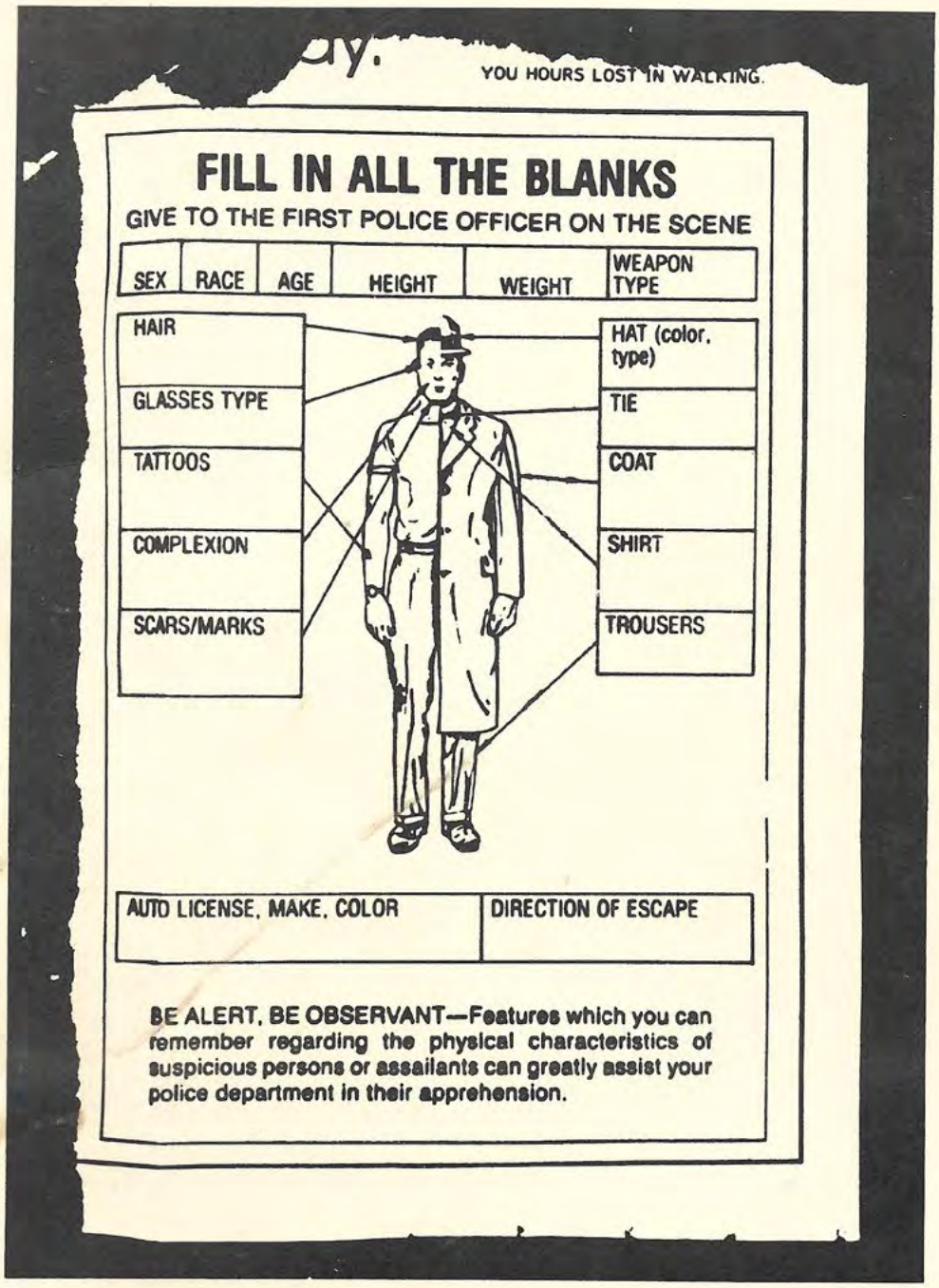
# P-FORM

PERFORMANCE ART NEWS

September/October 1988 $1.00



# Links Hall Performance Series Fall 1988

**3435 N. Sheffield. 2nd Fl. 281-0824**

September
22. **Frank Farrell** (actor/poet)
24. **Chicago Poetry Ensemble**
29. **Marc Smith** (performance poet)
30. **The Potato Engineers** (multi-media)

October
1. **Gideon Alorwoyie and the African American Unity Ensemble** (drums & dancers)
6. **Dan Pearson/Lorri Jackson** (poets)
7. **Bill Barnes + 1000 Excuses** (new music)
8. **Andy Soma** (performance art)
13. **Lisa Buscani/Patricia Smith** (poets)
14. **John Bussa** (performance art)
15. **Eugene Chadbourne** (new music)
20. **Tamara Madison/Sharese Locke**(poets)
21. **Chinese Music Soloist Kerry Leung**
22. **Arabic Classical Music Ensemble**
27. **Art Lange/Sal Salasin**(poets)
28. **Cambodian Folk Music Ensemble**
29. **Chicago Samba Ensemble**

November
3. **Paul Hoover/James McManus**(readings)
4. **Shawn Decker** (computer music)
5. **Chicago Beau and his House Rockers** (blues/jazz)
11. **Kahil El Zabar Percussion Quartet**
12. **Conjunto Bembe** (Conga Quintet)
17. **The Oxygen Jukebox** (performance art)
19. **Robert Metrick** (performance art)

December *(Co-sponsored With Moming)*
2. **Don Meckley** (short wave music) **Phantom Ranch String Quartet**(new music)
3. **Phil Cohran + Circle of Sound** (new jazz)

# Club Lower Links

**945 W. Newport-248-5238**

**Mondays-Music**
Programmed by Michael Zerang

September
5. **Hal Russell + NRG Ensemble Featuring Mars Williams**
12. **Trondent Shaman**
19. **Mike Smith and the Barons**
26. **Cult Hero's**

October
3. **Damon Short & Co.**
10. **Hal Russell + NRG Ensemble Featuring Mars Williams**
17. **Jack Beef**
24. **Johnse Holt & Friends**
31. **Max Grey & Co.**

November
7. **Hal Russell + NRG Ensemble Featuring Mars Williams**
14. **Renaldo and the Renaldo's**
21. **Cacophony**
28. TBA

December
5. **Hal Russell + NRG Ensemble Featuring Mars Williams**
12. **Kent Kessler/Michael Zerang Duets**

**Tuesdays-Poetry & Fiction Readings**
September 20, 27.*
Programmed By **Deborah Pintonelli**
October 4, 11,18, 25.*
Programmed by **Marc Smith**
November 1, 15, 22, 29.*
Programmed by **David Sedaris**

**Wednesdays-Performance Art**
September 7, 14, 21, 28.*
Programmed by **Mitch Covic**
October 5, 12, 19, 26.*
Programmed by **Andy Soma**
November 2, 9, 16, 23, 30.*
Programmed by **Jeff Abell**
*** Artists TBA**

**Special Events**
**Guest DJ's** on Fridays
September 9 + 16
**Saxophonitis (Sax Quartet)**
September 10
**Maestro Subgum and the Whole**
September 11, 18, 25.
**Kahil El Zabar Trio w/ Malachi Favors & Ari Brown**
October 2, 9, 16, 23, 30.
**Festival of Bagpipes**

# N.A.M.E Gallery

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**september**
9 OPENING **david kroll, jason miklik**
22 VIDEO **black and white show**
29 PANEL DISCUSSION **6 women on performance**
*BOOK, WEXLER, BLAKEMORE, EVANS N.F BROWN, HIXSON*
**moderated by carole tormollan**

**october**
14 OPENING **ed andrews howard miller**
21,22 PERFORMANCE **john haskell**
28 SOUND/MUSIC **experimental sound studio curates**
30,1 PERFORMANCE **mark roth susan wexler**
29 VIDEO **witches and glitches**

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WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 28
**THE FRANCOS**
**THE STORM**
THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 29
**THE BOND**
**THE CRY**
FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 30
**JUGGULAR**
SATURDAY OCTOBER 1
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# EDITORIAL

In FAME you'll meet all the right people. You probably know their names. And their faces. (They're everywhere -- and so is their influence.) But what are they *really* like? How do they live and play...and manage to keep accumulating more power, wealth, and success? How did they climb to the top? And how do they stay there?

**Where do they gather? Dine? Shop? Party? Invest? How do they make their connections? Spend their leisure time? Keep fit and looking great? Where do they get their energy? Inspiration? Know-how? Will to succeed? Where do they go to get away from it all?**

Come and find out in the pages of FAME.

The seasons change, the leaves change, and of course we continue to change but will never stop bringing you news of Chicago's thriving and writhing performance art. This issue: Josephine Perez spews forth gossip you love to/or hate; Dani K. and Irene T. gathered views from around the nation on the topic of fame, and you can read it in exactly fifteen minutes if you hurry. But don't rush. Savor the transcendental interview with Richard Shechner, get out your dictionary for Maggie Doyle's coverage of Theatre Oobleck, spill coffee as you deliberate over Kevin Henry's word scramble. Enjoy our humble attempt to give Chicago performance art diverse and consistent coverage. Keep informed, keep in touch, happy Columbus Day.


## P-FORM

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Coordinating Editor:
Irene Tsatsos
Editors:
Dani K.
Danny Ray Leopard
Peter Taub
Nancy Martell
Contributing Editor:
Michele Rabkin
Photography Editor:
Susan Anderson
Design/Production:
Brendan de Vallance
Production:
Richard Loos
Susan Sladen
Cover:
Irene Tsatsos

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RANDOLPH STREET GALLERY
756 N. Milwaukee Ave.
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(312) 666-7737


*Sybil: The Face Of Our Times*

***By Kevin Thornton***

# Vanna White & Laurie Anderson:
## Sisters Under The Skin

The *Star* recently reported that next season Vanna will cease to turn the letters by hand. With the push of a button from her feminine finger, they'll flip automatically.

This is a giant step for performance art. This giant step brings Vanna near to becoming the first publicly claimed performer whose performance consists of being. Think about it. If they give Vanna less to do, what's her job? It's standing there. With her button.

It could get even better. Maybe Vanna's button doesn't really work. Maybe the same guy backstage who lights up the letters will turn them around , too. Vanna as form without function, or even the pretense of function. Vanna as Vanna and nothing less!

Vanna will embody the essence of American celebrity. Purer than Elvis (who had to sing), or Marilyn Monroe (who had to make movies), or Andy Warhol (who had to go to parties), Vanna will be paid for *not* singing, *not* acting, *not* talking . And at that moment, when all she has to do is live and breathe (and maybe turn around once in a while), when her career consists of merely existing before the camera, Vanna will become the most successful performance artist in America.

Is Vanna superior to Laurie Anderson? Well, much as one hates to view Art as competitive, Vanna's certainly better measured by the criterion of being the performance. Laurie, after all, has an act: she plays the violin and stuff. There's a lot to watch. Sure, she's smarter and more interesting than Vanna, but so what? So's Henry Kissinger, and nobody calls him an artist. Mainly, though, I judge Vanna as superior by the same criterion we judge any performer in America, be they Heather Locklear, Ted Koppel, or Cornelia Guest: publicity. And here Vanna has it over Laurie hands down.. For Laurie has reached the outer limits of fame for an avant garde artist in our society. She's been in the *New York Times*. The PBS crowd knows about her. She doesn't have anyplace else to go. Any further and she becomes like David Byrne, a "mod" pop artist, and we all know the only step beyond that is kitsch. Laurie Anderson is condemned by her social role to be only moderately famous at best—to be forever unknown in southern Indiana.

Of course, Vanna won't be a *real* performance artsist. She's too popular. She doesn't kow words, like "minimalist "or "self-referential" or "metasymbolic." Look at her autobiography, the lavishly illustrated *Vanna Speaks*. She's incapable of whipping up a pamphlet explaining the meaning of performance. But what if she could? What if Vanna were secretly a feminist intellectual? Goodbye , fun. We'd read artcles like "The Prison of the Evening Gown" or "A Study in Banality: The Objectified Female Smile" instead of getting to figure out S-LF CL-AN-NG OV-N.

No. Though Vanna has had a Good Upbringing and is, I think, vaguely aware that it's odd that she's so famous, she'd definitely have to characterized as a "naive" artist, like Grandma Moses. Perhaps its safer, the, to say that because she isn't her own critic, that Vanna isn't a performance artist at all, but is instead, say, a "performance." We'll be confronted by this truth more directly when she stops turning letters.

Vanna doesn't understand this, and unfortunately ruins herself as a performance by attempting to perform. Thus, faithful readers of the *Star* discover Vanna in struggles for more clout on "The Wheel." She wants to interview guests and engage in witty repartee. And there's her forthcoming made-for-TV movie, "The Godess of Love, " in which she plays the title character. Here I fear Vanna will reveal herself as a small town South Carolina girl who can't act when instead she could be continuing her career as a great performance artist.

We all know about the corrupting influence of Hollywood. Yet Vanna is kitsch-proof. She's way beyond that. She started out as second fiddle on a *game show*. Her autobiography discusses *makeup*. Everybody's heard of her and everybody's laughed at her. Everybody. We're all in on this joke, except maybe Vanna herself, but—and this is the heart of the matter—she would still be mobbed at any shopping mall in America. Vanna White has succeeded in turning the avant garde inside out: everybody gets it but artist.

## Fame Story Problem ~ WHO AM I?

~ The Sun is my friend. The Moon is my friendly acquaintance.

~ I have never been mellow.

~ Most of my weapons are obsolete.

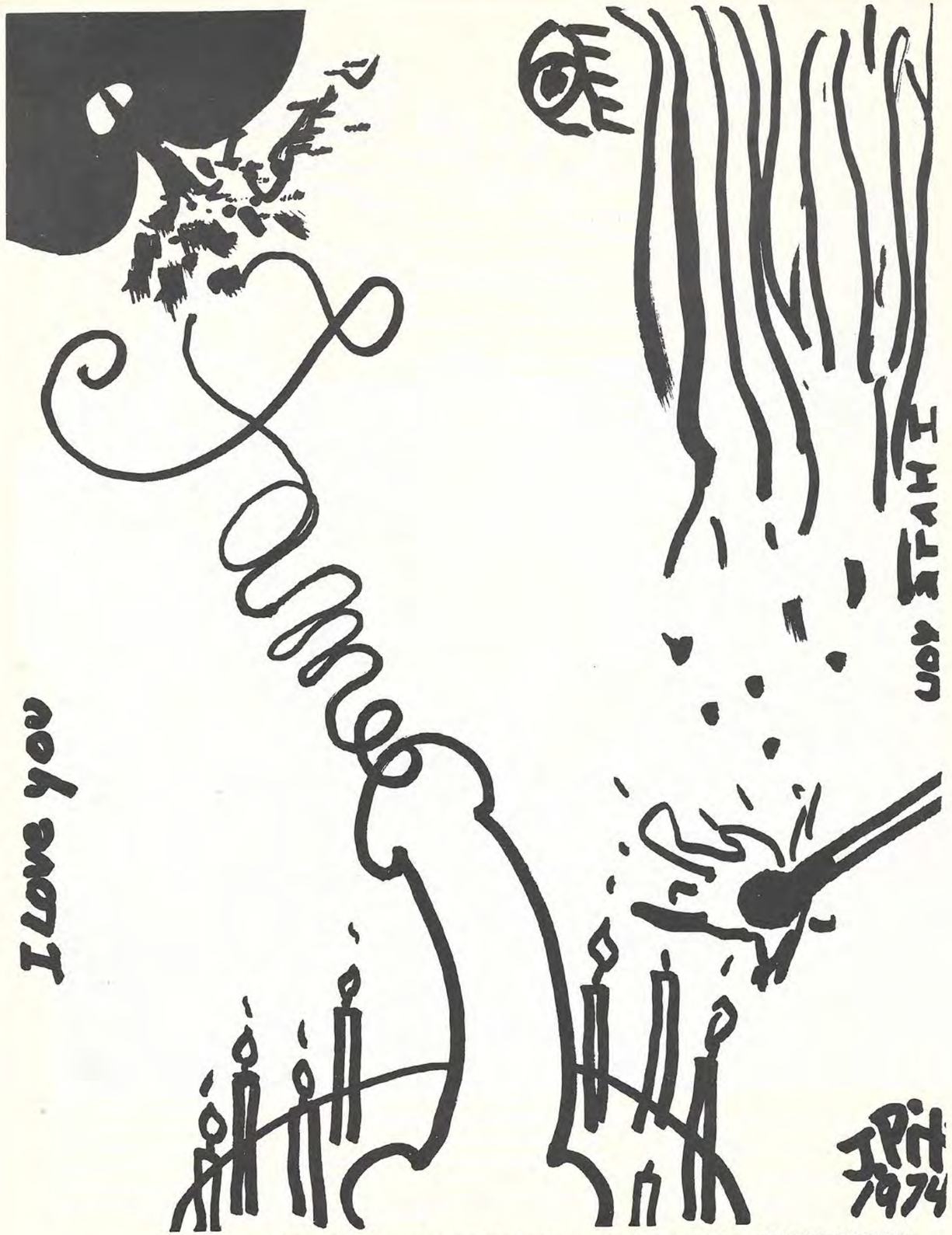
~ When people are asked to name 3 frauds and an imposter, they often think of me.

~ Inside my kitchen is a river which runs clear 'round the equator (if I'm reading this map correctly).

~ On alternating Thursdays I am vanquished.

~ I have driven across the continent at least 17 times without ever leaving the car.

# WHO AM I?






## YES, I DO MAKE A LIVING. . .

#1

Yes, I do make a living from performance art. I have a couple of pieces which I do on an ongoing basis. One is a sort of multi-media piece with video and improv and some text (which I get from art magazines and books) called "Faculty From The Deep." I dress up like my grandfather, his shoes, his jacket, affect a serious manner, and make up stuff about performance art. You can really say just about anything. The other piece I do is called "The Sub-Junior-Executive Part-Time Functionary" and it's sort of a theater piece with a lot of text and a few props. I dress up like my grandfather, his shoes, his jacket, affect a serious manner, answer the telephone, and in a sing-song voice I say, "Career Planning and Placement Center. . . She's on another line, can I help you?" I make a pretty good living from performance art. I don't mind telling you that I have a VCR and a microwave and Marimekko sheets. Also, doing performance art keeps one safely out of the art market, though I would consider buying a couple of CD's.

#2

I expect to do performance art until I get a few more of the things I have my heart set on like a Mercedes Benz, and I always have wanted my own Cezanne. But after that, I don't know. I've always wanted to be a hospital dietician. In the meantime, performance art offers you a lot of great perks. It's a thrill to be able to manipulate the emotions of so many people at once. The response isn't quite as extreme as you get from hospital food, but it's right up there.

**NANCY FOREST BROWN**

# FAME

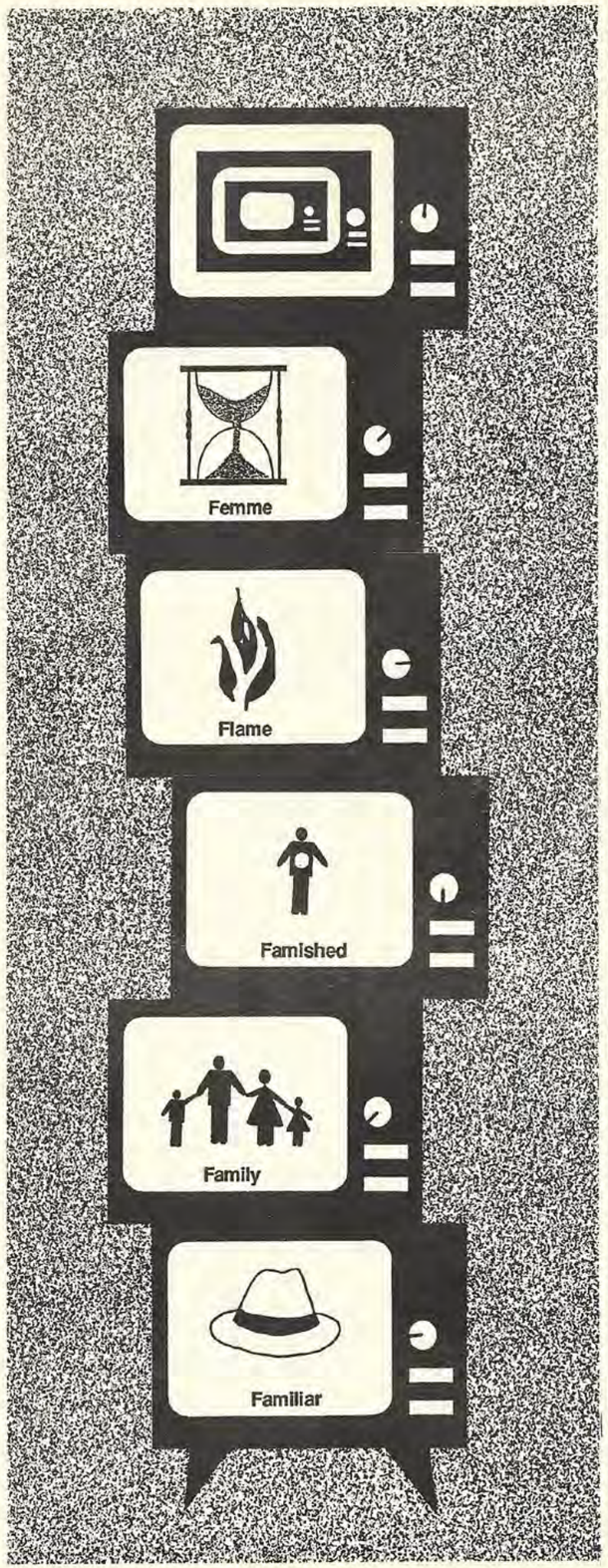
## (from Latin fama; from the word *fara*, to speak)

There are two cards in a Tarot reading, which are supposed to represent the subject's hopes and fears, respectively. But in reading after reading, the cards seem to flip-flop: the "hopes" card is the subject's worst dread; the "fears" card the subject's brightest aspiration. After a period of some confusion, I realized that the cards flip-flopped because the two emotions were so closely tied: we desire the things we fear the most, and are terrified by our hopes.Which seems to be a good place to raise the topic of fame. The term often seems to be tied to some other word: fame and money, fame and love and I suspect that is because fame in and of itself is not particularly valuable. To the extent that it engenders desirable things (like love or money), then it is worth pursuing. But my suspicion is that what we really desire is a personal *reason* for fame, rather than fame itself.

The idea of being reknowned or much talked about (i.e. famous) seems to me tied to some sort of achievementof a positive nature (otherwise we would say "infamous"). People become famous by winning a prize, winning a race, creating a great work of art. It is that sense of achievement that we really desire, not fame. Fame only comes in the recognition of the achievement by others. When someone says they hope to be famous, it means they wish to achieve some goal and to be recognized for it.

It's all part of the gradual recognition of our own mortality. We wish to leave something behind: a child, a work, a medal. If what we leave cannot be something tangible, we'll simply settle for people continuing to talk about us.

**JEFF ABELL**




NOTE-O-GRAM

**JOHN CAGE**

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

**MESSAGE**

TO

P-FORM Readers

What with many more performance artists than formerly, and many more directions, both aesthetic and technical, being found, it would seem, every minute, it is not easy to remain aware of what's going on. You need any help you can get, and when the help is really good, that's a plus. That's why subscribing to P-FORM makes sense to me.

BY

ITEM # N-R73 © Wheeler Group Inc

**Kathryn Hixson**



***Unscramble these famous artists' names and using the letters in numerical order fill in the blanks to reveal the mystery phrase.***

AHWOLR — — — — — —
2

TEDBNARRM — — — — — — — — — —
13

OSAISCP — — — — — — —
8

OONDKENGI — — — — — — — — —
1

GRBEERSACUH — — — — — — — — — — — —
4

SJNOH — — — — —
12

EROHPP — — — — — —
10

EEFEKO — — — — — —
11

ETARUS — — — — — —
16

DANERNSO — — — — — — — —
17

AMERSNH — — — — — — —
5

LLASE — — — — —
7

CHAPMUD — — — — — — —
3

CHEONYK — — — — — — —
14

ELNVIE — — — — — —
9

KALOLPCK — — — — — — —
6

HNGGOVA — — — — — — —
15

MYSTERY PHRASE: — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Kevin Henry
and Dani K.

# An Interview With
# Richard Schechner

## by Nancy Forest Brown

This interview took place on April 17, 1988 at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Part One of the interview follows.

Richard Schechner is Professor of Performance Studies at New York University and the editor of *The Drama Review*. He was a founder/director of the Performance Group and is the author of many articles and books, among them: *Essays on Performance Theory 1970-76, The End of Humanism,* and *Between Theater and Anthropology*.

Nancy Forest Brown is a performance artist and instructor of performance art at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

**NFB:** *In* The End Of Humanism *you write "Where does natural life leave off and artificial life begin and what's it got to do with theatre?" Certainly with performance art that's an important question. Maybe you could address that.*

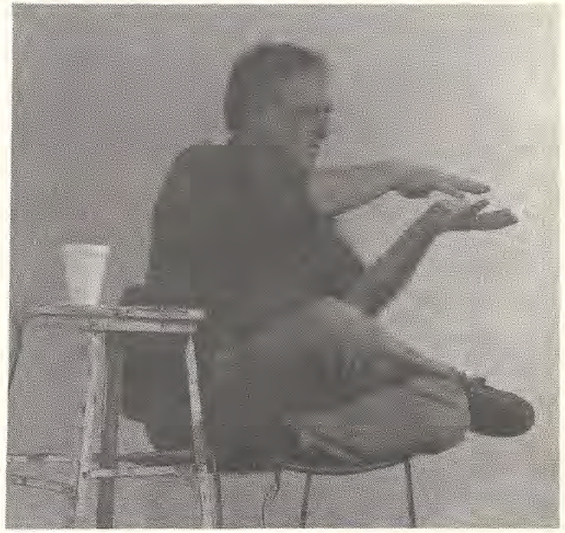
**RS:** Well, there's.... You have a big circle and you think of three events on that circle. Let's call one life, one performance art, and one theatre. Over the last "X" number of years----who knows how many---you could say from the end of the 19th century, you could say from the first Happenings in 1959, you could say from the Surrealist manifestations. It depends on what history you're drawing from. But both theatre and performance art have been biting into life. Life as unmediated experience, in Western culture, gets less and less. More of it is called art from the theatre side and from the performance side.
Now, I've been a big supporter of that. But, just the last couple of days I've been beginning to wonder. Not that a thing shouldn't be called art, but ought there not be certain parts of living which are not reflexive? That are not made into artworks, that are not documented, that are not potentially replayable? I would think that the Postmodern condition is a condition whose ambition is that everything is replayable. Or let me be really fancy about it: since we're convinced there's no immortality, through documenting ourselves we project an artificial immortality. Or we invent immortality that we can't have.
It's a certain way of putting off any kind of primality of value. We see it all around. We see it in new religions, the kind of "California religions," the religions that recycle.... You see, Christianity is a religion that doesn't recycle. You die and then you wait around for the last day and then you live forever. And it's a very linear sense of history and a history with an end. And that is not a very suitable metaphor for many people. Judaism doesn't take any stand on this immortality business, really. But the Hindu traditions and some of the Buddhist traditions that derive from the Hindu traditions really recycle life. Ultimately it might end, but you get recycled. You come back. You're reincarnated. And that is really a model for this kind of art which says that all experience will be recycled. And in which the living itself is thereby an artwork.
The last I heard was TehChing Hsieh is doing a 15-year artwork, but the artwork that he's now doing---I think it's supposed to be over in 2002 or something like that. I'll have to check into it when I get back to New York. I just heard about it a couple of days ago. He's supposed to be in his studio and out of touch, and no one can hear from him or do anything or make contact with him until 15 years are over. So it's a completely hermetic artwork. Or he's just living his life and don't bother me until 2002. But it's still in that frame of art.
I'm no longer particularly interested in answering the question or trying to answer the question "Is it art? or not?" I'm much more interested in the question "What is behind this intention?" "Why do people want to do this?" Not whether it's art. I'll grant that it's art. That's not interesting to me. What is in it for these people? And what's in it is an attempt, it seems, to extend life beyond it's materialist basis. And in materialist culture that's very difficult to do. It becomes a recycling, it becomes a framing of ordinary life as something which is more than ordinary life. Not simply a throwaway, or a one time only, or a linear--- See, the beauty of linearity is that it's tragic. That is, you make a mistake and you can't undo it. And that's very scary. So, to a certain degree, I'm arguing slightly for a linear consciousness, because it makes you responsible for your actions.
One more thing.... Ecologically speaking, we're living a linear life. Either we fuck up the ozone or we don't. We blow ourselves up or we don't. We over-populate until life is just miserable for most of us or we don't. All of that can really be factored in a linear way and has to be solved in a linear way. It's not going to come back a second time. And it's very little solace to me if the cockroaches continue. I know that life in the big sense will continue no matter what human beings do, but I have a certain human chauvinism. I'd like to see human life continue.

**NFB:** *It seems to me that, with TehChing Hsieh's performances, the question is often, and I think it's a materialist society's question, what's in it for the audience?*

**RS:** You mean people ask that of his performance?

**NFB.** *They could. Yes.*

**RS:** Right. It's an unfair question. It can only be a fair question if all performance was that way and audiences didn't have any place else to go. The other part of it, of a capitalist society, is that it's a consumer society. If you don't like Neiman Marcus, you go down to Marshall Fields. In other words, it's not like his is the only ball game in town. So, there's nothing in it for the audience.
What it is, is a shift of artistic attention, let's say, from the contemplation of art as an immediate experience to the contemplation of what I would call the aftermath. This will take a little bit of time to explain, but.... From a performance theory point of view, there are a number of phases of performance. There's training, and then there's workshop, then there's rehearsal, and there's a difference between those two. And then there's preparation, and then there's warm-up, then there's performance (the thing itself), then there's cool-down, and then there's aftermath.
And something like what TehChing does or some of Kaprow's work, the performance itself is very privatized, very private, very intimate. There is no audience. The audience comes in the preparation phase and the aftermath phase.
In other words, the conventional Western way of regarding a performance is to look at the performance, and we don't want to know what happens in the wings of the stage. When you come up against life-like art, to use Kaprow's sense, you can't see the performance itself. So, your attention goes to the preparation phase and the aftermath phase. In other words, the preparation phase is the conceptual art business---what are they doing? Why are they doing it? And you discuss it. Now why is Linda Montano wearing red, green, blue, etcetera and so forth? Why are they doing.... And the aftermath is: they've done it, now what's in it for us? So, to me, that's still part of the performance process.



It's kind of like an eclipse of the sun, where at that moment of eclipse you no longer can see the sun. It's blanked out. And that's the only time you can see the corona. Which in itself is very interesting and beautiful. It's not the sun. But if you try to stare at the sun you're going to go blind, or, that not real, you could see the corona. And in a certain sense, the corona of performance, the brilliance of the gaze, is eliminated in this kind of work. And then you see this preparation and aftermath and it becomes the center of your attention.
It also means that there's more of a place for historians and critics in that kind of dialogue. The artist, in a strange way, has had almost all the power, because the artist can say "I'm

Schechner Continued on page 19

# WHEN IT IS POSSIBLE. . .

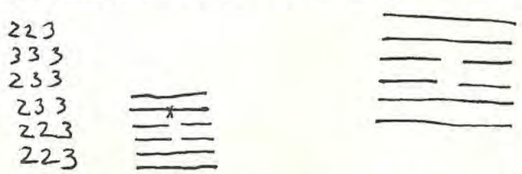
When it is possible to write you write. Knowing that fame is an achilles heel to the creative temperament. Fame seduces and ruins. Tennessee Williams, after the generous public reception for *The Glass Menagerie*, gave his account in "The Catastrophe of Success." A fame which offered menial security was a 'kind of death,' removing one from the conditions which made the artist in the first place.

In classical mythology, there was a warrior who was invincible so long as he kept with the earth. He was finally slain by another in battle, having been lifted off the the ground and crushed, strangled. The mechanism of fame struggles to overcome the creative sensibility — to cut if off from that ground which made it.

This cautions those who may be carried away. Literally picked up. This was Tennessee Williams caution to artists.

WALTER ANDERSONS

# INNER TRUTH




Pigs and fishes are the least intelligent of all animals and therefore the most difficult to influence. The force of inner truth must grow great indeed before its influence can extend to such creatures. In dealing with persons as intractable and as difficult to influence as a pig or a fish, the whole secret of success depends on finding the right way of approach.

PERRY VENSON



# DO YOU REALLY WONDER WHY I REJECT YOU FIRST?

# 3 Who Dared: A Play on the Movies

Theatre Oobleck
Cabaret Voltaire

"To laugh is a sovereign moment...transcendence must be ruined by laughter."

Georges Bataille

"The bitter laugh laughs at that which is not good, it is the ethical laugh. The hollow laugh laughs at that which is not true, it is the intellectual laugh. Not good! Not true! Well well. But the mirthless laugh is the dianoetic laugh, down the snout — Haw! — so. It is the laugh of laughs, the *risus purus*, the laugh laughing at the laugh, the beholding, the saluting of the highest joke, in a word the laugh that laughs — silence please — at that which is unhappy."

Beckett.*Watt*.

Theatre Oobleck is about town. If you missed *Godzilla versus Lent*, perhaps you witnessed their performance action during the first Cubs night game - exposing General Electric as the third largest weapons manufacturer. "It's only a ball game!" shouted the Chicago police as they tried to contain the group. Yes. That's the problem. Or perhaps you were wandering about Bucktown's Art Fair this summer and wondered why the art police corralled the giant octopus disseminating rhymed couplets against gentrification. "Are you Real Artists? This is a Juried Fair!" At points of social and theatrical border control, watch for Oobleck tap dancing across the line and provoking political stichomythia. If you've missed these performative interventions, be sure to participate in the October 1 benefit performance for Refuse and Resist at the Randolph Street Gallery. Also see "The Pope is Not a Eunuch" on October 15 at Cabaret Voltaire.

Acephalic, anarchic in theory and practice, Theatre Oobleck is committed to generating new works through 1990. The group operates by means of consensus, with no director. Scripts are offered for group critique and development. Actors' perogative ensures dialogic working methods. Scripts and scene work are submitted to a rigorous nightly three hour group critique. We will have much to learn about group process if Oobleck can renegotiate the schismatics that undermined Actors' Group and the Performance Group, especially since "Ticket Sales" — contributions only — have so far generated a triple surplus of profit over production costs.

In the recent *3 Who Dared: A Play on the Movies*, scriptor David Isaacson takes us on a carnival ride through 20th Century polemics and practice that renders the thrills of The Zipper for beginners only. Bakhtin lovers were in for libidinal pot- latch as the work careens from Paul de Man's lecture hall through scenes from *South Pacific*, *Open City*, *Triumph of the Will*, *The Barefoot Contessa*, and *The Blue Light*. Martin Heidegger, de Man, Leni Riefenstahl, Mitzi Gaynor, Rossano Brazzi, and Roberto Rossellini populate this play on the triangulation of American, German, and Italian fascism. Barely concealed analogies to the trial of Oliver North, the occupation of the Gaza Strip, and the moral agenda of the speech writing industry backing up The Great Communicator leave no space for would-be neutral spectatorship and render our laughter complicitous.

In de Man's classroom, "where a man is judged not by his actions, but by his ideas," we are instructed in the procedures of deconstruction, how to erase all metaphysical excesses from language, how to eclipse any "doer" "behind" the "deed." To demonstrate, de Man (David Isaacson) selects the film text of *South Pacific* and the extra-textual trial of matinee idol Rossano Brazzi (John Shaw) indicted for smuggling weapons to the Middle East. Scenes between Brazzi and Gaynor (Wiley Goodman), Brazzi and Ava Gardner (Lisa Black), and Brazzi and a Palestinian (Mickle Maher) strapped to the front end of an Israeli jeep indict him on a number of performative levels. Gaynor warbles of her love for a wonderful, wonderful guy ("That lump in her throat is — language!" gloats de Man) and directly questions the audience as to the integrity of a lip-syncher who doesn't sing his own part. In *The Barefoot Contesssa*, Brazzi plays a wounded hero whose penis was shot off in the 1942 Italian uprising. Yes. Yes. "He/It operates by means of absence." This "absence" proliferates madly thoughout the play as Martin be doubled and warring Cartesian Body, the eroticism of fascism all are destabilized, reciprocally negated. Each character-narrator interrupts the other's bid for Truth. Isaacson has achieved a sustained negational work. The cast is agile, multiply talented and gifted in the techniques of doubling and "quotational" performance styles. Between text and context, actor and charactor-narrator, structure and implicature, any position of potential identification is rendered fatally foolish. Intellectually robust, Oobleck invites us to the dangerous pleasures of critical work. Practicing perpetually self-reflexive comedy, a dramaturgy of sustained suspicion, Oobleck offers no simple utopian project. The work provokes great belly laughs but requires that we discern, jump cut by jump cut, the implications of our laughter. As skewers de Man with a steel rod and de Man ritually beats the Palestinian who begs Brazzi for guns. The Palestinians have no Gramsci. Hermenuetic battle for the sumbol is a luxury deferred for bread and guns. As Heidegger skewers de Man, Leni Riefenstahl (Lisa Black) leaps into the scene with her camera, declaring her spontaneous attraction to the power of beauty, the beauty of power. Heidegger adores and envies this Perfect German Woman who acts from the prepolitical unconscious. Without a trace of irony, he damns his reliance on reason and knowledge. "That is why Fascism excites me so... the Nazi State is pure... one need not think anymore." Riefenstahl and Gaynor fight over the propaganda machines of the Third Reich and Hollywood, both claiming to be apolitical and accusing the other as mere props for fascism.

Brazzi answers Heidegger's desire To Feel with his confession that he had dropped out of law school to learn how To Act. "Actors must feel alot." Although in Mussolini's Italy, he found it confusing to learn how to Feel without feeling fascist. Meanwhile, each mise-en-scene is interrupted by an hilarious chorus of undergraduates with beanies and pennants singing rhymed odes to the Manichean light in "the murky groves of Academia." "Structure Man" (Mickle Maher) enters with a bid for set conventions of theatrical presentation. "Meaning" is to be directed, not allowed to extend explosively throughout the performance text. No more slippage. Performance must have sides, clear oppositions, like a court room. Enter "Moral Outrage of the World" (Susan T. Adams and Randy Herman) condemning ambiguity in the face of fascism and indicting the playwright for audaciously addressing the Holocaust and Israeli occupation in the same script.

Throughout, Roberto Rosselini (Danny Thompson) dashes in as The Hunter of Reality, the neorealist eschewing the artifice of cinematography, tracing Truth on celluloid. Using Real People, he casts de Man and the Israeli for *Germany: Year One*. He derides Brazzi for selling out to Hollywood as Brazzi seems to remember Rossellini's earlier contribution to Mussolini's rise to power. Riefenstahl, the other Hunter of Reality, recognizes her monstrous double. Heidegger condems both *Open City* and *Triumph of the Will* as unspontaneous, Theoretically Calculated. As we reverberate in this hall of distorting mirrors, the "Meaning of the Play" (Bob Jacobson) arrives. Heidegger begs for his friendship. "Meaning" asks the cast to help him "Lick the Japanese. It's as simple as that. We're against the Japanese." The fictionally castrated and literally indicted Brazzi demands, "I know what you are against. What are you for?" Silence.

De Man jumps in to deconstruct the argument between Rossellini and Brazzi on the terms of Realism - Presence - Immediacy - Meaning - Black and White cinematic techniques. Heidegger skewers de Man as de Man recognizes his doppelganger. The existentialist philosopher extricates himself from this recognitions scene by suggesting a new neorealist plot about two men, one of whom steals that which the other depends upon for survival. Rossellini warms to the project, enlisting de Man as the man who must write to save his life. Rossellini grabs de Man's pen and repeatedly stabs Brazzi in the groin. The great lover dies as de Man sputters out a death bed confession of his collaborationist writing for *Le Soir* in the early 1940's. The Israeli (Jeff Dorchen) enters, telling de Man that he is responsible for the material and medical effects sustained by "theoretical erasure." "The Meaning of the Play" forages backstage for a cardboard X so de Man can render undecidable the moral ambiguity of deconstruction. A large swastika is hauled on stage to de Man, aghast.

This work is expository in the strong sense of the term, laying bare the larger forces and unwitting spokespersons for 20th Century fascism. Via the triangulations of U.S., German and Italian bids for domination, Issacson renders each drive for Mastery/Reality Totality a partial and ludicrous Icarian project of transcendence. Like Genet's "verge d'acier," or steel rod, the pen-phallus-camera eye is the circulating signifier reciprocally negated in the triangulated field of immanent schismatics. The Empty Zipper reveals the carnival of reciprocal castration that fascism - and the desire for Totality - is. As Fredric Jameson reminds us, nationalism and fascism have immense utopian appeal. If the new Left can't reappropriate and guide the collective energies of this fatal attraction, it will be doomed to political impotence. Beyond the Cain and Abel of traditional party potitics, Isaacson exposes this castration complex with carnival laughter. This text exceeds, bleeds and laughs - funereal, dianoetic laughter. As performance is a critical act, Oobleck performs meta-criticism. Isaacson is a gifted practitioner of extended unstable irony, producing a dense text with an infinite regress of ironic undercuttings. The platforms for The Real, The Image, The Beautiful, the would-be doubled and warring Cartesian Body, the eroticism of fascism all are destabilized, reciprocally negated. Each character-narrator interrupts the other's bid for Truth. Isaacson has achieved a sustained negational work. The cast is agile, multiply talented and gifted in the techniques of doubling and "quotational" performance styles. Between text and context, actor and charactor-narrator, structure and implicature, any position of potential identification is rendered fatally foolish. Intellectually robust, Oobleck invites us to the dangerous pleasures of critical work. Practicing perpetually self-reflexive comedy, a dramaturgy of sustained suspicion, Oobleck offers no simple utopian project. The work provokes great belly laughs but requires that we discern, jump cut by jump cut, the implications of our laughter. As Isaacson's de Man sputters, "Subversion is wonderful — until it happens to you."

**Maggie Draland Doyle**

# Shrimps:

## Moving Outside the Code

Randolph Street Gallery
April 8 & 9, 1988

Traditional modes of performance can codify and render transparent certain types of behavior as natural and inevitible and consider violations of these codes to be unprofessional and inartistic. Thus, the opera diva does not pant or wipe her brow after completing an ardurous aria, actors don't squint or shield their eyes from the glare of the spotlights, and dancers do not count out loud, pant, groan, carry scenery, look at the audience, or weigh more than 100 pounds.

Shrimps, an L.A.-based performance ensemble who do all this and more, recently presented at Randolph Street Gallery several pieces which made obvious the absurd and unnatural essence of these performance codes. While many of the taboos they broke relate equally to all the traditional performing arts, the particular focus of their assault was The Dance. Shrimps effectively laid bare or made evident that which most dance troupes strive to conceal or dismiss—namely, effort and imperfection.

Shrimps are best known for the physical appearance of the male performers. Of the four men (Steve Nagler, Roger McLeod, Martin Kersels, Peter Bott) who appeared on the RSG stage, only one would be allowed into a profesional dance studio to do anything other than lift the rehearsal piano. With this one exception, the men range in size from "plump" to "huge." Their mere (or not so mere) presence on stage is an affront to the most overriding obsession of late twentieth century dance—the belief that only dancers possesing the correct Twiggy-like body type should be allowed to perform.

Shrimps' routine consists of more than simply "looking funny": they mock dance-world dogmas through other less spectacular but equally engaging methods. One of the most arresting is the use of verbal cues. As Shrimps moved through series of gestures, gyrations, and relationships, someone (usually Nagler or Pam Casey, who are responsible for most of the choreography) was often *calling out* the next move. While this practice is common enough in various the mental counting and movement recall which almost all dances require. If counting and calling is done in performance, it is done in an exaggerated, theatrical manner. But Shrimps were simply telling each other what to do next, in functional communications only occasionally comprehensible to the audience.

In a standard dance performance all movement must appear to be easy, flowing, effortless. This appearance of ease contributes greatly to the glamour of the medium, since many of the feats the dancers accomplish are obviously beyond the capabilities of the average audience member. (In a different but equally artificial tradition, professional wrestlers must make their carefully choreographed combat appear difficult and painful.) In "Scraps", the second piece Shrimps performed, Nagler and Bott practiced a series of leaps and lifts which were obviously tiring and painful to perform. Again, the exhaustion and discomfort were not dramatized or stylized, nor were they "manfully disguised"—they were expressed as honest physical reations to the activites performed.

Shrimps' performances seemed to operate most successfully as commentaries on and demonstrations of the restrictions, limitations, and fallacies of accepted dance performance, and as critiques of the festishization of dance and dancers. When theatre artist Richard Schechner spoke last spring at the Art Institute, he commented on a trend towards theatricality and professionalism in performance art. Shrimps often seem to be swimming against this stream, exploring non-professionalism with wit and a joyous lack of grace, whether they are dancing around in their underwear or carrying onstage the sets on which they perform. Shrimps exude a sunny, Los Angelean sense of fun, mixed with a healthy dose of perversity and a quirky sense of humor. They performed with candid relish and appeared exhausted and satisfied at the end of the performance. They have proved something to themselves and to their audiences by performing these pieces.

I feel obliged to mar this happy scenario by noting that Shrimps' pieces do not seem to reveal a great deal of depth or resonance. The group originally formed to perform the piece "Shrimps," the first piece on the program at Randolph Street. The second piece, "Scraps," continues to address the formal concerns raised in the signature work. By the end of the the third and newest work, "Fever," I found myself wondering if the deserved success of the original piece truly necessitated the formation of a permanent ensemble. The ideas put forth in 'Shrimps" were succinctly expressed and were not significantly elaborated upon for the rest of the evening. In addition, the roles of the two women performers (Casey and Gail Youngquist), dressed in neutral dance dresses or sexy red outfits and aerobically bobbing about beside, behind and between the men, became increasingly mystifying and problematic as the evening wore on.

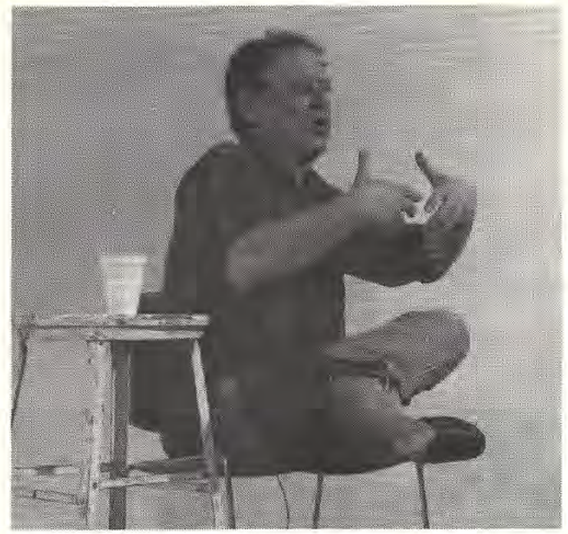
An observation made by Alain Robbe-Grille in 1956 in relation to "the art of the novel could equally well be applied to dance, performance art, or any other discipline. He wrote, "The minds best disposed to the idea of a necessary transformation, those most willing to countenance and even to welcome the values of experiment, remain, nonetheless, the heirs of a tradition. A new form will always seem more or less an absence of any form at all, since it is unconsciously judged by reference to the consecrated forms." (1) It may be that the Shrimps' work seemed to lack coherence and meaning precisely because they have violated or discarded so many accepted performance codes. I do know that during a short segment in which the entire ensemble performed sharp, defined movements in tight unison, I felt an emotional as well as kinesthetic impact—in other words, I was attracted to the very phrase in which the group momentarily realligned itself with a more conventional aesthetic. It may be, as Robbe-Grillet seems to be saying,that one can never immediately appreciate all the virtues of a work that stands outside the canon, for at first one notices far more what is lacking than what is gained.

1. Robbe-Grillet, Alain (1965) *For A New Novel*, pg. 17. New York: Grove Press.

**MICHELE RABKIN**



Schechner Continued from page 13



doing this performance. Take it or leave it." But if the performance itself is blocked, you can't see it, then the theorist, the critic, the non-spectator begins to enter into constructing the performance. That's a part of the discourse about art where the spectator, the receiver as it were--- not really a spectator but a receiver--- is as critical a part of making it happen as the performer. So we could say that, to develop this theory even further, you are a receiver in the preparation phase, a spectator or an audience in the performance phase, and a receiver in the aftermath phase. So here we have the performance/performer/ spectator phase in a certain sense subdued and the receiver/preparation/aftermath phases are highlighted.

**NFB:** *There also seems to be a very big difference between the way, say for instance, Spalding Gray is using life lived in performance as subject and the way the Kipper Kids would use it, when they're throwing food at the audience, throwing paint at the audience, as object. And then again, with those as extremes, somewhere in there Karen Finley is creating this tension wherein we think what we're getting is a shift between the real and the artificial and that's not necessarily true at all.*

**RS:** All of those, if not artificial, are all artifices. Performers are very shrewd. And since I've always worked on the other side of the line, I've always.... I've trained performers. I've worked with them. The closer you get to them the more you realize that as soon as you have a spectator situation artifice is involved. Because, if you're skilled at it, you become aware that there's a manipulative struggle going on between the eye looking and the creative self trying to control the eye that's trying to contain you.

So, bring that down to nuts and bolts. Spalding Gray is not telling his life, anymore than, say, Proust is telling his life. Everything that Spalding tells is Spalding's fantasy or Spalding's fact, that's true. But one can say that of a hundred thousand novelists and poets. Where it becomes artifice is the exact way he manages his table. How he takes the glass of water. Where the pauses come. How he can look directly into the eye of the spectator. And we worked together on that for many years. He has a great, great gift. His own experience is certainly the material out of which he makes this artificial performance, but I don't think of artificial as untrue.

There's no way that you can be put into that situation without being artificial. The closest I can think of, if a spectator's watching, Ulay and Abramovic are closer to being, quote, "unartificial" because they are---not in the most recent works, but in some others---they are very minimalist. If you say your task is to sit at a table for seven hours and you're not going to share your thoughts, you're going to be a blank screen, then you can say that what you're showing is what you're doing. You are sitting at a table and that's what you're doing and that's what you're showing. But as soon as you begin to thicken that, as Spalding does by telling a story, or interact with the audience in this direct way as the Kipper Kids do, or utter things that females are not supposed to utter in this society as Karen Finley does---Lenny Bruce said similar things but since he was male in a male sexist society it, well he got in trouble in his own time, but it wouldn't cause a stir, or Eddie Murphy doesn't cause a stir---that in art worlds, Karen Finley does, and the difference is that Karen is a woman and she's talking about cutting off balls and using them as chocolates and so on and so forth.

So all of these utterances are artificial. They're designed to create a persona into which and through which the performer is displaying or expressing herself, and that persona is markedly different than the persona you would get if you'd just, as I have with Karen and Spalding, sit and talk with them in the living room. It's not like that's who they ordinarily are. That's who they are in a performance situation.

**NFB:** *But then, what I'm trying to get at here is the dynamic between the ranting persona Karen Finley is presenting and the other persona which we as the audience are to take as Karen.*

**RS:** What other persona? Her living room persona?

**NFB:** *Her "now I'm going to tell you that I'm having my period" persona. She's always going to tell you in every performance that she's having her period. It's not that she's actually having her period....*

**RS:** Right....

**NFB:** *But it's part of the program....*

**RS:** Well, that's what she's about.

**NFB:** *And there's a tension between those two, between what we as the audience perceive as being the "real" Karen, whether it's real or not....*

Schechner Continued on page 20

Schechner Continued from page 19

**RS:** Right.

**NFB:** *And....*

**RS:** I think only a terribly naive audience would perceive that as being the real Karen. They're like colors in a kaleidoscope. One may be a calmer organization of Karenesque features, but not any more real, except insofar as we have a kind of naturalistic theatre tradition. So if I say suddenly 'My name's Richard Schechner. I have a young son. I'm going to have a daughter Sofia.' Now I was just real. If I practiced that I could do it very well. Karen.... I think you have to compare whatever she does *in front of an audience* to what she does *not in front of an audience.* I think that what modern contemporary performance theory begins to say, and it goes back to Erving Goffman earlier, is that even what's done *not before an audience* is performance. This kaleidoscope image I like, because there's certain kinds of constituent elements which don't change that much, but which we can shake up and rearrange to give the appearance of completely new parts. If you disagree with that, tell me.

**NFB:** *Taking a more formal approach....*

**RS:** Let's explore your approach.

**NFB:** *Look at, say for instance, what Karen Finley is doing as a formal attempt to get us to weigh those two things against each other.... And then from the audience point of view, and in performance art this comes up alot, what we buy as being reality and what we buy as being the performance, and how these things vibrate against each other, interact, causes a certain sort of state in us---which is intended certainly by the performer.*

**RS:** Now let me ask you a question. When Karen says "I'm having my period" and etcetera, do you buy that as her reality, or do you think that's a different mode of her performance---you yourself?

**NFB:** *I think that is.... Well, initially, I'm wondering. And I think that it's my initial wondering that is what she's getting at. After awhile I realize that these are two facets of the entire composition she's doing.*

**RS:** Even if she has her period? Even if it's true?

**NFB:** *It doesn't matter whether it's true or not, obviously. Because it is what it looks like.*

**RS:** Right....

**NFB:** *But what I'm seeing there is that the one is benefiting from the other. And my questioning, whatever question that I might have, is intended by her. She needs me to ask this question or she wouldn't have bothered dealing with it.*

**RS:** I think that most audiences, as soon as they see a performer facing them in a performance situation, will assume that all the personas they see are performance personas. Unless you stage what's called *invisible theatre,* in which nobody knows there is a performance situation, you can't fool an audience.
Invisible theatre---I staged one in Berlin, for example, where we went into a.... I was in a performance workshop and the task was to go into a cafe, and we had rehearsed this outside the cafe, and stage a fight between three people. A woman was sitting in the cafe. She would order a drink. A man would come in and they'd talk quietly in the corner of the cafe, and another woman would come in and she'd start to shout at them, and the other woman would throw wine in the man's face. And it literally caused a great uproar in this cafe when it was staged. No one knew that this was a performance. It was invisible theatre. We as performers knew that it was a performance. I as an observer knew. But the people there and the owner who came over to calm it down and move people out thought that this was a real fight. In that sense the audience was fooled, manipulated. And they were never let in on it. We didn't then stop---"Hey, you've just seen a performance." It was just an exercise for the performer's consciousness. What does it mean, I was saying to them, if you're performing in a situation where the audience really doesn't know you're performing, and you must carry it to your graves that they never know, this particular audience.

**NFB:** *But in that case they aren't an audience actually. Right? They, the customers, are performers, and the people who are the audience are those people who are aware that this is a performance.*

**RS:** No, there's nobody who's aware it's a performance.

**NFB:** *The performers are.*

**RS:** Right....

**NFB:** *So the performers become the audience, right?*

**RS:** No, no.... There are only three of them and they're really doing it. The people in the cafe are aware of an incident and they do become spectators of that incident. But they feel the incident is really a real incident. Nobody says "Those are actors."

**NFB:** *So for them it's a real incident and it's not art.*

**RS:** That's an interesting question. For them it is a real incident. But it is art. It's what I call a *dark play.* We're doing this all the time---con games and the way we fool people. It is assumed, according to the liberal aesthetic, the humanist aesthetic, that we have to be fair to our audience.
You could say that to manipulate, to lie, in a real sense, isn't fair. But that's not the way life is. Nor is it the way of what I call dark play, where the information shared between the people involved in the play is not equivalent. Very often the people you're playing with may have less or more or different information that you reveal to them. And if you can fool them it begins finally to creep in as you come back and talk about it. Maybe they were also fooling me. Why should I assume superiority?

**NFB:** *I guess what I'm trying to say is that, yes, it's art for the person who knows that it's art. But for the person who takes it as lived experience and not art, it isn't art.*

**RS:** Well, this is where we began. But I'm not too concerned anymore whether it has art labels or not. I'm concerned with possible interactions of behavior.

**NFB:** *Those people, if they came into it and experienced it and went away from it, and it was just their life as they lived it, they weren't fooled. They had a real experience.*

**RS:** They weren't.... fooled. Only at one level. It's not that they weren't fooled. It's that they never discovered that they were fooled. In other words, there are color-blind people that don't know they're color-blind. And it's true they live their lives quite normally. But they never experience the colors that you and I see.

**NFB:** *But that's like saying that the colors we see are real. If we know physics, we know that colors are not "real," not a condition of the object alone....*

**RS:** It's not that they're not real. The intensity of what's received in the brain leads to sensations that certain people have and certain people don't have. It's just very complicated. And those things fascinate me because you can rehearse a con game---I wonder how often we do this to other people. Not only are there performances that don't have audiences, but there are performances of invisible theatre that intentionally work at not having an audience. And yet they're performances because they have to be rehearsed. They have to be so carefully planned, otherwise the audience will know they're a performance. So that kind of goes off into this negative vector, in the opposite direction that theatre goes in this vector, where you want to convince people that a performance is going on, and a good one.
So I think Karen, we could bring it back to that, or Spalding, to a certain degree, play with trying to convince the audience that a performance is not going on. But they do that because they're ethical and moral and nice people in a performance situation, so that the outer-most frame says "Hey, this must be a performance. We're in this room, this theater." But inside that, they say "Hey, this person really isn't performing. This is really this person." And they play with that. All I'm saying is that you can carry that further, where the spectator will never even ask that question. Even though it is a performance.

(Nancy inhales coffee, we all laugh and the camera is turned off.)

*Special thanks to Cynde Schauper, editor and MacWizard.*

## *THE NAKED TRUTH*

*By JOSEPHINE PEREZ*

**FRIED LINKS**

Have you heard about the new northside underground artists' hangout and drinking hole where the fun goes on all night? Well, don't expect **me** to let you in on it — you'd just show up there and ruin it for the really cool people. Instead, check out the scene at **Lower Links**, the bar underneath Links Hall. The decor is like the bedroom of an **astronomy** teacher moonlighting as a prostitute, but at least the place is dark enough so you don't have to see who you've just insulted.

Thursdays are performance art nights at **Lower Links**, and recent "curators" of performance series' have included the ubiquitous **Larry Steger** and **Brendan deVallance**. Larry's night consisted of some twenty performance peeps all singing a single song a piece. The fab warbling included stellar moments by Steve Jones and Susan Sladen with a **Surreal Formalist Interpretation** of text from an antique book of cosmological events, and Matthew Owens steaming and nasty song about exactly where he'd like to kiss you.

DeVallance's series included **John Lebrandt** torturing the shreds of his sanity with nitrous oxide and anti-freeze; **Richard Loos** into self-abuse; and **Lillian Huston-Herterich** pathetically screaming through a fit of colic. Grow up, baby.

**PARTIES YOU MAY NOT HAVE BEEN INVITED TO. . .**

We can't all be as necessary to the scene as Josephine if you know what I mean. The surprise party for **Susan Wexler** at **Robert Metrick's** loft sported many of the stylish set come to honor the thirty-third anniversary of Susan's trip out of the **Birth Canal**, and left her with her mouth agape at the untuneful rendering of the time honored theme song of such type parties, whereupon everyone adjourned to the kitchen for **Liquids.**

If you didn't make that one, you could have caught basically the same group of fun lovers at **Larry Steger** and **Suzie Silver's** bash to celebrate the release of a video tape, but, what with the heat in that spacious loft, turned out to be a release of smelly sweat, the odor of which, I found, could be abated only through liberal doses of **Rolling Rock** (the breakfast of Champions). Actually the crew at L & S's turned out to be a thundering herd, and all the newest dance crazes were in evidence.

A much more intimate and tasteful gathering (as if that's what anyone wants) was promulgated by **Brendan deVallance** and **Nancy Martell** at *their* fashionable southside loft. Supposedly to honor those persons whose help Brendan had enlisted for recent performance works, it actually turned out to be yet another ego-boost for this **Shy, Retiring Fellow**, in which he actually **Performed A Work** for his guests. What a riot, Brendan! Everyone soon left to go to Larry and Suzie's party, inexplicably offered the same night. Spread out guys.

**OPENINGS, ETC.**

What was the best work at the Jeff Koons opening glistening in the upper galleries of the MCA? Why, in my humble opinion it had to be the exposed right breast of **Freedom Lialios** providing a mild repast for new baby **Elektra**, the sight of which gloriously outshined the insipid nicked silverware on display, and sent several **Bluehaired Patrons of the Arts** scurrying for another overpriced cocktail in the basement bookstore.

And speaking of the better part of valor, who were all those folks taking to their heels at the recent **Hudson**, **Rosen**, **LaFreniere** dick-and-butthole fest at RSG? Now there's an ignoble rollcall to be sure. What's the matter with those folks, anyway? No respect for **Art**, I guess.

**CHECKOUT TIME. . .**

Once again, it looks like Chicago is **Rubber** and New York, **Glue**, as our art community bounces out of town to be stuck for good in the true center of the art world dung heap. Recent **Expatriates**: Mr. and Mrs. team Randy **Alexander** and **Susan Wexler**, he vowing to learn to sell art, and she to make the cover of the Village Voice. Noble pursuits, all.

Also headed up the geographical ladder of success is none other than the infamous **Hudson**, who is not only taking his **Paradigmatic Hairstyle** with him, but also his entire *gallery*. For some reason, this was seen as something to celebrate and the going away party at Mr. LaFreniere's pad embodied the finest selection of hard liquor at any perf-art party of late. Hudson, judging by his appearance at several of these affairs previously mentioned, seems to be doing his **Patented Thrash Dancing** on the aesthetic grave of our fair city. Imagine the bills for his t-shirts alone. Well *mazel tov* everyone. Seriously!




# The Visiting Artists Program
## Selected Programs, Fall 1988

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| Mon., Sept. 26, 7 p.m. School Auditorium | **Antony Gormley**, British figurative sculptor, will speak on his work. |
| Wed., Sept. 28, 7 p.m. School Auditorium | **Gary Indiana**, art critic for *The Village Voice*, will speak on contemporary art in a social context. |
| Oct. 3-7 | **J.S.G. Boggs**, an artist notorious for "spending" money he draws himself, will present a series of lectures and performances. Call for details. |
| Wed., Oct. 12, 7 p.m. School Auditorium | **George Kuchar**, master of comedy among independent filmmakers, will present a screening of his films and videos. |
| Mon., Oct. 17, 7 p.m. School Auditorium | **Ida Applebroog**, painter and book artist whose works are concerned with social and psychological violence, will discuss her work. |
| Wed., Oct. 19, 7 p.m. School Auditorium | **Ronald Jones**, an artist who explores the politically charged meanings in seemingly neutral sculpture and architecture, will discuss his work. |
| Mon., Oct. 24, 7 p.m. School Auditorium | **The Guerrilla Girls**, an anonymous activisit artists group, will present a panel discussion on sexism and racism in the art world. |
| Tues., Nov. 1, 6 p.m. Rubloff Auditorium | **Robert Ashley**, renowned composer, will present his recent work for solo voice and two pianos, *El Aficiondo*. Admission is $6 general public/$3 students. |
| Nov. 6-10, 7 p.m. Performance Space | **Linda Montano**, performance artist, will present a series of workshops entitled "Five Nights of Living Art". Call for details. |
| Wed., Nov. 9, 7 p.m. School Auditorium | **Roni Horn**, sculptor, will speak on her work. |
| Mon., Nov. 28, 7 p.m. School Auditorium | **James Broughton** and **Joel Singer**, collaborative filmmakers, will present a screening of their works. |

**THE SCHOOL OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO**
Columbus Drive and Jackson Boulevard/Chicago, Illinois 60603
312.443-3710/3711

All events are $3 to the general public and free to students and staff of area colleges, unless otherwise noted. These programs are partially funded by a grant from the Illinois Arts Council, a state agency.

# HOW TO DESCRIBE A SUSPECT

## • GENERAL DESCRIPTION

**Sex:** Male or female.

**Color:** White, Black, Oriental, Hispanic, etc. National Origin, where possible.

**Age:** (Estimate).

**Height:** In comparison with your own height, door, etc.

**Weight:** (Estimate).

**Build:** Fat, husky, slim, muscular.

**Hair,** Color, texture, style, grooming, length; possibly dyed or wig.

**Eyes:** Color, shape (slant, round); clear or bloodshot; eyelashes, eyebrows (heavy, light).

**Complexion:** Color, pores, pockmarks, acne, razor rash, bumps; also shave (clean, partial or unshaven).

**Peculiarities:** Marks, scars, deformities; mustache, goatee or beard; makeup; voice (pitch, tone, rasp, lisp); speech (educated, uneducated, slangy, accent); gait (slow, fast; limp).

## • CLOTHING

**Hat:** Color; style, (cap, fedora, hood); ornaments (feathers, etc.).

**Shirt/Blouse/Dress:** Color, design, sleeves, collar.

**Coats:** Style and color, suit coat, jacket, topcoat, overcoat.

**Trousers/Slacks/Skirt:** Color, style (regular, bell bottom, etc.), cuff or cuffless.

**Socks:** Color, pattern length

**Shoes:** Color, style (oxfords, loafers, boots).

**Accessories:** Sweater, scarf, gloves, necktie.

**Jewelry:** Rings, watch, bracelet, tie clasp.

**General Appearance:** Neat, well-groomed or sloppy; clean or dirty, etc.

**Oddities:** Clothing too large or too small; odd colors; patchwork.