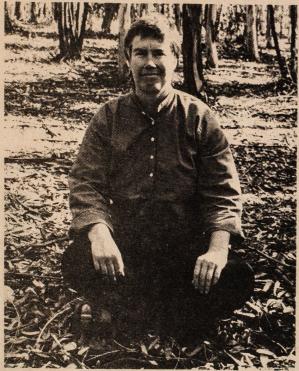
1/27/79

B2 — Saturday, January 27, 1979 CJ, CD, DM, RSF

Leucadian's 'Sonic Meditations' meant to teach people to listen



Pauline Oliverson

An evening of sonic meditations composed by Leucadia resident Pauline Oliveros of the UCSD Music Faculty will be presented at 8 p.m. Saturday, Feb. 3, in the Mandeville Recital Hall.

"Meditation means different things to different people," said Oliveros. "In my case it is not religious or cultural. It is dwelling on sound — sound that comes from people's imaginations. Sonic Meditations is different in some detail each time it is performed, because of the difference in participants, but its overall focus remains the same."

In her current work, Oliveros is interested in the total act and environment of performance. "It is common to all of these works that the musicians' actions as performers and the visual elements are as important as the sounds produced," she says.

"My concert, with stage behavior in its usual nature, tends to disorient audiences and is intended to bring about in varying degrees a new understanding of how to listen. It is also intended to disorient the performer and to break stereotyped approaches to performance."

Oliveros views music as an all encompassing ritual, thus an important part of the life of every human being. The concert is free. For more information, phone 452-3229.

Arts

Musical and Visual Media Explored

The New Sound and Sight Festival, highlighting the work of several artists exploring the contemporary potential of musical and visual media, will be at the Unicorn on Sunday, January 21, at two p.m. The participating artists will be:

Pauline Oliveros, a composer-performer, professor of music at UCSD, director of the cian, writer and film maker;

David Korn, a professional screen writer who has done work on the Kung Fu and Police Story television shows, and a film maker in his own right;

Robert Owens, flautist, saxophonist, electric composer, and synthesiser designer;

Eduardo Larin, a composer-

The New Sound and Sight Festival "has an assortment of intriguing projects to interest the adventurous."

Center for Music Experiment, and known internationally for her collaborations with Terry Riley,David Tutor and poet John Berryman;

Curtis Roads, a composer, editor of the Computer Music Journal and whose music has been well received critically in concerts in France, Germany, Italy, and Denmark as well as in the United States;

Carl Stone, an electronic composer and music director at KPFK—FM in Los Angeles, and who has had performances in over ten countries;

Frank Ewbank, a multitalented painter, jazz musiperformer and contrabassist; and Tim Molsberry, a graduate student in the UCSD Visual Arts Department and film producer.

The Festival program has an assortment of intriguing projects to interest the adventurous. Big Mother by Oliveros is a taped electronic piece using a buchla synthesizer, Objec by Roads is a timbre piece on computer and moog that emphasizes rich texture and colors. Helio Lunar by Owens and Ewbank is an electronic and accoustical composition that evokes a journey of three astronauts, culminating in their return splash down in the ocean. Cold

Sun, a short film by Korn gives a psychological dimension to the Western genre and which premiered at the 1976 Sun Valley Film Festival on the same bill as The Wild Bunch and The Hired Hand. Sidewalk by Owens is an electroaccoustic tone poem about the city scape. The Wayby Larin is a composition composed for flute. oboe, clarinet, violin, double bass, marimba, and vibraphone. Other highlights will be **Ryoound Thygyznz** by Stone, and a film by Molsberry.

The New Sound and Sight Festival is a rare chance to witness the efforts of artists working to expand the notion of what can be done with sound and sight. Admission at the door will be one dollar. The Unicorn Cinema is located at 7456 La Jolla Blvd. in La Jolla near Pearl Street. For more information, call 459-4343.

Classical Women

Maestramusick. The New England Women's Symphony Orchestra debut concert, conducted by Kay Gardner, Vivian Fine, Joyce Kouffman, Jean Lamon, and Ellen Waters. Sanders Theater, Cambridge, December 3, 1978.

by Diana Newell Rowan

The New England Women's Symphony (NEWS), founded this year as a showcase for the work of women composers and conductors, held its premier performance recently in Sanders Theater, Cambridge. It was an appropriate setting, recalling the exhilaration of women's music festivals or concerts held there before, and the mood of this audience during the NEWS performance was as robust and supportive as for the earlier, more colloquial music.

It began on a slightly apprehensive note as Kay Gardner strode onstage with a yellow rose in her hand. She neither ate it nor conducted with it, however, merely smiled and got down to business - the serious business of making good music. There were some visibly relieved smiles from the audience as the orchestra the first of its kind in the country - began its first selection, "A Chill Wind in Autumn (1978)," by Pamela J. Marshall, with mezzo-soprano soloist Dorothy May.

"Chill Wind," a spare and moody piece with dark tonal shadings, takes its text from a series of T'ang Dynasty poems, concluding "Over cups of wine, beneath trees beside a stream/We talked until it seems there was no subject left untouched./And now from down the road, I turn my head to see you once again/But you are lost to sight, my friend, veiled in the autumn rain." Dorothy May interpreted the lyrics with pre-

cise and sensitive phrasing, only seeming to force a bit giving her voice a momentarily hard edge — when the orchestra threatened to crowd above her. It settled back for a moving resolution, the wistfulness drawn skillfully as a Chinese inksketch, and as unsentimentally. Pamela Marshall, a graduate of the Eastman School of Music, is currently a member of the graduate program at the Yale School of Music.

Vivian Fine, on the faculty of Bennington College, conconcerto, ducted her "Romantic Edge" (1976), with the panache and energy of a dancer (it in fact grew out of a section of the ballet Alcestis, written in 1960 for Martha Graham who danced the title role). Whether it was a problem in the leader or the led, however, the orchestra proved a slightly erratic partner in that pas de deux, falling behind the beat or rushing the tempo at points, and what was meant to be dissonant counterpoint emerged at moments as thin discordance. The heart of the piece was there, though, and another time, it all might coalesce so that its dignity and power can show through. Vivian Fine has received commissions from major dance ensembles in America, Doris Humphrey, Martha Graham, Jose Limon, Hanye Holm and others. Some of her recent compositions were "Meeting for Equal Rights 1866" (1976), a setting of American writings on the subject of women, for narrator, soloist, chorus and orchestra, and the chamber opera, "Women in the Garden'' (1977).

Pauline Oliveros' composition "To Valerie Solanas and Marilyn Monroe; In Recognition of Their Desperation" (1970) was a brilliant melding of unconventional musical 'scoring', placement of musicians, and use of other effects. Before the piece began (judging from the program notes), the stage business seemed as if it had to be more intrusive than any musical effect could warrant; the

into three groups, ranged about the upper balconies. The "score," not ordinary notation, simply a set of instructions to the performers and conductors, would include music divided into three sections, the duration of which would be controlled by lighting, first red; then yellow, and finally blue. Each player, evidently, would independently select five different pitches, to be played on cues from the colored lights. Highly suspicious. Who's controlling those lights, one wondered. The players, moreover, would improvise, varying the articulation, timbre, etc., to produce a blend of sounds "in which no one performer or group would dominate." Very politically correct. But where would the music come in?

orchestra would be divided

Right down through the rafters, somehow. And up from the upturned faces of the women (and a few men) in the audience. Some craned to watch the small groups of musicians in the balconies, barely visible in the first soft, darkly lit roselight; others bent forward in their seats, eyes closed in concentration. The smooth, sustained tones from the instruments grouped antiphonally overhead lapped at each other and rustled like night sounds, were plucked into a singing voice. Then they collapsed, almost humorously, into a breathy rattling, underscored with sensuous hums, grew restless, still melodic, but rimmed with anger and rising to some undefined high keening.

The rose light focussed on the empty stage seemed, suddenly, to emphasize the poignancy of the empty chairs. Simultaneously, it evoked an almost palpable presence, full of wild grace-yet a presence rooted in reality, in slow learning, self-discipline, selfknowledge. The women leading the groups above could be seen turning slightly, now toward their musicians, now glancing back out over the balconies, listening for each other. Their hands flickered as they gave some subtle signal, January 1979—SOJOURNER

REVIEV

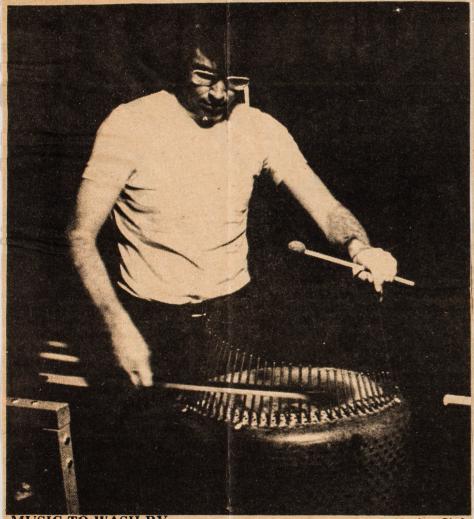
then poised motionless again. As the lights changed and changed again, what the three women and their groups created between themselves changed. And what they created drew an even more intense and listening silence from those below, until the light drew itself down to a pin point and went out.

Pauline Oliveros teaches at the University of California at San Diego's Center for Music Experiment. She has created multi-media productions, involving a combination of film, taped and live music, dancers, actors, lighting effects and other elements.

The last piece, "Deep Forest, Op. 34 #1" (1931), conducted again by Kay Gardner, was a tribute to its composer, Mabel Daniels (1879-1971), and performed in memory of the life and works of Margaret Mead. After the impact of the Oliveros piece, one might have thought this musical landscape of brooks and rills, of wind through the trees, would seem a bit quaint. Not so. The Oliveros left one still craning into the darkness, trying to see, to trace the outlines of something utterly undefinable. Too much of that can result in eyestrain, hyperventilation and other metaphysical ailments.

Mabel Daniels' piece is earthy and delicate at once, suffused with hints of that rose glow, and of the other shades as well, in her love of, and ability to express the beauty of the simple and the natural. And it was beautifully performed, flowing free and sure from conductor and musicians alike. The two selections, Oliveros' and Daniels', were a perfect balance for each other. Fri., March 16, 1979

The Guardian



MUSIC TO WASH BY. photo by Matthew Giedt Kiva member Brad Dow demonstrating his talent on the water phone, which is made from a washing machine tub.

CME: Music in Its Time Kiva Plays for Sound, Deemphasizes Structure

By John Hondros

Associate News Editor Pauline Oliveros, director of the UCSD Center for Music Experiment, describes experimental music as "music in Eclipticalis," a piece derived its time."

- It just takes time for new musical patterns to feel natural to people, according to Oliveros.

Music experimentation is not something new. "Throughout the years, composers have innovated by introducing new kinds of instruments, asking that old instruments be played in a new way and increasing the number of players in an orchestra." Oliveros remarked.

According to Oliveros, a new trend in experimental music is allowing "a large range of people to take part in the music rather than just listen to it." Oliveros' "Meditation Project" involved students "whether they had music training or not." Her purpose in this project was to compose a sound that could be dwelled upon in a meditative way.

American composer John

Cage is the "inspiring innovator" in music, who coined the term "experimental music," said Oliveros.

She cited Cage's "Atlas from star maps, as an "extremely experimental approach'' to music. "He superimposed staff lines over the star maps...the size of the star meaning the dynamic," Oliveros explained.

UCSD's Music department and CME have an international reputation for its emphasis on "new" music, according to Oliveros. "All the music classes here are exposed to it." she said, "along with the more traditional material." Oliveros sees music experimentation as "a means of musical growth."

Kiva

Kiva, UCSD's three-man experimental music ensemble, deals directly with sound and deemphasizes preexistent music structures, according to Brad Dow, a Kiva musician.

Along with Dow, who is a graduate student in music, Kiva members are John Silber and Jean-Charles Francois.

Dow calls Kiva "a group of composers who don't compose...and make compositions which are not preconceived."

Though Kiva "improvises," their performance is "not sheer spontaneity," said Dow. "We know and remember what we do." he explained.

According to Dow, Kiva functions on sound. When performing, the group is "not looking for a tune, but rather the sound." Their music is centralized on the pitches of F# and C.

Kiva's innovative instruments vary from a six-foot-long harmonic flute to a water phone, which is made from a washing machine tub and used as both a percussion and stringed instrument.

When the ensemble formed in 1974, the members decided to call themselves Kiva, a Hopi word in which "there is a sense of rebirth," said Dow. He sees the name as a "good symbol" of the ensemble because Kiva sets out to "redefine," rather than apply, the basics of music.

Kiva will be performing May 12 at Mandeville Auditorium.

26

Los Angeles Times

MUSIC REVIEWS

Part IV -- Fri., May 4, 1979

Contemporary Festival in 1979 Finale

Sunday afternoon and evening the final CalArts installment of Contemporary Music Festival '79 was presented. The music, mainly by Southwest area composers, proved mostly inspired and inspiring, as did the performances. The formal—if that is ever the word on the campus that

The formal—if that is ever the word on the campus that Disney built—afternoon concert was graced by the world premieres of "Four Madrigals" by William Brooks and "El Relicario de los Animales" by Pauline Olivaros. Brooks' madrigals are wonders of direct musical communication over a broad emotional and conceptual spectrum. They exploit the most advanced vocal techiques, which were handled with astonishing ease by EVTE (Extended Vocal Techniques Ensemble), a mixed quartet from UC San Diego.

Oliveros' work is a gripping, albeit enigmatic, musical drama, almost a liturgical drama of some primeval tribe of animists. It begins with a vocalist alone in the center, barefoot in a small circle of dirt. The rest of the performers enter to the sound of conch shells and clapped rocks, taking positions in the shape of a mandala. All very symbolic, very somber and very intense. Carol Plantamura was the earnest high priestess.

Also on the program were Vinko Globokar's "Accord" (1966) and "Twelve for Five in Eight" by Joan La Barbara. "Accord" is an eclectic ensemble piece in which a vocal word-collage is both contrasted with and integrated into the instrumental fabric. La Barbara's work is a deft rescoring of a piece composed for Radio Bremen in 1977, stunning in execution but conceptually mundane.

Following this, one could sample miniconcerts of electronic or improvisational music, or amuse himself in the Game Room. Morton Subotnick's "Game for Two People" is a fascinating multimedia creation; a strategy and memory game where each move on an electronic board is scored according to the audio-visual effect it produces.

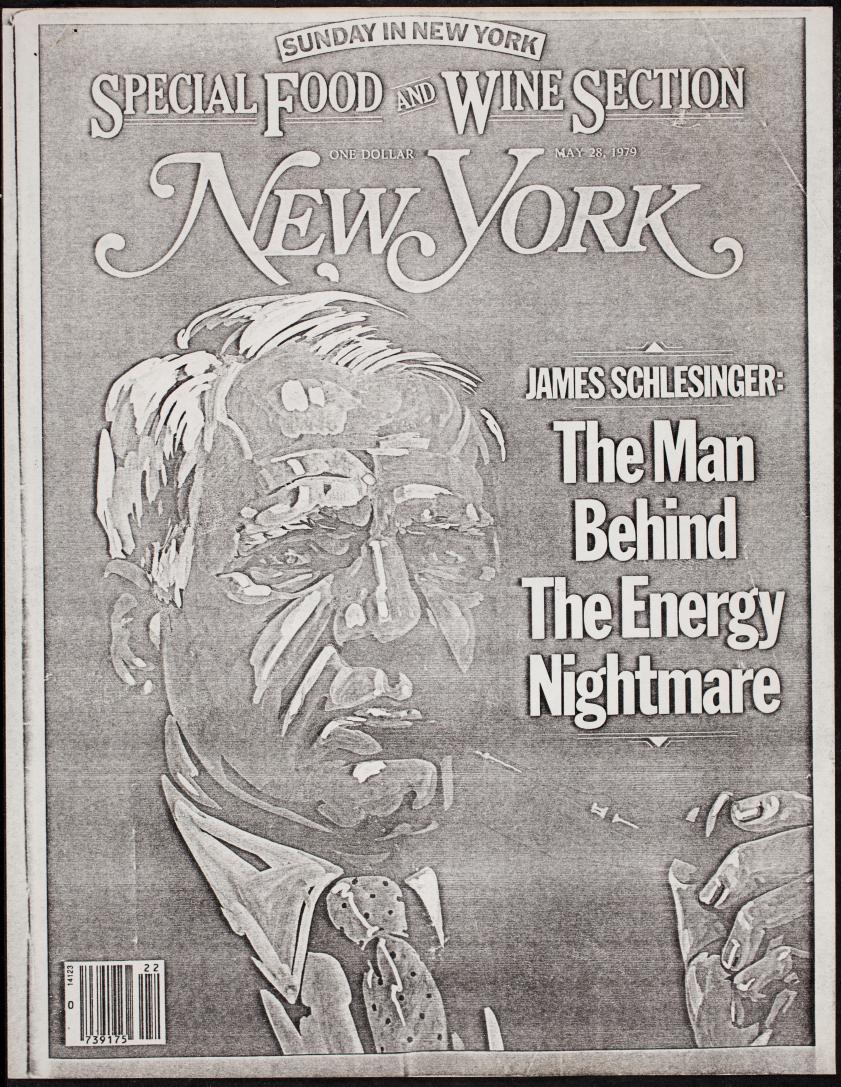
The energy and interest of these events was largely

missing on the evening concert, due in part to devoting almost as much time on rearranging the stage between numbers as in actual performance.

Soprano Carol Plantamura was featured in Stephen Mosko's "Night of the Long Knives" and Virko Baley's "Words—VII." She coped ably with the demands of Mosko's coy, schizophrenic theater-of-the-absurd composition, but seemed understandably to be tired vocally in "Words."

Two ensemble works, "Less Than 2" by Roger Reynolds and "Deja 2" by Bernard Rands, and two solo pieces, "QUOQ" by Robert Erickson and "Themen per un percusionista" by Carlos Alsina, filled out, indeed bloated, the program. Flutist Bernhard Batschelet and percussionist Daryl Pratt were the skillful soloists.

-J.H.



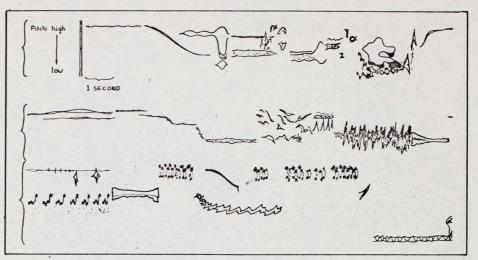
Music/Alan Rich CALIFORNIA MUSIC, PART ONE: THE STATE OF THE ART

"...In New York a California composer is often seen as an unusually accomplished chimpanzee. It's time that attitude changed..."

Over the past six weeks I have made two round trips to California. I heard some excellent opera in San Francisco, as reported here three weeks ago. I heard Carlo Maria Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic in their own garish home-including a performance of the Freischütz Overture with the horn quartet beautifully balanced beyond any previous experience. But the main purpose of my two trips was to check out a rumor that there is a great deal of important new music and new musical outlook being generated on the West Coast that we in New York don't know about, and that it is high time we did. I found this to be exactly, and rather exhilaratingly, true.

It is traditional for East Coast musicians to ignore West Coast activity. A California composer, in certain eastern circles, is looked upon as a chimpanzee of unusual accomplishments. To some extent this attitude is understandable. The two cultures are different. The New York new-music scene is, as everyone knows, made up of many tangential fiques, but it derives a certain homogeneity from the fact that its energy is all from the same source: competition and dirty politics within and between cliques. New York is the world's major musical marketplace. Small wonder, then, that the East Coast music establishment-which actually fills a triangle with Boston, Philadelphia, and Buffalo at its corners-cannot afford time or energy to deal with upstarts from bizarre regions where people eat alfalfa sprouts and drink milk.

Morton Subotnick is one of the elders at the California Institute of the Arts, invited there in 1969 when Walt Disney family money first set up that extraordinarily un-Disneyish, freeform school for all the arts in their farthestout manifestation. Subotnick was widely known by then as the most creative figure in electronic music, the first to demonstrate the solid musical possibilities in that new medium. His fame rested on a few large-scale works that had been recorded (Silver Apples of the Moon, The Wild Bull, etc.); they had been recorded because Subotnick had been smart enough, in the mid-sixties,



Try this on your piano: A student "composition" from Music 1 at UCSD. The squiggles represent taped sounds in the composer's own graphic notation.

to move east from his native California and shuck off the West Coast-composer stigma. But I asked Subotnick why his own music, and some stuff by his colleagues and pupils that I've recently gotten to hear, has the enormous, surging vitality that, from my New York vantage point, I thought had died out in serious music.

"The main reason," he said, "is that we can work here in California without that overpowering East Coast feeling that everything has to count. New York is a great place, but it's an awful place if you're interested in any kind of experimentation. The record companies are there, the concert managers are there, the publishers are there, and the New York Times is there. The Times hasn't had a critic in years who knows anything, or cares anything, about new music, but it's still the paper that tells everybody what to think. Maybe California has better critics, maybe worse; the important thing is that nobody takes them seriously. That means that we're a lot freer out here to try things, to experiment. It doesn't matter nearly so much if we bomb once in a while."

It works both ways. I sat for a long session with some graduate students in composition at the University of California's San Diego campus (hereafter, UCSD). I was curious about what composers they most listened to from the contemporary pantheon. I named the reigning cultural heroes in New York: Elliott Carter, George Crumb, Steve Reich, Philip Glass. Yes, the UCSD students knew their music; one or two were impressed with *Einstein on the Beach*. But these are not the gods at San Diego. Harry Partch looms large, as do the theories—if not the music—of John Cage. Toro Takemitsu, barely known in the East, is much admired and imitated.

Yet, despite differences in musical taste, I never ran into the snobbery in California, the tendency to stigmatize an artist from the opposite coast, that one encounters continually in New York. It exists not only in avant-garde circles. Igor Stravinsky officiated graciously at tea in his Hollywood mansion, but he knew that he had to come to New York to take his final bows and die. Roger Sessions forsook the idyllic life at Berkeley and returned east in 1953, out of a fear that the East would dub him a Californian and ignore his music. Two decades ago the west-toeast composer rush rivaled the east-towest land rush of yore: the older com-posers in search of New York reviews, the younger composers to sit at the feet of Milton Babbitt at Princeton and study total serialization and sine waves. But now it's 1979, and no progres-

sive composer in his right mind would



want to come east from California, unless he wanted to sell out, write in C major, and thus earn raves in the New York Times. The creative energy is all in California. Every conceivable musical possibility is now being studied and pursued there; even more important is the fact that an astounding amount of California's new music is exceptionally good. The best schools, the best teachers, the best technical facilities are now on the West Coast, and so is the best creative atmosphere. The ferment follows the fault lines, from the San Francisco Bay Area (Berkeley, Mills College, and the Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics at Stanford), past the wonderfully oddball California Institute for the Arts, 35 miles north of Los Angeles, to UCSD at the southern end of the line.

UCSD had no music department at all until 1966, when, in a burst of academic imagination rare in the annals of higher education, the most progressive teacher-composers money could buy—Wilbur. Ogdon, Pauline Oliveros, Robert Erickson, among many—were brought in to found a curriculum. From the beginning the department resolved not to turn its back on the musical past but to lead students through past, present, and future as part of a single continuum, regarding nothing as strange or exotic.

In 1966 the musical world shivered with fear of the unknown: Electronic music would take over, reducing composers, performers, and listeners to robots. It wasn't clear then, but it's perfectly clear now, that electronic music was, most of all, a shortcut for the composer around the technical inadequacy, not to mention the hostility, of live performers of the time.

Now it's a generation later and from the schools-UCSD and CalArts most of all-have come performing musicians who seem to have taken the electronic threat as a challenge to develop their own techniques. At UCSD there is a chamber ensemble of young faculty members, called SONOR, whose performers use "normal" instruments with such skill that no abstruse performance problem seems beyond their grasp. Another ensemble, called KIVA, uses a magnificent array of invented instruments-pots and jugs hung on resonators, plastic tubes played with brass or woodwind mouthpieces. A third group, EVTE (Extended Vocal Techniques Ensemble), consists of four singers who warble, keen, ululate, and draw upon a wide variety of invented, plus Asian and African, techniques. All these ensembles produce work of endless fascination, a fabulous and

A week for two in the Virgin Islands. Under \$100.

When you camp at Cinnamon Bay Campground in the Virgin Islands National Park on St. John, you can enjoy fabulous watersports, an ideal climate with balmy breezes, great hiking and an on-premise commissary. And a tent site for two is just \$78 a week. Cabin rates slightly higher. Write to

Cinnamon Bay Campground, Virgin Islands National Park, Box 120, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S.V.I. 00830.





the tennis 8 courts (3 lighted) • video tape analysis • ball machines • max. 4 students/instructor/court

the "more" excellent accommodations • superb dining • exciting disco • wine & cheese party • pool & saunas • massage room

For more information on Cortina's Instructional Tennis Pkgs. & Tennis Vacations, phone (802) 773-3331 or write:



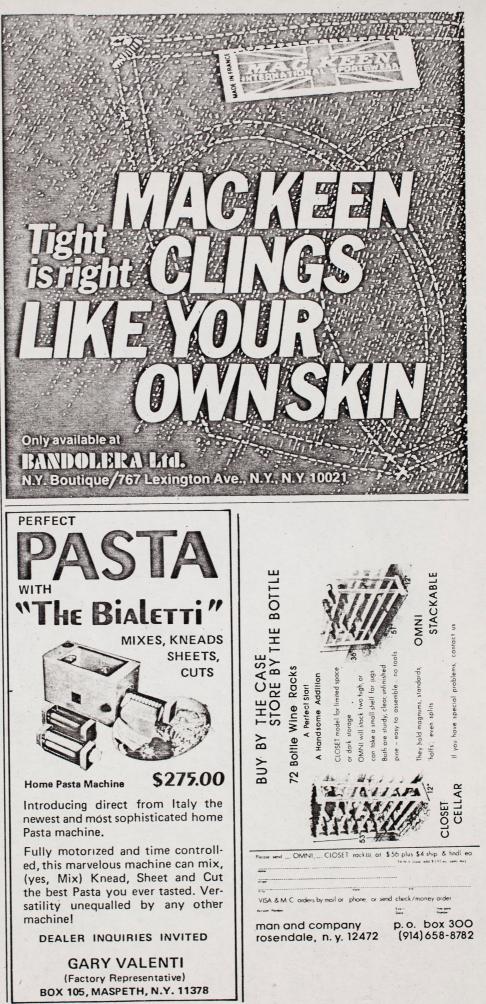
Manola, the well-known, maternity designer/manufacturer has finally opened her own boutique. Discover how the quality and style of Manola's designs give the pregnant woman that chic, up-to-date look. In solids and prints, this imported polyester crepe-de-chine is fashioned with a contrasting tie. \$89 MANOLA 853 Lexington Avenue (65 st.) layettes 2nd floor (212) 861-9772 large sizes (P.S. The walk to the 2nd floor is recommended by your doctor!) varied set of new sound sources—all produced, please note, by live musicians. Already some extraordinary music has been created for these new sound resources, including a 25-minute Requiem for EVTE by one of its members, Deborah Kavasch, which I had no difficulty identifying as beautiful.

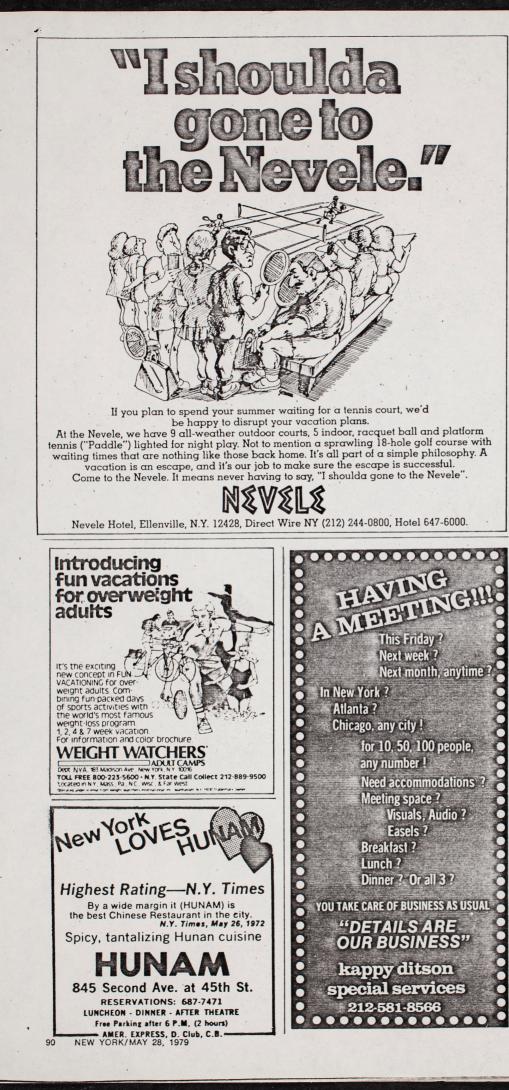
Stretched out on the floor of the main room at UCSD's Center for Music Experiment, serenaded by tape after tape of work by students of remarkable talent and variety of expression, I began to evolve my own picture of a brave new generation of composers for whom not one of the definitions I acquired in my own musical studies (at Berkeley and elsewhere) is of any but historical interest. How fortunate, my fantasy ran, that these people could revel in the freedom to express themselves 3,000 miles out of earshot of the New York Times or the New York talent scouts.

These things, among others, I heard: a 30-minute piece for nothing but twelve cymbals having the hell beaten out of them, on top of which, after a few minutes, I began hearing ghostly melodies of my own devising within my own head; a harrowing piece made up of nothing but the wail of a bereaved Vietnamese mother, gradually submerged into electronically produced out-of-phase echoes of itself; some lovely little pointillist settings of Ezra Pound poems for voice and instruments by a composer whose own preferences for an earlier compositional style had not been stifled; combo pieces that drew on contemporary rock styles. The variety was fascinating, the quality amazingly high. I know of no music school in the East that encourages composition students to range over so vast a spectrum of personal artistic vision.

Yet, UCSD does not function, as Ivy League composition departments tend to function (and as U.C.-Berkeley and UCLA functioned, at least in my day), as a clique where composers create abstruse exercises to entertain one another and nobody else. Perhaps the most extraordinary emanation at UCSD is the course called Music 1, open to all students at the university, modern music's answer to those masterpiece surveys we all got stuck with somewhere along our student years.

Music 1 propounds the dangerous notion that anyone can compose music if the definition of music is stretched far enough. It starts by telling its students, sometimes as many as 150 at a time, about how any kind of sound can be converted into an art form through recording on tape and through manipulation of the taped product to





take on the rise-and-fall of an artistic shape. Instead of standard manuscript, students are guided to develop their own graphic notation to describe a sound they hear or want to hear. Then they go out with tape recorders, bring in sounds, edit these sounds, run them through filters, or backward, or upside down, or against one another, until the results begin to resemble music.

Nobody is out to create a masterpiece. The real aim of such a course is, first of all, to develop a new audience that won't start looking for exits when confronted with a piece later than Rachmaninoff, and, second, to give students an insight into musical structure that they can then apply to understanding any music of any time or culture. By accident or design, some of the Music 1 products I've heard have a lot more vitality than some of the solid academic music that New Yorkers are handed in the name of newness. And some of those amateur composers' squiggles are rather attractive too.

The essence of the UCSD musical outlook is a wide-ranging worldliness, a stylistic caldron into which everything that has attracted or concerned composers since, say, 1945 can be mixed. The presence of certain patron saints is felt: surely John Cage, who first suggested that any sound or design could be taken as music if its composer said it was; just as surely the saintly Harry Partch, with his crazy instruments made from laboratory jars,kitchenware, and brake drums, out of which he drew a glassy, hypnotic music like a cry from another galaxy.

The condition of this musical enclave today suggests, furthermore, that —for all the eagerness of the naysayers to write "finis" to the art at the dawn of the electronic age—music in the past generation has actually proceeded on the traditional pathway of any music of any period: a time of negation, followed by a time of experiment, followed by a time of synthesis. Only in the last has society the right to expect masterpieces.

In California I felt the imminence of masterpieces. Why is it harder to sense this in New York? Fear that a New York failure can be definitive surely breeds cautious composers. I suspect another problem too. Nowhere in the East is there the easy congress between the public and the academy that there is elsewhere in the country. That most of the best new music in the world is now being created at universities may not be an ideal situation, but it is a fact of life. In California the results are at least accessible. (To be continued next week.)

Underground Music Surfaces for a Nine-Day Festival

By JOHN ROCKWELL

tarting this coming Friday and continuing through June 16, there will be a music festival in New York that most music-lovers won't even be aware of. But it promises to be one of the most significant musical events of the season, a cry of self-assertion by a whole variety of underground musics.

The festival is called New Music, New York, and it will take place nightly at the Kitchen, New York's premier performance space for new music and video art, located at the corner of Wooster and Broome streets in SoHo.

The artists involved — there'll be roughly six per night — include leading figures on the experimental music scene of the city, the area and the country, with a few European composers represented, as well. They come mostly from the realm of "classical" avant-gardism, what might very loosely be called the post-Cageian school of American music. But there are also people from the loft jazz scene, the underground, "no-wave" New York rock scene, sound-related performance art and more.

A few of the many composers involved include Robert Ashley, Robert Fripp, Philip Glass, Meredith Monk, Pauline Oliveros, Steve Reich (his ensemble but not the composer himself, who is in Europe), George Lewis, Don Cherry, Philip Corner, Phill Niblock, William Hellermann, Charles Dodge, Alvin Lucier, Larry Austin, Laurie Speigel, Gordon Mumma, Jill Kroesen, David Behrman, Charlemagne Palestine and Laurie Anderson. There will also be a festival-related late-night presentation of no-wave bands at the Mudd Club on June 12.

In addition, there will be a Kitchensponsored, three-day conference of managers and administrators from around the country associated with performance spaces like the Kitchen and music like this. And finally, beginning the day of the festival and extending one day past its close, there will be an "institute" on this music and related subjects sponsored by the Music Critics Association and consisting of talks, workshops and panel discussions, free and open to the public.

Just what all this means will presumably be a subject for rumination by the many critics coming from around the country and, one trusts, from the New York area. But a few preliminary thoughts might be in order.

First, the title "New Music, New York," is both catchy and thoughtprovoking, but part of the reason it provokes thought is that it can't — inevitably? — quite encompass all the ramifications of what this festival means.

"New music" suggests anything that is new, and more than any recent American festival that this writer knows of, New Music, New York is indeed broadly inclusive. But it is also exclusive, deliberately or otherwise. What's excluded is mostly what might be called "uptown" or "midtown" contemporary classical music. And it is just this music, rightly or wrongly, that is normally considered the *totality* of new music by most classical music critics.

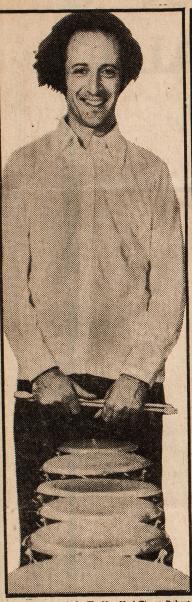
In other words, this is the music of conservatory-trained classical composers who feel themselves direct descendants of the "Great Masters" of Western music. The leading figures on the New York scene of such music — Elliott Carter, Jacob Druckman, Charles Wuorinen, Milton Babbitt, et al., not to speak of the earlier generation of William Schuman, Peter Mennin, Vincent Persichetti and the like tend either to despise the lower Manhattanites or not to take them seriously in the first place.



Their loss. One needn't get too polemical about this: There is a lot of fine music still coming out of the uptown new-music establishment, and one day, with the mellowing perspective of time, future music historians will be able to neatly categorize and relate stylistic camps that now seem desperately antithetical.

In the meantime, we're left with a nexus of new musicians who, for all their radically different sylistic perspectives, share something intangible yet somehow perceptible. And it will be the task of the festival and its ancillary conference and institute to help make that intangibility tangible.

The first links are sociological, relating to shared geography and sources of patronage. In New York, at least, these musicians tend to cluster with the painters, poets, dancers and video artists where the rents are cheap, in the



Photographs by The New York Times, Robert Maplethorpe, Alix Jeffry, Michael O'Brien

Music by Meredith Monk and Philip Glass, left, Steve Reich, center, and Robert Ashley and Pauline Oliveros, right, will be heard in the "New Music, New York" festival beginning Friday at the Kitchen.



manner of all Bohemian communities for the past 200 years. The result is that they share ideas with others in the community more easily than with practitioners of what is supposed to be their own art: in other words, composers in SoHo have been as much influenced by SoHo painters, dancers, etc. as by Elliott Carter.

There are those who argue that all money is corrupting, and to be sure vast sums have been wasted in recent years in the commissioning of dead new operas and symphonies. But the New York State Council on the Arts has been an incalculable help to the development of the New York new-music scene. Not that the city hasn't always been a center for new music, what with the heavy concentration here of the music business and press. But money helps, and the SoHo arts scene has been

clever about getting hold of some of it. Furthermore, unlike their midtown counterparts, they've evolved (grudgingly, sometimes) a style that doesn't need a vast amount of money to survive. While uptown composers lament (legitimately) the absence of a fullscale symphony orchestra that has the skill and time to perform new orchestral works, the lower Manhattan composers either work with smaller forms or avail themselves of amplification to make lots of noise with a small mumber of players.

There are shared esthetics, too. A pervasive Orientalism can be discovered in SoHo new music, much of it attributable to John Cage's writings (more than his music, really), and much more sophisticated than the Chinoiserie of earlier generations of Western composers. Balanced with this meditative quiessence has been a renewed interest, especially in the past few years, in kinetic rhythmic energy — not only in the dancing structures of Mr. Glass and Mr. Reich but in the whole coming together of the classical avant-garde and the underground rock and jazz scenes in New York.

Of course, this is hardly just a New York phenomenon, and one thing the events of the next couple of weeks will help clarify is the nature of New York's role today in American new music.

A case can be made that much of the finest American music has been composed by rugged individualists, cut off by geographical or psychological isolation from the mainstream of American culture. On that theory, New York, with its bustling cosmopolitanism and its rewarding of immediate success, might seem inimical to the best of American creativity.

But SoHo has arisen as a place where the contradictory tendencies of isolationism and cosmopolitanism can meet.

The result has been, for those of us who have followed the scene over the past few seasons, a remarkably lively and potentially promising source of new music. Not all of it is "good" or lasting, of course; little of any new music lasts. But the scene itself is exciting, and already its finest creations have won a place among the best new music, anywhere. The Kitchen festival should not only be instructive for anyone who wishes to partake of it but also enjoyable in a way that the stereotypical midtown "new music concert" all gray, dutiful and boring — rarely manages to be.

Music/Alan Rich CALIFORNIA MUSIC, PART TWO: THE ART OF THE STATE

"...For most of the active West Coast composers, the era of pure experiment has now become an era of substantial achievement..."

I wrote last week about the tired old East with all its cliques and infighting as compared with California, its healthy creative genius with alfalfa sprouts bestrewn. That was, I knew all along, a simplification out of touch with reality. California, too, has its lines of division. Composers at the University of California in San Diego tend to regard music on the university's Berkeley campus as old-fashioned; in Berkeley I hear only about "those nuts" at UCSD and at the California Institute of the Arts. At Mills College in Oakland, Robert Ashley's Center of Contemporary Music -one of the first in the country, directly descended from the San Francisco Tape Center, which Morton Subotnick founded in the early 1960s-produces a kind of theater-oriented electronic style which, by standards of the Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics at Stanford, is extremely old hat. Since all these disagreements occur under the academic umbrella, the politicking can be dirty and just a bit silly. You get the feeling at a new-music concert out there that controversial composers ought to show up with their own cheerleaders and pom-pom girls. If California didn't exist, nobody could invent it.

Yet, there are also alliances in this music scene, and shared concerns. Nobody working in any area of new music can afford to ignore the work going on at Stanford, whose center was the prototype for the computer-music division of Pierre Boulez's IRCAM in Paris. To put it in its simplest form (which is all that I can understand, at any rate), the ability of computers to accept any sound, any acoustic condition, any information about form, melody, musical texture, etc.-and then to "study" this material, analyze and break it down into its digital equivalent, to store it and produce it on demand-carries implications that are both vast and thrilling. Some of these possibilities have already reached the consumer world in the form of digital recording. Here the computer translates a performance into a digital equivalent which can then be duplicated on a piece of plastic software, as an LP master is dupli-



cated in a record press. Then that plastic piece is "read" on home equipment by a laser feeding into your present amplifier, re-creating the original sound without the loss in the usual music-totape-to-groove process. As a halfway step, digital recording can also be pressed onto LP discs—with, of course, the same wear problems and time limitations as ordinary discs. Even so, some of the digital discs now available —London's new album of Strauss Waltzes (LDR 10001/2), for example make anything else on records sound like Edison cylinders by comparison.

All this, however, is tangential to the way the computer can serve the composer. Stanford's gadgetry can study the sound of, say, an orchestra, so that a composer can create his own music using that sound as his instrument. He can store ideas in the computer and gain instantaneous information on how they will sound. He can draw on the computer's trove of studied and remembered sound and subject it to further manipulation to achieve an infinitude of still more sounds.

Stanford's computer center has so far done the most work in this field, and some of its staff (notably Loren Rush, who has had some works played in New York) are already famous. More significant is the fact that Stanford's machines have already spawned smaller yet sophisticated spinoffs for teaching and home use. Computers do, thank God, stop short of imagining. That remains the composer's job.

At the California Institute of the Arts late last month I attended a three-day festival of new music, consisting largely of works from CalArts itself, UCSD, and the small but thriving department at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas. It was an absorbing event, brilliantly planned, with somewhat greater attention to certain key works of the past than had been the case at last year's festival. Yet I had the bizarre experience of finding such scores as Peter Maxwell Davies's ten-year-old Eight Songs for a Mad King-a work I have always revered for its dazzling, iconoclastic theater sense-suddenly sounding terribly aged. And in Elliott Carter's Syringa, introduced in New York last winter, I heard only wheels.

The best of the music was brandnew, two big works that involved both live instruments and tape. One was Less Than 2, by UCSD's Roger Reynolds, a vivid, elegant piece for two pianos, percussion, and a pre-recorded tape track. The other was Parallel Lines, by Morton Subotnick of CalArts, for piccolo solo with chamber ensemble and tape. In the latter work, the tape actually takes on the function of both a live instrument and a small computer, used as it is to create a "ghost track," an ongoing electronic trope on the line of the solo piccolo. The implications here are, to say the least, arresting: the use of computerized, "live electronic" manipulation to expand the sound possibilities of a group of live instrumentalists. And when you consider this in the light of the already awesome technical prowess of today's new-music performer, the prospects stagger the imagination.

None of this would make any sense if the music itself were mere technical exercise. The most striking thing I learned in my recent immersion in music of the West Coast is that, for most of the active composers in that area, an era of merely trying things out has passed into an era of substantial achievement. The Subotnick and Reynolds pieces each ran about 25 minutes, and both were constructed with a fine sense of artistic management, with an emotional sweep that moved the listener along a consistent path.

Still, there is no excess of consistency in California's new music, nothing yet that can furnish pedagogues with textbook material about the emergence of a single stylistic "school." At CalArts, Subotnick works with his marvelously inventive, wide-ranging musical language, which lends itself to large-scale, rational structures, while Mel Powell (formerly of Yale) still creates the elegant, monocellular miniatures that he was writing twenty years ago. At UCSD Roger Reynolds continues to produce a dynamic, tense music whose form seems to derive from unwritten poetry; Pauline Oliveros, represented at the festival with a sprawling, improvisatory work built partly out of imitated animal sounds, is clearly caught up in the bright fantasy of music-as-theater. And Loren Rush of Stanford, although none of his computer works were on the program, plied me for hours with tapes of his own and students' music-works of wonder, delight, and, best of all, artistic stature. O brave, new, noisy world!

Listening Assignment

Given the world's need for multiple recordings of *Swan Lake*, the large record companies are understandably reluctant to deal at any length with abstruse contemporary music. The following will give you a smattering of some of the new music in California, from either its present practitioners or seminal figures.

- Erickson: End of the Mime, a setting from Finnegans Wake for chorus (CRI S-325); General Speech, for trombone (New World 254).
- **Ogdon:** By the Isar, for chamber ensemble (Desto 7128).
- Oliveros: Sound Patterns, for extended-vocal-techniques ensemble (Odyssey 32160156); I of IV, electronic (Odyssey 32160160).
- **Partch:** Several short works (Columbia MS 7207).
- **Reynolds:** From Behind the Unreasoning Mask, for trombone, percussion, and tape (New World 237); Quick Are the Mouths of Earth, for chamber ensemble (Nonesuch 71219).
- **Rush:** A Little Traveling Music, for piano and computer-generated tape (Serenus 12070).
- Subotnick: Four Butterflies (Columbia M-32741) and Silver Apples of the Moon (Nonesuch 71174), both electronic; Lamination, for orchestra and tape (Turnabout TV-S 34428).

Season after season Moe Ginsburg offers New York's Greatest Values in Men's Better Clothing.

NOW SHOWING OUR NEWEST SPRING ARRIVALS

We feature the same **designer clothing** you will see at the most prestigious specialty and the finest department stores. The only difference is that our selection is bigger and our prices are lower.

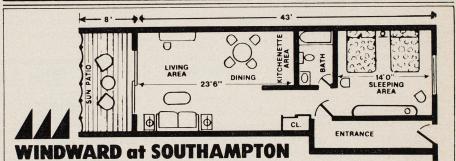
Name Brand Suits

Choose from an outstanding selection of three piece vested suits including many of the latest EUROPEAN DESIGNER FASHIONS

Our \$110-\$140 Comp. retail to \$240



(212) 242-3482 • 982-5254 We accept Master Charge • Bank Americard/Visa. OPEN MON.-FRI: 9:30-5:30. SAT. AND SUN: 9:30-5:30. Money refunded within 7 days on any unaltered garment. Models for everybody including portlys, cadets and extra longs.



Southampton's newest resort motel, WINDWARD offers you spacious air conditioned efficiencies, 650 square feet of luxuriously appointed entertaining and sleeping areas. Dine out or in your own complete kitchen. Relax on your private sun patio overlooking the beautiful Peconic. Tennis and swimming pool on premises.

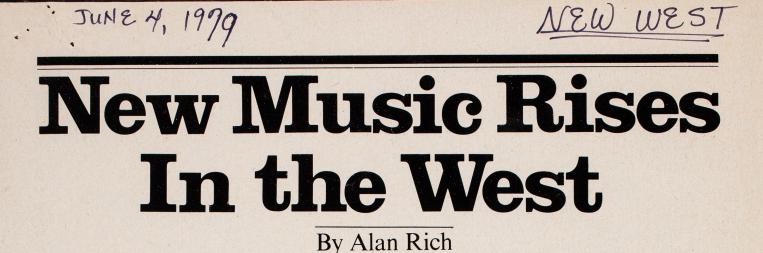
Be there first to enjoy unequaled luxury in our premiere season.

For Brochures call 516 283-6100 or write us at County Rd. 39, Southampton, N.Y. 11968



THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

or Paulino This article was resultation for Me. I'm nat sure I will like the source ur new music, But I like The idea Sita lat. . . tup Hope you win a dif Good luck begin beautiful



"... Something has happened to this country's serious music in the past ten years: The balance of creative power has shifted to California ..."

SOME SNAPSHOTS of the new music: Music appreciation classes at the University of California at San Diego. Instead of memorizing tunes from the 50 Great Symphonies, students make their own compositions out of noises of their own choosing—ocean waves, oranges falling off a tree, celery being

anges falling off a tree, celery being chomped. "If they can appreciate their own music, they can appreciate any-thing," a teacher explains.
A wall-sized gadget at the Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics at Stanford. It will accept,

sound and provide this sound, on demand, for any musical use. A composer could, conceivably, create a brand-new song and perform it as sung in the tones of Enrico Caruso.

• A concert of baroque music at the California Institute of the Arts conducted by the estimable Neville Marriner. Students organize a boycott. WE WANT NEW MUSIC, the placards read.

• A concert last winter at Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center—the New York première of three string quartets by George Rochberg, a 60-year-old composer once regarded as a leader of the East Coast musical avant-garde. The new pieces, however, are tuneful imitations of great composers of the past, Haydn through Mahler. The crowd cheers; the press gleefully hails the return of tonality, the demise of dissonance. Your correspondent, a New York critic gainfully employed, suddenly feels very provincial and hankers for California.

OMETHING HAS HAPPENED to this country's serious music in the past decade, and it's high time that people on both coasts took note of its implications. The whole balance of creative power has shifted. Give or take a couple of individual bright spots, the East





Coast musical establishment has become Even more important is the intangible frozen in place, relegated to chasing its tail in circles of constantly decreasing diameter. California, meanwhile, is bursting with creative energy. It is not just that every conceivable musical possibility is being studied and pursued here; the most important news is that an extraordinary amount of California's new music is astoundingly good.

Compare this with the situation just a couple of decades ago. Sure, there was some kind of new-music establishment in Los Angeles. The ghost of Arnold Schoenberg still hovered over UCLA, and the Stravinskys still poured tea for invited guests. But Stravinsky moved back to New York to take bows at concerts and, eventually, to die. Roger Sessions forsook the idyllic life at Berkeley out of fear that the east would dub him a California composer and ignore his music. Young composers who wanted to broaden their horizons went to sit at the feet of Milton Babbitt at Princeton and play with tape machines and synthesizers in RCA's fancy installation at Columbia University.

But now it's 1979, and no young progressive composer in his right mind wants to head east, unless he plans to sell out, write like George Rochberg, and get rave reviews in The New York Times. The best schools, the best teachers and, for the electronically minded, the best facilities are now located on the West Coast.

matter of creative atmosphere-the feeling of freedom to experiment, to succeed, even to fail a few times along the way.

Morton Subotnick is one of the elder statesmen at CalArts, invited there in 1968 when Walt Disney family money first set up that extraordinarily un-Disneyish, free-form school for all the arts in their farthest-out manifestations. Subotnick was widely known by then as the most creative spirit in electronic music, the first to demonstrate the solid musical possibilities in that new medium. His fame rested on a few large-scale works that had been recorded (Silver Apples of the Moon, The Wild Bull and others). They had been recorded because Subotnick had been smart enough, in the mid-sixties, to move east from his native California and shuck off the West Coast composer stigma. But now I asked Subotnick why his own music, and some stuff by his pupils at CalArts that I've gotten to hear on visits there, has this enormous, surging vitality that, from my New York vantage point, I thought had long ago left serious music.

"The main reason, I think, is that we can work here in California without that overpowering East Coast feeling that everything has to count. New York is a great place, but it's still an awful place if you're interested in any kind of experimentation. The record companies are there, the concert managers are there, the publishers are there, and The New York Times is

Left to right: Ed Harkins, Deborah Kavasch Linda Vickerman and Philip Larsen of EVTE.

there. The Times hasn't had a critic in years who knows anything, or cares anything, about new music, but it's still the paper that tells everybody what to think. Maybe California has better critics, maybe worse; the important thing is that nobody takes them seriously. That means that we're a lot freer out here to try things, to experiment. It doesn't matter nearly so much if we bomb once in a while."

Bomb with what? It isn't only the map that has changed in the last few years; the music, too, has gone through some extraordinary changes. Spend a few days at the University of California at San Diego campus (actually in La Jolla, on a hillside just off Interstate 5) and watch the ferment

UCSD had no music department at all until 1966, when, in a burst of academic imagination rare in the annals of higher education anywhere in the nation, the formation of a music curriculum was entrusted to a group of the most progressive teacher-composers money could buy: Wilbur Ogdon, Pauline Oliveros, Robert Erickson and Kenneth Gaburo, among many. From the beginning the department resolved not to turn its back on the musical past, but to lead its students through the past, the present and the future as part of a single continuum, regarding nothing as strange, no culture as

"... UCSD's music department leads its students through past, present and future, regarding nothing as strange, no culture as foreign . . ."

world, was a stunning departure.

N 1966, the musical world shivered with fear of the unknown. Electronic music would take over from the live performer; the computer would take over from the live composer; it was only a matter of days before Robbie the Robot would take over from the live listener. To a composer, of course, electronic music was simply a way of solving many problems. It gave him a new vocabulary of sounds and a way of getting those sounds performed. It gave him the chance, in other words, to write music that would have been too difficult for any live musician to perform. Electronic music was, therefore-among its many other attractions-a short cut for the composer around the hostility or the inadequacy of the performer.

Now it's a generation later. To be specific, it's eighteen years since an audience was both thrilled and baffled by a concert at Columbia University that unveiled the first fruits of the first American electronic workshop. And in that time, a new generation of performing musicians has heard those electronic sounds and taken them as a challenge for developing their own techniques. At UCSD the sounds of live musicians can match the electronic tonegenerators gurgle for warble.

Resident at UCSD is KIVA, a threeman improvisational ensemble centered on the remarkable percussion work of Jean-Charles François. KIVA's powers for producing fantastic sounds-and melding them into absorbing musical experiences-can stop the breath. François is something of a madman, but only in the visionary sense: Working with sculptors and hobbyists, he has devised an enormous array of sound-makers, musical instruments only in the broadest sense. At a typical KIVA concert (maybe "séance" would be a better word), one man will whomp away at oddly shaped water jugs suspended on cords, and on cymbals, boxes, drums and barrels so's to set up complex resonances; someone else will stick trumpet or clarinet mouthpieces on plastic tubes of varying lengths to get a wild variety of mellow bellowings. A third player will whisper, sing, chortle-or, perhaps, simply blow-into a trombone. The result of all this is a fabulously varied set of new sound sources, all produced by live performers, a whole new mass of resources waiting to be molded by an imaginative composer.

Another inventive UCSD group is the Extended Vocal Techniques Ensemble (or EVTE), made up of four singers who have mastered techniques that no "normal" singer would dream of-odd, throat-cen-

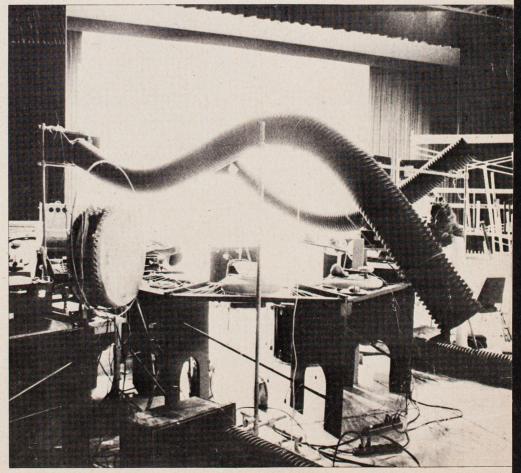
foreign. That, if you know your academic tered ululations that seem to generate not one tone but two; piercing falsetto shrieks at the limit of audibility; a toneless sizzling sound that seems to come up from the duodenum. Mindless, you say? I sat transfixed by a tape of a 25-minute "Requiem for Extended Voices" by Deborah Kavasch, one member of the group-a work of deep mystery and, yes, beauty.

Surrounded as it is by this kind of proof-that any imaginable sound can, with the outlay of intelligence, be put to creative, musical use-UCSD has begun to train a breed of composer whose work can now be heard not merely as a series of experiments, but as finished compositions. Stretched out on the floor of the main room at the school's Center for Music Experiment, serenaded by tape after tape of work by students of remarkable talent and variety of expression, I began to evolve my own picture of a brave new generation of composers, for whom not one of the definitions I had acquired in my own musical studies (at Berkeley and elsewhere) is of any but historical interest. How fortunate, my fantasy ran, that these people could express themselves 3,000 miles out of earshot of The New York Times or the offices of the talent scouts.

30-minute piece for nothing but twelve cymbals having the hell beaten out of them, on top of which, after a few minutes, I began hearing ghostly melodies of my own devising within my own head; a harrowing piece made up of nothing but the wail of a bereaved Vietnamese mother, gradually submerged into electronically produced out-of-phase echoes of itself; some lovely little pointillist settings of Ezra Pound poems for voice and instruments, by a composer whose own preferences for an earlier compositional style had not been stifled; combo pieces that drew on contemporary rock styles. The variety was fascinating, the quality amazingly high. I know of no music school in the east that encourages composition students to range over so vast a spectrum of personal artistic visions.

Yet, UCSD does not function, as Ivy League compositional departments tend to function (and as UC Berkeley and UCLA functioned in my day), as a closed society where composers create abstruse exercises to entertain one another and nobody else. Perhaps the most extraordinary emanation of all at UCSD is the course

An array of KIVA's sound-makers-musical These things, among others, I heard: A instruments only in the most general sense.

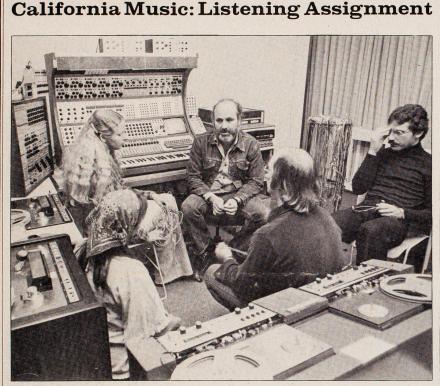


"... The ability of Stanford's computers to ingest, analyze, digitalize and store sound might revolutionize at least some of the new music"

called Music 1, open to all students at the into an art form by recording it on tape university-modern music's answer to those masterpiece surveys we all got stuck with sometime during our student years.

Music 1 propounds the dangerous notion that anyone can compose music if the definition of music is stretched far enough. It starts by telling its students, sometimes as many as 150 at a time, about how any kind of sound can be converted ters, or backward, or upside-down, or

and by manipulating the taped product to take on the rise and fall of an artistic shape. Instead of using standard notation, students are guided to develop their own squiggles to describe a sound they hear, or a sound they want to hear. Then they go out with tape recorders, bring in sounds, edit these sounds, run them through fil-



Composer and teacher Morton Subotnick with students at CalArts.

IVEN the world's need for multiple recordings of Swan Lake, the large record companies are understandably reluctant to deal at any length with abstruse contemporary music. Thus, there isn't much of it around. The following recordings, though, will give you at least a smattering of some of the artistic ideas that characterize the new music in California, from either its present practitioners or (in the case of Harry Partch) seminal figures. All listed records were in print at press time; many others-including some stunning pieces by UCSD's Robert Erickson-have long since vanished. A.R.

Robert Erickson: End of the Mime, a setting from Finnegans Wake for chorus (CRI S-325); General Speech, for trombone (New World 254)

Wilbur Ogdon: By the Isar, for chamber ensemble (Desto 7128)

Pauline Oliveros: Sound Patterns, for extended-vocal-technique ensemble (Odyssey 32160156); I of IV, electronic (Odyssey 32160160)

Harry Partch: Several Short Works (Columbia MS 7207)

Roger Reynolds: From Behind the Unreasoning Mask, for trombone, percussion, and tape (New World 237); Quick Are the Mouths of Earth, for chamber ensemble (Nonesuch 71219)

Loren Rush: A Little Traveling Music, for piano and computer-generated tape, and other piano works (Serenus 12070)

Morton Subotnick: Four Butterflies (Columbia M-32741) and Silver Apples of the Moon (Nonesuch 71174), both electronic works; Lamination, for orchestra and tape (Turnabout TV-S 34428)

against one another, until the results begin to resemble music.

Nobody in the course is led to believe that he is out to create a masterpiece. The real aim of such a course is, first of all, to create a new audience that won't start looking for exits when confronted with anything later than Rachmaninoff; and, second, to give students insights that they can then apply to understanding any music of any time or culture. And you know what? By accident or design, some of the Music 1 products I've heard have a lot more vitality than some of the solid academic music that New Yorkers are handed in the name of newness.

HE ESSENCE of the UCSD musical outlook is a wide-ranging, latter-day worldliness, a stylistic caldron into which everything that has attracted or concerned composers since, say, 1945, can be mixed. The presence of certain patron saints is felt: Certainly it was John Cage who first suggested that anything, any sound, had to be taken as music if the composer said it was. Just as certainly it was the gentle, poetic Harry Partch, with his crazy instruments made up of laboratory jars, kitchenware and discarded brake drums-with his 43-tone scale, with which he piously claimed to have restored the spirit of ancient Greece-who amplified Cage's battle cries in his own glassy, hypnotic music.

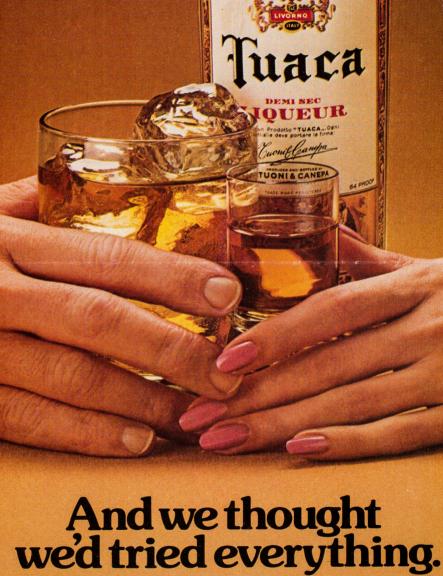
Not all of UCSD's sound, of course, is EVTE's ululations or latter-day Partch. The school also supports SONOR, an ensemble of "normal" instruments under the direction of Bernard Rands, which works sometimes alone and sometimes in conjunction with taped sounds. But "normal" playing in the UCSD sense covers its own incredible range, and SONOR's players have become prodigies of technique in the service of composers' sometimes unrealistic demands.

Mixed into this anarchic philosophy are a few obeisances to today's more abstruse technology. UCSD's composers have not turned their backs on electronic sources; they can use them brilliantly as an adjunct to their instrumental thinking. Roger Reynolds, the handsome composer who helped found the school's Center for Music Experiment, talks hopefully of "raising some dollars," lots of dollars, to add advanced computer technology to the center's resources.

And what about these computers? Well, they, too, have come a long way from early, cute experiments, where one fed a bit of program into the capacious maw and got a symphony at the other end. Stanford's Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics served as the prototype for the computer-music division of IRCAM, the highly publicized new-music center set up by Pierre Boulez in Paris; the composers and technicians at Stanford have guided computer music into what might be considered a "second generation." That generation has hardly been silent. From Stanford has come a major part of the research into techniques that have lately revolutionized the recording industry: the computerization of live sound into its digital equivalent, and the re-creation of that sound on home hi-fi equipment via laser technology. But the story of digital recording is only tangential to matters at hand.

The ability of Stanford's computers to ingest, analyze, digitalize and store sound may also revolutionize at least some part of the new-music scene. Imagine what might happen when a composer can gain access to the sound of, say, a symphony orchestra, to use as an element in a composition. Suppose the composer can, in addition, derive from that same computer a seemingly infinite wealth of acoustical information-the ability to move a sound around a room or to envelop it in any conceivable acoustical setting. Suppose he can play further games with those sounds, those musical motions, through his own electronic manipulations and through combinations with other sources. Suppose all this, and you comprehend only an infinitesimal fraction of the musical possibilities computers will bring to tomorrow's composer. Little wonder, then, that you find some of California's most active composers involved with Stanford's computers. The most notable of these is Loren Rush, whose purely instrumental music has been played by European orchestras as well as the San Francisco and Boston symphonies, but who has plugged his musical future into Stanford's gadgetry.

HESE, THEN, are among the elements that have made California a frontier state once again-the frontier of a strange new world of noise and, perhaps, of beauty. As an easterner desperately fighting off jadedness, I find this new musical energy somewhat exhilarating if, at times, more than a little odd. It struck me as decidedly odd, for example, a couple of weeks ago, to hear the visiting composer Elliott Carter discussed by Cal-Arts students as if he were some prehistoric beast recently thawed from a glacier. Carter is still considered, on the East Coast, a most respectable progressive. The pioneering zeal that recently caused other CalArts students to picket a baroque music concert on campus certainly seems excessive. Come to think of it, however, some of the most sweeping movements in the arts begin by temporarily wiping out the past. That never lasts long, however; Scarlatti and Subotnick shall lie down together, and a reel of tape shall lead them. O brave, new, noisy world!



MPORTED

Then we discovered Tuaca. Refreshing over ice. Mysterious with a lemon twist. Magnificent all alone. The Tuaca formula dates back to the Renaissance, but its flavor is as new and different as tomorrow night. Tuaca. Sophisticated, elegant, and very definitely unique.



THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1979

Music: Kitchen Offering Experimental Festival

By JOHN ROCKWELL

The Kitchen's New Music, New York festival of experimental music got under way Friday night with two identical benefit concerts. The program was an interesting one, full of good or at least stimulating music. But only some of it was new, and the composers selected, being well-known ones, didn't really constitute a preview of the evenings to come (the festival runs nightly through Saturday).

The first four were Steve Reich (represented by four members of his ensemble), Pauline Oliveros, Philip Glass and Meredith Monk. All these people work in idioms that are in some sense static or meditative. Of the four, the best effect was made by Miss Oliveros, who did an audience-participation piece that was lucidly simple in its instructions and lovely to hear and to participate in.

People were asked to sing long notes on a pitch of choice, and to alternate between that pitch and the matching of their voices to somebody else's pitch. The result was a shifting, dappled choral texture of sound, and the very timidity of many of the audience helped lend it a magically distant and ethereal quality.

The trouble with these benefit or festival potpourris is that composers whose work needs time or large ensembles aren't usually heard at their most characteristic. The first part of Mr. Reich's "Drumming," for instance, exemplifies his rhythmic interests, but it doesn't get into the coloristic variety of later sections of the same score.

Mr. Glass did a solo electric organ section of a forthcoming work, and while it had its merits, his solo pieces are to this taste usually less challenging than his ensemble works. And although Miss Monk's remarkable vocal techniques and hieratic allure never failed to make an impact, her solo works from 1970 and 1973 don't suggest her more complex recent ensemble scores.

It was left to Robert Ashley at the end to provide the evening with a real climax, the only bit of old-fashioned avant-garde aggression of the night. Mr. Ashley performed his "Wolfman," which dates back to 1964 and succeeded in driving a good portion of the earlyshow audience from the premises.

in driving a good portion of the earlyshow audience from the premises. "The Wolfman" consists of a cacophonous barrage of distorted electronic squawking on tape, fevered electrickeyboard effects and Mr. Ashley grimacing and moaning into a microphone, his sounds twisted by howling feedback. It was a little bit of nostalgic history, a blast from the avant-garde past, a new-music golden oldie, and, at least in retrospect, amusing as such.

GIVE TO THE FRESH AIR FUND

Impressions of New Music

By Tom Johnson

The forthcoming 10-day festival, "New Music, New York," has already made quite an impression, and it hasn't even degun yet. Music critics across the country have been so impressed that more of them applied for fellowships to the Institute on Contemporary Experimental Music, to be held in conjunction with the festival, than to any of the other institutes scheduled by the national Music Critics Association this year. Directors of alternative centers across the country have been so impressed that at least 50 of them have arranged to attend their own New Music Conference, also to be held in New York during that time. The Voice editors were so impressed that they felt a column of prior comments would be in order, even though this page is almost never given over to advance publicity. They even agreed to provide enough space on the music page this week to list all of the seminars, workshops, concerts, panels, times, and places.

Perhaps I should not have been impressed. Since I have been following the development of experimental music rather closely throughout the '70s, and have participated in much of the activity myself, I was already aware that there was a lot of experimental music going on, that much of it was of high quality, and that the audience for this work was growing. Perhaps I should have taken it all in stride when I learned that a festival package of this sort was being put together. And yet, as I look down the list of the 53 composers whose works are scheduled for the concerts, I am impressed too.

I am impressed, for example, at the maturity of most of the artists. The SoHo scene, or the Kitchen scene, or the experimental music scene, or the new music scene, or whatever you want to call it, is still widely regarded by outsiders as a radical avant-garde genre, the implication being that it is carried on by rebellious young freaks who are still reacting against what their teachers taught them and trying to startle audiences with their iconoclasm. Such a description might almost be appropriate if we were talking about the Fluxus events that took place in the early '60s, or about those first Kitchen seasons that took place in the former kitchen of the old Broadway Central Hotel in the early '70s. But the present situation is very different. Most of these musicians sowed their first artistic oats long ago, and while their work may still seem bizarre to the general public, most of it now comes out of a good many years of experience, and most of its creators are over 35.

I am also impressed by the diversity of the music scheduled for the festivals. The influences reflected in the work of these musicians range from John Cage and Indonesian music to jazz and rock. The instruments they use may be non-Western, homemade, or simply pieces of furniture. They experiment variously with vocal and theatrical techniques, and make use of electronic devices ranging all the way from the most rudimentary to the most sophisticated. Some are involved with forms of meditation, new ways of improvising,

or sound poetry. It is still common practice to summarize the history of experimental music as a phenomenon that began with La Monte Young and then proceeded to Terry Riley, Steve Reich, and Philip Glass, in that order. But, of course, this progression has been only one aspect of the very intricate history of recent music, and while it may be the best known at the moment, it is probably not the most profound so far as fresh musical insights are concerned or the most influential as far as the future of music is concerned, and maybe not the most successful as far as sheer musical quality is concerned. If the festival does nothing more than to make critics and other listeners more aware of the complexity of experimental music as a whole, it will still be valuable.

I am also impressed by the omissions. This festival by no means takes in the entire experimental music picture. I can think of many composers from England or Australia or Rome or Tokyo or California or Illinois or other places whose work would have fit neatly into a festival of this sort, and I'm sure there are many others I'm not aware of. For that matter, I can think of a number of musicians based right in New York whose work would have had to have been included in a truly comprehensive or definitive festival. Still, this series is probably more comprehensive and more definitive than any assemblage of experimental music anyone has ever put together before, and it will bring together more new ways of making music than we have ever had an opportunity to hear in one package before. The concerts, and the many private and public discussions that will surround them, will probably also bring together more new insights and questions about new music than any of us have ever thought of before. Of course, some of these will probably be more disturbing than reassuring. But then, that will be valuable too.



New Music, New York: When, and Where Friday, June 8

10 a.m.: Remarks by Mary MacArthur and Rhys Chatham of the Kitchen Center; talk by John Rockwell on "Experimental Music Today" (Loeb Student Center)

6 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.: Special benefit concert with works by Robert Ashley, Philip Glass, Meredith Monk, Pauline Oliveros, and Steve Reich Ensemble. (The Kitchen)

Saturday, June 9

10:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.: Tom Johnson and Michael Nyman on "The History and Esthetics of Experimental Music" (Experimental Intermedia Foundation)

8 p.m.: Concert with works by John Adams, Karl Berger, Marc Grafe, Garrett List, Leo Smith, and Peter Zummo. Sunday, June 10

10:30 a.m.: Workshop with Tom Johnson on "New Performing Techniques" (Experimental Intermedia Foundation)

2:30 p.m.: John Rockwell and Brian Eno, with Jerry Casale, Robert Fripp, Philip Glass, and Leroy Jenkins on "Commerciality, Mystique, Ego and Fame in New Music" (Collective for Living Cinema)

8 p.m.: Concert with works by Charles Amirkhanian, Connie Beckley, Jon Deak, Scott Johnson, Jill Kroesen, and David van Teighem (The Kitchen)

Monday, Juston 2 of Mideros V Huit VINA CO

10:30 a.m.: John Rockwell and Michael Nyman, with Rhys Chatham, Brian Eno, and Chris Stein on "Rock and Experimental Music" (Collective for Living Cinema)

2:30 p.m.: Robert Palmer, with Robert Ashley, George Lewis, and Wendy Perron on "Improvisation in Experimental Music" (Collective for Living Cinema)

8 p.m.: Concert with works by Michael Byron, Philip Corner, Malcolm Goldstein, William Hellermann, Petr Kotik, and Charlie Morrow (The Kitchen)

Tuesday, June 12

10:30 a.m.: Robert Palmer on "Jazz and Experimental Music" (Loeb Student Center)

8 p.m.: Concert with works by Barbara Benary, Joe Celli, Don Cherry, Tom Johnson, Jeanne Lee, and Phill Niblock (The Kitchen)

Wednesday, June 13

2:30 p.m.: John Rockwell, Tom Johnson, Robert Palmer, and Michael Nyman on "Criticism and Experimental Music" (Loeb Student Center)

8 p.m.: Concert with works by Larry Austin, Joel Chadabe, Charles Dodge, George Lewis, Alvin Lucier, and Laurie Spiegel.

Thursday, June 14

2:30 p.m.: Robert Palmer and Tom Johnson, with Barbara Benary, Brian Eno, Philip Glass, and Gordon Mumma on "The Relationship between New Music and Third World Music" (Collective for Living Cinema)

8 p.m. Concert of works by David Behrman, Tony Conrad, Jon Gibson, Annea Lockwood, Charlemagne Palestine, and Ivan Tcherepnin (The Kitchen)

Friday, June 15

10:30 a.m.: John Rockwell, with David Behrman, Charles Dodge, and Laurie Spiegel on "Electronic Music" (Collective for Living Cinema)

2:30 p.m.: Brian Eno on "The Recording Studio as Compositional Tool" (Collective for Living Cinema)

8 p.m.: Concert of works by Jon Hassell, David Mahler, Gordon Mumma, Michael Nyman, Richard Teitelbaum, and "Blue" Gene Tyranny (The Kitchen)

Saturday, June 16

10:30 a.m.: Rhys Chatham, with Michael Byron, Peter Gordon, and Frankie Mann on "Young Composers" (Experimental Intermedia Foundation)

2:30 p.m. John Rockwell, with Laurie Anderson, Connie Beckley, RoseLee Goldberg, and Meredith Monk on "The Relationship between New Music and the Other Arts" (Experimental Intermedia Foundation)

8 p.m.: Concert with works by Laurie Anderson, Rhys Chatham, Peter Gordon, Jeffrey Lohn, Frankie Mann, and Ned Sublette. (The Kitchen)

Sunday, June 17

10:30 a.m.: Michael Nyman on "British and American New Music" (The Kitchen)

2:30 p.m.: John Rockwell, with a panel of Institute fellows on "The Relationship between New York and the rest of the United States in Experimental Music" (The Kitchen)

Loeb Student Center is at 566 LaGuardia Place; the Experimental Intermedia Foundation (aka Phill Niblock's Loft) is at 224 Centre Sweet; the Collective for Living Cinema is at 52 White Street; and the Kitchen is at 484 Broome Street. Tickets are \$15 (\$12 for Kitchen members) for the opening-night concert, \$4 (\$3.50 for Kitchen members) or TDF Music voucher for all other concerts, and may be purchased in advance. Other sessions are free. For further information call 925-3615.

75



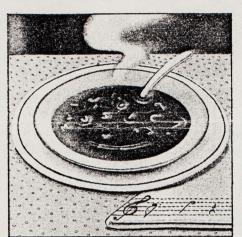
"...With few exceptions, Kitchen composers are merely making up conditions for possible music and passing them off as art..."

I had thought that the business about suffering for one's art had gone out with the hoopskirt. But that was before my week at the Kitchen. This is the place, as you've probably been reading, that serves as New York's major showplace for experiments in music and visual media. For nine days in mid-June it was the scene of New Music, New York, an extensive survey of musical experimentation. Fifty-four composers were listed; the overwhelming majority were people whose music has always been heard at the Kitchen. The event was, thus, as hermetic artistically as physically.

The Kitchen takes its name from its original location, the kitchen of the Broadway Central Hotel-the building which, along with the attached Mercer Arts Center, collapsed into rubble one night some years back. Now its premises are the second floor of a loft building on Broome Street. The main room seats about 200, nearly half of whom cannot see the entire stage because of heavy pillars. When, as for the recent festival, standees are also allowed, the air is foul within a few moments. There are fans, but they are too noisy to run during the music. Like most SoHo streets, Broome is in terrible shape, and the noise from passing trucks is fearsome. The low sheet-metal ceiling reflects and amplifies the sound, sometimes to the point of physical torture. The staff, in person and on the phone, is rude and ill-informed. Who wouldn't be, having to work there?

After my first time at the Kitchen a few months ago, I discovered that the hazards it presented were not covered by Workmen's Compensation. I felt, nevertheless, that I had to see some of this festival after my recent immersion in California's new music; fair is fair. The concurrent Basically Bach Festival gave me the excuse to miss a few nights. On those, I have the testimony of a kindred soul: a brilliant and perceptive lady named Beth Anderson, who took it upon herself to write running critiques of all concerts and to distribute them at her own expense.

Let me glean a few lines from Beth Anderson's writings by way of putting



the events into perspective. "Charlie Morrow with ocarina orchestra performed a moving sound piece with a woodsy quality due to the cooing timbre of the multitudinous ocarinas. ... Comments from the audience included: Nice. It's like the old days." "Philip Corner's music was presented without the composer and was very mysterious in that the musicians chose to play in another room." "Since Mr. Kotik [Petr Kotik, a composer] gave the audience permission to leave if they felt the need, they took advantage of his offer, especially after seeing the critic from the Voice leave." "[Meredith Monk's song] seems to be what to sing if you're an ancient French laundry woman kvetching about work on an expressive day." "Don't laugh at the composers. You paid to get in."

Only in this final line do Ms. Anderson and I part company.

What depressed me more than anything about this festival was its lack of music. I don't mean by this that people writing in odd idioms and mediums-raucous tapes accompanying someone making faces (Robert Ashley), three octaves of a G-major scale played so slowly as to occupy twenty valuable minutes (Alvin Lucier), more minutes of inane keening on made-up syllables to shapeless, childish piano tunes (Meredith Monk)-aren't writing music because they don't sound like Beethoven. I mean something more serious, that with very few exceptions these Kitchen people are still merely making

up conditions for possible music—alphabets, you might say—and are then passing off the results as art. This is what young composers in California were doing twenty years ago when I was studying there, but when I went to Los Angeles and San Diego this spring to hear new music, I heard pieces that had been fully formed as art works after years of selection or rejection of those experiments.

And I was also depressed at the Kitchen by being among intelligent-looking listeners, who sat as if numbed by the plenitude of unformed and self-serving musical maunderings, neither laughing at the composers nor-and this would have been more to the point-rising up in anger after minutes of insults to their intelligence and demanding that the nonsense stop. The one or two good pieces I heard-a participation piece by Pauline Oliveros that would have sounded even more fabulous in a better acoustical setting, and a lovely work by Joel Chadabe for computergenerated wind and percussion sounds -earned good ovations. The truly rotten-even something as unspeakable as a piece consisting of its selfstyled composer, one Charlemagne Palestine, sitting in darkness and telling the audience to go unprint itselfdrew the timidest of boos. (I do hope that when the tenor Siegfried Jerusalem comes to the Met next season, he and Mr. Palestine join forces.)

The Kitchen is a kind of fortress. Its composers, and even its most loyal audiences, have been trained to regard Houston Street as the Maginot Line, so that there is no cross-fertilization between the uptown and SoHo new-music enclaves. SoHo has one intelligent spokesman, Tom Johnson of the Village Voice, whose gee-whiz enthusiasm at least rests on good knowledge. During the Kitchen festival week a group of out-of-town music critics were assembled by Johnson and the Times's preposterous gadfly, John Rockwell, to broaden their awareness of new music by attending discussions and these concerts. That's a little like running a French gourmet tour by spending a week at Le Big Mac.

MUSIC New Music, New York, New Institution

OICEJULY

It suddenly became clear that the genre has accumulated quite a bit of support and momentum.

By Tom Johnson

For all the value of the 53 specific pieces included on the 10-day festival of New Music, New York, the discussions surrounding them were perhaps even more valuable. And for all the confrontations and new insights, the mere fact that the affair had taken place was perhaps most valuable of all.

This was not just another music festival, but a genuine landmark in the evolution of a genre. The event, hosted by the Kitchen, marked the first time that such a broad spectrum of experimental music had ever been put together into a single, highly visible package. Critics from consumer magazines, jazz magazines, and entertainment magazines, which normally ignore experimental music, arrived in significant numbers. Nine critics from across the country arrived to participate in the Music Critics Association institute held in conjunction with the festival. Representatives from about 50 groups that present new music in one format or another arrived from all over the country to hear the music, to talk, and to form an organization for their mutual benefit. John Duffy, whose "Meet the Composer" program is expanding to support new music in more and more states, arrived to coordinate his efforts with theirs. There were representatives from the National Endowment and other funding organizations, representatives from European radio, along with publishers, scholars, and music professionals of all sorts. And there was such public response that the Kitchen, with its capacity of 250, had to turn away dozens, if not hundreds, for every concert. In effect, the event turned out to be a kind of new music trade show, and a more vital one than even the most optimistic seemed to anticipate.

This is particularly significant for music that has always been considered experimental or avant-garde and has thus far evolved strictly on the fringes of official culture. The activity has been gradually increasing all around the country but I don't think anyone quite realized how much it has been increasing. Now it suddenly becomes clear that the genre has accumulated quite a bit of support and momentum, that it is becoming organized on a rather broad scale and that, from here on, it will be pretty hard to sweep under the carpet. In short, new music is now an institution.

Of course, this particular institution was never intended to be one. It was more often

William Hellermann performing "Squeak," a careful, intricate piece for rocking chair and rocker.

thought of as a guerrilla unit, or a collection | cant impact on the history of music. At the of guerrilla units. After all, a place devoted to new music and video, and having no intentions whatever of selling food, does not name itself "The Kitchen" if it is looking forward to the day when it will be well established and when the name will be a constant source of public confusion. Yet for better or worse, the Kitchen, along with the And/Or Gallery in Seattle, Real Art Ways in Hartford, 1750 Arch Street in San Francisco, and all the others, is not just a guerrilla unit anymore. It is clear that such places are now being administered quite professionally by people who know how to raise funds, know how to work together, and even know how to put on a trade show. Most of the groups represented are now stable enough to think two seasons ahead instead of one, solvent enough to consider taking on rather grandiose projects, and able to make decisions that will have signifi-

same time, they are becoming significant targets for all kinds of criticism, and must now be ready for the blows that will inevitably come from left-out composers, irate consumers, and competing artistic categories. They, like the composers they present, can no longer hide along the fringes of American culture.

This situation raises a number of questions, several of which were expressed emphatically by composer Ivan Tcherepnin: "Is the conference showing that it is responsible in face of the problems which are choking the western world-oppression, collusion, passed bucks, control, enslavement, greed, self-indulgence and waste? Are its participants not facing the danger of being seen as Collaborators, by the underground? Is not the stand being taken, viz. to 'establish' the Experimental music scene and provide an endowment for its sustenance also tying the

participants into the system, which will eventually incorporate it? Was not one of its fortes its independence from such poisonous tentacles? Isn't there an implicit complicity with Big Business and Government involved here?"

Many would say that the greatest value of avant-garde work throughout this century has resided in its subversive nature. Ouestioning bourgeois values, raising political issues, redefining art, throwing stones. But many experimental musicians and perhaps the whole movement, now exist in a glass house of their own. The milieu has changed, and the term "avant-garde" seems less and less appropriate.

Laurie Anderson's work had never impressed me much before, but her three songs from "Americans on the Move" did. Her lyrics here have something to say, the music is inventive,

And in This Corner-the Maximalists

By Leighton Kerner

Without denying the particular fascinations of some minimal music, fascinations involving both unconventional and conventional philosophies of sound and time, maximal music-where composers and performers not only think big and multifarious but act big and multifarious-is not exactly a dead issue. While spectacular complexities are found in almost every part of the overworked standard repertory, they also provide whatever stimulation or irritation audiences find in many brand-new scores. Maximalism stampedes the landscape still and often.

Take the New York Philharmonic's two most recent Fisher Hall concerts, for which Leonard Bernstein returned to his former orchestra after a one-and-a-half-year absence. The programs included the world premiere of Jacob Druckman's Aureole, commissioned by the orchestra and the conductor, and four standard symphonies, the firsts of Schumann and Mahler, the last of Haydn, and the fifth of Shostakovich. These scores, stylistically disparate and subject to much hot argument regarding their comparative merits, all have at least one thing in common: an exuberant relish in the orchestral means at their disposal.

The symphonies don't need specific description in this year of 1979, but Aureole deserves some. The sound that prevails over its 13-minute span identifies it as one of a family of recent Druckman orchestral works full of light-then-dark and delicate-then-robust swathes of music compounded of increasingly recognizable motivic cells, harmonic structures, and rhythmic motors. No one these days assembles his compositional materials with more of a jeweler's skill, and no one orchestrates with more of a safecracker's feel for texture and balance. But there's more to a lot of Druckman's symphonic pieces than that. His Viola Concerto, played earlier this season by the Philharmonic and its principal violist, Sol Greitzer, under James Levine's baton, cast the solo instrument as Orpheus gradually taming the orchestra's beautiful beasts. The new work centers its shimmering, throbbing activity around a cantus firmus consisting of the atypically calm theme that introduces the first Kaddish sequence .n Bernstein's Third Symphony, a theme whose inclination toward descending fifths does much to make it identifiable in its new, all but impenetrable disguise.

Yet Druckman never seems to lean on his colleague for melodic inspiration. A little more than halfway through this predominantly rhythmic and coloristic piece, the tempo slackens, and the cellos lead the higher strings in a rising, falling, and vaulting theme that Mahler might have penned had he lived to pursue the atonal implications of his 10th Symphony. The melody is like a shelter from the score's storms, most of which whip in and around on an insistent dotted ostinato whose source the composer, in a rehearsal conversation, identified as the rhythm of the traditional "Kaddish" chant: "Yisgadal v'yiskadash shmeh raboh. .

A marimba begins the music with that ostinato, and from then on the dotted pulsation is never far from the center of atunderlying it. And the main action itself every so often refers and now it was rich, noisy, and gorgeous.



Spectacular complexities provide whatever stimulation or irritation audiences find in many brand-new scores.

by imitation to another key element of the Bernstein work, namely the spreading of rattling rhythmic material among contrasting, unpitched percussion, as heard in the Third Symphony's "Din-Torah" movement. Both rhythmic devices-the "Din-Torah" rattle and the "Kaddish" chantare combined in Aureole's tense, dramatic coda, where periodic onslaughts from winds, brass, and percussion hardly make a dent in the strings' racing dit-dit-dit-dah pulsations, to which tympani and wire-brushed metal are joined in the final pianissimo bars.

There was a lot of composing and performance in those 13 minutes. And counterparts to the energy and finesse that the conductor and orchestra brought to Aureole were easily apparent in the rest of these two programs. The Schumann 'Spring'' Symphony was projected larger than what is ordinarily considered to be life, but Schumann's music wears stretch clothes. Some days it really grows huge, but in the surest hands, it retains its shape. In the sure hands of Bernstein and the Philharmonic, the symphony's Larghetto sang more loudly and slowly than is the custom, but the song remained melodious and rapturous. And the finale did its broken-field running just as gracefully as you please, despite the weight of rich string sound.

Away back in his Wunderkind years, Bernstein consistently exhibited a special gift for conducting Haydn, Shostakovich, and Mahler, and by now that gift is probably unequalled. I suspect that a big part of his method is to take the music to its maximum impact. For Haydn's Symphony No. 104, that means warm sound and lively, justly accented rhythm without the slightest depreciation of the composer's sense of when to obey classical procedure strictly and when to have fun with it. One reservation: the crucial repeats were skipped because of program length. But he promised that they wouldn't be dropped in a recording scheduled to be made during the orchestra's current Japanese tour.

The Shostakovich, with its hysterically anguished but somehow cohesive first and third movements and its brassexploding, drum-whacking, roof-rattling finale sounded, thanks partly to the hall's improved acoustics, as I had not heard it sound in New York in 20 years. Then it was the same tention, sometimes interrupting the main action, sometimes orchestra and same conductor, but in Carnegie Hall. Then



87

VOICE JULY 2,

Leonard Bernstein: stampeding on his old stamping grounds

As for the Bernstein-Philharmonic Mahler First, get access to a tape of this and a tape of Zubin Mehta's performance with the same orchestra last fall, and then tell me where the Philharmonic has been and where it is going. Mehta pushed the music to the hilt and came up with raucousness and structural incoherence. Bernstein pushed it to the hilt and came up with a sustained apotheosis of Mahler as wild alarmist, savage satirist, and exultant yea-sayer-on-the-brink. The schmaltz in the middle movements was so thick you could cut it with a baton, yet you also could get happy-drunk on it. There was a rhythmic elasticity tying one page to the next and one movement to the next, and it was the work of a master conductor-not to mention a master orchestra. The maximum effort with this maximum symphony produced a maximum event.





Some of the music was resolutely secular: David van Tieghem with toy instruments

she uses electric violin in unique ways, and her singing and general charisma are hard to beat. Some were speculating that, with the help of a good record producer, she could emerge as the '80s' answer to Patti Smith.

"Blue" Gene Tyranny presented the only political statement of the festival, unless there happened to be another one on the June 9 concert, which I had to miss. Tyranny's "The White Night Riot" is an expertly mixed collage of documentary recordings and electronic effects, with some simple staging involving two men who walk around slowly, eyeing one another. The subject is Harvey Milk.

One of the biggest surprises for me was the realization that there's now a fairly distinct generation gap within experimental music. Perhaps I should have noticed this before, but I still tend to think in terms of the artists who have been making it for some time. Reich and Glass, Ashley, Behrman, Lucier, Mumma, Monk, Corner, were all represented, and aesthetic similarities can be observed among all the composers of their generation. But the festival also included a number of musicians in their twenties or early thirties, and in them I began to hear a somewhat different set of similarities. The older group derived much from Cage and almost nothing from popular culture, while the younger group almost reverses these priorities. While the song form is almost never used by the older composers, it occurred several times in works by the younger ones. While the older group tends to play synthesizers, homemade electronic devices, piano, or other standard instruments, the younger group is more likely to be involved with electric guitars or with some of the performance art trend of the '70s. The influence of Eastern philosophy is far more apt to be felt in the older group, while loud volumes are somewhat more common among the younger.

It is not really a question of accessibility. One could hear rather severe approaches in the older composers like Corner, but Rhys Chathan, 26, is equally severe in his current work, in which the relentless restriking of drums and guitar strings is varied only by subtle changes in the way the harmonics are allowed to ring out in the high register. And if Don Cherry was able to please just about everyone with his friendly manner as he sang and accompanied himself on an African stringed instrument, Peter Gordon, 28, reached everyone with a good old-fashioned tenor sax solo, played against a hard-rocking pretaped accompaniment with idiosyncratic chord changes.

Phill Niblock's music came off extremely well. Eight tracks of prerecorded oboe and bassoon tones, all slightly out of phase, beat wildly against the live oboeist and bassoonist who wandered around the space. Niblock's music is purely sonic, with no actual melodies harmonies, or rhythms, and the importance of these massive sonorities is becoming clearer and clearer.

Ned Sublette did a strange and rather courageous thing. Having found a set of lyrics related to the Sublette family in a collection of frontier

er ballads, this composer from Texas and New nt. Mexico set them to an old-fashioned modal melody of his own devising, and sang the results himself. His singing ability is marginal and there was no accompaniment to cover it up, and yet the long ballad was quite convincing.

Another contrast which began to interest me had to do with the religious and the secular. Of course, this is not the sort of context where one is likely to encounter religious titles or hear settings of actual religious texts. Specific references of that sort always become denominational in some way, and new music audiences are not nearly homogeneous enough to enable one to make denominational statements without offending someone. Still, religious instincts make themselves felt in all human societies, and they have had much to do with the evolution of experimental music. Composers, perhaps more often than their contemporaries in any of the other arts, have been quite aware of spiritual values.

Pauline Oliveros is a case in point. On the opening night of the festival, she came on stage and simply offered a few brief instructions to the audience. "Sing a tone on one breath, sing someone else's tone on the next breath, and continue in this way." Then she just closed her eyes and waited. It was an act of faith, and an uncooperative audience could easily have ruined the whole thing, and yet, as the gorgeous choral texture began to rise very gradually out of the audience, it began to seem almost impossible that any thing could go wrong. There was something irresistible about her, about her belief, and about how she was able to somehow plug herself, and us, into an almost cosmic experience. The result was not really a Buddhist statement, and certainly not a Christian one, and yet it was a devotional act. Something mystical, something superhuman seemed to be controlling that performance, and even those who would rather not think about such things were respectful of the atmosphere that took over the space. As the last voices were dropping out, after perhaps 10 minute of this unrehearsed chanting, the room fell into an extraordinary peacefulness.

As the week progressed, I began to hear other works in religious terms. Annea Lockwood's prerecorded mixture of natural sounds seemed like a clearcut example. Alvin Lucier often refers to his work as a kind of alchemy, and it does seem to involve a semimystical manipulation of electronic phenomena. The random structures in the excerpt from Petr Kotik's "Many Many Women" and the rational permutations of Jon Gibson's work also seem connected with higher forces. And Charlie Morrow's contribution, in which he chanted for a few minutes and then told us what visions he had had during his chant, was an overt case of trusting powers outside human control.

On the other hand, much of the repertoire seemed clearly secular. These pieces are rooted in the here and now, and convey greater respect for human skills than for outside forces. A few examples might be Jon Deak's one-man-band act, Jill Kroesen's songs, Da-

vid van Tieghem's toy instruments, Larry Austin's somewhat humorous lecture-assong, Tony Conrad's shaggy-dog piano piece which ends with the piano being played by a machine, and Jeffrey Lohn's neoclassically structured work for a rock ensemble.

In discussing the concerts with others, I noticed that some listeners tended to derive quite a bit more satisfaction from religious works, while others preferred the more secular, and that many of my own favorite pieces had been of the first type. Most experimental composers, like their audiences, seem to have drifted away from organized religion long ago, but that does not mean that they have abandoned the spiritual. In a way, one might even say that a place like the Kitchen serves as a non-denominational shrine as often as it serves as a place of entertainment.

Philip Corner presented one of his many recent works for gamelan, This one, "Gamelan: Italy Revisited—III," is for four players, and it involves a repeated two-note phrase in which one note gradually becomes longer while the other gradually becomes shorter. Eventually they merge into simultaneity. The work goes on to treat a three-note and a four-note phrase in a similar way. The music is the height of simplicity, yet it is difficult to perform and challenging to follow in detail, and it attains a profound meditative calm.

Joel Chadabe made a strong impression, partly because his latest set-up involves two theremins, partly because it is so interesting to watch him move his arms in and out of the theremins' field of sensitivity, partly because he first explained how the whole rig works, and mostly because his computer responds in a language of rich sounds, well-chosen harmonies, and exceptional variety.

Some participants asked why this collection of experimental music did not include more work from the jazz tradition, much of which is as innovative as anything in the classical avant-garde. Despite the performances by Cherry, Jeanne Lee, and George Lewis, the festival was clearly weighted toward white musicians, but the reasoning seems to me to have more to do with recent history than with overt racism. As I see it the black-dominated loft jazz scene has evolved right alongside the white-dominated experimental scene throughout this decade. Loft jazz has been quite visible and successful in its own way, and for an institution like the Kitchen at attempt to take this genre under its own wing would be far more patronizing than constructive. Moreover, I am beginning to feel that the most important racial issues go beyond black Americans vs. white Americans to involve a lot of other groups. A truly ecumenical festival of new music in New York would have to include some of the klezmer musicians I wrote about two weeks ago, along with shakuhachi players, khamancheh players, Irish groups, Balkan groups, and so on.

Brian Eno sparked off other controversies. This articulate figure from the rock world, who took part in two panel discussions as well as presenting an informative lecture called "The Recording Studio as Compositional Tool," began the week somewhat arrogantly. He told us that experimental music involves too much intellect and not enough sensuality, that creating charisma is a useful and even necessary thing, and that experimental composers should think more about marketing their work. By the end of the week he had admitted that works which were not sensual for him might still be sensual for someone else, was soft-pedaling the charisma theme, and seemed to agree that music should not be considered merely a commodity. On the other hand, much of Eno's practical point of view did seem to be getting across. It would have been difficult for any composer attending those sessions not to concede that, as Eno points out, the phonograph record, rather than the public concert, is the major means of musical communication today. The exchange proved useful on both sides.

But what seemed to make the strongest impression on festival audiences was the sheer diversity of the experimental music they

heard. I have frequently written about this, but of course, such a point never comes across in print as strongly as it can in an actual demonstration. Those who do not follow music activity very closely seemed quite surprised to discover that almost none of the work resembled the familiar Reich and Glass models by which the genre is often defined. 89

1979

Jon Gibson played better than I have ever heard him play before. His circular breathing was fully under control, and his soprano saxophone sound was really sumptuous. His new work, "Criss Cross," is a rather fast white-note piece that is of some interest in itself, but with unaccompanied pieces of this sort, it is the performing that really counts.

Gordon Mumma presented his "Schoolwork," playing his musical saw along with Ned Sublette's melodica and Joe Hannan's bowed psalter, and the high sustained sounds of these instruments produced remarkable blends, as well as occasional difference tones. The piece is conceived as a kind of folk music, since there is no score, and the work can only be learned firsthand, by working with someone who already knows it.

As listeners confronted unfamiliar samples of meditation music, unfamiliar instruments, unfamiliar types of electronic music, and unfamiliar performance styles, they seemed on the verge of giving up the search for any unity or cohesiveness in the genre. As a result I found myself trying to figure out what characteristics were shared by all of this music.

There are actually quite a few. None of the works here climaxed in anything like the usual sense. None involved a dialectic between two opposing sets of material. The vast preponderance of the work was tonal or modal rather than atonal. Most of the works involved elementary performance skills, and only a few could be considered virtuoso pieces in the usual practice-five-hours-a-day sense. Most of the pieces were not notated on conventional music staves, and often could not have been, due to the nature of the materials. In almost all cases the composers performed their own works. Many of these points had been emphasized by John Rockwell, who organized the music critics' institute, moderated many of the panels, and played an important role throughout the 10 days.

The music itself was up and down, as large programs of music usually are. The low points occasionally made me wonder if the artists in question were really ready for this kind of exposure, but more often they reflected the restrictions inherent in the festival situation. With the small stage, the 15-minute time allotment, the low budget, and the need to set up and break down quickly, the conditions presented obvious difficulties for composers who work best with large ensembles, large timespans, large budgets, or large conglomerations of equipment. Still, the vast majority of the music was professional and provocative, and not a single piece struck me as imitative of something else. I think the genre will survive quite well, even as an institution.



hang ship 20 8 11 SPQ 29 11 ratition 1 1920

CHRISTGAU'S CONSUMER GUIDE

By Robert Christgau

90

VOICE JULY 2.

It's one thing to grant various objectionable public figures the due their skill deserves—C plus, to be precise—and quite another to call attention to the plight of the almost forgotten Syl Johnson while ignoring the odious Tubes, who have been waiting for this for six years. Hence, this month's Must To Avoid is not the worst-rated record on the chart.

Bee Gees: Spirits Having Flown (RSO) I admire the perverse riskiness of this music, which neglects disco bounce in favor of demented falsetto abstraction, less love-man than newborn-kitten. And I'm genuinely fond of many small moments of madness here, like the way the three separate multitracked voices echo the phrase "living together." But obsessive ornamentation can't transform a curiosity into inhabitable music, and there's nothing here that equals anything on the first side of Saturday Night Fever. B MINUS.

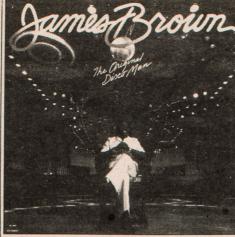
James Brown: The Original Disco Man (Polydor) Brown hasn't just been turning out dreck lately-last year's Jam/1980's cut a classic groove. But this album is an exciting retrenchment. The giveaway is that Brown has relinquished the profit-taking ego gratification of writing and producing everything himself. Those credits go to Brad Shapiro, Millie Jackson's helpmate, who thank God is no disco man himself. Sure he likes disco tricks-synthesized sound effects, hooky female chorus, bass drum pulse-but he loves what made JB, well, the original disco man: hard-driving, slightly Latinized funk patterns against the rough rap power of that amazing voice, which may have lost expressiveness but definitely retains its natural sense of rhythm. Plus: the single of the year, "It's Too Funky in Here." And a renunciation of "It's a Man's, Man's, Man's World"

Brian Eno: Music for Airports (Ambient/ PVC) Although I'm no frequenter of airports, I've found that these four swatches of modestly "ambient" minimalism have real charms as general-purpose calmatives. But I must also report that they've fared unevenly against specific backgrounds: sex (neutrate to arid), baseball (pleasant, otiose), dinner at my parents (conversation piece), abstract writing (useful but less analgesic than Discreet Music or my David Behrman record). Also, I'm still waiting for "1/1" to resolve the "Three Blind Mice" theme. B PLUS.

Brian Eno: Music for Films (Antilles) A lot of these 18 cuts seem more fragments than pieces, and although most of them provide subtle melodic or (especially) textural dynamics, the overall effect is a touch too willful in its impressionism for my tastes. Another Green World tending toward stasis, which is a funny thing for movie music to do. Or maybe ECM with hindsight, a/k/a a tape splicer. B PLUS.

Generation X: Valley of the Dolls (Chrysalis) Since the music itself doesn't compel close listening, a simple improvement might be a lyric sheet permitting leisurely analysis of what's transformed their belligerence into despond and slid their punky penchant for pop-rock amenities into the murk. C PLUS. Syl Johnson: Uptown Shakedown (Hi) Some worthy soul veterans turn disco into commercial or even artistic regeneration. Others don't. For Johnson, who went after a rough, bluesy intensity on his last and best album in 1976, disco means compromised semi-contemporaneity. "Mystery Lady" (she wears a mask) and "Let's Dance for Love" affect post-hustle hipness but don't achieve it, lyrically or musically, which may be why the Otis Redding medley and the Brenton Wood cover sound so halfassed. C.

Ian Hunter: You're Never Alone with a Schizophrenic (Chrysalis) Six winners out of nine on this mini-comeback, and he doesn't seem to be straining, either. But maybe that's not entirely a blessing—the mu-



Pick Hit: James Brown

sical territory is conventionally good-rockin', and only on the gnomic "Life After Death" and the second verse of "When the Morning Comes" does he reconnoiter lyrically. And the titles of the bad songs—"Bastard," "The Outsider," and "Ships" (in the guess what)—are warning enough. **B**.

McKinley Mitchell (Chimneyville) A small miracle: Bobby Bland meets Brook Benton in the timeless realm of the not-quite-folkloric, where soul and blues sound precisely contemporary and strings voice old horn riffs with no suggestion of sellout. Mitchell's seven tunes don't measure up to the other three—"Dream Lover," "You're So Fine," and a new classic blues called "Open House at My House." But it doesn't matter, because this is one of those groove records on which ordinary songwriting is transmuted by perfect pacing and unshakable stylistic conviction. A MINUS.

999: High Energy Plan (PVC) A more ideologically suggestive title than the British Separates for a band that kicks off a very listenable (or jumpable) side by declaring "I believe in homicide" and ends it by warning "crime don't pay." But I suspect that only hard-andfast punk loyalists are liable to find this thick enough. Clue: the substitution of two new tracks, no doubt to induce collectors to buy both the import and the domestic, has no effect on overall quality. **B**.

Ann Peebles: The Handwriting Is on the Wall (Hi) More tough talk about sex and love (and sex)—unfalteringly funky, consistently credible, and mildly enjoyable. Great one: "Old Man with Young Ideas." B MINUS.

Tom Robinson Band: TRB 2 (Harvest) A measure of how good Robinson is at writing his squarecut rock and roll protest songs is that you often don't remember them by title—almost every one jogs the memory with an additional catchphrase. Another is that though I know a white man is making it with a black man and I know it's more than all right, I still can't suss out the details of "Sweet Black Angel." A third is that I started singing "Sweet Black Angel" to myself the first time I played the record. And the capper is that since I saw him live every other song here has been ringing in my head as well. A MINUS.

Rock 'n' Roll High School (Sire) Two excellent new Ramones songs, plus a Richie Valens cover shared by the Ramones and the Paley Brothers, plus a live medley of five familiar Ramones songs, plus P. J. Soles singing one of the new ones poorly. Plus high-quality new wavish stuff of varying relevance, most of it off albums that people who enjoy the samples would probably enjoy owning. Plus high school songs of varying quality not including the Beach Boys' "Be True to Your School" or (for shame, it was in the movie) the MC5's "High School" **B MINUS**.

Devadip Carlos Santana: Silver Dreams Golden Reality (Columbia) Frustrating, especially for an earthbound churl like myself—spiritual program music that mixes genuinely celestial rock with the usual goop. The "title" song (which for some arcane reason—scansion, probably—substitutes the word "Smiles" for "Reality") is an altogether



Must to Avoid: The Tubes

revolting string-fed banality. It's followed by an instrumental on which the guitarist attains his soaring apogee, and a Sri Chinmoy (!) tune—arranged by Narada Michael Walden (!!)—that achieves a natural impressionism Eno (!!!) couldn't hope for. See what I mean? **B MINUS.**

Patti Smith Group: Wave (Arista) A lot of folks just don't like Patti any more, and so have taken to complaining about the pop melodicism ("AOR sellout") and shamanistic religiosity ("pretentious phony") she's always aspired toward. Me, I wish she'd forget she was such a bigshot, and I find "Seven Ways of Going" and "Broken Flag" as unlistenable as (and less interesting than) "Radio Ethiopia." But this is an often inspired album, quirkier than the generally satisfying Easter-especially on the sexual mystery song "Dancing Barefoot," quite possibly her greatest track ever, and, yes, the reading for the dead pope that she goes out on. B PLUS. The Stylistics: Love Spell (Mercury) Their second album with Teddy Randazzo is their most generally listenable since Round Two in 1972. Now someone should tell them-or better still, Teddy-that general listenability is not what producing a producer's group is about. It's about go-rillas, and Round Two had at least three of them. C PLUS.

Supertramp: Breakfast in America (A&M) I like a hooky album as well as the next fellow, so when I found that this one elicited many random grunts of pleasure I looked forward to listening hard. But the lyrics turned out to be glib variations on the usual Star Romances trash, and in the absence of vocal personality (as opposed to accurate singing) and rhythmic thrust (as opposed to a beat) I'll wait until this material is covered by artists of emotional substance—Tavares, say, or the Doobie Brothers. C PLUS.

James Taylor: Flag (Columbia) What's wrong with most of these songs is that Taylor is singing them. He can sing, sure-the "Day Tripper" cover and "Is That the Way You Look" show off his amused, mildly funky self-involvement at its sharpest and sexiest. But too often the material reveals him at his sharpest and most small-minded; John Lennon might get away with "I Will Not Lie for You," but JT's whine undermines whatever honesty the sentiment may have. And though the man can get outside himself as a writerwith rare insight, sometimes-he can't es cape that lazy drawl. Compare his "Millworker" to Robin Lamont's version on the Working album. Or ask Johnny Cash to cover "Sleep Come Free Me." C PLUS.

The Tubes: Remote Control (A&M) Their knack for songwriting always surprises me, because they deserve worse, and on this album they provide it, drenching their material in the grandiose harmonies and pomp-rock keyboard textures that thrive in the Midwest, where many poor souls still regard these transparent cynics as avatars of the new wave. You think maybe Patti Smith would do "No Mercy"? CPLUS.

Ultravox: Systems of Romance (Antilles) This time these guys have mastered their concept. John Foxx's detached, creamy baritone works against the instrumentation's

The second s

electronic cast for a streamlined rocksy music that suits titles like "Dislocation" and "Someone Else's Clothes." But unlike Bryan Ferry, Foxx talks as if he's detached clean through, unlike Brian Eno he's encumbered by delusions of existential significance, and unlike both he evinces not a shred of humor. **B PLUS**.

Weather Report: Mr. Gone (Columbia/ ARC) Short on rhythmic inspiration (four different drummers, no percussionists) and long on electric ivory, this is the best fusion band in the world at its most fusoid. Which is interesting, in its way—when I'm in the mood I get off on its rich colors and compositional flow. When I'm not in the mood I think dark thoughts about Muzak and Yurrup. **B**.

ADDITIONAL CONSUMER NEWS: I love Columbia's Always Know, a two-LP collection of previously unreleased live and studio tapes by Thelonious Monk, mostly from 1962-65, which is when I used to sit on the garbage cans outside the Five Spot to listen to my man through the kitchen. The always underrated Charlie Rouse sounds as smart, soulful, and unpretentious now as he did then, and that I like this collection at least as much as any of Monk's other albums from the period comes as no shock. But my spontaneous affection for Nostalgia on Times Square by Charles Mingus, whom I've always had trouble getting to, is a very pleasant surprise. This is stuff from 1959, and now I know why I always associate Mingus with movie music-all those jazzy Hollywood guys in the '60s copped their shit from him. . . . Johnny Thunder's So Alone (Real import) turns into almost everything its partisans claim for it after about three listens. As rough as the Heartbreakers' L.A.M.F. and a lot more audible, although except for "You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memo-

ry" I'd say the songs aren't as good. Great remakes, though, and it's nice to hear the lyric of "Subway Train." Next: Live at Max's. . . . Although I've resisted Don William's mild vogue, The Best of Don Williams Volume II (MCA) can't be denied. Both the compassion of the songs and the assured, conversational lilt of the singing exemplify the lost distinction between sentiment and sentimentality. . . . Due to the innate conservatism of my record changer, which still believes in this modern age that all 45s are seven inches across and all 33s 12, I tend to put off listening to the numerous (weird) seven-inch 33s and (wasteful) 12-inch 45s that come in the mail. Two I love are-well, actually, I find James Chance impossible to love, as he intends, but let's just say I sincerely admire James White & the Blacks' "Contort Yourself"/"(Tropical) Heatwave" (Ze import, though a U.S. release is apparently planned): inverse funk on the A side, credibly sexy singing on the B, which was composed by Irving Berlin. My other fave is K.C. and the Sunshine Band's "Do You Wanna Go Party?" (Sunshine Sound), which as far as I've noticed doesn't have as many lyrics as its title (oh that can't be). Ten delightfully mindless minutes-just wish the B weren't 7:27 of the same. As for seven-inch 33s, there's "City Slang" by Fred Smith's Sonic's Rendezvous Band. Also one-sided, at least on my promo. Does it sound like the MC5? you ask. Damn right it does. . . My favorite English single at the moment is the follow-up by Kleenex, "You" b/w "U" (Rough Trade). More distaff dissonance from staccato Switzerland, with a breakless B side labelled "angry" that features a pained squeak for punctuation. I also like two purepunk singles by Stiff Little Fingers, "Alternative Ulster" b/w "'78 Revolutions a Minute" and "Gotta Getaway" b/w "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (both Rough Trade). In the instant catchy category I prefer Lene Lovich's one-sided "I Say When" (Stiff) to the overrated comeback by the darn Damned, "Love Story" (Chiswick). and the set

নির্বাই লাগাচগাঁজনি হামা

D-8-THE PENINSULA TIMES TRIBUNE Friday November 16, 1979 🚖 🚖

She composes 'sonic meditations'

By William Ratliff

Sonic meditation.

The very words conjure up a refuge from the commerce and conflicts of the physical world. They're meant to.

Composer Pauline Oliveros created the term to describe her use of sound as a fobus for meditation. Oliveros, who joined the faculty of the University of California in San Diego in 1967, is teaching two courses in composition this fall in the music department at Stanford.

"Sonic meditations," Oliveros says, "explore relationships, spiritual connections, with other people through sound." Her programs are not traditional concerts, in which an artist performs for an audience, but are efforts to engage and interact with the audience, to help the listeners become participants in a spiritual experience. Besides the musical element, much of it improvisational, there often are important visual and theatrical aspects.

Oliveros will offer "An Evening of Sonic Meditations" for the Midpeninsula at 8 p.m. Tuesday, beginning at Dinkelspiel Auditorium and continuing in the Quad and in the Memorial Church on the Stanford campus. Since some of the program is out of doors, warm clothing is in order.

Works scheduled are "Tuning,""Rock Piece," "The Flaming Indian," (which has nothing to do with the Stanford Indian) and "Greeting." Artists participating are Alea II, Stanford's new music ensemble, and harpsichordist Margaret Fabrizio.

Oliveros approached this form of communication by what would seem to be the back door, but then musicians have historically generally entered that way. She arrived in San Diego, she says, "during the Vietnam War, the free speech movement, amidst all sorts of disturbing events, especially on the university campuses.

"It was very difficult. There was nothing to hang onto, no sense of what was right. I couldn't identify with either the faculty or the students without conflict. So I began to withdraw, to find out if there was a place for me, and this is what I found. The experience made me reach out and connect with people in a different way."

And she has broken through to a

number of people of various backgrounds, musicians and nonmusicians alike. "A few people will leave a program," she says softly. "All right. You have to come with an open mind. Some come with too much musical, or even meditational, baggage. People have to make their own choices."

What goes into one of Oliveros' meditations? The materials she works with come from four sources: all the music she has ever heard, as well as the sounds of the natural world, technology and her own imagination. "The most important thing is listening to everything all the time, expanding your hearing. I am now more interested in listening to sounds than in manipulating them."

Where does she get her ideas? "I used to go to a concert and after the first note I would be gone, completely shot down in a yogic state, listening to my own music." But that was no way to go. "I wanted voluntary control, to see myself into a state. This is what traditional meditation is all about."

Now the original inspiration may come from something she hears, a personal relationship or meditation

Pauline Oliveros

itself. Has she used drugs? Only twice, for with drugs she loses control. "Drugs are helpful to some people, but others are overwhelmed, maybe forever."

Dr. Bisi



Pauline Oliveros 1602 Burgundy Road Leucadia, California 92024

OLI 02 10077795 12/07/79

OLIVEROS PAULINE **** MUSIC DEFT STANFORD UNIVERSITY STANFORD CA 94305

New York Times: Sunday, December 2,1979

where a train



th.

Music: Work by Oliveros

By DONAL HENAHAN

T seemed a terribly bright idea a couple of decades ago: that a composer need not actually write a piece of music but might merely offer a few guidelines or signposts and let the performers and listeners do the creative work. In recent years, we have seen less of this practice, but memories of it were revived at Alice Tully Hall last night when the American Composers Orchestra presented the first New York performance of Pauline Oliveros's "For Valerie Solanas and Marilyn Monroe in Recognition of Their Desperation."

Miss Oliveros, a West Coast composer of militant feminist inclinations, wanted to dramatize the lives of two women who she felt were exploited by men. Valerie Solanas, you may recall, was the woman who tried to kill Andy Warhol and failed; Marilyn Monroe is the woman who tried to kill herself and succeeded. Although the concept smacks of pop sociology, it certainly might be a theatrically valid one. Miss Oliveros, however, makes only the vaguest attempt to justify her elaborate. title, offering instead a general plan. without notation, that involved slowly shifting light cues and improvisation, in hopes that musical theater will result.

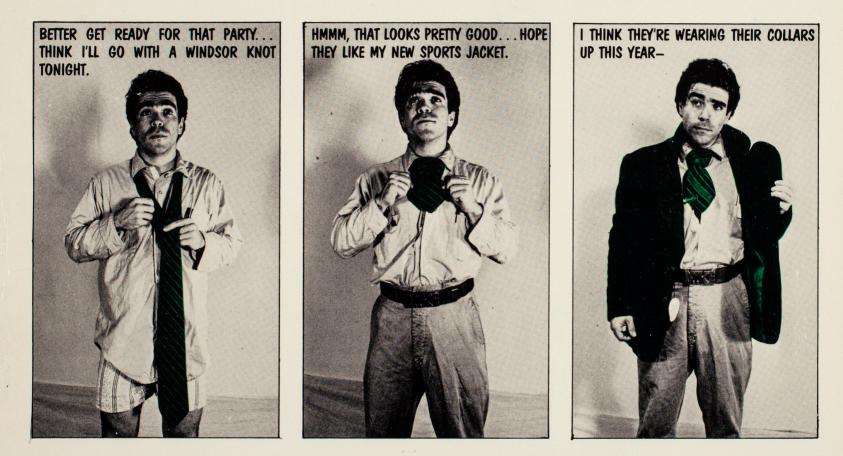
The orchestra distributed itself across the stage and in the aisles on either side of the hall, from where its members took hand signals from three conductors. The improvised sounds they created, while occasionally interesting as random antiphony, added up to half an hour of droning, somewhat in the style of Ligeti's music for "2001: A Space Odyssey" or any of a hundred 1960's exercises in static monotony. The composer, in a program note, pointed out that the players' ways of "relating" were more important than the material. With that, certainly, one could readily agree even without knowing what relating means in such a context. In view of the evangelical nature of the Oliveros work it was odd that all three conductors who controlled the proceedings were males.

The other three pieces on the program, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies, were William Bolcom's "Humoresk" for Organ and Orchestra (a first performance); Hall Overton's "Sonorities" for Contrabass and Orchestra, and Anthony Newman's "Orchestral Cycle I" (a first New York performance). The Balcom, with Mr. Newman taking the organist's role, was 10 minutes of what the composer called "tomfoolery." It had some rythmic and polytonal fun with ideas that were vaguely Caribbean or Gottschalkian, but which also reminded one somehow of Strauss's "Burlesk."

The Newman piece, in three longwinded movements, made a kind of Cook's tour of 20th century musical history. The "Rite of Spring" poked its head in occasionally. So did Bartok, in his "Miraculous Mandarin" mood. So did Honegger, in his "Rugby" mood. Webern's textures were touched on at the beginning of the second movement, and so on. In spite of this eclecticism, there was obvious talent being expended in this score, and it did not seem impossible that Mr. Newman could write something more compelling if he gave more thought to economy and compactness of expression.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1979

PERFORMANCE ART 2



Comedy • Acting/Non • Acting by Scott Burton, Ruth Maleczech, Michael Smith, Elizabeth LeCompte, Laurie Anderson • L.A. Sounds • Rachel Rosenthal • Artist-as-Businessman • New Music, New York • Reviews

PERFORMANCE ART 2

A Periodical of Performing Arts Journal Publications

Publishers Bonnie Marranca Gautam Dasgupta

Executive Editor Bonnie Marranca

Editor John Howell

Design Gautam Dasgupta

Staff Photographer Johan Elbers

© 1979 by Performance Art Magazine. Performance Art Magazine is published four times a year by Performing Arts Journal Inc. Editorial and business office: P.O. Box 858; Peter Stuyvesant Station; New York; N.Y. 10009. Tel.: (212) 260-7586. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by selfaddressed stamped envelope. Subscription rates per year: Individuals—\$7.50; Libraries and Institutions—\$12.00; Foreign, including Canada, add \$3.00 per year for postage. Request for permission to reprint any material in *Performance Art Magazine* must be made in writing to the publishers.

Advertising rates will be sent on request.

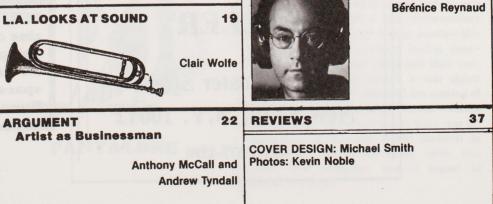
CLOWNING AROUND



Tony Mascatello

(Commedia and Sitcoms, Gleason and Duchamp, Body Sculpture and Pratfalls) ACTING/NON-ACTING 7

Scott Burton, Ruth Maleczech, Michael Smith, Elizabeth LeCompte, Laurie Anderson



3 RACHEL ROSENTHAL

magazine

26

32



NEW MUSIC, NEW YORK

CASTELLI - SONNABEND TAPES AND FILMS, INC.

Video and Film works by following artists are available

VITO ACCONCI JOHN BALDESSARI LYNDA BENGLIS DONALD BURGY PETER CAMPUS JOHN CHAMBERLIN BARBARALEE DIAMONSTEIN JUAN DOWNEY SIMONE FORTI HERMINE FREED BARRY GERSON FRANK GILLETTE TINA GIROUARD MICHAEL HARVEY NANCY HOLT JOAN JONAS BERYL KOROT PAUL KOS RICHARD LANDRY ANDY MANN BRUCE NAUMAN CLAES OLDENBURG CHARLEMAGNE PALESTINE YVONNE RAINER MARK RAPPAPORT ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG EDWARD RUSCHA RICHARD SERRA PAUL SHARITS DAVID SHULMAN KEITH SONNIER WILLIAM WEGMAN LAWRENCE WEINER

420 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10012 • (212) 431-6279 12 RUE MAZARINE, PARIS 75006, FRANCE • 633-4784

PAULA COOPER GALLERY

155 Wooster Street New York, N.Y. 10012

(212) 677-4390

PERFORMANCE ART Magazine offers special, low advertising rates to performers. For all ad rate information and space reservation, please call Bonnie at (212) 260-7586.

CLOWNING AROUND

Gleason and Duchamp,

(Commedia and Sitcoms,

It is clear enough by now that comedy of the most vulgar kind asserts itself at the center of the art community as a prominent concern of performance art. What is perhaps unclear is why such diverse artists as Julia Heyward. Michael Smith, Ralston Farina, Robin Winters, Jean Dupuy, Laurie Anderson, and many others not only perform comic material, but also employ comic forms and personae for the transmission of non-comic material. As performance art gropes for an independent existence apart from theatre, one sees that the clown has been among the first on the scene, enjoying the chaos attendant upon the birth of something new, and filling in the gaps with characteristic gestures.

To begin with, it will be useful to distinguish between verbal and physical comedy (wit and



PANTALONE

Tony Mascatello

Body Sculpture and Pratfalls)

clowning). And it will be well to keep in mind that clowning remains what it has always been, an antidote to reason, a fertilizing white magic.

Then one considers the beginnings of art performance in the minds of turn-of-the-century painters. Art performers' collage events—this is an extension of painters having incorporated bits of the real world into their canvases. When Picasso placed a real object within a painting, he witnessed the coming of Surrealism. When Duchamp shaved a comet into his scalp, the painter's very body was incorporated as material, comic material in fact. Process art transformed verbs into nouns. The performer seemed bound to become a puppet.





THE HONEYMOONERS

Art performers looking beyond props confront themselves on stage and are puzzled. If not an actor reading lines, then what? A painter or sculptor to begin with, but now? On stage, even if only as his own stage hand, the performer is forced to acknowledge his own presence. It is rare to find a trained actor doing art performance (which is not to say that one does not find similar issues being explored within the theatre).

The art performer has been a painter upon a stage, manipulating his event. A persona is sought, a way for the non-actor to act on stage. The stand-up comedian, the pop singer, deejay, emcee, the magician have all been influential. And since the painter, like Chaplin's Tramp called upon for words at the end of *Modern Times*, is at a loss for them, physical gags and slapstick forms assert themselves, and words become sounds. Ralston Farina is a magician without tricks, obsessed with timing. Julia Heyward and Laurie Anderson explore the notion of speech as sound. Gilbert and George stand there sculpturally. Michael Smith deadpans. The art performer's sources include the popular media; his lineage extends back through the commedia dell'arte to the Etruscan Atellanae and the Greek satyr plays where theatre is born of sophisticated fertility rites. Priapus is the prototypical clown. Dionysus was the popular god.

Faced with the problem of stage identity, of persona, many art performers, referring to the popular media, seem to have adopted the comic mask. Chaplin reinvented commedia for our time. Cinema was new, chaotic, improvisational, and vulgar. According to Chaplin, "nothing transcends the personality." The repertory gestures are unified in it; the hobbled walk, the trouser hitch, shrug, cane twirl and flex, the image of his silhouette, all describe the same faun-like little man. Chaplin did not invent the mask of the tramp, however. He was born to elevate this vaudeville character to the heights once reached by the great Harlequins who were revered by the kings and literati of their time. His personality is the lifeblood of those silent gestures which the world has recognized as art.





THE SECOND HONEYMOON

Television was a kind of new, proletarian cinema. In its formative years, it thrived on the work of superlative clowns. From Milton Berle through Sid Caesar to Jackie Gleason, clowning yielded to sit-com. In Gleason, finally, there coexists a brilliant clown alongside a merely tolerable (because of text) sit-com actor. This split accounts for the derision in which both he and Jerry Lewis are often held. Because it is Gleason's repertory gestures that have all the power, the variations on the slow burn are what we anticipate with delight. In the explosion of his pent up fury his absurd persona becomes incandescent, his growl delightful, his gesture sculptural. These meaningful moments are set pieces, gaining power from continual repetition until they reveal themselves as un- banter and gags, is history. Improvisation changing objects, not events. They are placed within the simple plot to be deliciously anticipated like the drop in a roller coaster.

The terms "mask" and "role" are interchangeable in the commedia. And the mask was in more ways than one a physical thing. The face piece and make up, the actor's typical postures, his bearing, the shape of the body, were all aspects of the mask, unified by the personality of the performer who identified with the role. The clowns of the commedia often played a single role for life, rarely more than two. That the masks were mythic, and the plots simple paths along which the ing together of performer and his mythic imgreat ones walked sustaining themselves with age. I watched the limited repertory go by

was the rule, and highly prized as part of the performer's technique. Difficulties in transition were filled with specialized bits of physical comedy (lazzi) which every performer held in repertory, and with which he or she was often associated. These gags (body art) were eagerly anticipated by every star's fans who, it seems, watched as well as listened to their idols. The nobility sustained the commedia as art.

I recall waiting time and again for Gleason to explode at Art Carney's provocation. I yearned to see again the exquisite timing, the com-

dozens of times, and came to see not only Kramden's gestures as objects, but his relationships as well. They are so simple, his wife and his best friend, both of whom provoke his anger and his love to excess. In either case, Ralph becomes part of a mythic pair. Like Stan and Ollie, Ed and Ralph are fixed in the relationship of the slow burn. They do not change; they never change. And they are physically a traditional sculptural unit, Fat & Skinny doing Punch & Judy. All the classic commedia masks were performed with puppets, despite the stress on physical prowess for the stage roles. The comedian's profile, his image, was re-stated by Chaplin, Keaton, and Arbuckle in the improvisational welter of early cinema. Not only their persons, but their gestures and events were sculptural, both in concept and in their physicality as film.

The comic form is a short form, perfect for new beginnings, thriving on improvisation. If art performers working in this mode succeed in the long term, will they be creating art or comedy? Or a new hybrid form? It is notable that art performers do not always go for the laugh with comic forms. This helps to maintain demarcation between the performance event and the play. The art performer, like the painter, may have a positive manifesto on his mind, yet the work has a life of its own which has nothing to do with writing. Of course theatre also may deal in images to the exclusion of words, but a difference is evident. Despite art performance's having sprung from plastic arts, the art performer is



THE CHAPLIN REVIEW





HARLEQUIN

an actor. By virtue of his being on the stage as the center of attention, he seems defined as such. The difference is in the performer's role as author. He is forced to act, but within his own non-theatrical construction he may act as he chooses. And so the non-actor moves himself through the work, a kind of divine puppet, manipulating his own strings. Only the personality clears the fence in this case by providing a means whereby the gestures become characteristic and acquire meaning.

> Tony Mascatello acts up in New York City.

ACTING / NON-ACTING

Until recently, most New York performance was thoroughly anti-theatrical, for motives ranging from ideology to ignorance. But almost overnight, performance activity has shifted from confessional and formal gestures to theatrical entertainments. Such a quick and quixotic change puts some basic issues up for grabs (narrative, autobiography, materials, staging) and I asked several performer/directors to comment on one of the most significant and elusive topics — acting/non-acting.

John Howell

SCOTT BURTON



Do you think of your "Behavior Tableaux" performances as a theatre-performance hybrid?

Ten years ago it was fantastic that, as a work of art, art could be a live event. But within a couple of years, that in itself was no longer enough. I think one began to be bored when the time element was not manipulated. Back then, it was just fascinating that an event could be plastic art, not theatre. Not to be Greenbergian ... but after a while people had to face up to the inherent nature of the medium which is keeping people's attention occupied through "X" number of minutes. So I found myself very conscious of how I would have to direct time.

ACTING / NON-ACTING

Does that mean you adopted a dramatic structure?

Not dramatic in my case, because it's just one thing then the next thing. I wouldn't want it to be dramatic. You know that Merce Cunningham said "Climax is for those people who like New Year's Eve."

So you think performance can be theatrical without being dramatic?

The nature of the performance medium is inherently theatrical, even if it's not the theatre of writers, directors, and designers, which is such a schizophrenic product, usually a pseudo-collaborative effort. In my earliest performances, I used myself conceptually, but when I started using other people, I became aware of being a pseudo-director of a pseudo-theatre. My early performances were very intellectual gestures ...

I've been sort of stage-struck all my life. I was very close to going into the real theatre at one point but the people in real theatre have mediocre minds. My mother took my to the Alabama State Fair where I saw Gypsy Rose Lee, and I remember these strip tableaux as making deep impressions which have profoundly influenced my performance format.

Why did you begin to use other people in your pieces?

I think because I loved the theatre and wanted to imitate it. I wanted to deal with elements of costume, lighting and sets, as well as directing, but in a very Walter Mitty way. That's the only way you can when you're one person. Artists' performance is an integrated form, not a schizophrenic one. One person is responsible for everything.

How does that work when you include other performers?

It was a breakthrough for me. I used the people like models. Like my furniture, the behavior tableaux are pseudo-sculpture. When I work with the models, I just touch their bodies and push them around.

Concrete gesture and meaning are the same thing.

Are a lot of their poses conceptualized beforehand?

I get an image in my head, then I try it on them. Then I re-arrange, alter, edit, and try to clarify. But it's not schematic. I try to make the setting and costumes look like they don't exist. I try to be on the edge. It's very carefully planned but it should look like it's just that way. The tableaux are secretly completely theatrical, but I try to make it look sort of real. The costumes, for example, are carefully edited street clothes.

Do you get images from the people you select as performers, as well as from your own image bank?

I always use tall, slender men. For one thing, their limbs carry well at the great distance that I use. That linear clarity is the main thing. Also, the uniformity of look is very

important. I try to make them look similar but not identical. Not so different that you get involved with personalities, but not so similar that they're like robots. It's not about a we're-all-machines idea.

Then what makes it performance art instead of theatre, given your terms?

I'm working on a new piece that's very involved in costume and narrative, which is as theatrical as I can get. In the behavior tableaux, the people are treated in some ways as automata which must link me with De Chirico and the whole surrealist thing about mannequins. In a way, I use performers like dolls.

What happens in a rehearsal?

The performers are very carefully rehearsed. They have counts, moves, and cues—what they call blocking in theatre. From their point of view, it's task-oriented, but from the audience point of view it's not. The audience sees an image or a representation or a reenaction, but the performers are trained to do it as a task.

Is it difficult to keep out what you would consider extraneous material?

Very hard. They can't be too good and they can't be too awkward. If they're not really in their own bodies and stumble around, their movement is not invisible and it is distracting. If they're trained performers, especially dancers, I just have to sit on them to keep their gestures where I want them. The best performer I ever had was a musician who was a performer, but not an actor or dancer. He had stage presence and consciousness, but it was his own, it wasn't a persona.

So you're really muffling any projections.

They can't really project except through gesture because I have so removed them. You can't tell it, but I use a whitening make-up on the eyebrows and the lips to erase the face which my 50 to 75 feet viewing distance does too. So the only projection is through supple movement

Do you think of it as dance-related?

I'm not involved with dance. I want to stav away from that because my work would suffer greatly by comparison. I don't want my performances to be dancerly.

Do you try to teach or develop a performance attitude as to the particular tasks?

No. There's no self-expression.

Do you think the audience reads expression from their actions?

What is to the performer a task, the audience sees as a representation of an action, an avoidance or an approach in a gesture or a display.

And you don't want the performers relating to that?

What the audience sees is not a task but. ideally, my representation of an action. It's pictorial rather than literal. I want the performers to just do the specific job.

How do you feel about that quality in the current wave of entertainment performance?

The turnaround time was so short. Performance used to be lying in the gutter on 14th Street, now it's Saturday Night Live. The old attitude toward the audience was indifference/ aggressive, and it wore itself out very quickly. So it seems natural to swing the other way. And, the examples of people like Foreman and Wilson, Yvonne Rainer and Merce Cunningham, the great theatre performance artists, had a great influence on this theatrical kind of art performance. Also, a lot of conceptual performance turned into body art and nothing is more boring. It was important when Acconci first did it, but it degenerated into what I call the I-do-thisvou-do-that school.

There are some performance precedents for theatrical works, Fluxus, for example. These events were built on whimsical timing.

When I first saw Ralston Farina, I thought he was Fluxus reborn. I never saw Fluxus, but he seemed like that spirit. He was an early referrant to theatre, but amateur theatre, like the kid next door who was a magician. The original performer, the primary figure for everyone from Warhol to Acconci, is Jack Smith.

How do you choose your performers, and do you project on them?

There is some self projection but I'm not really aware of it. When I changed the figure from a woman to a man, it all came out. I used sider them very minor. I'm not a personal ar-

I don't believe in the artist as his or her own subject matter.

to use women before I began to work with behavior content, but there's something personal and projective about that kind of material

There's a sub-text to what's shown?

No, concrete gesture and meaning are the same thing. I work to make sure I've gotten the essential gesture that is as clear as it can be to the audience. I don't want mystery, I want them to understand the form of gestural and spatial communication that goes on between us all the time. There's no sub-text because that's a narrative concept. In the behavior tableaux what I want people to become aware of is the emotional nature of the number of inches between them, or how a person uses an arm as a barrier to communication. I want to be didactic and explanatory but there's all kinds of other content which creeps in that I don't care to go into. I don't want to think about the psychological content.

So you try to keep yourself out of it while vou're in it?

I don't believe in the artist as his or her own subject matter. First-person performance can be good but I don't think it's that great. I've done performances about the self but I contist, I don't believe in the validity of that stance.

You prefer to be objective, almost mechanical.

It's very cut and dry, almost schematic, but it's schizophrenic because I know the audience gets this other stuff from it.

Then, unlike "schizophrenic" collaborative theatre, performance art is schizophrenic solitary theatre. But, you know there's more personal content than you've let on.

I know there's a certain homosexual content which I do not put in. But somehow it comes out. The actors never do anything sexual. The audience may see something like that but it's not there.

Do you think gay or straight people look harder for that?

Straight people see it more. But I can't deal with that, so I just ignore it. A long time ago I did pieces with a homosexual content, and I'll do that again in a new piece which features a series of sexual self-presentations. But there's no overt sexual content in the behavior tableaux. Group Behavior Tableaux is about a stable peer group, then an unstable peer group, then a hierarchy with one at the top and four below, then a hierarchy with one below and four at the top. Pair Behavior was about strangerliness, acquaintanceship, intimacy, estrangement, alienation, aggression, and avoidance. Individual Behavior Tableaux is about what is called aggressive displays, threat, appeasement, and sexual

displays, what one would call art poses, not for plastic but behavior reasons. I don't know who gets how much of that how often, but that's the way I think about it.

RUTH MALECZECH



As an actress, do you feel that when you perform you pretend to be someone else in a time different from the real time of the event? And is that a useful distinction between acting and non-acting in performance?

I always call myself a performer because I think the term actor or actress implies what

you've just said. It implies the adoption of a part other than my part. But I also think that a theatrical performer is more compelled to search in areas that a performance art performer would rather avoid. That is to say, those areas which are sometimes embarrassing-psychology, emotion, feelings-and hard to deal with. It's easier to pretend that they are not material and therefore not to deal with them and make a process performance. But I don't like to define performance and performance art because I don't think there's any difference in a way. It depends on the depth to which you're willing to go to find out what's in a performance. Most performance artists content themselves with much less in-depth looking, maybe because it's not as much fun. I think performance art is more fun.

What about those once-popular performmances in which heavy psychological, personal material was offered in presentations which were very naïve by theatrical standards?

Naïvété is like a mask in performance art. It's an escape to be able to say I'm not really a performer. But it's true, you don't see that very much any more. Now you see quite skilled performance art, equally skilled as theatrical performances, and that's why it's more interesting now because you can talk about it as a field, as an art. In a theatre of the kind I work in, what happens in performance art is very important. If you're only dealing with emotionalism and psychology, you won't make very interesting theatre. It'll look like thirties theatre; it just isn't good enough—it won't make art. So it's important what goes on in performance and in the art world in general. There's some kind of median line which has to be struck wherein the theatrical performer is performing rhythms and dynamics and the subtleties of those things in the same way as she is dealing with psychology, with words, and so on. The reason that area has been opened up to the new theatre is through performance art.

Did Happenings affect theatre as you knew it?

Happenings presaged what's happening now, but they didn't really develop it. They were spectacle events geared for perceptual changes. But I think it starts with a post-Judson time when Yvonne Rainer and people like that became involved in the idea of live performance as art. These grav areas that had been missing in the Happenings and that had been totally left out of the theatre began to emerge then. If you can somehow get a skilled theatrical performer to be able to think and develop along the lines of performance art, I think you end up with a better performance than without that kind of exposure. I also think a performance artist who has some background in visual art or music is a better performer than someone who is simply a standup talker. Where you cross-fed these ideas is where you get really good and interesting work. And there's more and more of that happening all the time now. Not so long ago the theatrical performer dealt with character and role, and the performance art-

ist with "my" personality, and neither of those attitudes are completely true now.

What other changes do you see?

There are very sophisticated developments in performance art, for example scripts and relationships to language which didn't exist at all earlier.

Mabou Mines used to perform primarily in galleries and museums, and I remember that the reactions you got from artists were praise for the visual and plastic elements, and reservations about the use of acting.

Exactly, and I think that's probably still true about our work, that idea that all of this stuff could be seen better without the presence of all that feeling.

I don't know if it's so true now; those distinctions seem to be breaking down. What do you call a show like Jack Smith's recent version of Ibsen's *Ghosts*?

It's really hard to figure out whether he is a performance artist or a theatrical performer. I always think of him as a brilliant theatrical performer, I love his work, but I know he's not everybody's idea of theatre. The most interesting people are those you can't really categorize. While allowing for the presence of the internal workings and motivational structure of a performance, our company is always trying very hard to straddle that vague line. For example, we don't perform much in museums any more, but almost every piece we've done has had its first performance at Paula Cooper's Gallery. We owe

a lot to that world because it taught us things that kept us from being a regular theatre.

And theatre as you found it when you came to New York pushed you toward that kind of influence?

It wasn't interesting to play parts in other people's plays anymore. Also, it probably wasn't interesting for directors to do new interpretations of often-done plays either. Something else had to happen performancewise, and a connection to the art world has changed not only our theatre but others as well, and it's very easy to see which theatres have been influenced and which have not.

> There are very sophisticated developments in performance art, for example scripts and relationships to language which didn't exist at all earlier.

It's not just due to performance art, but to Grotowski's idea that it was no longer necessary for the actor to realize the author's intention when he wrote the part. Once that became clear, then a piece becomes the story of the lives of the performers. So the context is changing and within that changing context, you see the life of the performer. We're not really working with any material except ourselves.

e If performance art has contributed to this big

shift in theatre, what about the performance art idea itself?

Performance art doesn't seem very radical to me.

Is that because it stands outside of art traditions?

But isn't there a very long history of performance in art history?

Yes, but I don't think that means performers know very much about it or care to. I think most performers started out as painters or sculptors and were attracted to performance because the standards and expectations were up in the air.

But I still think they're under the thumb of having to make art.

I think that's true for those who still perform in galleries, and who make drawings, installations, and video works as well. But I think there is another kind of performer who is only a performer, and who works outside the gallery system, usually in alternative spaces which include performance in their programs in a major way.

Some of the people with whom I work and myself are starting a studio to explore these kinds of questions, because I think we're all a little confused and very happily so. It's a good confusion because a lot of good work is going to result from it. What is it that makes one narrative form not quite a theatrical performance? What element is it that allows an audience to be so objective, so passive, that is so unlike a theatrical performance there is nothing to draw it in, there is simply something being presented for the audience to see and hear? That area which is and is not performance, and which is and is not acting is the most confused and the most interesting one right now.

What do you think is the essential difference between a performance artist and a performer?

A performer is not on the outside of the piece showing it. The nature of a performance is performing, and to do that you need an outside eye, someone who is looking at the performing of a performance to see whether or not it matches the ideas of the performance. In other words, whether or not you can translate an idea into a moment.

Do you think a lot of performance artists conceptualize pieces that they can't realize? And do you think they care to realize them?

When you're a performer, you're doing it with everything you can do it with—with your body, your voice, your mind, your sense of rhythm, anything you can draw from your past, and so on. There is a whole other way to look at that which is to show an idea the performer has, to make an interesting piece about how that person's mind works, how that voice talks, and to hear what she has to say. Maybe the difference is gray, but they're not the same. A performance artist is more likely to perform her conceptual mental picture of what a performance can be

so unlike a theatrical performance there is nothing to draw it in, there is simply something being presented for the audience developed of course.

MICHAEL SMITH



How do you think about "Mike," this character you've created in performance, and Michael Smith? Can you keep them apart, or do you try?

I'm probably more confused about it than most people who've seen my performances and who know me. That character moves around much more slowly than I do, for example. It definitely comes from me, what "Mike" does, but there's a difference. I feel very comfortable with the character. I have a certain sort of affection for him, though not when I'm playing him because I really become "Mike" when I'm "Mike."

There are some comedians who do characters, like Red Skelton or Lily Tomlin; then there are others who appear as entertainment versions of themselves, like Rodney Dangerfield who presents "himself." Do you feel closer to a comedian like Dangerfield?

I feel closer to Dangerfield because I'm exaggerated, or rather in my mind I'm exaggerating, but I don't think it comes out that way. Some people, like Jackie Gleason, create caricatures, and my character isn't like that. I think "Mike" is a sort of condition, and where he is is just an exaggeration of my, or somebody else's, way of being here.

When you think about "Mike," do you have qualities or do things that you give to him, or do you decide that since he was such and such a person he should do this action or talk a certain way?

I think he came out of a play on words. Somehow I came up with this phrase: "the blanded gentry." Then I started thinking about "Blandman." I wrote letters to a lot of people asking them what they thought blandness was. What I wanted was a script from these people, hoping they would tell me what Blandman would do...

My interest in comedy really comes from an interest in timing, that very slow delivery. I

think "Mike" is the character who allows me to be very slow and demand a certain amount of attention. Also, I think most of my humor is visual, he doesn't say much.

When "Mike" disco-danced along with the Osmonds' tape In the Rec Room, is that something you do or something you thought "Mike" would do and then learned?

My interest in comedy really comes from an interest in timing.

That's something I've been thinking about for years. When I first saw Donnie and Marie, I was impressed with their incredible production. I think they're insidious, but awful in an incredible way. The first time I saw them, Donnie did three types of music: he was on ice skates, he was underwater in scuba gear, then among some explosions, and there was a little bit of country, a little rock and roll, all this glitter, everything kept moving, and he looked the same in everything. That's real blandness, and that's why I did that bit.

When you think about timing, do you think about it as helping create that particular character, or as a technique in itself?

The way the words come out, the deliberateness, says a lot about "Mike." But also, I'm getting better at the delivery. There's a certain amount of skill involved.

Does "Mike's" character create a situation v

and then that becomes the performance, or do you think of adventures for him to have?

I think in fragments really, and then put them together to get a story. But the story always comes last. I have such a hard time putting a story together that I thought a good solution would be to use the same story over and over and do different things within it.

Were you ever in a real play?

No. This movie I'm in is the first time I feel like I'm acting. I was a painter, and I get a lot of my ideas from the way I draw. I don't know how to draw very well, but sometimes a drawing mistake will suggest something.

How have your performances changed as you do more of them?

I've gotten better at dancing, at economizing, and at getting things going. I'm very interested in polish, how to keep the show going. In my first routine, I was my own technician and I incorporated a dialogue with the tape machine, which I turned on and off, into the show. But now I don't think I need to be a technician.

Are there things you would like to do in a performance that you feel you need to study to do?

After I learn how to do something to use it, I don't develop it anymore. I learned juggling and baton twirling, but just the basics, enought to do them. Tap-dancing is the only thing I've sort of stuck with, although I'm not very disciplined. I would like to learn some acrobatics.

What about things actors study?

I think I want to take some voice lessons; I could learn a lot about projections. But when I learned how to juggle, I looked at the end of the book and saw a picture of this guy juggling a tennis racket, a garbage can, and a chain. I wanted to be able to do that, but I realized it would take a really long time. I wanted to be able to go right into it at that level.

Would "Mike" ever do anything that you didn't know how to do and so would have to learn?

I don't think so.

Do you want to make up other characters?

Yes. There's this guy, somewhat along the lines of "Mike," but he's older, about fortyfive, his stomach is over his belly, he wears a thick white belt. This guy is a little more active he initiates more action than "Mike." So far I've really only got the outfit in mind. And then there's my "Baby" character, it's grotesque, he looks like a little ape. He wears a bonnet, a white diaper, and a t-shirt, and he walks and talks like a baby. He's four, and only has a one-word vocabulary: horsey.

ELIZABETH **LECOMPTE**



How do you describe what you do as the director of Spalding Gray's pieces?

What I do is organize spaces and people and make situations-really make worlds-and I make them wherever I am.

Were you hired as a director?

I came in as an assistant director to Richard Schechner. I was a performer for a while to explore the other side of what I liked. Then a director, someone who stands ouside a

Spalding and I talked about doing a piece together, so it was a very natural evolution.

Did you feel like you were learning about theatrical performance or "performance" performance, or did you think about it like that?

In The Performance Group there's lots of room to develop because there's no overriding aesthetic, there's no one way of doing anything, which allowed me to develop in a way I wanted to. With Spalding, we have a very good combination of my interest in space and form and in the structure of a psychological performance, and in his interest in performing, in confessing, showing himself. Also, I think Dionysus in 69 definitely bridged the gap between the theatre world and the art world. Structurally it was nonlinear, and it broke open a lot of ideas about theatre space. That piece should have been a bridge, but I think the aspirations of the people who were involved were theatricallyoriented. The performers wanted to be great actors but they had no sense of or interest in the meaning of the piece, its concept. They wanted to be told what they were to do and to do it well: the director was the person who made that concept. In performance art, and even in theatres like Mabou Mines, everyone is interested in some way in the concept of the performance, not solely in their performance within the piece. I always felt that that kind of performer had a much greater intellectual stake in the performance itself.

In performance art terms it's unusual to have

work and helps shape it. How do you direct a performance made up of someone else's very personal material, material which seems beyond question or criticism?

I'm so involved with form I could put anything into a structure. It has no personal meaning for me when, for example, Spalding hands over tapes of his grandmother talking. I'm totally involved in the form of it although I think that's a mask for the content for me. The way I'm involved in the content is through the form and the one that I choose exposes some kind of content—but I don't know what it is until I've chosen the form.

So you don't judge the material or worry that such personal content might lead to a performance dead end?

I don't because I don't have any stake in that. I don't have to deal with it.

(Spalding Gray walking through room): Last night I openly read from my diary to forty people and told them exactly what was happening in my life and waited for someone to comfort me. That's what I think Sex and Death was about, simply recounting my life. I also think I'm right at the edge of stopping performing.

How does that affect the director?

If Spalding stops, I just get somebody else as a performer. Not that I wouldn't want to convince him to keep going but I have to go on.

(Spalding Gray): I want to see you stop with

me.

I know and I would try to stop with you because I don't see any reason for going on in the grand sense of the word but I can't help going on. For me it's a compulsion to make order out of chaos, I've spent my life doing it, and it doesn't have to do with personal material. Somewhere I'm not trying to be understood, I'm not trying to communicate to an audience. I'm just trying to make some sort of pleasurable order that will make people like me.

What kind of things make a pleasurable order for you?

That's impossible to explain, it's totally intuitive. Usually they're the shlockiest things—emotional, sentimental junk with no narrative, just moments. What I do then, since I am embarrassed by these moments, is to make performances with all of that emotion cut with what some people call cynicism, what other people might call coolness, just because I don't want to show too much cheap sentiment.

Do your intentions ever clash with Spalding's?

I'm so involved with form I could put anything into a structure. No, because his intention is totally removed from mine. His intention is to show himself, advertise himself, and he trusts that I'll make him beautiful or intelligent or attractive in some way to the audience. It's an act of faith. And it's an act of faith on my part, that I trust that he is those things.

And he never does anything in performance that you object to?

There are a couple of gestures he does that sometimes rub me wrong, that just don't satisfy my vision of him, and I'll try to stop those. Sometimes he'll balk a little about that.

What about the other performers?

I have disagreements with other performers sometimes, but not very often because we're all involved in an act of faith.

So as performance mechanic, you're immune to issues like the controversy over the use of recorded tapes by people who didn't know they were being recorded, or who specifically asked that a recording of them be played publicly?

No, not immune really. What Spalding played with with the subject of his material is what I played with in that very controlled visual field, the "dangerousness" of the edges of the material. By "dangerousness," I mean a certain kind of soppy romanticism and cloyingness about the illness of his mother. I walked that line all the time in the piece in the personal material and the decisions about why and what form and how to use it.

Is it hard to repeat personal performances?

No, all performance is physical actions. As a director, I can give the performers a physical score where they can forget that any of the material is personal and see it just as a series of actions that they must perform in front of an audience. What I do is make a score that is in essence an abstraction. Now the solo pieces are a little more difficult, but they still have a very small and tight form.

Could you, imagine that Spalding would come with some material you would object to?

It's hard to say because that's hypothetical, and the way we work is that he says something and I'm excited about it, and I say something and he's excited about it. When that stops happening, then we'd be working in a normal collaboration. I know we don't have a normal collaboration because we would have argued a lot more. There's something else going on, something symbiotic.

ARTISTS

Advertise your performances/exhibits/ books in PAM for as little as \$30 quarter page. Call (212) 260-7586 to reserve space.

LAURIE ANDERSON



You don't call what you do in your performances acting, and it isn't just personality either.

I would call it talking styles. For instance, I've used about eight talking styles today, starting with a phone call about a death in the family and talking with my mother, then screaming at the lawyer in my most efficient, business-like style. A lot of audio stuff I've

done has drawn on that-vou could either use the filters you already have or, as I like to do, use electronic ones. The first songs I did like that were Songs for Telephones, half normal voice and half through a telephone filter, that voice of New York social life: "Hi how are you, we should really get together sometime." Things people keep saying and that's the total sum of the conversation, just social jive talking that everybody does. I do it all the time. Since I work a lot with tape, I get used to hearing myself, and when I listen to myself talking with other people during the day. I realize how many styles I actually have, and it's a lot. So the extent to which I use any idea of acting is to use those different forms of voices.

Also, acting sometimes meant, and probably does mean, acting out.

I've been finding out a lot about acting just from moving. For years, most of my work was just standing around with my hands full of my violin. The latest piece I did [*Americans on the Move*, see I'AM 1.] I considered a breakthrough because I was able to move my arm. I had a lot of gestures I wanted to put in during the snakecharmer song, gestures that were almost a sign language, beginning with a hand-waving thing, then a shrug, and so on. Also, it was a kind of two-handed duet for boom stand and microphone which came much more naturally to me than trying to think of a way to move, just because I had something and it was making sound.

Do ideas come from your equipment or do

I was tempted to overlook the American Composers Orchestra concert, but since I have praised some of the fine programing of this group on previous occasions rather lavishly, it seems necessary to balance the record. William Bolcom does not even claim to be a profound composer, but his eclectic style and witty juxtapositions can sometimes be delightful. It seemed to me, however, that his "Humoresk" for Organ and Orchestra, commissioned by the ACO, was rather sad. Facile dissonances, coy references to popular music, and no laughs. Hall Overton's "Sonorities," composed in 1965, is a pleasant work that runs toward the third stream, and soloist Donald Palma played very well on an amplified double bass that sounded wonderful. But that piece only accounted for six minutes of the concert.

Pauline Oliveros's score "For Valerie Solanas and Marilyn Monroe in Recognition of Their Desperation" is a deeply touching work from 1970. Most of the composer's purely verbal instructions were sensitively realized with three conductors, four colors of light, and musicians dispersed all around the audience. But I had the feeling that much of the meditative depth suggested by the constantly fluctuating sustained tones had been sacrificed by extending the piece only 20 minutes instead of the 30 to 60 minutes specified by the composer.

I suppose I was prejudiced against the Orchestra Cycle I by Anthony Newman. The Newman works I have heard on Columbia Records left me with the impression that this is a man who wants terribly much to be recognized as an important composer, but who is not sufficiently tuned into himself to have a very clear understanding of what it is he wants to say. The facile dissonances, formal wanderings, and immense pretentiousness of this piece more or less confirmed my earlier impressions.

5, 230 tl

you work for certain effects you've thought | felt uncomfortable saving. I'm familiar with of?

It works both ways. A lot of times I just sit around here and tape things, play with microphones, until something suggests itself. That tends to be a more organic way of going about it, although there's some thinking going on. When you get an idea and then try to do it, it almost never sounds like you think it's going to. I find it's best to start with the sound to suggest what's going to happen.

Do you remember the early reactions to your first performances when it seemed to be important whether your stories were true or not? Do you think of acting as pretending to be someone else, and non-acting performance as concentrated pretending to be vourself?

In a way, yeah, and I've just begun to realize how much I love doing that. Part of it is just the attention, and the other part is the idea that if this experience is going to happen, it has to happen exactly now. It isn't a plan for anything else. You have to be right there and make it happen, and that's really exciting to me to have to consolidate my energy for that kind of presentation. No other part of my life is like that. You only have that one moment to make this work or not.

Are there things you've thought of as material that you wouldn't perform for some reason or another?

same reason. I've never said anything that I formats and I feel fine about that.

that squirming feeling when somebody's telling something personal and you don't want to hear it. I always felt it was a mistake being labeled as an autobiographical artist. I never felt I used that kind of material as primary stuff but that it was fitted into this structure that made it something else. It was just a certain content that I felt directly connected to and used. You cannot not project yourself in some way.

So you think of yourself as a character in a performance in the same way you think of vourself as a character in life?

Exactly. But I've started using "vou" and "they" a lot instead of the first person in performance-which is probably the main shift in the last few years. "I" is almost completely out of it at this point. I use "I" only as someone who has gotten some information but not as a prime subject, more as a sideline observer. If I use "I," it's very peripheral to the action.

And what does that do for you?

It makes me really free and I'm happy about that. You can get pretty narassistic with "I" very quickly. The worst part was performances which used "I" that I had to do a number of times. I didn't like that at all.

Because you would have to present something apparently personal that you didn't feel?

Yeah, but I can't talk about them for the Right. I've repeated a lot of pieces in song

Do you think that the "I" out of it makes Americans on the Move more theatrical?

Probably, and more political too, more didactic. I've been using "you should" a lot. I'm attracted to the power of that statement. you can follow it with anything and it becomes immediately interesting, not just "I think" but "I think you should," and that's a different kind of assumption, a more political one.

Is that directed to the audience? Do you feel different about them since you address the audience that way?

I think differently about the world now, and insofar as the audience represents the world, yes.

Do you feel more like a conduit for material than a focus of it now?

You cannot not project yourself in some way.

Yes, it's much more a function of pointing to diagrams really, saying "Look over here" and doing a sort of waving action.

Do people still confuse "you" with Laurie Anderson, the performer?

Not now, but it used to happen. People used to think I was their friend because they knew so much about me, or thought they did. I used to get letters that were quite personal. It was too much for me to handle, although I was enough of a voyeur to be interested. But I didn't know what to do with the information. Now the letters I get are much more factual, which I like, and full of data.

You also used to wear white gowns in performance and now you wear a black outfit.

I used to wear white so that I could be a film screen but more than that, to separate that sort of activity from everyday life. Very ceremonial, now that I think about it. Lately I like black a lot, I don't know why.

Which can also be ceremonial.

Right. Someone called me a funeral director.

Do you ever think you're somebody else when you're performing?

I have a vague feeling sometimes, but I don't know who it is.

PERFORMANCE ART Magazine is interested in receiving short essays on aesthetics and theory, and reviews of performance, music, video, dance, and literary events from around the world.

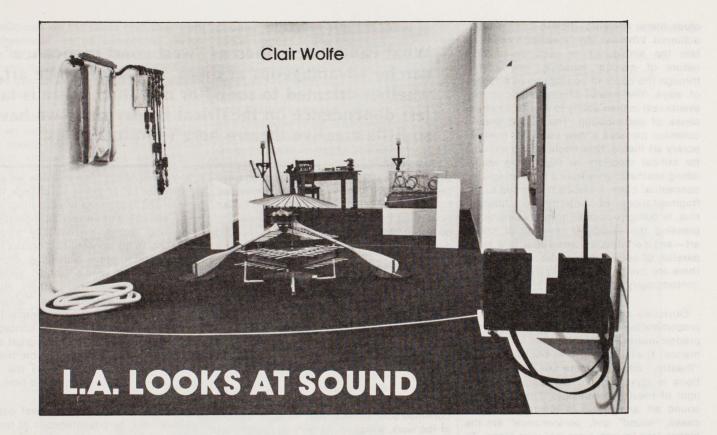
THE KITCHEN CENTER

presenting programs in video, music, dance and performance art Performance artists appearing in the 1979-80 season include:

Kathy Ack	er		յլ
Marc Cami	ille Chaim	owicz	1
Del Ray &	Nesbitt		N

Julia Heyward The Kipper Kids Mitchell Kriegman Pat Oleszko Luigi Ontani Ulriche Rosenbach Christy Rupp Michael Smith Min Tanaka Winston Tong

photo by Shigeo Anzai from performance by Matt Mullican <u>484 BROOME</u> ST, NYC • 925-3615 Mail: 59 Wooster St, NYC 10012



When the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art (LAICA) realized the importance of introducing the public to the multifold activities of artists working with sound, there were no really clear-cut ideas on the essential nature of this art. But over 35 artists exhibiting in one space, and two weeks worth of individual performances, both raised and the remarkable cohesions experienced

answered pertinent questions concerning sound art. Before the show surfaced, it was all a matter of "hybridization, interdiscipline and synaesthesia," which it is; but by the time the performances ended, those who took the opportunity to engage themselves seemed to develop a sensibility in tune with

through sound art. In the best works, one was rewarded with something more than pleasurable aesthetics, reaffirming the rich rewards inherent in pure sensory perception.

In many cases, this was the subject and meaning of the work. But the unique quality of contemporary sound art is the ability to include literal contents-poetic form is often achieved. Whereas the "meaning" might retain the ambiguous or even paradoxical nature of musical meaning, art entered through the doors of conception in a variety of ways. The overall characteristic of the events rest in their ability to arouse a natural sense of participation. The Sound show's cohesion provides a new basis for contemporary art theory. Now might be a good time for critical theorists to regard the astonishing aesthetic unity from a more integrated conceptual base. A criticism oriented to the fragmentations of "intermedia," however true, is going to sooner or later wane in expressing the expanded realities of sound art-and performance art. There is a close parallel, of course, though what differences there are can be revealing in the quest for a contemporary art theory.

Obviously sound art involves sound as a predominating characteristic. But what is the predominating characteristic of performance? The temptation is to think in terms of "theatre," although there are severe limitations in conceiving of performance in the light of theatrical concepts. The parallel of sound art and music is identical. In both cases, "sound" and "performance" are the higher, less limited, more inclusive forms. To think of music as an aspect of sound, as "theatre" as an aspect of performance, is far more meaningful to the contemporary mind that vice-versa. The fact that we have these limited points of view stems from the disadvantageous orientations of a criticism rooted in modernist aesthetics. That a transitional dialogue is necessary is beyond question, and this is precisely what Peter Frank's What can be described as "west coast innocence" can be advantageous at times. In performance art, whether oriented to sound or narrative, there is far less dependence on theatrical theory since we have so little creative theatre here to influence us.

somewhat definitive catalogue article expresses, and Richard Armstrong's observations, too. But it is a little like reading Susan Sontag for the third time-we now know it to be all too true. Like so much of the "expanded consciousness," it expands itself into the obvious.

By the way of illustration, there really is no question of "music" being in any way oppositional to sound art. Even in cases where the sound utilized is totally lacking in musicality, musical movement is achieved in other ways. Bob Wilhite's performance consisted in a continuous, barely oscillating drone tuned to a gorgeous revolving geometric painted sculpture which played against colored lighting. The subtle color changes and relationships soon became the "musical" aspect of the work, which is not only all mentioned, but an environmental installation as well.

Alvin Lucier's art achieves the highest perceptual intensity, while at the same time incorporating a profound literality-actual words describing actual conditions. Time itself exists both in the usual accustomed continuum of the present, and in a kind of weird "eternity" as well. By stating exactly

in a room different than this one we are in," he tells us he is going to change his imperfect and occasionally stuttering speech into a smooth and perfect harmonization of resonating sound, rhythmically structured identically to his speech. This occurs in slow transcendental steps achieving orchestral magnitudes not unlike classic symphonic form. These two, and many others, illustrate Peter Frank's observation that "sound producing structures combine simplicity and complexity, both technical and conceptual." He goes on to say, "There is a great deal of interest in sonic installation on the west coast, part of an interest in the subtle manipulation of space, light and time."

What can be described as "west coast innocence" can be advantageous at times. In performance art, whether oriented to sound or narrative, there is far less dependence on theatrical theory since we have so little creative theatre here to influence us. Experimental theatre is non-existent on any serious level now. The result is an attitude toward performance divorced from theatre. Linda Burnham, publisher of California's High Performance magazine is reported to what he is going to do on a tape "somewhere have refused reviewing the performances of

Guy deCointet on the basis that they were too "theatrical" to be considered performance. No doubt, such issues are destined to become the critical dialogue of the future once we overcome our habituation to modernist criticism.

Another aspect of the nature of contemporary art brought out by the exhibit is the willing public response. Here is a relationship that, without sacrificing aesthetic integrity, the "public" can readily respond to. This art, when it is not profound, is at least amusing. It is perhaps the most cohesive and amenable style of contemporary art at present at a general level which only the most perfected forms of performance have achieved. The nice thing is that there we can distinguish the only way "art" can directly relate to "life" without confusing the values and decently recognizing art's inherent limitations-when you walk away from the art and it is still breathing in you.

Another interesting side-light arose in the social context of this important exhibit. For sometime now California art has suffered from an indifferent press and an impertinent, academic criticism that has probably done more harm than good. The performances were relatively sparsely attended at first. But as a testimony to the willingness of southern Californians to participate in the art here, once the reviews finally emerged the place was well attended, the remaining performances filled to capacity. Unfortunately this only occurred during the last weeks.

Although an important aspect of west coast art, sound art is engendered with equal thrust in the east and to some extent in the midwest. But the fact remains that the most viable critical dialogues will emerge from the east. Los Angelenos will be looking forward to the New York presentation as much 'as New Yorkers.

Note: The "Sound" show opens Septemer 30 at P.S. 1 in New York.

Clair Wolfe works for LAICA. Photos by Michael Levine.





ARGUMENT

Artist as Businessman

The twin principles of modernism and marketing: seeing fresh promise in familiar things

Anthony McCall and Andrew Tyndall





ARGUMENT (New York City, 1978) is an 85 minute, 16mm, color/sound film by Anthony McCall and Andrew Tyndall.

Fashion photographs are used as a starting point for a political investigation of news, advertising, and images of masculinity in the mass media. The film attempts to define the ideological function of avantgarde artists/filmmakers and their work, and raises crucial questions of radical film practice. ARGUMENT explicitly examines problems of the film text and its reading: relationships between sound/text/image and filmmaker/critic/audience.

The film is part of a project which includes the publication of a 30 page book of writing and photographs, and structured discussions following screenings.

The Fiscal Background

The 1976 Internal Revenue Service ruling that art (not including motion pictures) is an appreciable asset, created possibilities for the financing of art that never existed before. It meant that instead of capital being invested in the commodity of the art-work, it was now profitable to invest capital in the "artist as commodity." This mechanism operates by making the artist into a corporation. The artist is therefore personally responsible as president of that corporation, for success in the art world. and in addition, is accountable to shareholders (investors) ultimately to see a profit in the joint venture by paying dividends.

This difference makes investment in the artist a lower risk than investment in the art-work. since previously in investment in the art-work, profitability depended on the taste of the investor; now the onus for success rests on the artist. who must respond to market forces—"success" being defined as what sells, what can be marketed.

The Transition from Self-**Employed Artisan**

Modernism has been founded on a tradition of "constant revolution." This is a formal not a political description, which elevates the importance of "a work challenging previous work" in an art historical continuum, and defining itself in terms of its differences from work done previously. This constant revolution encourages the creation of diverse or pluralistic forms-for instance, minimalism, mytho-poeticism, conceptualism (theoretical, narrative, performance,

political. etc.]

These forms legitimize the creation and interpretation of art-work in terms of discrete traditions, thus allowing the most militant political materialist work to stand side by side with mytho-poetic romanticism, all part of the avantdarde spectacle. This has two main effects: first, to defuse the impact of the political work in any terms except that of its own tradition; second, it gives the impression of a fully stocked art store which caters to a wide range of tastes.

Whatever type of work is in this art store, all types have one thing in common: namely their market-an exclusive world of privilege and wealth, defined by the museum/gallery/university circuit.

At present this market is located around an intermediary—the gallery. The gallery is responsible for recognizing saleable trends, individuals, and work, and then marketing them (exhibition, distribution and publicity]. At the same time the gallery exerts some influence over the artist's practice to make his work more marketable. Thus the gallery makes the artist more accountable to market forces than under the earlier "patronage" system of financing, whereby the patron would pick an artist appropriate to his taste and desire for prestige and fund that individual under his direction.

The gallery system may prove to be a transitional phase in the artist's relationship to capital, a movement that may have been accelerated by the 1976 IRS ruling. The introduction of venture capital into the art world by directly financing the artist as an on-going business, would make artists, by their responsibility to return dividends to then the meaning that the work has can cultural-

their investors, more susceptible to market forces. While these pressures would not necessarily force all artists to make their work conform to a dominant aesthetic (since, as seen earlier, formal pluralism is encouraged), they would determine the audience-in a very simple way: the audience is those able to afford to buy the work, namely the rich. Although the rich have always been the market for art, the introduction of the artist-as-businessman system through venture capital rationalizes the accountability of the artist to the elitist market. In this way the artist becomes responsible not only for the production of art (the limit of an artist's responsibility under the gallery system), but also, for the marketing of the work-making contacts, generating publicity and criticism, organizing distribution, exhibition and sales, fiscal and office management. In short, an owner/director of an organization.

It might be worth mentioning that all these marketing activities have always occurred, but under the gallery system, artists would pay 50% of sales on their work to the gallery, for the privilege of being able to consider themselves "fine" artists, separated from these tawdry concerns.

Co-optation by Excellence

Success, rather than being seen as a function of saleability, is culturally defined as being a function of that mystical quality-excellence. The market is not interested in seeing an art-work in terms of its intervention, but rather as a spectacle, a singular commodity, the product of individual creativity, placed beyond analysis. Since an artwork is seen as the product of individual vision,

ly not be separated from the image of the artist who produced it. Artists are forced into the role of marketing themselves as a unique product with a singular personal vision, which becomes an integral part of the work itself.

Thus a double bind identifies itself: if a work has impact, the artist who produced it becomes culturally defined as "famous"—an excellent artist with a sound track record. Having been thus defined, this image of excellence becomes more important than the work itself, thus **defusing** it of impact by neatly placing the work—however different from previous work—into that artist's assigned niche.

Eliminating the Middleman

In the early and mid-seventies a tendency within conceptual art developed the imperative that artists should take responsibility for the theoretical grounding within which their work was made.

The effect of this imperative was to challenge the conventional function of the critic who traditionally had acted as a mediator between the artist and the audience, reducing the former to a voiceless role and the latter to a passive and ignorant role. The role of the critic was the theortical equivalent of the gallery owner. Both claimed to stand outside the art-work, the former theoretically, the latter economically, although their function was actually a determining influence in the meaning system out of which the work was created.

The critic first started to lose this privileged place when artists themselves started to see their own art-work in terms of the "concept" or "idea"

The artist-as- businessman is forced not only to assume responsibility for the "aesthetic" theory within which the work is constructed, but now also for the saleability and success of his or her work, and for the projection of his or her own image into the marketplace.

behind it. This led to the demand for the artist to assume full responsibility for the theoretical (at first philosophical, but later ideological and political) position within which the work had meaning. The introduction of the concept of artist-asbusinessman, with new methods of art financing, changes "responsibility" from a seemingly radical but purely theoretical position to an allencompassing but politically problematic one. The artist-as-businessman is forced not only to assume responsibility for the "aesthetic" theory within which the work is constructed, but now also for the saleability and success of his or her work, and for the projection of his or her own image into the marketplace. In short, this "responsibility" is no different from the accountability of any "independent" businessman to his shareholders.

The "I" of Responsibility

The most commonly held myth of the "responsibility" of the businessman, however, is his responsibility to his employees. The small entrepreneur is culturally depicted as a benevolent. patriarch, who by hard work, diligence, and character has created an opportunity for employees to earn money under his protection. This mystification of the exploitation of others' labor for profit would apply in exactly the same way under the artist-as-businessman structure. Here, it would be easy for a successful artist with a small business to draw on the vast pool of underemployed and impoverished artists and to use them as research and production assistants. librarians, secretaries, and carpenters, while the work that they did would be credited to the name. reputation and marketability of the artist as an individual.

So when the term "responsibility" is applied to an artist, it appears to cover a spectrum of meanings, ranging from the original, and apparently radical "theoretical" responsibility, through the questionable and all-encompassing "responsibility for the **whole** process," to the highly reactionary and mystificatory "responsibility as employer."

The conventional structure by which art is made and seen is a trichotomy of artist/critic/audience [producer, intermediary, consumer]. The introduction of artist-as-businessman rationalizes the relationship of producer to consumer by lessening the importance of the middleman [critic, gallery owner, etc.]. However, the concept of responsibility does not challenge the structural relationship of artist to audience. The artist still functions as one with knowledge/vision/insight, and the audience still functions as passive witness to this "personal" vision.

The element that links the extremes of the spectrum of responsibility is the "I" who takes this responsibility. So, responsibility, far from being a radical break, is the most recent articulation of an ideology of individualism. Despite the possibility of an increase in funds flowing into the art world as a result of the IRS ruling, these increased funds will still only be available to a small minority of successful artists—those with a sound track record.

In terms of resources available, then, there will only be a marginal difference between this and the self-employed artisanal mode of the gallery system or the lottery of government grants. So the important effect of venture capital entering the art market is to re-emphasize individualistic competition as the basis for art practice—providing a new carrot of the big art break [investors' capital] for which scores of artists can struggle. This competition is clarified by the emphasis on ''responsibility,'' the primacy of the artist as ''l.''

Anecdote, Analysis, Discourse

It is impossible to place an art-work in its social and political context when it is isolated as a spectacle within a market, and its production is seen in terms of individualistic excellence. This combination emphasizes the passive function of the audience and demands an explicatory role for the critic. Conventional criticism, therefore, has gone hand-in-hand with the marketplace.

The role of the critic has been to "explain" art-

work, but at the same time, to preserve it as a spectacle. Critics have mystified this contradiction by telling stories. They are journalists who account for a work by constructing an anecdote out of the accidents of its production, set in the isolated and mythical world of an art historical continuum. So, in terms of the market, critics become the arbiters of taste; in terms of art practice, critics obscure the fact that work is a cultural manifestation by writing discrete aetiological fables. Work is thus deprived of context by becoming the last word, the inevitable resolution of a narrative.

This critical stance is one element in a structure which prohibits the artist and audience from taking **shared** responsibility for confronting the problem of how meaning is created. This structure:

- refuses to allow an art-work to function as an intervention within a specific set of shared social problems;
- 2. mystifies the fact that a work is both made and seen within one dialectical process;
- **3.** reinforces the cultural definition of art-work as commodity, and denies the imperative that art should demand active engagement;
- 4. justifies the "ghettoization" of art by both admiring and promoting its esotericism; at the same time it obscures the fact of the embeddedness of art within the social and political world, where no work can possibly be ideologically neutral.

In other words, the conventional critic's function is to deny art a context; to place it above analysis.

A constructive theoretical practice, on the other hand, would emphasize the embeddedness of art within culture. This practice would place art as one element within a political discourse.

> New York City June 1978

CORRECTION

Babette Mangolte was incorrectly listed as the photographer for the stills illustrating Richard Foreman's "Auto-Interview" in PAM 1. The pictures were taken by Joseph Bartsherer and Denise Simon. The cover photo was taken by Morton Beebe ... The statements in "Paris Letter" were taken from a conversation between John Howell and Ralston Farina.

SUBSCRIPTION/ORDER FORM See Last Page

RACHEL ROSENTHAL



Rachel Rosenthal was born in Paris. In the early fifties in New York, she was an assistant to Erwin Piscator at his Dramatic Workshop, and later danced with the Merce Cunningham Dance Company. After moving to California, she founded Instant Theatre (1956-69), and during the seventies worked as a sculptor and co-chairwoman of Womanspace. Rosenthal began presenting solo performances in 1975.

REPLAYS, 1975

After living and working in New York and Paris, how did you end up in California?

After 1953, I came back to NYC and decided I wasn't going back to Paris. And that's when I got to be friends with Bob Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns and continued my friendship with Merce Cunningham and John Cage. I got very emotionally involved with some people in that group—it was a boiling cauldron of seething emotions—and I felt there was just no way for me in that situation. Also, I felt very energized and yet dominated by their charisma and somehow I felt that if I didn't leave this atmosphere, this group, I would never find what I had to give. Which was one of several reasons I went out to California. That was in '55.

What were the beginnings of Instant Theatre?

After I moved to California I started a workshop. At first it was just a simple actor's workshop. I was giving the actors exercises and improvisations—things I was thinking up. They enjoyed them so much that they stopped working on scenes and only wanted to do my ideas, exercises, and themes. One day I said, "We've found a new theatre. I think we have something very wonderful here, let's do it for an **audience**." And then everybody disappeared.

What happened?

The actors were all up-and-coming Hollywood hopefuls—people like Tab Hunter, Tony Perkins, Susan Hallison, Rod McKuen, Vic Morrow, and Judd Taylor, who is now a director. They all said their agents would never allow them to do it, it's just too crazy and way out. So I was left with just a painter, a dancer, and an actor who had been an engineering student at MIT. The four of us decided to hell with everybody, we'll do it all by ourselves. And that's how Instant Theatre was started. It was just a little box space and there were risers and, instead of putting chairs on the risers, I had pillows. That was in '56.



David Moreno

THE HEAD OF O.K., 1977



Who was your audience?

In those days the audience was mostly poets and artists.

Did people associate it with Happenings in New York?

One of the problems we had is that we associated ourselves with theatre instead of with art. It was always affiliated with theatre because there was, at the time, to me anyway, no other affiliation possible. It suffered from that, because people's expectations of theatre were such that our theatre was considered totally way out. A lot of people just didn't accept it or understand it, and the artists for some reason stopped coming, possibly because of the affiliation with theatre.

What kind of performances did you do?

I'm sort of embarrassed really to tell you about what Instant Theatre was. Because it sounds very self-serving and I'm making really high

CHARM, 1977

claims, and there's no proof—there's no mechanical or electronic documentation, but there are a lot of eyewitnesses. It was a theatre that was the precursor of Happenings, Action Art, art performance, and Theatre of the Ridiculous.

How have the history books passed your theatre by?

Because we did it in California, and because I was maybe personally afraid to come out. I think that if it had come to New York it would have been very important theatre. Over there it was really buried. For awhile it didn't matter to me because in those days I had very Zen ideas—it's very ephemeral, it's for now, and so on. Then later on, I was very sad because I had nothing to show and everybody was getting recognition and credit for all kinds of things that I had done long before. So I say I'm embarrassed because it really sounds like sour grapes in a way.

Cynthia Upchurch

Rachel Rosentha



INSTANT FAIRY TALES, 1977 (The Devil with the 3 Golden Hairs — Bros. Grimm)





INSTANT THEATRE, 1977

How about now-do you find a theatre audience or an art audience for your work?

Now I'm very happy that historically the two have come together, in what is now termed art performance. I do my work in galleries. I want to branch out and do things which are really between the two—between theatre and art—because I think my work is very theatrical actually.

What was the theoretical basis of Instant Theatre?

The whole premise of Instant Theatre was that you could create theatre spontaneously, and collectively, and I assure you that it didn't come from theory. Because first of all I'm not a theoretical person, I'm an action person, and I never would have had the chutzpah to come out with such a theory if I hadn't seen it happen first. I saw it on stage. Then I started to codify my training methods in such a way that about nine months of training would enable the performer to do it.

Can you describe the training approach you devised?

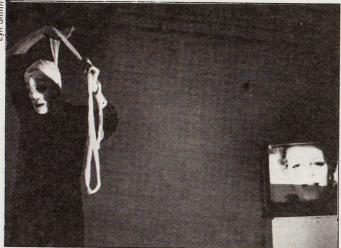
There were two things that were important in Instant Theatre. One was the development of a free creativity in the individual, and a certain style, a certain form of work that would kind of push them into an aesthetics which was my aesthetics really, and then also the ability to create with others, to be subservient, to the whole. In training we used a lot of movement, a lot of vocal stuff, awareness exercises. In the beginning, I even used massage. I did everything to get people loosened up, to bring things out.

When you got together to do a piece, what exactly did you do?

There were four ways of doing pieces. The whole company would do pieces which would last a whole act, like 45 minutes to an hour, that were completely free and that would start simply from a set. And the set would be a big assemblage on the stage. The aesthetics of the period were very much an influence. They were found **sets**—things that we would find in back alleys or that people would give us—old chairs, old window screens, tar paper.

So we would start out in this set, and the space and the mood of the set would get things going. One person would start and, very much like action painting in a way, would set the first touch of paint if you will on the stage and then other people would come and bring things and build a piece, the idea being that you had to be very aware, very sensitive, to what was happening, enhance what was happening, or bring collision. Surprisingly enough, these pieces had tremendous form, they always achieved their own kind of inner logic and had a beginning, middle, and an end, not in a narrative way, but somehow in a formal way.

Another way was what we called a point of departure. Very often we asked the audience to give us wither a word or a phrase or a mood or the name of an artist or the name of a



THE AROUSING 1979

writer or whatever, and that would be the point of departure. We also had what we called forms, and the forms were very much like in music, where you have say, in classical music, sonata forms, symphonic forms, or whatever. They were set forms which were always different because the content would always be different. Finally, we would do structured improvs, but we would do very few of them, because, simply, there was very little time.

Were you influenced at all by Viola Spolin's theatre games and techniques?

(SHOCK,

She came to my theatre. I was never influenced by her. She only became prominent in the beginning of the sixties and Instant Theatre was long before that. To tell you the truth my influences were really John Cage and my painter friends. I was also influenced by Artaud.

Smith



THUNDER)

What about the Black Mountain people? You were working simultaneously, or maybe a few years after them.

I was influenced by Black Mountain only in a roundabout way, because I knew John [Cage].

There are precedents in artworld performance, even going back to the Bauhaus or Black Mountain Happenings. But in theatre, the only avant garde group that was know at the time was of course the Living Theatre. Were you aware of them?

I knew the Living very well, and, as a matter of fact, King Moody, my then husband and partner, had worked for them in New York. They asked me to come to New York to teach in their theatre. That was in '60. It just didn't seem possible then.

They were still doing plays; avant garde theatre was literary then. And improvisational theatre has always been literary in the theatre world context. So you really were doing art world stuff.



THE DEATH SHOW 1978



CHARM, 1977



GRAND CANYON 1978

Exactly. You see this is why we had so much trouble. Because people just did not understand. They enjoyed it, because it was so visual, so beautiful, but we also broke down space and time, we broke down personality components, and we used objects in a very dematerialized way. This is why I become very jaded sometimes. I see so much theatre which bores me because in the years we did Instant Theatre we did so much of that stuff in such a fabulously beautiful way. Sometimes we bombed but there was always something exciting about it because of the fact that we worked with so many different things.

How did you move then from group performance to solo performance?

In '66 I quit doing Instant Theatre because of trouble with my knees.

How many years have you been doing solo performances?

Since '75.

Are your solo performances self-consciously autobiographical?

The way I've been functioning with those performances has been to sort of try very truthfully to get to the bottom of different phases of my life, so that by the time I die all my performances, end to end, will recreate my life. I've found lately that the end result of the honesty and truthfulness I try to put into recreating my life is a total mythology. That was really an interesting discovery for me, to find out that this structure of recreation had become a myth and runs parallel with me. It's made up of the same ingredients, and yet it is a complete fabrication.

Has the women's movement and feminist politics influenced your work at all?

I owe a tremendous amount to the movement. I think they brought me out. For about 5 years, I was totally isolated. I was doing my sculpture and living in the Valley. I stopped Instant theatre in '66 and I got involved with the women's movement in '71, '72 I think.

Did your performance work change?

It didn't change, it began. I think the movement enabled me to accept myself and my life because up to then I felt that my life had been a complete waste and a mistake. I was very harsh on myself, very self-destructive, and I felt ashamed of most everything that had happened to me or that I had done. Through the women's movement, and my own growth, I was able to take a whole new appraisal of my work and change it around to work for me, instead of my being smothered. I got very involved in establishing a woman's space and in several of the galleries that were women's galleries. I started to see a great deal of women's work. At that point I started to do performances which redeemed my life by turning it into art.

There are always surprises when people use very directly autobiographical material, aren't there?

My main surprise, I'll tell you, has always been the response of the audience. When I prepare a piece, I always think it's just terrible, that it's going to bomb, that it's completely narcissistic, and so personal that nobody's going to accept it. Now, I know that that's how I am, so I just don't pay attention anymore, no matter how negative I get. Then I do it for an audience, and my big surprise is always their response, which is completely personally involved and with them going through a certain private catharsis of their own. With each piece, although now I'm expecting a bit more, it's still an incredible experience.

PRINTED MATTER, INC. ARTISTS' BOOKS

Artists' Books, Magazines and Audioworks

The 1979 CATALOGUE is now available with 2,000 titles!

Order NOW by sending \$2.00 (NYS residents please add 16¢ sales tax) plus 60¢ for postage and handling to:

> PRINTED MATTER, INC. Dept A-5 7 Lispenard Street NYC, NY 10013

(212) 925-0325 bookstore hrs.: Tues.-Sat., 10-6

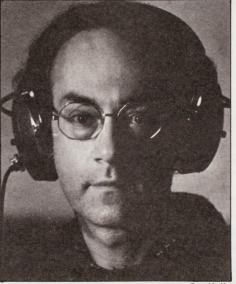
NEW MUSIC, NEW YORK

Bérénice Reynaud

The New Music, New York festival organized by The Kitchen Center June 8-19, 1979, was valuable in reconsidering the problems raised by the definition of what is called "New Music." Judging from the pieces offered during the event, three main tendencies within the diversity of practices emerged, even though the work of a single composer sometimes reflected more than one tendency. The tendencies break down as follows:

-Musicians whose work is based on indeterminacy or at least on a controlled drift of the material during live performance, such as Robert Ashley, David Behrman and Pauline Oliveros.

—Minimalists who, according to Michael Nyman in *Experimental Music: Cage and Beyond*, have created their music in reaction to indeterminacy, such as Philip Corner, Philip Glass, Jon Gibson, and William Hellermann.



Pat Kelly

DAVID BEHRMAN

---"Collage" musicians, to be found mainly in the younger generation, who wish to integrate in their compositions "impure" musical environments-e.g., jazz (Garret List), pop (Laurie Anderson), rock (Rhys Chatham).

Beyond these divisions, however, the most interesting musical form displayed at the Festival was "performance music." This notion is ambiguous in music for, in the same way that one can say that all music is "repetitive," all music is "performance" as well. Unlike painting and cinema, music is nothing but the live realization of a preexisting score. If in theatre the relationship between "score" and performance is rather ambiguously defined in western culture, with theatre often viewed as text, the ambiguity does not exist in music. In music it is generally understood that a piece does not exist before its performance: its history is that of its interpretations. This very notion of interpretation underlines the position that a traditional musical performance is hermeneutic, and the purpose of each different rendering is to reveal the hidden meaning of the text (the score).

This understanding of the score as text can be related to the Judeo-Christian view of text exemplified by the Kabbalists and the Church Fathers: truth is nothing but the infinite rediscovery of the hidden meanings of the text. It also displays a Borges-like vision of eternity as an absolute potentiality (the score) experienced sensually only through the theoretically infinite number of its nearly identical repetitions.



DAVID VAN TIEGHEM

In contrast, performance music is based on these two concepts: (1) the refusal of a meaning transcending the physical properties of the performance and (2) the emphasis on the uniqueness of the present moment. Improvisation technique, as in jazz, was the first blow struck against the classical conception of the score, and the indeterminacy principle brought by Cage and Fluxus was another.

The traditional conception of the score implied—albeit less precisely—a certain relationship to space. If space is conceived as a field open to human activity, and music as expression of subjectivity and interiority, then music is denied any spatial property; it only passes through space, and eventually fills it. This is, within "New Music," the conception of such composers as Glass and Steve Reich. Conversely, "performance music" is concerned with the rediscovery of the spatial characteristics of music, reflecting the influence of visual arts. For Corner, for example, music is a bridge between subjectivity and external space because "you have in a score the three dimensions of space: width, depth, plus the fourth dimension of time."

The rediscovery of space can be performed through purely musical means (as in the thick resonances of Corner's music, or the superimposed layers of Phil Niblock's), but it is often connected to a rediscovery of the dramatic role of the instruments and the relationship of instruments to musicians. This is in contrast to the classical tradition which views the instrument mostly as a tool, to serve *another* text, whose rendering must be completely mastered. Here also one can see the influence of improvised jazz pieces in which the subject is the relationship of the composer/performer to his trumpet or piano. Numerous performance pieces emphasize the dramatic value and visual aspect of the instruments used. This is more obvious when these instruments are non-conventional, such as the rocking chair that Hellerman rocks in *Squeek*, or the multiple toys and gadgets manipulated by David van Tieghem in *A Man and His Toys.* This second kind of musical performance is based on the notion of process, but it also has visual concerns.

A third kind of performance displays more obvious visual concerns, and the Kitchen Festival provided several examples of it. In some cases, it was the result of a collaboration between a musician and a visual or performance artist—such as trombonist-composer Peter Zummo's and dancer choreographer Stephanie Woodard's contrapuntal solos—or Charles Amirkhanian's concrete tape music accompanying Carol Law's surrealistic color slides.

In other cases the performances were solos dealing with words and even narrative elements: this sub-category is closer to "music theatre" as well as to "regular" performance art and uses as a



PAULINE OLIVEROS

medium the body of the composer/performer. Unfortunately the 15-20 minutes scheduled for every composer was too short for enjoying this kind of performance. *Performance Art Magazine 1* described Laurie Anderson's latest performance, *Americans on the Move*, and the excerpts one could see at the Festival were nearly as good as the whole piece. I would like to be able to make the same statement about Jill Kroesen whose previous performances I liked very much, but she seemed rather uncomfortable in the Festival situation.

PETER GORDON

Shigeo Anzai

Charlemagne Palestine's show was also rather problematic. In contrast to Anderson and Kroesen, he is not primarily a performance artist but a composer who, in addition to his concerts, gives performances (mostly without music). There is, of course, a relationship between the two and the progressively more obvious dramatization of Charlemagne's music is paralleled by the dramatization of his persona as a performer. The sole subject of his performances and video tapes is the narcissistic mise-en-scene of his narcissism, and he is usually quite good at that, with his acute sense of live improvisation. But I didn't like his appearance at the Kitchen, perhaps because the darkness was not as total as necessary to create an atmosphere of guasi-magical "terror," or because the audience, not mentally prepared for such a performance between five different shows, responded poorly, and was consequently incapable of behaving as a mirror/accomplice for the brilliant self of the performer.

Performance being a "syncretic" art, the most successful ones were a mixture of the previous categories. For example, Robert Ashley's *Wolfman* (created in 1964) was a piece of music theatre with partially improvised electronic feedback. Dressed in a classic suit, Ashley emitted long shouts in a microphone on the front of the stage, giving every appearance of contained distress while "Blue" Gene Tyranny in the background played expressionistically on an electronic keyboard. The tension created by the piece was nearly unbearable—it suggested a real drama while being wordless.

David Behrman's Touchtones explored quite

successfully the subtle reactions of electronic circuits to live "noises" caused by Arthur Stidfole. Alvin Lucier's *Work in Progress for Amplified Piano* was unfortunately received by the Kitchen audience (perhaps bored by its minimalist evenness), but I found it a quite interesting and even moving piece. Visually it consisted of what I would call an "animated sculpture": the juxtaposition of the stylized statue of a man's head to the body of the performer at the piano (George Barth). Musically it combined scales slowly played to their barely audible feedback, like a mist invading a landscape. achievement of mathematics, the ontological truth of numeric patterns, while at the same time being able to express an individual's feelings and imperfections. Performance techniques reconsider the problem by using chance, error, and/or improvisation to disrupt or to enrich musical pieces produced by mathematical or electronic devices. The use of the human voice when non-classically trained—consequently a less reliable instrument in the classical sense—fills this need for error and imperfection. Pauline Oliveros's piece, *The Tuning Meditation*, was a good example: she simply asked the members of the

Performance Music: (1) The refusal of a meaning transcending the physical properties of the performance. (2) The emphasis on the uniqueness of the present moment.

Phil Corner's Gamelan: Italy Revisited—II (Regolato) created a sense of deep space not only through its music but by the remoteness of the instrumentalist, hidden in a room separated from the performance space where the audience was sitting in darkness. Whereas the heavy texture of two tapes by Phil Niblock—Four Arthurs and Two Octaves and A Fifth—played simultaneously, it was combined with live improvisations of two instrumentalists (Joe Celli on oboe and Arthur Stidfole on bassoon) fighting to produce sustained tones similar to the ones prerecorded on tape.

It has been music's aspiration—since the Bible, since Plato—to reach the perfect audience to sing sustained tones while breathing. People's voices rose, were modulated together like a tide, and faded out spontaneously, creating an unexpected polyphony. Charlie Morrow, obsessed with numbers and chanting, performing alone, mixing breathing, experimental singing, a meditative state and narrative chat with the audience, represented perhaps the epitome of this kind of performance—an intelligent synthesis.

> Bérénice Reynaud produces programs for French radio.



 INFORMATION ON/BY: Vito Acconci, Marina Abramovic, Laurie Anderson, Ben d'Armagnac, Joseph Beuys, Daniel Buren, COUM, Gathie Falk, General Idea, Luigi Ontani, Charlemagne Palestine, Reindeer Werk, Clive Robertson, Ulriche Rosenbach, Tom Sherman and more.

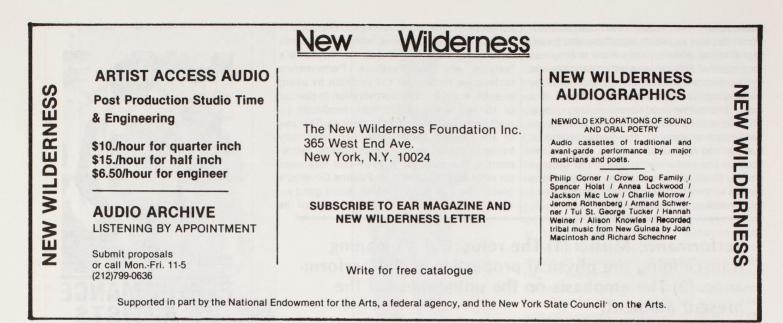
 CRITICAL COMMENTARIES BY: Bruce Barber, Maria-Gloria Biccochi, Fulvio Salvadori, Kenneth Coutts-Smith, Peter Frank, Roselee Goldberg, Dick Higgins, Bill Jones/Ardele Lister, Gislind Nabakowski, Chantal Pontbriand, and others.

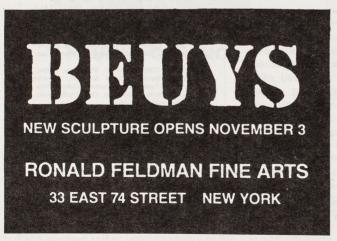
 AN IMPORTANT BIBLIOGRAPHY: over 400 entries of books, magazine articles and catalogues on performance by artists from 1968 to 1978. An invaluable resource.

ART METROPOLE, 217 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Canada M5V 1W2

Edition: 2000 copies Format: 320 pp., 8 in. x 10 1/2 in. Price: \$18.00







PERFORMANCE ART Magazine offers special, low advertising rates to performers. For all ad rate information and space reservation, please call Bonnie at (212) 260-7586.

REVIEWS

REVIEWS REVIEWS

WARREN STREET FESTIVAL

5 Evenings. 75 Warren Street (July).

Creative Research, an informal umbrella group of performers, sponsored a week of events by associates and friends, each evening featuring four to six performances of dance, music, film, and poetry readings as well as the standard brand one-person show. The bare loft, with its minimal technical resources, was a low-key set-up for both the sketches of experienced performers and the initial peices by newer ones. Ideally, this situation should have turned up plenty of minor surprises, works saturated with personality, originality, and just plain idiosyncratic talents which are performance's strongest qualities.

That these delights were in short supply is somehow consistent with such enterprises, which always contain hints of Vanity Fairs,

and at the same time, a little disappointing—is the genre itself getting soft down at the farm club level? Aside from the accepted quota of bad acts, most were simply unremarkable. Yet a couple of positive points did seem clear. First, the large number of dance performers as a group made up an across-the-board exception to the rule of little interest, showing that the idea of a "downtown" dance continues to develop and attract thoughtful performers. And further, the week of events was well-attended, demonstrating that a constant audience remains fascinated with this most unpredictable of art formats.

Some brief comments on individual performances (I attended four of the five nights):

PETER ROSE improvised with some of the props and activities from his *the circular heavens:* objects pulled out of a garbage can

(a folding chair, a suit of clothes), messmaking (cat litter spread on the floor, liquid spilled from an overturned box of bottles), dance-like movement (a sort of jig while putting on the suit). His actions were accompanied by a semi-intelligible audiotape which turned out to be Joyce's reading of *Finnegan's Wake*. The tone was uncharacteristically subdued and tentative with occasional flashes of Rose's intense presentational attitude and emphatic timing.

The first two-thirds of ERIC BOGOSIAN's piece was preparatory; a woman in a dressing gown applied garish make-up while Bogosian moved around adjusting audiotape equipment which played diatribes spoken by alternating male and female voices. Bogosian then applied make-up to himself and the woman changed into a black satin pants suit. Finally, the pair stood near the audience, the woman repeating Bogosian's whispered fascist, sexist statements. Some real dramatic meanness threatened to develop at this point, but the elements of Aggression Chic-Germanic decadence, partial nudity, gender switches, loudspeaker sloganeering, the woman-as-puppet and man-as-despot images-remained undeveloped hints as the piece ended where it could have begun.

EILEEN MILES read prose anecdotes of lesbian life and love in the city in a nervous manner which involved lots of cigarette lighting and beer drinking. As writing, the episodes were no great shakes but were entertaining enough as filtered through her wise-cracking personality. A coda to her urban jitters occurred hours later when she ran, laughing, past Magoo's windows and disappeared up Sixth Avenue in a headlong sprint.

FRANK CONVERSANO intermittently performed some dance-like movement while constantly adjusting a transistor radio's wandering signal. All the while—and it was a while—RANDI FAIN lay slumped over at a desk. This hermetic and unfocussed action ended in an obscure climax when a stream of red glitter dropped from Fain's clenched hands and Conversano snatched up the desk.

JACOB BURKHARDT showed a fiftyish film, a sort of Son of Pull My Daisy which featured set-pieces of furtive gay dockside sex, an argument between a man and a woman, a poker game with outlandish stakes, an armed robbery of the other players by one of them, his escape and accidental dropping of the loot on the street. All of these scenes were set to a jazz soundtrack and edited in a quick, energetic style. Unlike most such quasiadolescent movies, this one was well made and fairly entertaining.

CAROL PARKINSON played dissonant chords on an electric organ while JUDY RIFKA chanted and shouted some indistinguishable words. Visual accompaniment was comprised of slides of what appeard to be a stegosaurus stencil through which one could glimpse television and movie images; the slides also repeatedly

threw up the words "extinct" and "atlantis." The piece seemed to be an Apocalypse songpoem a la Patti Smith (Rifka wore a torn t-shirt and black jeans) but their performance presence was hardly up to such a lurid, symbolist message.



Carol Parkinson

PARKINSON/RIFKA

CESC GELABERT performed a dramatic dance in which bursts of awkward, almost contortionary movement were followed by facial mugging and a slow recovery and preparation. There was a strong suggestion of the loony in both gestures and facial expressions, sometimes comic as when his leap against a wall resulted in a large and clearly unexpected hole, and at other times

spooky as when he threw himself to the floor, then rolled over to look at the audience in that characteristically uncomprehending way of the disturbed. While hardly a complex choreographic statement, the piece exuded "personality" as Gelabert showed a strong and consistent interior focus.

My favorite all purpose downtown trombonist GARRET LIST, played a couple of duets with trombonist GEORGE LEWIS. The "etudes" were obviously difficult (one of them originally written for seven trombones, not two) and involved all sorts of virtuoso breath and tone control which their playing rendered with skill to spare.

CONNIE MAY is an out-of-shape dancer who spent the first third of her piece putting tape lines on the floor. She then barely essayed some basic movement while counting aloud and naming various objects she had placed within the tape outline. These actions were accompanied by an unintelligible audiotape of random racket.

ANN MESSNER showed a film of incongruous activities in public places, the funniest of which was a lengthy sequence of a scuba diver's waddling progress through crowded subway cars.

POOH KAYE offered some super-8 films, the most striking of which featured animal-like behavior filmed at fast speed. In one, she burrowed a hole while squatting in a forest glade; in another, she lay across a **chai**r, alternately on her stomach and back, performing swimming-crawling motions and rolling up into a resting position. The films strongly conveyed animalistic images without evoking any particular beast (the second sequence could have been insect- as well as animal-like). Further, Kaye managed to add a small plus to the general dismal history of nudity in performance by creating enough distance (the film medium, the highspeed) so that the kinesthetic transformations worked on her hard athletic body were not lost in any sexually-tinged overload.

John Howell

A guartet by MOLISSA FENLEY worked out simple paths on various levels of spatial complexity. Reminiscent of Dalcroze Eurythmics. folk dance, and Lucinda Child's work, Fenley works with a basic clapping, stamping, and running motif. Using 4/4 time, she plays with aural counterpoint when the group splits to duets and visual complement in the simple sculptural arm shapes. Augumented at one point with wood blocks, the piece was most successful when the driving 4/4 tempo was matched with an almost loonv-kids on the playground-enthusiasm.

Lit from behind by the light of an empty film projector, YOSHIKO CHUMA sat in a chair, aggressively facing away from the audience. and performed several violent activities: deliberately smashing a beer bottle, reciting a list of English words (probably from a vocabularly list prepared for foreign language students), reading a Japanese story extremely quickly and theatrically, patterning her feet in a bowl of water and finally spilling it. These actions, and a short jumping, stamping dance on the chair were carried more by Chuma's very strong persona than by an imagistic cohesiveness. Apparently worn out at the finish, she sang a lullabyish Japanese song to the four walls of the space.

CHARLIE MOULTON presented his brand of athletic dancing, often on the edge of violence. Dancing alone, he punctured his limb-throwing style with a walk from wall to wall with his eyes closed, complementing the

apparent involuntary non-stop gyrations of his body with a literal image of blind urgency. A trio of GABRIELLE LANSNER, JANA JENSEN, and Moulton explored throwing the body to the floor, walking in skewed paths made interesting with pivot spins, catching, spinning, and throwing bodies plucked from phrases of violent semaphoric movement and then thrown back into the air to clumsily regain balance (these women are fearless). All of the above were tightened up and challenged by an insistent conforming to metrical fives and eights. Moulton posited this vigorous lexicon, then lightened it with a ball game, an intricate passing of three balls at breakneck speed.

KAROLE ARMITAGE, resembling a stick figure on speed, walked hysterically on the heels of her feet in a figure-eight around two vaguely art deco occasional pieces. She punctuated this route with isolated arm and hand gestures lifted out of everyday contexts and a fixed, startled expression on her face. organs of the body (body tempo) is delivered.

Periodically she stopped upstage to exhale breath in rapid puffs and flap her stiffly held arms. Three times she paused to crawl a step and a half. Although refreshing in its brevity (under five minutes) and successful in its girlrobot-on-rails character, the study suffered from an unnecessary repetition of the odd arm and hand gestures; a longer list would be more interesting. At the end Armitage fell into the audience, an attempt to theatricalize the basically workshop ambiance.

DIANE TORR and JULIE HARRISON wrestled, mimed, talked, and massaged their way through It's About Time. Notable mainly for the unusual-for the "weaker" sex-forms of behavior such as fist fighting and bullying verbal challenges, the piece presented historical and behavioral stories of time. At one point they mime humanity's ascent from four-legged to two-legged beast; at another they lazily gossip on film while dancing in slow motion silhouette. A mini-lecture on the



MOULTON/JENSEN/ LANSNER

Todd Weinstein



KAROLE ARMITAGE

with Torr talking and Harrison limply serving as sample body. Two fine prime movers in a free-for-all, unpretentious and formally fairly tight.

Margaret Eginton

Daryl Chin and Larry Qualls, *Apoplectic Fit.* Theatre for the New City, July.

For better or for worse, performance art practice has become virtually synonymous with presenting autobiographical elements in a performer's life. Although external elements do intrude upon the performance matrix, they are filtered through a subjective consciousness-reality is denied its autonomy in the melt-down process activated vis-a-vis personal mannerisms and one's own being in the world. The same was true of Darvl Chin's earlier performance pieces, culled as they were from a highly personalized mythology. In Apoplectic Fit, however, the reliance on subject matter shifts to a plane of objectivity-so much so that the authors of this guixotic piece relegate their presence to the sidelines as directors-with texts lifted verbatim from Djuna Barnes's Nightwood and Yasunari Kawabata's Beauty and Sadness. (The objective nature of the presentation springs from the fact that any other text or texts could easily have been substituted for the above two. and one is never made to feel that the choice of these particular texts adds either to the ongoing myth about both Chin and Qualls, or to a pleasurable encounter with the uses to which the texts are put within the piece itself.)

On stage, five performers in various stages of languidness make slender attempts to dramatize the texts as they painfully (and reluctantly) act out half-hearted gestures and engage in conversations riddled with quotes from Sontag, Weil, Michaux, and Cioran. Enclosed in a chic Madison Avenue setting, this heavily-weighted symposium, by what appears to be a bunch of precocious grads, lumbers through without the slightest hint of parody or any attempt to impose a cohesive structure on the proceedings. *Apoplectic Fit* is photo-realism of the Soho variety with its mise-en-scene suggestive of a cold wintry evening at a loft peopled with the NYRB crowd.

But only if the performers had the *élan* and mannerisms of the NYRB intellectual mafia (or of those French actors who appear so often in Duras's films, to which *Apoplectic Fit* seems closest to), then perhaps the evening may have had more going for it. Unfortunately, the performers seemed bewildered by their lines, and the event was burdened by a total lack of energy or commitment. Nonetheless, the attempt to create live art out of found objects, without the imposition of either self or a structuring consciousness was in itself an interesting notion—and one that, as the performer ance proved, may always have a failure mechanism built into it.

Gautam Dasgupta

SUBSCRIPTION/ORDER FORM

See Last Page

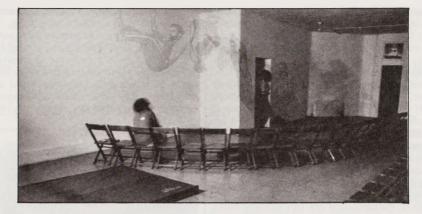
Alberto Guatti, *Intervals.* Artist's Space (April).

Speed and issues of representation coded this nine second performance work, *Intervals*, by Italian performance artist Alberto **Guatti**. For the past few years Guatti's work has been seen internationally; many of these pieces have been based on scripts that Guatti suggests can be performed anywhere at any time by any performer.

Intervals appears to have been a departure from Guatti's earlier work, not just in its minimal aspect, but in its absence of dramatic text. It does continue, in a rather unobtrusive and neo-rationalist way, to suggest a general distinction between peoplewho-watch and people-who-do, between things "public" and "private" that appear in a concrete represented fashion in an arbitrary public space.

The work is performed in an empty gallery space that has been set up with a long arcshaped "J" of folding chairs. A spring board sits on the floor in the band of the "J" and gymnastic mats lie on the floor behind these chairs. Once the audience is seated, the lights go out, and a strobe light begins to blink. The strobe slows down for a moment, then guickens its pace. A whistle blows and a man in blue starts to run toward the audience. The flashing light and accompanying sound breaks the image of the runner into frames. He hits the springboard with both feet, sails into the air and somersaults above the audience and lands on the mats behind them. The piece is over.

The work lasts only nine seconds, but is visually powerful in a rather uncanny way. The mind perceives the instantaneous speed of the event with the clarity not unlike the in-



INTERVALS

stant flash of perception that occurs during an automobile accident. Rather than play with distended images, Guatti contracts the temporal demands on the viewer and greatly intensifies the interplay between time and image. The unconscious faculties compensate for the speed and heighten the overall sensations of perception. This then is completely distorted within this infinitesimally short interval of activity.

Intervals evokes the early Muybridge animal locomotion studies where physical movement was photographed in sequences and then printed as a series of images in succession. More important is the possibility that Guatti might be seen as part of the current trend in Italian arts toward neo-rationalism. There is undoubtedly a strong sense here of a re-enactment of certain futurist manifestations. Sensation and concern with speed, fragmented motion presented in fractured static frames, motion appearing in a completely visual plane, these are caught in much the same way that Duchamp captures

the figure in his "Nude Descending the Staircase." Guatti obviously has condensed and heightened the scheme, but his roots remain clearly planted in continental thought.

Jill Silverman

Joan Jonas, Upside Down and Backwards. Sonnabend Gallery, May.

Sylvia Whitman, South. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, June.

Mel Andringa with the Drawing Legion, Belshazzar's Feast.

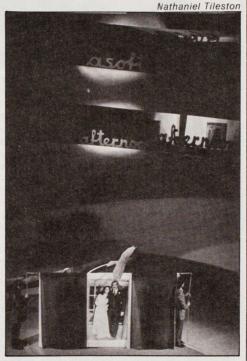
Time and Space Ltd. Theatre, July.

After a period of being watched and made use of by a "theatre of images," a staple performance genre that might loosely be termed "imagistic personality display" now appears to be looking back. To the typical format of visually-oriented vignettes built around props and audio-visual equipment, some performers have selectively added theatrical trappings ranging from narrative as dramatic graph to lengthy duration complete with acts and intermissions. Also, the tendency to merely exhibit rather than develop events seems influenced by new concerns for thematic coherence and flamboyant subject matter. The result is an altered product which resembles something more than a didactic outline but less than theatre. It's an unwieldy hybrid guaranteed to startle both purists of the performance-as-gesture school and theatrical performers of no matter how unconventional an attitude. The promise of something novel has been delivered in performances documented throughout both issues of Performance Art. but like any other of the recent cross-bred fashions, this one has its ungainly offshoots. Three examples:

Joan Jonas's Upside Down and Backwards attempts to exploit classic narrative while short-circuiting its psychological consequences. In performance, this approach adds up to a non-theatrical show of theatrical material. So the piece begins with Jonas seated and reading two Grimm Brothers' tales, but her voice is prerecorded on tape and the stories have been cut up and interwoven to deliver the form of a narrative without its meanings. The imagistic scenes from the stories are acted out in succession in front of three panels painted with child-like drawings of landscapes, but this linear progression is propelled by a similarly collaged musical audiotape, not by story or character. A lot of the action and imagery so generated gives off the air of willful obsfucation, like those structuralists who exercise a braincracking vocabularly on the simplest literary forms, and for the most part, Jonas's double game is equally self-canceling and unconvincing. However, a few moments are as evocative as either unadorned illustration or formalistic diagramming could ever produce,

once when she plays a music box and sings over and over in a child's sing-song, "let me in," and again when she repeatedly pokes her fingers in a skull's orifices with the concentration of a child's perverse curiosity. Here *Upside Down and Backwards* retro methods came to terms with Grimm's "right side up and forwards" material to make something curious and touching.

SOUTH



Sylvia Whitman's *South* shows two lengthy sequences of gigantic images in the cavernous space of the Guggenheim lobby. Part 1 is made up of personal pictures triggered by Whitman's responses to her brother's marriage back home in South America: Part 2 presents more free-associative, surrealistic images to a tape recording of Steve Reich's appropriately dreamy Music for 18 Musicians. All of these pictorial props are brought out, set up, exhibited, and taken off at a deliberate pace by performers who display no attitude other than that of doing a simple task. Their blank presence generates an uneasy, almost dispiriting effect which damped even successful and witty images. Some nice ones, like the giant whale which was awkwardly erected, were married by clumsy execution. Other pictures of little interest in themselves-such as an oversize airmail envelope-were left stranded by this matter-of-fact parade. Lacking any action or interplay between performers or between performers and props, even South's most striking visual, a neon horse, came and went with little impact beyond an initial delight.

Although more theatrically conventional. Mel Andringa's Belshazzar's Feast presents a visual drama more expounded than acted out. Its subject is the history of an unfinished painting of that name by an obscure eighteenth century artist. Washington Allston: this convoluted tale is intercut with anecdotes from Andringa's life. As might be expected from a former Robert Wilson Byrd, the sets were wonderfully designed and constructed, and technical details well handled. And some of the five scenes were wacky convergences of elements somehow stuck together, such as a tableau of the painting which turns into a vignette about a Macy's sales department which included a decorator run amok and a woman who constantly appears with requests for directions; this action played to Handel's Belshazzar music and was punctuated by Andringa's earnest explanations about the set's incompleteness. Here Andringa's engaging, off-hand Carl Paler



BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

presence as a store clerk set designer centered a nicely timed flow of comic surprises.

But most of the piece suffered from a casual pace and activity which barely sketched rather than established its points. A lengthy sequence presented in a marvelously rendered luncheonette never got beyond some repetitive mimicry of banal exchanges. An entre-acte reading of Allston's letter which had been re-edited by some lawnmower method was simply aimless. *Belshazzar's Feast*, like the painting itself, is a visual event which tells more than it shows, and what is seen sprawls in uneven fragments, a mixture of invention and inertness.

John Howell

THE SCHOOL FOR MOVEMENT RESEARCH The Museum of Modern Art Sculpture Garden (July-August). (selected reviews from the series' 10 concerts)

Yoshiko Chuma, Make More Room. Simone Forti and Peter van Riper, Umi Aui Owe.

There is a sense of anticipation in Chuma's work. The unexpected, leaping urgency which characterizes her movement has a volatile energy, a sense of burning, as though she were trying to shake herself loose from all the burdens of humanity, release the tension which humanity carries within itself. Her body is controlled tightly like a ball of eruptive release.

Animal/insect-like crawlings, an aerodynamic balance of the body lying in quiet motion is redeemed by the breath, the breath of space. The body expressive responds to the violence in history. Her body screams with erratic impulses reflecting the suffering of humanity. Her body energy responds to the inner mechanism of complete consciousness and reawakening to response.

Her use of the grid created by the large concrete squares of the outdoor patio was symbolic of an extension of that confinement which she expresses so well. Before the movement ended, her long pole was dredging the waters of the fountain, and her body was being immersed into the cleansing moat, floating great and motionless, suspended in liquid motion. Forti made use of the waters of MOMA's seting to begin her piece, emerging like a wet seal, sleek and playful, sensitive and aware of the sounds around her. Her motion was not mimetic but rather a deliberate, thoughtful consciousness of the space she spread her limbs in to occupy. Her gentle placings were enhanced by Peter van Riper's music, cleverly rolled about on portable speakers, echoing seal sounds, bird whistles, all recorded percussively and mixed with his own real sounds. of birds, animals, wind pipe, multicircular corrugated brass tubing and fog horn clarinet. Small wooden flutes and recorder were used to create those natural man-made sounds which van Riper creates so well.

Forti slithers and gyrates in conscious mo-



MAKE MORE ROOM

rancene Kee

tions, not slick, very passive and emptied of emotional content. At intermittent points, as she rolls about on the concrete blocks, she picks up her cowbell for signal rings. Van Riper's face becomes art in itself as he moves in and around the piece, pulling metal speaker carts at random to redirect their sonar messages.

Mary Overlie, The Figure.

Mary Overlie's *The Figure* asserts a gift for making imagistic worlds out of odd spaces and a stripped down dancing vocabulary. The space itself helps to create metaphor, somein front of her torso, head horizontal to, but not touching, the ground. She presents the body as a sculptor would, in arrested motion. Two more such frozen-in-an-intermediateplace positions follow. The final one is a vertical seated position. At this point the other three dancers walk somnambulently forward toward the museum's glass wall. With one



The piece becomes a concept of wonderment, all relevant and possible, and Forti's blue/gray clad body pulls the seal's energy with it. Van Riper reaches up to the darkness of the evening with his clarinet and his convoluted circular flute bellows like the Molimo of the African pygmy to which he likens the concept of the sound. Hollow bamboo pipes are played off the sides of his cheeks, parallel and rhythmically tapped. The small black bird whistle echoes the innate. Again the concrete grid is used for the propulsion of body movement and design as Forti quietly brings us the evolution of consciousness in one of the simplest of animal forms.

Cate Miodini

THE FIGURE

UMI AUI OWE

times quotidian, sometimes referential, to the art of dancing itself. Overlie illustrates space much as the early modern dancers illustrated music, not simply defining perimeters, but stretching them with the addition of self. These "stories of spaces" are made with movement which rests between the pedestrian and the choreographed gesture most often termed "modern dance." They might as easily be gesture drawings on architectural blueprints. *The Figure* takes its subject from the found qualities of the garden and from Overlie's musings on the human form in sculptural terms.

Four dancers dressed in soft pastel sexless costumes resembling pajamas stand on the footbridge which spans the reflecting pool. Overlie walks down the steps and along a strong diagonal path to a far corner. Quickly, she leadenly falls to a recumbant position. The shape is long, one leg slightly off the ground, feet relaxed, hands carefully placed



arm gesture, they point up the presence of the sky and then, before retracing their steps, pause with palms open to the audience. This sequence of Overlie leaving and the other three joining repeats three times as Overlie introduces and asserts the presence of four moving bodies different from, but related to the huge Henry Moore and the reclining Maillol nude.

The third time the sequence occurs it melts without a clear transition into a unison dancey phrase which spreads throughout the space and breaks any illusions of slow and simple geometry that the audience might have expected. The phrase consists of a skittering walk with palms open frontally, a sweeping arm gesturing away from the body's vertical axis which motivates a similar leg action (something like a parallel bentlegged rond de jambe en dehors which opens the hip a little more each time that it is repeated), a lunge strongly forward and series of jumps in a mild first position with a collapsed fifth position port de bras and a tilt in the torso. Somewhere in this tuned cadence there is also a plied attitude with a twist toward the lifted leg. It looks like a ballet for rag dolls. This phrase is like a song, full of thrills but unmannered; it occurs often and is used as a transition or section divider.

All the movement contained in The Figure appears to be drawn from each dancer's inimitable body history. With such histories Overlie illustrates the body's natural prediliction for symmetry and line, not the schooled straight lines of classical dance accented by a curved shape in the arm and neck, but a line at once all akimbo and perfectly clear. The body's form follows function, naturally. So The Figure has two subjects, the graceful shapes inherent within and without the human figure, and that figure influenced by and presented in a space dedicated to a schooled eve for three dimensional line. It's a dance sculptors would appreciate, performed in a style at once warm and distant.

Margaret Eginton

Susan Rethorst, Long Sleepless Afternoons.

In Long Sleepless Afternoons, Susan Rethorst presents a single-minded dance on a simple theme which carefully skirts the mere literal mimicry and conceptual triteness which so often mars such mood studies. Its generalized subject of insomniac restlessness is conveyed through blunt, awkward (though not awkwardly done), almost grotesque movement, such as a woman lying on her back with legs spread, or a difficult balance held until the dancer topples, or Rethorst pulling at her leg from a seated position until she too falls over onto her side. Throughout the piece, positions are rarely held, and then only briefly, movement phras-

LONG SLEEPLESS AFTERNOONS



Francene Keery

ing is clipped, and the tempo remains brisk, qualities which emphasize the tone of muscular agitation.

The structure of all this action, a run-on succession of solos, duets, and trios in canon and counterpoint, and a final sequence for all five dancers is unremarkable in itself. What is of interest are the unique responses the dance makes to the irregular, open garden space. Rethorst's dancers come and go during Long Sleepless Afternoons, a commonplace but one which works very well here: the entrances and exits from the numerous points around the irregular performance area create several small-scale dramas This result stems from another effective feature of the work, an usage of the entire space in a decentralized way. The isolated areas, those of the raised platform, the pool. and the strips outside of the large area between the museum proper and the pool serve as settings to more or less the same degree as the natural rectangular arena. Such equal treatment retrieves them from the peripheral or idiosyncratic use to which most performers uneasily put them and allows for a more varied showing of Long Sleepless Afternoons' limited material.

The last section, a unison quintet of kneeling, lying, twitching, rolling, and crawling directly addresses that aspect of the garden most resistant to dance, its stone floor. The finale's length, about one-fourth of the entire work, and its head-on vigor assert dance's claim on such alien ground. At the same time, the movement sums up a forceful kinesthetic statement about a physical feeling of discomfort, fretful irritation, and unachievable relief.

John Howell

Spalding Gray, India & After (America); Sex & Death to the Age 14; Booze, Cars & College Girls. The Performing Garage, September.

Spalding Gray's three solo "talking pieces," as he calls them, form a kind of oral history that expands upon the metaphoric treatment of the autobiography he presented in his trilogy Three Places in Rhode Island. I don't think the pieces would be as interesting in themselves if they weren't a part of Gray's ongoing anatomy of melancholy. Frank, direct (Gray is seated, and there is no setting other than a desk and chair), unpretentious, therapeutic, the solos create a portrait of an unexceptional narrator-Gray-in various stages of his life from adolescence to manhood. The more imagistic trilogy strikes me as lyric poetry and the solos as prose treatments of the same thematic ground: two sides of Grav-the performer devising a narrative self (role), the other unmasking that self.

The subject matter of the solos is fairly obvious from the titles, but *India & After* (*America*), unlike the other two which simply unfold linearly as stories, is an experiment in narrative strategy. In this teasing theatre game which requires the assistance of another performer, Meghan Ellenberger, Gray is given a word randomly chosen from a dictionary, and a time limit in which to associate the word with a part of his story, in whatever sequence it relates to him.

Though this technique is not new to the novel or film, it does open up new possibilities as a dramatic device, especially since very little attention has been paid to experiments in time in performance, most experimentation focusing on the use of space. Whereas *India & After* (*America*) has reverberations outside the world of the story, the other talking pieces simply compile data about Gray's life, offering crazy-quilt situational juxtapositions in place of a point of view.

The radical gesture of the solos as performance pieces is Gray's refusal to play a role for his audience—which is ironic in that, unlike most experiments in art which point to their uniqueness, his emphasizes the sameness of experience between himself and his audience. It is art refusing to be art.

Yet, by virtue of its context it is art, and from that perspective what I miss in the new work is a mediating consciousness which transforms raw experience into a new equation between the artist and the world (the "other"). Gray gives us only a self-portrait which merges his private and public worlds. David Antin has been doing his similar "talking poetry" for years, but he situates his personal experiences in an epistemological frame, whereas Gray is simply concerned with developing a personal mythology.

In a larger context, Gray's work pinpoints where performance theory is at the end of the seventies. One has only to compare his monologues with the earlier work of The Performance Group of which he has been a member for ten years to trace performance history in the sixties and seventies: from ritual to process, fiction to data, cultural anthropology to personal diary, the chorus to the solo voice as mode of speech.

Gray's talking pieces represent selfabsorption in a relentlessly pure performance situation, and the concomitant refusal to make judgments about the world at large. It is an attitude that expresses no commitment to a future, irrevocably bound to its own sense of loss of the past. What Gray is con-

structing is a geography of the spirit outlined by the images and feelings he attaches to certain events in certain places, namely the psychic territory of his New England boyhood.

Gray is dengerously close to the kind of self absorption that leads to breakdown or madness, most certainly beyond narcissism. His work is provocative as a theoretical model, and for its reckless exploration of the increasingly imperceptible line between performing and not performing. I think Gray's solos are about the way an actor prepares to create that "Other" between the self and the role, and as such only a stepping stone to what he will do in his continuing conceptualization of the performer as material.

Bonnie Marranca

PERFORMANCE ANTHOLOGY: A SOURCE BOOK FOR A DECADE OF CALIFORNIA PERFORMANCE ART.

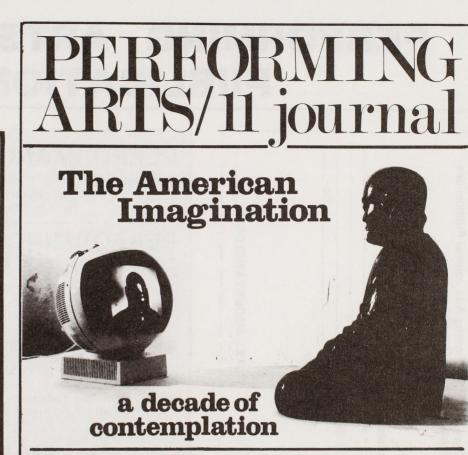
A primary reference source documenting a major contemporary movement in the visual arts of the seventies. **PER-FORMANCE ANTHOLOGY** offers the "Chronology of Literature," an extensive annotated bibliography of books, theoretical and critical essays from journals, artist's books, reviews, catalogues, and marginal works. The chronology contains multitudinous excerpts from the literature and over 200 photographs of major performance works by California Artists. **PERFORMANCE ANTHOL-OGY** additionally contains introductions and original essays by leading artists, and art historians and critics of performance art in California.

Editor: Carl E. Loeffler. Associate Editor: Darlene Tong. Contributions by: Tom Marioni, Allan Kaprow, Judith Barry, Moira Roth, Linda Frye Burnham.

PERFORMANCE ANTHOLOGY

Approx 400 pp., illus., biblio., and index. Price US\$ 15.95 (California add 6%) Paperbound only. Publication date: Fall, 1979. ISBN: 0-931818-01-x LC: 79:55054

CONTEMPORARY ARTS PRESS POB-3123 RINCON ANNEX SAN FRANCISCO, CA, 94119



ARTICLES

Postmodern Performance / Playwriting / Modern Dance / Performance Art / Video Art / Choreography on Broadway / The City and The Theatre / Regional Theatre / Jazz-Poetry / Funding and the Arts

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN CAGE / EDWIN DENBY / DICK HIGGINS / RICHARD KOSTELANETZ / BONNIE MARRANCA / JULIUS NOVICK / RICHARD SCHECHNER / BESSIE SCHOENBERG / LEE THEODORE / AND OTHERS

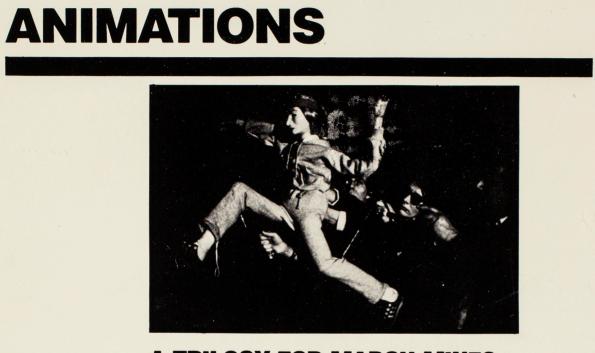
TEXTS

Richard Foreman: The American Imagination Robert Wilson: I WAS SITTING ON MY PATIO THIS GUY APPEARED I THOUGHT I WAS HALLUCINATING

Special Double Issue \$4.50

PERFORMING ARTS JOURNAL PUBLICATIONS

					<u>.</u>		-				-	-				-	-	-	-	-								-			-																																												-																					_		-	-	-		*	*		*	*				*	*	-	-		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	_		_						
to:	olications		Zip			0																																																																																																																														
Send check or money order to:	ournal Put Station 009					ENCLOSE			-																																																																																																																											
ck or mo	ig Arts Jo 858 yvesant \$ 6, N.Y. 10					MOUNT		No. 1:	-	T B	T B	T B R	TE	٦ E														•	٦ E	-		٦ E	٦ E	E	٦ E	٦ E	٦ E	TE	TE	TE	TE	TE	T	F	Г В	Г В	3	3	3			Г З	TE	F	Г 3	Г В	Г 3	Г З	- 3		3	rI B	3	Г З	Г З	Г В	Г З	Г В	Г З	TE	TE	TE	TE	TE	T E	TE	TE	TE	T B	F	T B	T B	T B	T B	F	F	Г З	T B	TE	TE	TE	TE	TE	TE	T E	٦ E	-																		•							1 E	-	٦ E	TE	٦ E	TE	TE	TE	T B	Г В	Г З
Send che	Performir P.O. Box Peter Stu New York		Name Address City State			TOTAL A		No. 2:		T	T	A T (F	7																				•	-	•		•	1	7	7	7	7	7	T	T	T	-	Г	5	-	Г	T	7	T	T	T	T	T	Г	Г	-	Γ	-	T	Г	T	T	T	T	7	7	7	7	1	-	1	7	7	7	T	7	7	7	7	T	T	T	7	7	7	1	7	1	1	-	•																												•	1	•	1	7	7	7	T	T
		pts	gned							A	A	A	A	,															,			,	,	1	,	,	,	1	F	ŀ	F	A	A	A	4	A	1	7	4	1	4	0	A	A	۵	A	۵	Δ	7	4	1	4	1	Δ	Δ	A	0	A	0	A	A	A	F	1	1	1	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		A	A	F	1	F	1	1	1	,																										,		,	1	,	1	F	A	A	A	
	0 0 0	yscri					1	DE	R	R	2	21		2							P	P		2			2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2																										Ser al											2	?	2															2		2	2	2	2	2				2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2			2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2					
Performing Arts Journal	1 yr. 1 yr. ssue)	Journal Pla	obk. hbk	t Magazine		quested		CREATER																																																																																																																												
ng Arts	tion oack is oack is	ng Arts		nce Ar		ent rec		Foreig to be p	gn, pa	jn, pay	n, ay	n, i bay	, ay	ı, a	n	p	p p	p p	jr p	jr p	p	p	n	n	n	n	n	۱, а	ı, a	ı,	1, a	ı, a	, a	,	, a	, a	, a	,	, 1	,	, 1		1	1	١	2	i /	i	i	ii /	i y	١	,	1	y	1	y	y	i	i y	i /	i y	i	i y	j	1	١	1	١				, 1	, 1	, a	, a			1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	y	1	,	, 1	, 1	, 1	, 1	, 1	, a	, a	ı,	r	r	r	n		n	1			n		n			1	1	1	1, a	1,	1,	1,	1,	1,	1,	ı, a	ı,	, a	, 1	, a	, 1	,	,	1	2	y
ormir	script ewal free t free t	ormir	- 0 0	orma	yr.	paym		*SUBS	sc	sci	CI	CF		С	.(5	S	S	S	S	S	5	50	50	50	50	0	С	С	С	C	С	C	2	C	C	C	;	;	;	;	;		:1	:1	:1	F	F	F	F	F	1		:1	1	:1	1	:1	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	:1	1	:1	1	;	;	;	;	2	C	2	;		:	:1	:	:	:	:	:1	:1	1	:	;	;	2	;	2	2	2	C	С	5	5	5	.((((((.(.((((((C	C	C	C	C	C	C	С	C	C	2	C	2	;		:	:1	1
Perf	Sub Ren (Perf	N N N N	Perf		Pre		**All c	co	cor	or	on	or	0	:0	C	c	С	c	c	C	CI	20	C	20	:0	C	0	0	0	0	0	2)	2	2	2))		-	r	r	r	1	n	n	1	n	r)	r	r	r	r	r	n	n	1	n	n	n	n	r	r	r	r	1)))		2		1	-	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r)))	>	0	C	0	21	:(C				:(:0			•	•	C	0	0	C	C	C	C	C	D	D	2		>			1	r	r	r
scription 1 yr. 2 yrs. ewal 1 yr. 2 yrs. ewal 1 yr. 2 yrs. free back issue) 1 yr. 2 yrs. orming Arts Journal Playscripts New York, N.Y. 10009 orming Arts Journal Playscripts New York, N.Y. 10009 0 1 pbk. 1 pbk. hbk. 2 pbk. hbk. 3 pbk. hbk. 3 pbk. hbk. 1 pbk. hbk. 2 pbk. hbk. 3 pbk. hbk. 1 pbk. hbk. 1 ptot State 1 ormance Art Magazine yr. 1 wr. signed 1 wr. ito yr. 1 ptot state 1 ptot normal playret 1	orming Arts Journal Playscripts PBK Ournal Playscripts PBK Ournal Playscripts PBK Ournal Playscripts Address Address City Ournance Art Magazine City Ournance Art Magazine City Ournance Art Magazine PER State Ournal Playscripts Address State Ournal Playscripts Address State Ournal Playscripts Address City Ournance Art Magazine PER Srate Ournance Art Magazine PER State Ournance Art Magazine PER State Ournance Art Magazine State Ournance Art Magazine Stat	Subsection Subsection Subsection Subsection Subsection PER Address Signed State State Subsection Signed State State Subsection State	Subserie PER PER PER PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subserie Foreigr to be p *SUBS	Subseries PER PER PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subseries Foreign to be p *SUBS	Subseries Subseries PER PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subseries PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries PEF Subseries PEF Subseries Subseries PEF Subseries PES Subseries PES Subseries Subseries PES Subseries Subseries PES Subseries PES Subseries PES PES Subseries PES Subseries Subseries PES PES PES PES PES PES PES PES PES PES	Subseri PER PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subscri Foreigr to be p *SUBS	Subseri PER PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subscri Foreigr to be p *SUBS																																																																																																																													
I yr. 2 yrs. Perfer Stuyvesant Station New York, N.Y. 10009 I ssue) New York, N.Y. 10009 I state City I own State I own City I own I oral Amount EncloseD I own I own I own State I own I own	orming Arts Journal Playscripts PBK Ournal Playscripts PBK Ournal Playscripts PBK Ournal Playscripts PBEB No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Potheres PEB State PEB Subscripts No. 3: Potheres PEB Subscripts No. 3: Potheres PEB Subscripts Subscripts PEB Subscripts Subscripts PEB Subscripts Subs	Subsection Subsection Subsection Subsection Subsection PER Address Signed Address Signed State State Subsection Signed Signed Signed Signed Signed State Signed Subsection Signed Subsection <td< td=""><td>Subserie PEP PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subserie Forthco PEF Subserie Subserie Forthco PEF Subserie Subserie Forthco PEF Subserie Subser</td><td>Subseries PER PER No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco</td><td>Subseries Subseries PEP PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subseries No. 3: Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries Subseries Subseries Subseries Subseries Subseries Subseries Subseries Subseries Subseries</td><td>Subseries PEP PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subscri Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td>Subseri PEP PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subscri Foreigr to be p *SUBS</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>P TEF AT(() P P</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>P TEF AT(() P P</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></td<>	Subserie PEP PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subserie Forthco PEF Subserie Subserie Forthco PEF Subserie Subserie Forthco PEF Subserie Subser	Subseries PER PER No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco	Subseries Subseries PEP PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subseries No. 3: Forthco PEF Subseries Forthco PEF Subseries	Subseries PEP PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subscri Foreign to be p *SUBS	Subseri PEP PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthco PEF Subscri Foreigr to be p *SUBS																																								P TEF AT(() P P														P TEF AT(() P P																																																																							
I yr. 2 yrs. Pob. Norwall Playscripts New York, N.Y. 10009 Its Journal Playscripts New York, N.Y. 10009 New York, N.Y. 10009 New York, N.Y. 10009 Its Journal Playscripts New City Its Journal Playscripts New City Its Journal Playscripts Address Its Journal Playscripts Address Address Address Address Address Address <td>orming Arts Journal Playscripts</td> <td>Jube Sube Jub Sube Jub Sub Sub <t< td=""><td>Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthed PEF Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td>Subeur Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthou PEF Subscr Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td>Subser PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthou PEF Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td>Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forther Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td>Subser PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthou PEF Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>F F</td><td>F F</td><td>F F F F</td><td>F F</td><td>P TEF A 7 ((A A P P</td><td></td><td></td><td>P T E F A T ((A A A D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D</td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td></td><td>F F</td><td>P TEF () pr I,a</td><td></td><td>P TEF () pr I,a</td><td>F F F F</td><td></td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td>P TEF A 7 ((A A P P</td><td>P TEF () pr I,a</td><td>P TEF P (() P P</td><td>F F F F</td><td>P TEF () pr I,a</td><td></td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td></td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>F F</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>F F</td><td>F F</td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>F F</td><td>P EFF () ,a</td></t<></td>	orming Arts Journal Playscripts	Jube Sube Jub Sube Jub Sub Sub Sub Sub <t< td=""><td>Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthed PEF Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td>Subeur Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthou PEF Subscr Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td>Subser PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthou PEF Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td>Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forther Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td>Subser PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthou PEF Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>F F</td><td>F F</td><td>F F F F</td><td>F F</td><td>P TEF A 7 ((A A P P</td><td></td><td></td><td>P T E F A T ((A A A D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D</td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td></td><td>F F</td><td>P TEF () pr I,a</td><td></td><td>P TEF () pr I,a</td><td>F F F F</td><td></td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td>P TEF A 7 ((A A P P</td><td>P TEF () pr I,a</td><td>P TEF P (() P P</td><td>F F F F</td><td>P TEF () pr I,a</td><td></td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td></td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>F F</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>F F</td><td>F F</td><td>P EFF () ,a</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>F F</td><td>P EFF () ,a</td></t<>	Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthed PEF Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS	Subeur Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthou PEF Subscr Foreign to be p *SUBS	Subser PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthou PEF Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS	Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forther Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS	Subser PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthou PEF Subser Foreign to be p *SUBS																																				F F	F F	F F F F	F F	P TEF A 7 ((A A P P			P T E F A T ((A A A D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D	P EFF () ,a	P EFF () ,a		F F	P TEF () pr I,a		P TEF () pr I,a	F F F F		P EFF () ,a	P TEF A 7 ((A A P P	P TEF () pr I,a	P TEF P (() P P	F F F F	P TEF () pr I,a		P EFF () ,a		P EFF () ,a											F F					F F	F F	P EFF () ,a																																												F F	P EFF () ,a
I yr. 2 yrs. Performing Arts Journal Publications I ssue) New York, N.Y. 10009 I wew York, N.Y. 10009 I wew York, N.Y. 10009 I ssue) New York, N.Y. 10009 I bbk. hbk. I bbk. hbk. I bbk. hbk. I bbk. hbk. I bbk. State Zip Zip Address Zip Address Zip Address Zip Ant Magazine TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED Address Zip	orming Arts Journal Playscripts Portugation of the second playscripts of the second playscripts of the second playscripts of the second playscripts of the second playment requested of the second playment requested to be	Subeur Subeur initial Subscription	Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthc PEF Subscr Foreig to be p *SUBS	Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthc PEF Subscr Foreig to be p *SUBS	Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthc PEF Subscr Foreig to be p *SUBS	Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthc PEF Subscr Foreig to be p *SUBS	Subeur PEF PLA No. 1: No. 2: No. 3: Forthc PEF Subscr Foreig to be p																																								ip TTEEFF F (() (() () () () () () () () () () () (TTEFF FF (((), , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	TTEFF FF (((), , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,		ip I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I	ip I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I			T T E FF I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I		T T E FF I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I		TTEFF FF (((), , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	ip I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I	ip TTEEFF F (() (() () () () () () () () () () () (T T E FF I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I	TTEEFF		T T E FF I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I		ip I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I		ip I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I																		ip I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I																																													ip I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I



A TRILOGY FOR MABOU MINES

THE RED HORSE • THE B. BEAVER • THE SHAGGY DOG

LEE BREUER

EDITED BY BONNIE MARRANCA · GAUTAM DASGUPTA