compelling. It is subtly shifted from the stern to the placant. When he appeals, his voice raises a few tones. He is matter of fact. His facial muscles can also flow and shift with a mere twitch. Now he is angered and in a flash of miniscule perfection he becomes hopelessly perplexed. In this piece, Susan Anderson appeared. She is Henry's female double. Also tall and exquisite, she can be confident and sure, then sensuous, and then surprised little girl. All in a pointed but smooth flow. As Henry is in control of every twitch and slide, so is she. While they may act, we know that they are acting, but in such a way as to conceal the efforts that lie underneath. They are both "Bad Actors" because we know they are acting. But, unlike the relationship between actor and audience, they have nothing to hide. They do not attempt to conceal their relationship with us, but instead put it on display in such a manner that it does nothing to inhibit the precise quality of their gesture.

The reality of Henry's performance is manifest in all of its objects as well. The long prologue to this piece consisted of an old radio on a pedestal playing a gramophone violin disk. It scratched and warped. We were not asked that we believe. The radio announced itself as a prop at the outset. It was so perfect -- old radio, old music on an old record -- it had to be fake. It presented itself as such. The screeching car noise that preceded a soundtrack auto accident was likewise pure prop. It was folded over into the narrative, grafted onto the scene of the outcome in not a purely simultaneous way, but so that it did not show itself to deceive. Its purpose was clear as a guiding hand through the story. These were honest props. Clear, purposeful, and unmistakably actual -- real as props -- functioning as such.

Mystification takes place here. In the theatrical, something totally un-theatrical has occurred. Theater has delivered itself over into the real and taken its place in the everyday. It is not physical taking to the streets that gives the experience its flavor, it is the admission of selfness. It is something of a self-criticism to stand and bathe in the revelatory, devotional light of actuality. This is movement and words in front of an audience. If it can admit that and still function, still accomplish a telling, if it can deliver the narrative content without drowning in the formalisms that accompany the disclosure of what is really there, at hand, then a crafted thing such as Kevin Henry's performance has accomplished much. We can love both the crafting and the crafted. To be overwhelmed by what is natural involves recognizing it as such and marvelling at natural perfection.

There is no theater here. What speaks, speaks.

DAVID RISING

P-FORM SEPT/OCT 1987

OBITUARY

RICHARD POLLACK

- We won't be seeing Richard Pollack's twisted body pulling itself along with a crutch at anymore art and music events. And he won't be there among a group of chatting people passing us anymore of those printouts from his hand-held communicator. Richard Pollack died Thursday, 20 August 1987.

- Inside that gnarled, partially bionic body was a terrific, out guy. If that wasn't immediately obvious from a look into his strong eyes, then, of course, you got the message from even the shortest of conversations with him. He went straight to the blood of things, no bullshit, no fluff.

- Richard's interest in the art worlds was to meet the challenges of the new and unresolved. He loved to feel and think. Support for the arts existed at this basic level and that was how the arts nourished him. As he said in one of those printouts during a discussion on the functions of art, "I use art to change my life."

- Fluent in five languages, at ease with all that French philosophy/psychology/aesthetic jargon, knowing music, literature, theater and history backwards and forwards. . . almost any question posed to him was responded to not only with the factual information, but with support data and/or anecdotes. I often considered that between he and our mutual friend Ernestine all the basic knowledge of the world was easily accessible to me. Astonishingly, that intellect was also committed to keeping information user-friendly.

- Richard wrote fiction, plays, poems and tons of treasurable letters, in addition to his editing, criticism, and events compilations for magazines. He was ruthlessly honest, egotistical, shamelessly bold, enormously sensitive, humble, spartan, sexy, compassionate, diligent, funky and fiercely independent. He lived in the complexity and contradiction of a thriving person alive and involved with the Gestalt of the 80's.

- Bruises, fractures, cuts, muggings, and traffic rarely kept Richard away from events. He'd be speeding down the Drive at 60 mph blasting some aria in his blue Olds strewn with scads of tapes, books, notes, magazines and clothes. Everywhere he went Richard left trails of his conversations about the floor. When in a group, the printouts would be passed from person to person. In more intimate conversations, I've often watched individuals read their note and respond while carefully tucking the words away into a pocket, wallet or book.

- Memorial donations should be sent to Lynn Pollack at 346 Dewey, Evanston 60202. They will be used to underwrite a musical event to occur in Chicago some time in 1988. For more information call Lynn at 492-9284.

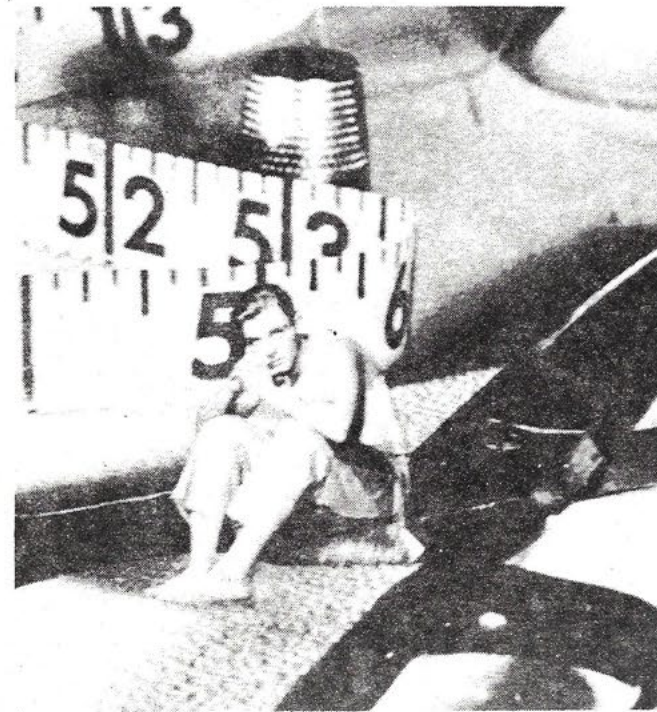
HUDSON

The Fashion Show in Relation to Progress

By its presence or its absence, clothing is an important element in every kind of performance. Dress is a provocative source of associations and metaphors. As you stand in clothes, they stand for you. Clothing suggests characterization. In dressing, we put on symbols of our desires. We model ourselves after an idealized self or idealized others. There is a fleeting Eden which only being in fashion can create.

The fashion show has been both a commercial and artistic endeavor. Although associated with commerce from its inception, the first major American fashion show expressed social conscience and theatrical dialogue. As early as the 1920's, artistic collaborations offered the fashion show as an art performance. Later, distinctions between the art performance and the commercially oriented fashion show became more pronounced. In recent years, the independent group fashion show merges frequently with performance art. Regrettably, even in today's context of hybrid art forms, the presentation of both avant garde and mainstream clothing can be a regressive experience. There are, however, many ways in which the presentation of clothing can progress, and many compelling reasons why performance artists, choreographers, stylists, musicians, poets, and sound artists, as well as clothing designers, continue to be attracted to fashion show projects.

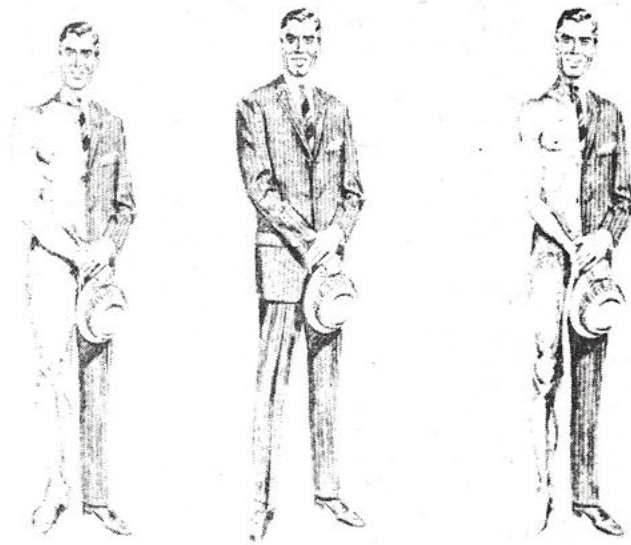
Fashion makes sympathizers or reactionaries of us all, particularly when it stands on a stage and assumes human form. Models are human beings at least once removed, because anthropomorphized, and are always distinguishable from people as we know them.



A model is a kind of mirror. Fashion show audiences project themselves into the garments, mentally parading them past intimate critics. Thus we wear clothes both physically and in our imaginations. Either way, as curator and critic Randy Alexander says, "A garment provides a theater in which to perform."

Perhaps the individual dress presentations played out on the various social platforms of one's life

could be sufficient. All the would-be spectator of performance or fashion show really needs is the intellectual capacity and willingness to place brackets around the visible world. With so many spontaneous showings on the street, one's attitude toward the staged fashion show is altered. Public interest in the fashion show has expanded so that it may be experienced within a variety of contexts, including nightclubs, art galleries, and polo grounds. Venue, however, seems not to alter considerably the public expectation that a fashion show be a spectacle and an entertainment. Some clothes, however, are most expressive not on the runway, but in private places. Working conceptually, clothing artists could release themselves from many of the external pressures felt in working towards a show.



Nevertheless, most clothing artists want their work to be presented formally. They want collaboration, reaction, reassurance, involvement, belonging, appreciation, and some respite from the solitary hours of conception and construction.

Clothing artist Jean Riordan appreciates the energy and camaraderie deriving from the personal, collaborative nature of independent group fashion shows. Despite compromises involved in a show, clothing designer Laura Vaicekaskas similarly feels that, "In a show, you are part of the total performance. It is good to work with people who can understand my work and expand who I am."

Showing matters a great deal to both artist and audience. Viewers want suggestions for self-improvement, erotic stimulation, and the status of having been present at a socially significant event, in itself a social platform.

A fashion show is a self-conscious, conspicuous parallel to the act of wearing new clothes. Clothes are largely an outgrowth of the social platform which justifies them.

The first fashion models were society women wearing expensive, individualized couture garments commissioned for the making of entrances and the turning of heads at the racetrack and in the ballroom. In the mid-nineteenth century, the wife of the couturier Worth

provided a human billboard for his designs, while also presenting herself as a garment model for fashionable socialites. Thus began the blurring of distinctions between individual expression and commercial promotion in the presentation of clothes.

It is widely held that the first "mannequin parade" was sponsored by Vogue magazine in New York City in 1914. For the first time in public, couturiers and their models mingled socially with their customers. Though couturiers were considered artistic creators of public images which could make a social reputation overnight, their commercial status rendered them and their models socially unacceptable. Notably, this first fashion show was a benefit for the French war relief, and opened with a brief dramatic dialogue on the question of the existence of an indigenous American couture.

Nightclub fashion shows are not new. In the 1910's and 20's mannequin parades were popular entertainment in dance clubs and swank hotel ballrooms. At the same time, there proliferated artists' benefit entertainments such as those in which artist Sonia Delaunay presented her "simultaneous" garments. In 1924, Sonia Delaunay's draped fabrics were paraded during a reading of Joseph Delteil's poem "The Coming Mode." This was but one of Delaunay's numerous poetry-fashion collaborations.

Working today in a variety of media, employing a collage approach akin to Sonia Delaunay's, artist Amy Yoes has described her local fashion show work as "an extension of the collage idea. You make clothes, you choose music, lighting, motion and words, and it's all a collage process from beginning to end."

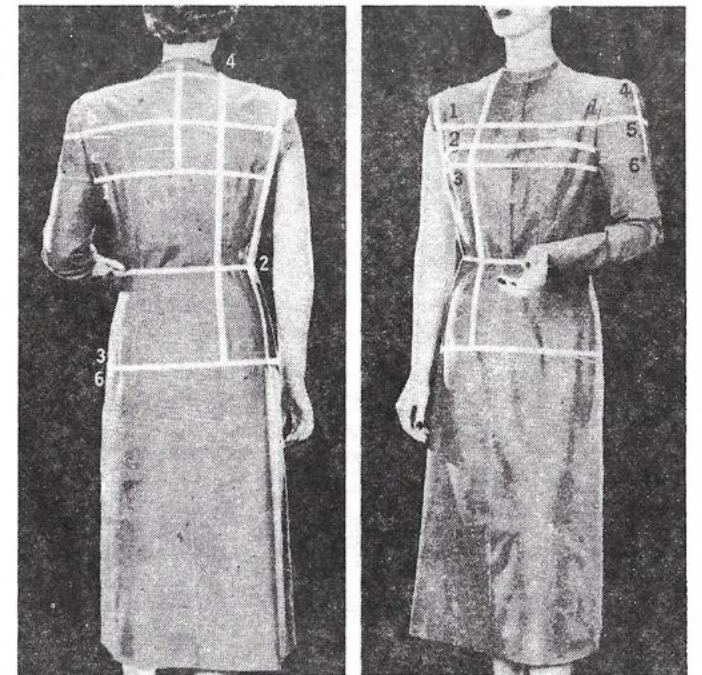
Jean Riordan and Sandra Soss, when working as the design team Spax, repeatedly worked with poet friends Jerome Sala and Elaine Equi to bring verbal associations to their clothes. Sala and Equi feel that, "Fashion is what poetry would be if it were sociable, because clothes are a language, too, one which everyone can speak, or at least recognize. Likewise, the page is an empty boutique waiting to be filled with mod haircuts and symbolist lingerie."

In the late 1930's, Surrealist references to fashion were made tangible in couturier Elsa Schiaparelli's eccentric theatrical showings, which were commercial-artistic collaborations that put forth dissociated objects as fashion accessories modeled on fantasy creatures who transformed the couture salon into a circus, a forest, and more. World War II later urged Parisian couturiers to present a politically-charged resistance collection to tri-colored garments in defiance of the German occupation.

In the 1950's, when feminism, intellectualism, homosexuality, and leftist politics were taboo in America, and when modern art was regularly lampooned in comic strips, fashion shows were experienced by women as dictatorial edict. The couture was characterized by silent showings of scores of garments. Whimsical garment names appeared on programs, but were not acted out. Aloof runway models were allowed expression only within a standardized feminine choreography of half-turns and pirouettes. Models sometimes carried cards bearing numbers, creating, in effect, a four-dimensional clothing catalogue.

In 1966, photographer William Klein's fashion performance film, "Qui-Etes Vous, Polly Magoo?", mimicked a fashion show even to the inclusion of real fashion press in the cinematic audience. Models clad in metal sculpture provided a tongue-in-cheek satire on the metallic dresses then so new. Satire only intensified their commercial appeal and fashion magazines echoed art performance echoing fashion.

"Real life" dominated the early 1970's fashion show, when conspicuous consumption was pronounced



immoral. Couture was (temporarily) dead. Fashion show runways became crowded playgrounds and blaring dance floors for "natural" models of every gender and race. These shows enacted social-consciousness, universal brotherhood, and the "youthquake."

Couture was reborn in Japan in the early 1980's. Youthful idealism matured. Educated, socially aware consumers of fashion required artistic associations of their clothing. Issey Miyake's enigmatic clothing collections, presented before mammoth audiences, have incorporated postmodern choreography, new music from the East and West, poetry, and vocal chorales, once within the venue of an aircraft carrier.

Idealistic, collaborative showings of young British designers parodied runway fashion shows by displaying eccentric clothes on young-models-cum-shopping-bag-ladies. Prevailing western gender distinctions have been offended and altered by boys parading the runway in skirts.

In this decade, forward fashion shows have taken on the hybrid, multi-media nature of performance art, and performance art has more frequently addressed and critiqued fashionable media. Art and fashion even masquerade as one another today, at once attracting and frustrating both commercial interests and artists.

Marketable products may be offered to society via calculated presentations in any medium, but in the garment industry, magnification of popular taste and multiplication of its vehicles are processes constantly seeking a false front. The novelty of the moment, in garment form, becomes a portable mass icon.

Questions asked in the market may never arise in the artist's studio. Love of materials can push one far beyond the functions assumed to be so basic to the wearing of clothes. Some artists desire to make clothes not as overt costumes and not reflecting prevailing standards of beauty. This places the appreciation and presentation of clothing on a very different plane, largely within the barter and exchange economy of artists' couture.

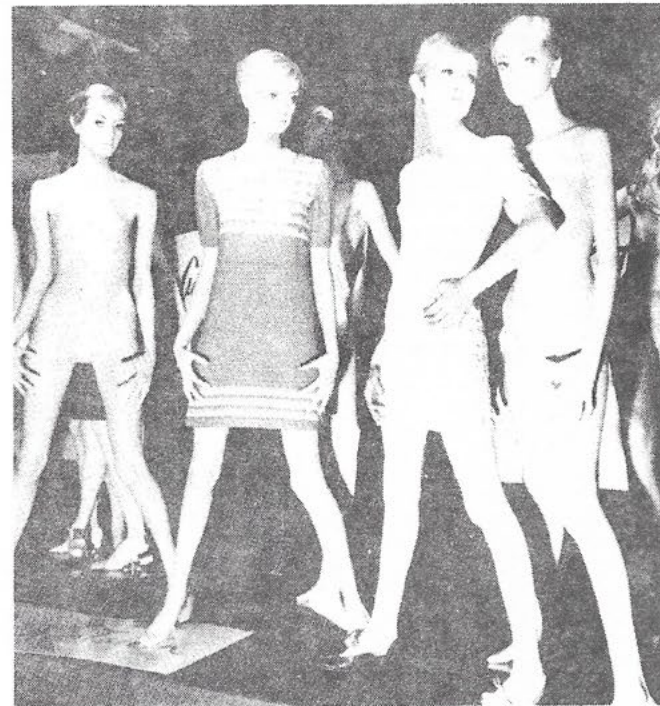
The creation of wearable symbols with personally satisfying associations may be a welcome alternative

to the offensive symbols of democratized commercial taste. Dress can express meanings closer to the wearer's values and models may represent varied ideals of appearance.

Significantly, international couture model Tyra Lisa Janssen says that print and runway models have merged, now that top American designers hire omnipresent print models to show clothes (regardless of the models' performance abilities) because it is the publicity photograph that matters much more than the live performance. This renders independent showings of artists' couture all the more important because, when non-conventional models are used, the live fashion show humanistically expresses alternate standards of human beauty.

The design team of Twin, comprised of Cynthia Cochand and Gerard Santos, believe in the presentation of clothing as a vehicle for humanistic messages. They feel that beauty in presence necessarily implies a "real" person, and that the introspective fashion designer can have a valuable effect on the quality of life. Twin would like commercial success, but not at the expense of personal ideals. Cynthia says, regarding her expectations for fashion shows, "I always hope that I'll see something that will change the way I look at things when I view a fashion show. I want something to change the way I think. There's no point in doing what other people have done before."

Also addressing popular expectations for the fashion show, artist and historian Ursula Reshott presses for the return to artistic collaboration with a common bond of self-expression as well as of interest in issues larger, such as politics, feminism, and personal



visions of beauty which lie outside of our present culture. She believes that, "Seriousness and levity, social commentary and social satire can co-exist with fashion without compromising an evening's entertainment."

Fashion shows have expressed the social spectrum, from refined philanthropic benefits to mute mannequin parade, and from pornographic exploitation to otherworldly vision. Today's fashion show is too commonly seen as a commercial for arbitrary standards of beauty, and for media-manipulated tastes. It is in keeping with the progressive nature of the artist that some should choose to work in a medium considered commercial, critic Kathryn Hixson has suggested, to undermine undesirable symbols and create new, valuable ones.

Artists who show clothes are beginning to offer public service announcements instead of commercials, replacing beauty pageants with interior vignettes. Artists' couture has even begun to affect the nature of the retail fashion show venue. Modalisque and Toshiro, both local clothing stores, provide aesthetically sensitive, commercially supportive contexts for hybrid fashion shows. It is significant that commercial and artistic interests are beginning to be fairly sympathetic to one another, if only on a small scale.

Performance artists and fashion designers share increasingly overlapping participants and venues. The knowledge, also, of shared moral and intellectual concerns strengthens the supportive artistic community and begins to place the power of fashion in the service of higher ideals and artistic expression.

SANDRA ADAMS

Contra Fashion

Let me say at the outset that I have no objection to the idea that functional objects such as clothes, jewelry, cooking utensils, or furniture can be considered as art objects. In taking a stance against fashion, I have no real problem with considering some clothes as "art" objects. My problem is the melding of the realm of fashion with that of the art world.

Fashion is, by definition, the "current" way of dressing, behaving, etc. It is founded on temporal concerns, and these temporal concerns are similarly founded on economic concerns. Manufacturers of clothes desire to sell their products which, if they are worth buying in the first place, have a certain longevity to them. So, if you've bought your shirt, you won't need to replace it for some time.

The problem is, the manufacturer needs to continue to sell shirts. Fashion is the marketing response to that dilemma. Your shirt may still be "like new" in terms of its actual condition, but it can be rendered "old" by fashion. Fashion, then, determines the temporal placement of clothes, deciding what is old ("old-fashioned") and what is new. By keeping the need for consumption of goods stimulated, fashion greases the gears of capitalism.

And a very fine lubricant it is. It works on both our bourgeois desire to be the owner of what everyone else owns, and the deeper, far more scary need to belong. Its impact is therefore both political and psychological, a dangerous combination.

Run this steamroller into the tenuous fabric of

art and some fairly depressing things start happening. Firstly, and most deplorably, the question of VALUE quickly evaporates out of art. I'm not speaking of value in the monetary sense, but in the sense of intrinsic worth, in the realm of truth, beauty, honesty, and other ideas that we hold up as values. When artistic values are based entirely on the idea of selling the public the latest trend, the current fashion, artistic value on a deeper level becomes a meaningless consideration. The result of combining art and fashion is that artistic dialectic is reduced to cynical nihilism: it implies that there are no such things as lasting values, so we might as well have what's new.

Those who promote the greasy slide between art and fashion never seem to realize how empty their ideas are, how much this type of thought is centered in the bourgeois fixation on ownership. They effectively rob art of its intellectual and spiritual capacities, and reduce it to another part of the need to consume conspicuously: my Mercedes, my mink jacket, my painting.

When I find myself at art openings, watching the radically-dressed ogling the latest art trend, and talking about which young turk is attempting to rise to power, I realize why I follow the art scene. Because fashion is the enemy: it needs to be kept under surveillance.

JEFF ABELL

FLUXUS

FLUXUS began as renegade art, both humorous and philosophical. It stood on the fringes of the art world, defying definition. Today, FLUXUS is seen as important in the development of intermedia, concept art, video, and other art forms.

FLUXUS has been compared to Dada and to Zen, traced to John Cage and to Soren Kierkegaard. It is perhaps best described as "a way of doing things." FLUXUS does not attempt to erase the boundaries between art and life, it denies that boundaries exist.

This special issue of **Whitewalls** is guest-edited with an introduction by Ken Friedman. It features works and images by some of the most significant artists involved in FLUXUS, from its birth in 1962 to its 25th birthday in 1987.

Subscriptions are \$13 for three issues. Overseas subscriptions are \$18, overseas airmail \$28. Please make your check payable to **WhiteWalls**, P.O. Box 8204, Chicago, IL 60680. U.S.A.

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Joan Truckenbrod
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October 1-October 31

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Joel Klaff "Guy Taylor: A Man For All Seasons"

Betsy Rosenfield Gallery

June 5, 1987

by Irene Tsatsos



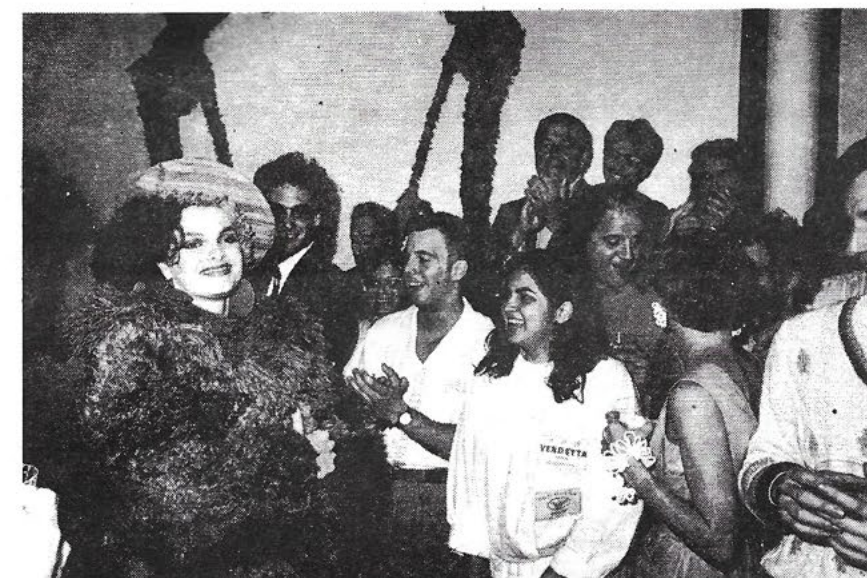
Life was very gay in the great town where he lived. Hosts of strangers came to visit it every day, and among them one day were two swindlers. They gave themselves out as weavers and said that they knew how to weave the most beautiful fabrics imaginable. Not only were the colors and patterns unusually fine, but the clothes that were made of this cloth had the peculiar quality of becoming invisible to every person who was not fit for the office he held, or who was impossibly dull.



Both the swindlers begged him to be good enough to step a little nearer, and asked if he did not think it a good pattern and beautiful coloring. They pointed to the empty loom. The poor old minister stared as hard as he could, but he could not see anything, for of course there was nothing to see.



"I know I am no fool," thought the man, "so it must be that I am unfit for my good post. It is very strange, though. However, one must not let it appear." So he praised the stuff he did not see, and assured them of his delight in the beautiful colors and the originality of the design.



Photos by Joe L. Davis



Then the Emperor walked along in the procession under the gorgeous canopy, and everybody in the streets and at the windows exclaimed, "How beautiful the Emperor's new clothes are! What a splendid train! And they fit to perfection!" Nobody would let it appear that he could see nothing, for then he would not be fit for his post, or else he was a fool.

None of the Emperor's clothes had been so successful before.

Notes on Fashion

OR how to be a dandy in the age of mass culture.

“One should either be a work of art, or wear a work of art.”
—Phrases & Philosophies for the Use of the Young
Oscar Wilde.

It's embarrassing to be solemn
and treatise-like about Camp. One runs the risk of having, oneself,
produced a very inferior piece of Camp.

These notes are for Oscar Wilde.
Susan Sontag
Roland Barthes

Taste has no system and no proofs. But there is something
like a logic of taste: the consistent sensibility which underlies and
gives rise to a certain taste. A sensibility is almost, but not quite,
ineffable.

To name a sensibility, to draw its contours and to recount its history, requires a deep sympathy modified by revulsion.

* The sensibility of an era is not only its most decisive, but also its most perish-
able, aspect. One may capture the ideas (intellectual history) and the behavior
(social history) of an epoch without ever touching upon the sensibility or taste
which informed those ideas, that behavior.

9.4. Variant of artifice (III)

The variant of artifice opposes the natural to the artificial, as indi-
cated by the following chart:

natural	/	artificial
genuine		false
true		fake
		imitation
		pseudo

Dandyism in the age of mass culture
makes no distinction between the unique object and the mass-pro-
duced object.

Camp taste transcends the nausea of the replica.
Camp taste cannot be overestimated. Camp taste is by its nature
possible only in affluent societies, in societies or circles capable of
experiencing the psychopathology of affluence.

1 a sailor top open over a knit dickey
VS O
S(1)O V S(2)

one historian¹¹ has assigned the birth of *similia* (false sleeves,
dickey, etc.), to the beginnings of capitalism, perhaps under the
pressure of a new social value, *appearance*.

“The more we study Art, the less we care for Nature.”
—The Decay of Lying

The dream of identity (to be *oneself*, and to have this
self be recognized by others) seems to be found in all
mass works, and in all the activities of those who
participate in it

in Fashion, the *person* is thus simultaneously impossible and yet entirely
known.

In a climate of relentless buzzwords and
a constantly shifting terrain, sincerity
is (inevitably) subsumed by style.
Imagine an absent, pathetic author.

Roland Barthes *The Fashion System*

45. Detachment is the prerogative of an elite;
10. Camp sees everything in quotation marks.
the “new” art

The increasing inability to situate anyone
outside the ever spreading absorption
immobilizes many. More are seduced, com-
plicit with the substitution of buyer for
viewer. Still more flail about, constructing
elaborate decoys. Options are limited.

Susan Sontag *Notes on “Camp”*

the nausea of the replica.

Substitute the word Camp with current.

Imagine a landscape barren except for
ravishingly clever dueling fencing partners.
Consider a flourish as a critical act.

18.9. Identity and otherness: the name and the game

—A Few Maxims for the Instruction of the Over-Educated

40. Style is everything.
But there is never, never tragedy.

A part wishes this was all untrue.
A fragment hopes for absolution.

This is not a cynical act.

Tom Kalin
And maybe not.

UTOPIA: THE PROMISE OF FASHION
WHEN TIME STANDS STILL

Barbara Kruger

Utopia is at one end of town. Maybe not. At the other end
is Fashion. They slowly approach one another. It is high
noon and their guns are loaded. In the four minutes in
which they have been facing each other, weapons raised,
Fashion has changed outfits eight times. He is threatening
Utopia, telling her he has promises to keep and moments
to guarantee. He says that he wants her and must deliver
her to his followers by sundown. She has been pushed to
the point of retaliation. She is aware that she has been
promised. He drops her name, or codes for it, all over
town. He proposes a taste of her. He produces desire in
and around her. He appropriates her image. He makes all
contextual information residue. He engages the physical
envelope and dispels lived time. He ignores interiors. He
desires lack. He plans and measures it through his produc-
tion. He is deliberate. Her hands are quick, while his are
encumbered by the pushed-up sleeves of his leather
jacket. She shoots first and hits her mark. He falters. He’s
down. He sprawls on the dirt, his jacket stained, his
eyelids heavy. He thinks he knows how his face looks
now, as taste, unlike other faculties, is able to register its
own behavior. Reacting against itself, it recognizes its
own lack of taste. She looks down at his body. She is
outside of desire. Her gaze moves up his torso and settles
on his mouth. She suppresses a grin. His head lolls slowly
to the right, his eyes roll up, his mouth opens and out of
the hole, he greets his desire: “Mr Death! Mr. Death!”

That was supposed to be an allegory. The idea is that of ulterior
motives: that Fashion is an agent from the interior but he
doesn’t know it and hasn’t even been there. The idea is that
Utopia and Fashion are like going dutch on a rainy night. That
the Utopian promise, the minds eye of perfection, doesn’t even
have time to entertain the idea of staying, because Fashion is
predicated on acceleration and distraction. Its particularly pi-
quant and suggestive attraction is the contrast between its’ ex-
tensive, all embracing distribution and its rapid, complete
disintegration. That it dances around the Utopian projection is a
clue. It is a tease. A tool. A celebration. A cover. It promises
contextual contentment. It hints at a constant ecstasy. It is
organized through social production, falls back on the forces of
production and appropriates them. It creates empty spaces.

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performance series



EXPERT TESTIMONY

Theatre X's "The History of Sexuality: An Investigation"

Contemporary Art Center, Milwaukee
June 5-28, 1987

Since last summer, Foucault's 1976 book *The History of Sexuality* Vol. 1 has been the seed of inspiration for numerous factions of Milwaukee's art community. The book, which began as the subject for Theatre X's latest performance, *The History of Sexuality: An Investigation*, fruitfully multiplied into a Museum of Sexuality and a symposium: *Power and Pleasure: Sexuality Then & Now*. The "Museum," organized by visual artists Taffnie Bogart and Sandra Greuel, ran concurrently with the performance June 5-28. A guided tour of the "Museum," which featured 28 installations and 38 objects created by state and some national artists, concluded each performance. The "Symposium," which climaxed the final three days of the show's run, was organized by writer John C. Blum and English professor Angela Peckenpaugh. Panel topics were: "Seeing Sexuality," "Sexuality in Cinema," and "Future Sex? A Scenario."

Why all this concern with sex and sexuality? The "Investigation," "Museum," and "Symposium," and audience comments will all be mounted into a play *The History of Sexuality* under the direction of Los Angeles' David Schweizer. The play is to be premiered this September at Seattle's *Performa* and is scheduled to be staged in Milwaukee next April.

The "Investigation," two hours long, was a compendium of 15 theatrical scenes punctuated by 10 episodes of independently produced work. Essentially a work in progress, the "Investigation," like all developing works, had its brilliant and dull moments. Overall the "Investigation" lacked a unifying focus, which incidentally has been a criticism of Foucault's book. The book, a broad overview of the development of sex and sexuality since the Enlightenment, was an introduction to the four volume project Foucault planned to produce before his untimely death in 1984. Foucault's epic syntax, which refuses to produce an ideology, was perhaps too monumental a subject to explore.

The most memorable episodes of the performance were the independently produced projects by Milwaukee artists. Paul Cotter's 1 min. black and white film "Make-over," 1985, was a candid and genuine conversation montage with Renee Kotter, a hermaphrodite who surgically altered to a woman employs herself as a cosmetologist specializing in beauty makeovers for women. A taped interview with Kotter and John Schneider served as a voice over in two performance scenes

that focused on the social construction of gender. In one a nude Schneider assumed various classical androgynous poses adapted from current advertising. In the other John Kishline and Flora Coker dressed and moved identically as women and men.

The acme of heterosexual bondage -- the wedding day from altar to Niagara Falls -- was the subject of "June Brides," 1987, a 12 min. color video by Kathy Cook and Claudia Looze. This fast paced non-stop examination of atavistic rituals had a soundtrack of wedding day dance hall classics. Another video by Julia Romanski, which featured "man on the street" responses to the terms sex and sexuality was shown in four segments each evening.

The "Investigation" also contained three segments with Blum, who did a live interview with a variety of "sexual" people: prostitute, transsexual, etc. In four of the sixteen performances, Blum read a short story composed for the performance by Lawencia Benbenek, a former Milwaukee police officer currently in prison for the murder of her boyfriend's ex-wife. These independent episodes, because they were finished products with defined subjects, were enlightening and entertaining in their examination of sexuality. Emphasizing a history of the personal, these independently produced works all cleverly distilled the stereotypes and cliches of Western perceptions.

To quote a quoter, the "Investigation" episodes produced Theatre X possessed "the good, the bad, and the ugly." In one scene, written by comic Rip Tenor, Coker as feminist comic dished out with a deadpan cadence a clever monologue that interfaced the terms of bestiality with a human relationship. That was the good.

In one scene Mary Ewald, dressed as a male rebel without a cause, sang a punk version of Cole Porter's "Anything Goes." This rebel lacked more than a cause, s/he also lacked an imagination. The scene, excessively trite, obviously intended to fill time, exemplified the bad.

The ugly was ugly and was manifested in two controversial segments. In one, Foucault's concept of the hysterization of the women's body was depicted as a parody with a German speaking physician (Kishline) presenting his research results through the visual aid of a bikini-clad Mary Ewald strapped spread-eagle to an instrument panel. Coker dressed as clinical assistant and Debra Clifton dressed as a "Happy Days" father administered

the tests -- featherduster, electrical currents, etc. -- directed by the doctor. The segment, a cheap fraternity conception of modernism's obsession with containment and objectification, was nothing but dominant heterosexual sexism. Foucault's hysterization theme, brilliantly interpreted in Martha Rosler's 1977 film "Vital Statistics of a Citizen, Easily Attained," was reduced by the "Investigation" to elementary convention humor.

In another segment a seductively clad Romanski exposed her Vic Tanny made body to perform the private male ritual of auto-erotic asphyxiation. Romanski, bound with leather straps, a plastic bag over her head, balanced on a tilted chair and simulated orgasm to rock n' roll. Playboy does such a layout once a year, *Penthouse* every other issue. The scene, physically primal, was also intellectually primal in its understanding of Foucault's project. Woman's body reduced to a spectacle for the male "eye of power" has been a prolific subject in feminist art with a history apparently not researched by the company. If an analysis of the deployment of power in a live sex establishment was the issue, it failed. The docile body and the containment of its pleasure -- manifested by Romanski -- appeared not to be an object of investigation but an object of contemplated display.

Would Foucault have been upset by all of this? Hardly. The "Investigation" with the concurrent independent projects was after all a forum of discussion and criticism that will be formulated into a finished product. Foucault's book, not an instrument of ideology but an instrument of analysis, inherently possesses a multiplicity of interpretations with none being exact or pure. In a 1980 interview Foucault responded to a question on the possible application of his book: "There are a few ideas there, but only hesitant ones, not yet fully crystallized. It will be discussion and criticism after each volume that will perhaps allow them to become calcified. But it is not up to me to lay down how the book should be used." The "Investigation" followed this format of discussion and criticism allowing a multiplicity of artists and mediums to freely investigate an element of Self that dictates and contains reality. What will develop into the completed play remains to be seen. It will be an entirely different project, but a project that has successfully incorporated the Milwaukee community into the process of its development and formulation.

JEROME SCHULTZ

Lydia Lunch

"Incriminating Evidence"

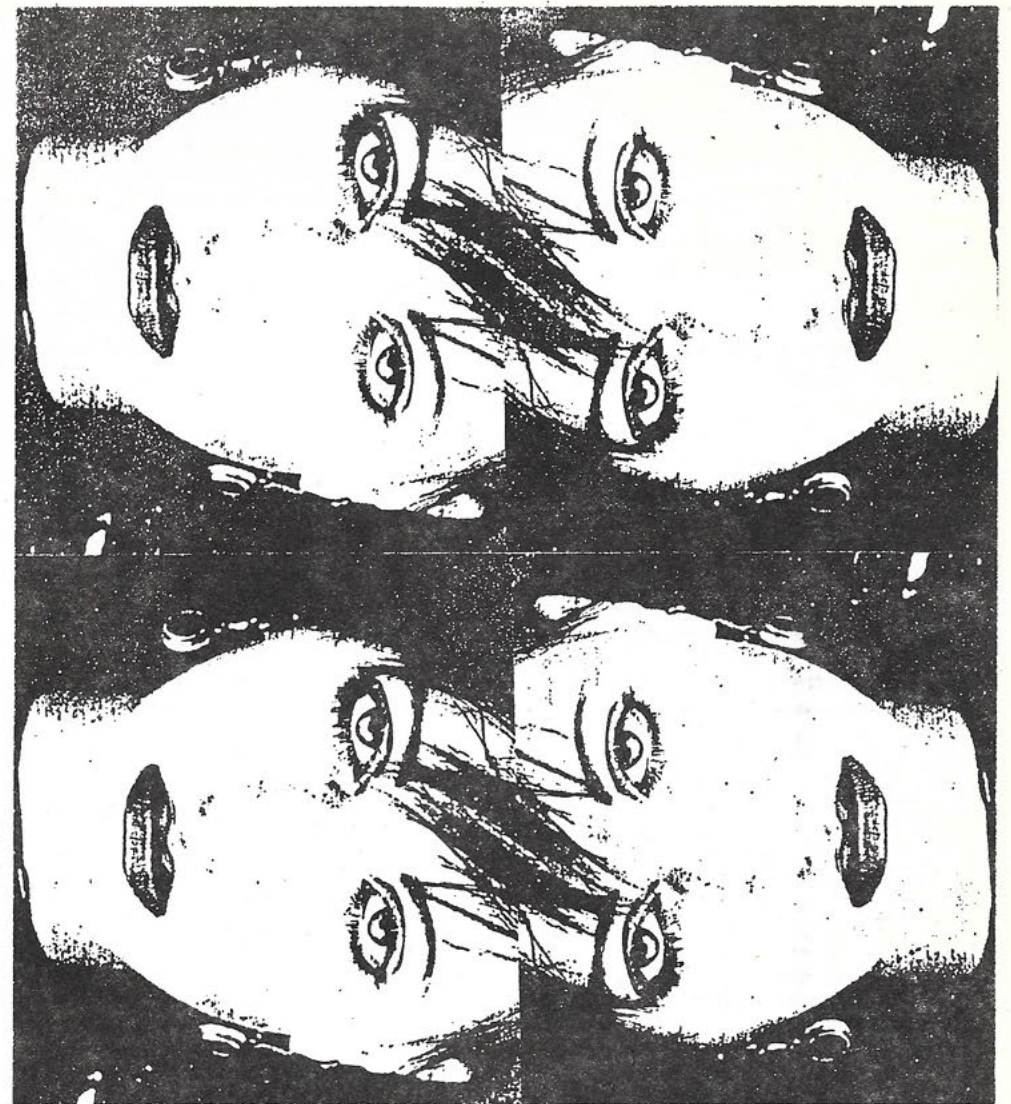
Randolph Street Gallery
June 26, 1987

"It's all about getting fucked -- fucked up, fucked over, fucked around with, and good-old-fashioned fucked." -- Lydia Lunch

Lydia Lunch -- proclaimed Queen of the Underground Scene. She's done it all in the post-punk avant-garde -- music, film, literature, performance -- and done it loudly. Taking no shit and giving no quarter, honesty is Lydia's only policy. A brutal, visceral honesty designed to shock and offend. She rides in the vanguard of those who spit on society. She is angry -- at everything, and everyone, and doesn't hesitate to tell anyone who will listen.

Well, there was a whole crowd of us listening at RSG awhile back, and I don't know about everyone else, but I didn't buy it. Beyond the simple fact that I wasn't shocked and I wasn't offended -- Lydia would have to really stretch to shock and offend anyone these days. There just seemed to be a vital element missing in her otherwise emotional performance -- sincerity.

Despite her reputation for gripping on-stage antics, Lydia was relatively subdued. She mounted a near-bare stage, set down a bunch of notes on a podium, and launched into a 45-minute-or-so harangue. She was simply dressed -- black jeans, boots, and leotard, tan vest -- in opposition to the flamboyantly sexual image one might expect: fish-net stockings, various items of black lingerie, the like. She was little -- not thin, but little -- something which contrib-



uted to the effect of her performance, when it was effective, i.e. "How could so much energy come from someone so...?" For the most part she shouted, a non-stop manic riot of words, interrupted by the occasional conversational tone, which became tiresome rather quickly. Hellfire and brimstone was the effect, but mostly lacking the overwhelming presence necessary to pull it off.

Lydia's main lecture topics were: the government, men, her father, suicide, her attitude, her difficult and disillusioning life, and her consequent malaise. She had a great deal to say, most of it negative, most of it banal, in the long run. Things like: "We're all victims of pornography" and "You could say I had an attitude -- well, thank you Daddy cause I got it from you" and "I'm just here to question why so much equals so little" and "Why kill time when you can kill yourself" and "You're just another pawn in the flesh parade." We've heard all of this before, and we've heard it better said.

But Lydia tends to take us all for granted. She doesn't seem to be working for us -- rather going through the motions. She says "My pain is your pleasure and you had to pay for it." Ironic, the idea of payment. Lydia has been out there breaking ground since she was 17 or so. Now she's pushing 30, and my surmise is that she's tired of not getting anything concrete back. So just capitalize on an image, give the people what they want. But the problem is twofold: Lydia is famous for her audacity, her shock-value, her scandalousness, so while it's relatively easy for her to recreate what she's already done, to say the same old audacious things, it is ultimately disappointing that new ground is not being broken. We know what to expect and we get it, but it's not necessarily what we want. We want her to be more terrifying, or less even, but somehow different.

Johnny Rotten Lydon is into musical comedy these days. Now that's irreverent.

SUSAN SLADEN

Artists' Survey: Process

P-Form sent the following survey to performance artists.

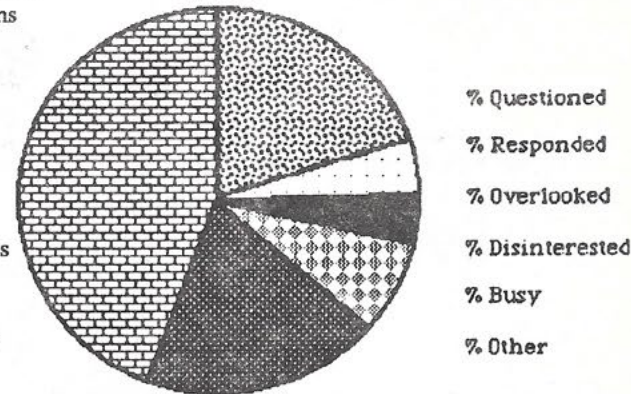
We have observed differences in approach to performance-art-making, as manifest in the work itself. We would like to open dialogue concerning the effect of the means on the ends.

1. Describe a hypothetical working situation that you might consider ideal.
2. a. What do you settle for?
b. Why is this, your actual working method, the best way for you to work?
3. Performer A makes no distinction between life and art, and the performances are site and time specific.

Performer Z separates life from art. The elements of the work are concisely controlled. The work can be recreated anytime, anywhere, to satisfaction.

Graph the difference qualitatively.
Plot your position on the graph.

See the pie chart for P-Form's analysis.



Brigid Murphy

Ideal situation/Actual situation:

The ideal --
A spectacular idea posing no complications from page to stage, ending as spectacularly as it began; elephants, 213 sequined dancers, mirror balls, cannon balls. However, the more likely outcome is a workable idea -- a 13-year-old pet asleep on stage, 2 friends who barely agreed to kind-of dance in exchange for a pack of Marlboros, a bowling ball covered with tinfoil, and an M-80.

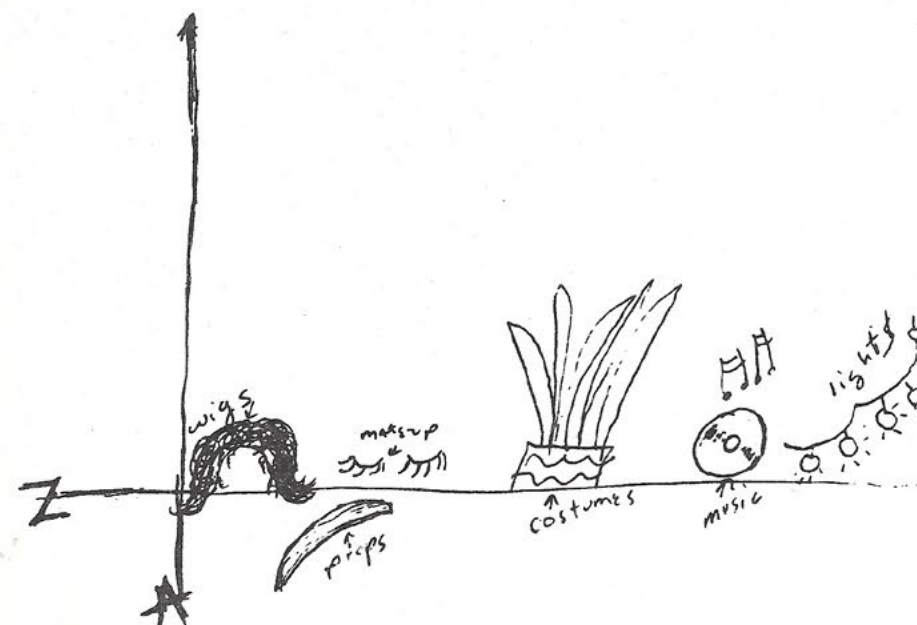
It's in this paring down process, however, that I feel one discovers

the "true" idea (hopefully there is one), its nuances and essence. For me it is often embodied in the development of text, character, and setting.

It all comes down to doing the work, following through on an idea, trial and error. Hopefully, the error will take place in the privacy of your own rehearsal space i.e. kitchen and not in front of 106 yawning onlookers.

The walls one curses in the beginning are often the walls one embraces in the end.

Performers A/Z:



Jeff Abell

Ideal situation:

I have free use of a huge space for a period of six months, and at my disposal is a superb, computer controlled lighting system as well as a gorgeous sound system, and a small band of spoads* whose only goal in life is to document my every sneeze, and I lie upon my divan, and think creative thoughts while beautiful boys clad only in briefs bring me my eat and drink.

Actual situation:

A scummy apartment next to the El, with a neighbor who blasts old Rockabilly til 12, and another neighbor who likes to play old Joni Mitchell records til 2:00 am; and I sit around trying to find words in the dust, grumblings of dissatisfaction, sexual frustration and INCESSANT NOISE of my life.

Best method?:

You've got to be fucking kidding!

Performers A/Z:

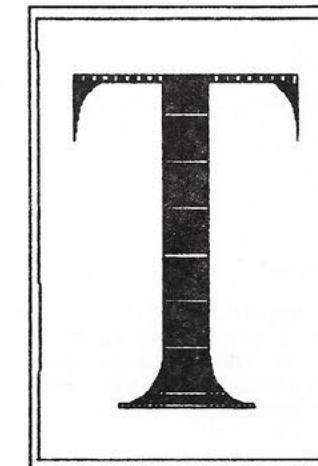
IMAGINE AN ERECT PENIS

IMAGINE A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ERECT PENIS.

(I'm somewhere off to the left, covered with sperm.)

* spoad: a performance-art roadie (cf. R. A. Daulton)

Robert Daulton



he "battleground" of "vision" is that which can be "seen", even in the sense that one may "see" a symphony.

Ideally "sight" which constitutes a "vision of truth" is art, even if it is "comprised" of a "system" of "falsehoods".

The realization of a "truth" is "inherent" in any "event" (even if un-"seen" or un-"noticed").

No distinction can be made between "life" and "art" or anything else "; there "exist" only degrees of "perceptual ability".

The "best way" to "create" is to "work" at those moments of such "clarity of vision" which can be "channeled" as "energy" to one'self or to "others".

"Everyone" "settles" for "less". "Everything" is "getting smaller".

Brendan deVallance

Ideal situation:

Television: A television variety show like the old Sonny and Cher Show with skits, and live music, and comedy, and drama, but with a bit more of the Ed Sullivan Show coming at you to give the non-narrative work a better showcase. This would be ideal.

Actual situation/Best method?:

I do every performance I am asked to do because I have a lot of ideas in my head. For me performance needs an audience to view the work and so I am reliant upon the gallery, the bar, the nightclub, to set up the show. I can't prime my own canvas. So I take 97% of every opportunity I am given to perform. This also opens up my chances to perform in a variety of spaces for a variety of people. I am interested in presenting my art for everyone. And practically no one goes to art galleries.

Performers A/Z:

A ————— Z
• Me

NO ONE LIKES TO BE PUT ON A GRAPH. ESPECIALLY ARTISTS.

P-FORM SEPT/OCT 1987

Kapra Fleming

Ideal situation:

labyrinthine skies
of ripe eyed bananas
time traveled spaces
in midsummer languor
bleach blue eyed
lacertilian faces
these are a few
of my favorite things

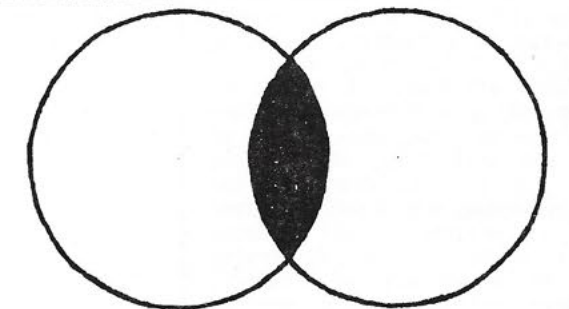
Actual situation:

Palimpsest

Best method?:

This one make three
a touch of divinity
complete as any ritual
needs its bread
baked whole to be divided
among the guests of life
yet one in every five forgets
the yeast,
a killer of cuisine,
mundanely murdered
bloodied
by the knife
my neck grows stiff
from sleeping long enough
in this dark oven
so massage my neck, my head
prepare the bread
for breaking
with the wine
of the new year
let me eat off the past.

Performers A/Z:



Werner Herterich

Ideal situation:

A hypothetically ideal working situation would be a community of people who are interested in exploring their humanity through playing -- music, rituals, art, politics, celebrations, protests, dance.

Actual situation:

I usually find the above and settle for it. I wouldn't settle for too many directions on what to do. So far, so good.

Best method?:

Mostly, I like to draw from the unlimited resources of real life for my work. I like to encourage the people for/with whom my work is made to mark it, let it be their medium too.

Performers A/Z:

The graph is a point. My position is the point.

Michael Meyers

I work by accumulating and shuffling bits of material; writings, drawings, clippings from the paper or a line from someone else's poem which moves me. Sometimes I work down, from a title, which serves as a trigger and later helps in the organization and modification of the performed moments. At other times it is the physical characteristics, presence, abilities, or lack of them in a classic way, of people I gather to work with. Much comes from rehearsal where wishful thinking no longer operates. At times some peculiarity in a space where I have been asked to work shakes something loose and almost always it is the physical space which anchors the material and leads to formal decisions such as lighting and the invention of set pieces. It is almost never smooth.

I began as a painter, receiving my masters in painting from the University of Iowa. I stayed on as a painting and drawing teacher only leaving the University of Iowa, and Iowa City, when I was fired. I like to dramatize the event by saying that a small cluster of us (I imagine us all to have been ex-grads of the University who, for a variety of reasons, had been retained) were marched into Frank's office and told, by Frank who besides being the head of the school also had a lot of money, something ludicrous to the effect that everything, although it didn't seem that way to us now, was going to work out alright. In some ways that always turns out to be true except for the unlucky among us who nurture and grow inside themselves some seed which converts Frank's or anybody else's rosy forecast to prattle. Generally I am the same kind of performance maker as I was a painter in that most of my paintings grew from themselves, one mark pulling another with the picture taking shape from itself. For me structuring a live event better deals with the layered and unfolding complexities that I experience in my life than painting. However there is a sweetness special to each way of working and so I draw and make some kinds of paintings, although not the same kind as before, the need for that kind of inquiry being tapped, and I write.

Robert Metrick

Ideal situation:

In this vision I am completely subsidized in terms of time and \$ (without the bothersome distractions of a regular job or grant applications) -- of course, this would also encompass the satisfaction of all terrestrial/extraterrestrial needs and desires for my collaborators and all others involved in the performance.

The performing space is a Buckminster Fuller geodesic dome -- an abundance of plant-life, temperature controlled, physically flexible and technically adaptable to fulfill the specific requirements of each art activity happening within it.

Maybe I would even sleep when I wanted to.

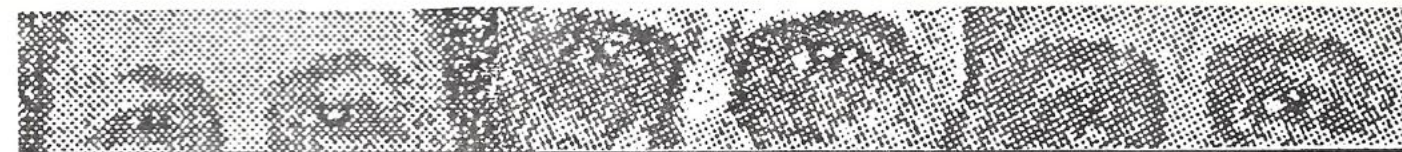
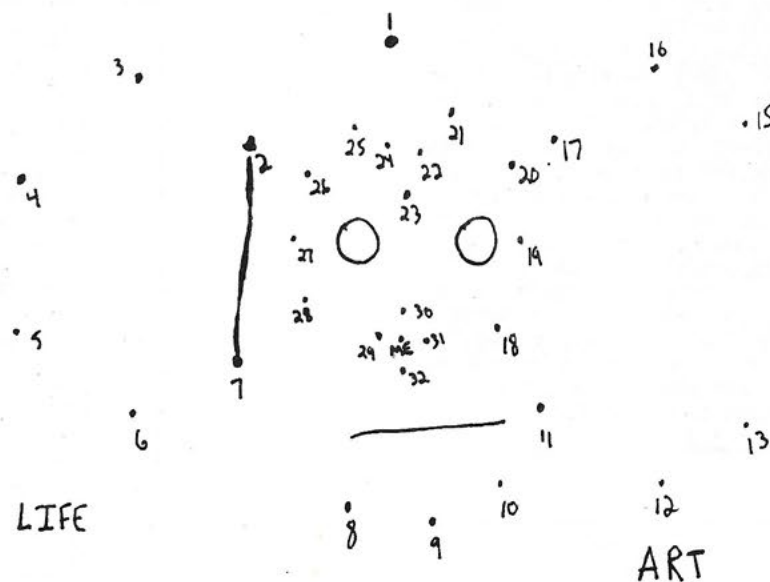
Actual situation:

If I generate ideas/concepts/displaced notions which are not reprehensible, ludicrous, or embarrassing

to myself, there is a reasonable chance that I may somehow use them. For me random forces are essential nutrients for any well-balanced performance-art-work, so there is not really much I can "settle for" until after the fact -- but I do manage to tolerate some of my materials while the work is forming and re-forming and re-forming. What I tolerate is not necessarily what I settle for and what I settle for is not necessarily what I tolerate.

Since I do not have the fortune of living in a complete vacuum and must acknowledge the existence of Audience, who acknowledges the existence of performance, I am attuned to the Audience Entity, but not in the sense of "personal identification." Identification is incidental, while the expectations of Audience are omnipresent as materials to work with.

CONNECT THE DOTS



THE VISITING ARTISTS PROGRAM

The School of the Art Institute of Chicago
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CONSIDERING SCULPTURE

HAL FOSTER
Monday, September 21

JOHN AHEARN
Monday, September 28

GROUP MATERIAL
Monday, October 19

CHRISTY RUPP
Monday, October 26

All events 7:00 pm
School Auditorium
Admission: \$3 general public
Free to all students w/ I.D.
Series continues....

VIDEO ON THE AIR

LOIS BIANCHI
Tuesday, September 22

RII KANZAKI
Tuesday, October 13

DOUG HALL
Tuesday, October 20

ALLEN RUCKER
Tuesday, October 27

All events 7:30 pm
Video Area, Room 057
Free admission
Series continues....

LEAGUE OF ARTS & IDEAS

PHILIP GLASS
Tuesday, September 29

ELIZABETH MURRAY
Tuesday, October 6

All events 6:00 pm
Rubloff Auditorium
Admission: \$10 general public
\$3 area colleges, Free SAIC

ADDITIONAL EVENTS

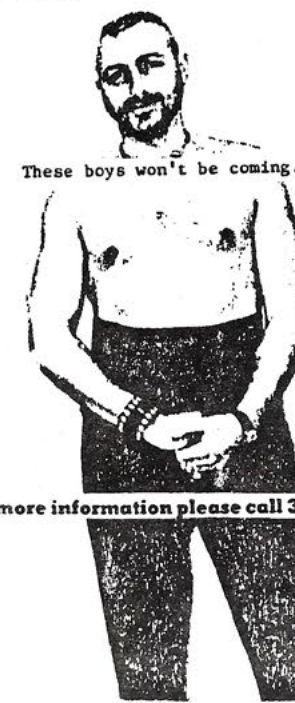
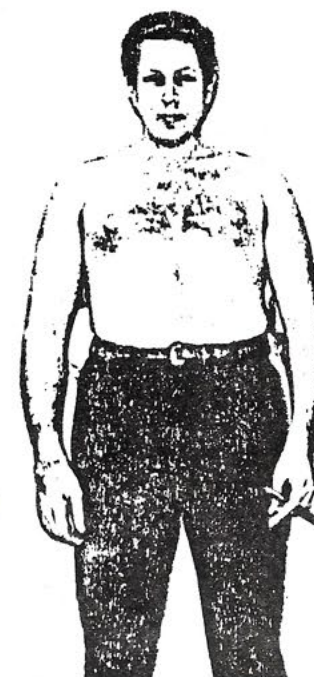
SUZI GABLIK
Wednesday, October 21

TERRY WINTERS
Monday, November 2

All events 6:00 pm
School Auditorium
Admission: \$3 general public
Free to all students w/ I.D.

UPCOMING

"Simulations/Dissimulations"
symposium
November 4-7
Includes talks by Harold Cohen,
Pamela McCorduck, Jean Baudrillard



For more information please call 312. 443-3711.



OUT OF THIS WORLD PERFORMANCES



Photo: Will Higgins

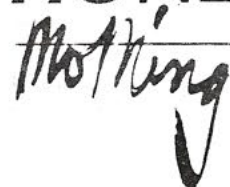
the **WORLD PREMIERE** of
"THREE WHO TRAVELLED"
 by Patricia Pelletier, Donna Mandel and Kathleen Maltese

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P-FORM

CALENDAR

SEPT



1987

Sep 11 - Oct 3	SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTERS Stage Left Theatre Fri & Sat 11p	"On Sunday," a "terrorist love song," directed by Fritzie Sahlins, and performed by Anna Brown, Kiki Bussell, and Doreen Laszuk.
Sep 12	KAREN FINLEY Cabaret Metro Sat 12 midnight	The reigning queen of hack-and-slash monologue comes home to Chicago again.
Sep 12	"ART-DAW" Axe St. Arena Sat 7p	The opening of a multi-media installation that runs through Oct 11, focusing on the use of both the inner gallery and the outside space, with performances by Donna McLaughlin and Ezequiel Hodari.
Sep 18	EUGENE CHADBOURNE Links Hall Fri 9p	Links Hall opens its season with a solo performance by this guitarist/singer/noisemaker.
Sep 19	DEREK BAILEY Links Hall Sat 9p	Solo concert by a pioneer of guitar improvisation.
Sep 19	JEAN SOUSA & SCOTT RANKIN Randolph Street Gallery Sat 8p	Text-based films and video.
Sep 24	MAXINE CHERNOFF, JAMES MCMANUS & LARRY HEINEMANN Links Hall Thu 8p	New American Writing presents an evening of Chicago fiction.
Sep 25 - Oct 1	CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL GAY/LESBIAN FILM FESTIVAL Music Box Theater Daily	Chicago Filmmakers sponsors 20 feature films and several shorts by artists from around the world. 2 or 3 shows daily. Call for more details.
Sep 26	ED HERRMANN & BOB BESWICK Randolph Street Gallery Sat 8p	Musician Herrmann (Ohio) and dancer Beswick (NYC) collaborate on an evening of new electronic music and improvisational dance.

Late Addition: Dutch performance artist TON POMPERT presents "Wurt Bezok" Friday & Saturday, Sept. 18/19, 7 and 9 pm, \$10/\$6 students, seniors. At the Organic Lab Theatre, 3321 N. Clark, 327-5588.

Music Box Theater 3733 N. Southport 871-6604	Briar St. Theater 3133 N. Halsted 348-4000	Axe St. Arena 2778 N. Milwaukee 252-6082	Cabaret Metro 3730 N. Clark 549-0203	Stage Left Theatre 3244 N. Clark 783-8830	MoMing 1034 W. Barry 472-9894	Links Hall 3435 N. Sheffield 281-0824	Randolph Street Gallery 756 N. Milwaukee 666-7737
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OCT

1987

Oct 2 - 3	AIDS BENEFIT PERFORMANCE & VIDEO Randolph Street Gallery Fri & Sat 8p	L.A. performance artist John Goss presents "Pink Life" ; videotapes by local artists.
Oct 5	MIROSLAW ROGALA Briar St. Theater Mon 8:30p	Together with the Center for New Television, Briar St. Theater presents a screening of 6 different pieces created between 1980 and the present.
Oct 5 - Nov 8	<u>TITUS ANDRONICUS</u> Organic Theater Mainstage Thu-Sat 8p, Sun 7p	Thomas Riccio directs this contemporary setting of Shakespeare's classic "revenge" tragedy. Previews Oct 1 - 4.
Oct 8	M. L. LIEBLER, JOHN SINCLAIR, TYRONE WILLIAMS & BOB RUDNICK Links Hall Thu 8p	Readings by Detroit poets.
Oct 9 - 10	AIDS BENEFIT VIDEO Randolph Street Gallery Fri & Sat 8p	Friday: public service/educational tapes with a lecture presentation. Saturday: video art pieces including work of John Greyson (L.A.).
Oct 15 - 18	PATRICIA PELLETIER, KATHLEEN MALTESE & DONNA MANDEL MoMing Fri & Sat 8:30p, Thu & Sun 7:30p	"Three Who Travelled," a new dance/performance art work co-produced by the performance art collective Fluid Measure.
Oct 16	EXPERIMENTAL FILM COALITION Randolph Street Gallery Fri 8p	Featuring the world premiere of "Spectre Woman / Search for the Lost Idol," a collaborative effort between Chicago filmmaker Tom Pallazollo and Chicago native/New York performance artist Ellen Fisher.
* Oct 17	AIDS BENEFIT PERFORMANCE, TEXT, VIDEO Randolph Street Gallery Sat 8p	Hudson presents "Homosexualization of the World, Byte I," a program featuring the writing of Dennis Cooper and video by Rick X.
Oct 17	MARK ROTH, DEBORAH PINTONELLI & PAUL MCCOMAS Links Hall Sat 9p	An evening of performance by these Chicago artists.
* Oct 22	AIDS PANEL DISCUSSION Randolph Street Gallery Thu 8p	Panelists include Jan Grover, John Greyson, and others.
* Oct 23 - 24	AIDS BENEFIT PERFORMANCE Randolph Street Gallery Fri & Sat 8p	Bi-coastal performance artists Tim Miller and Douglas Sadownick present "Buddy Systems."

During the month of October, Randolph Street Gallery will dedicate their live events programming to work which addresses A.I.D.S. related issues. Each weekend, RSG will present performance, video or intermedia work from around the country, and there will be a lecture presentation and panel discussion exploring the topic. Door proceeds from these events will go to an A.I.D.S. Human Services organization. The order of the following listings is subject to change; * dates which are tentative are indicated by an asterisk. Please call 666-7737 for definite scheduling and more information.