

THE REVIEW OF LIVE ART No. 26

PERFORMANCE MAGAZINE

90p \$2.50
Oct/Nov

Lumiere

Lindsay Kemp
: 60's Exile
Returns

and Son's Senseless
Sculpture
Festival Supplement,

Performance Journeys, 'mons



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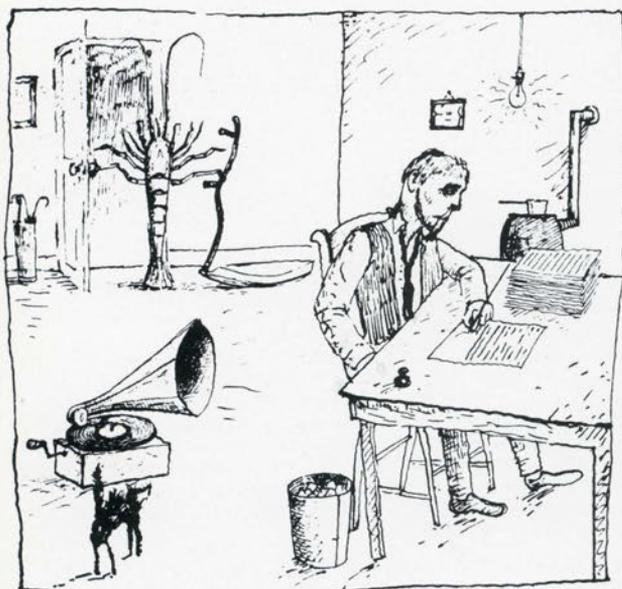
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DEATH, A LARGE CRAYFISH, DEBATES WHETHER
OR NOT A DANISH DRAMATIST WILL FINISH
THE CLIMACTIC SCENE OF HIS MASTERPIECE.



ON THE HI-FI:
"THE NAKED SHAKESPEARE"
BY PETER BLEGVAD V2284

Virgin

Arts Council OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND
UNIVERSITY OF READING

Film/Video/Performance Bursaries 1984

The Arts Council of Great Britain and the Department of Fine Art, Reading University are inviting applications for a film/video/performance bursary. Two bursaries will be offered, each worth £750 as a direct award payable by the Arts Council and running consecutively from January to March 1983. The recipients will have their own studio space in the time-based studio area of the department with access to half-inch colour video, 16mm film equipment and a performance space. Accommodation will be provided in the University's Halls of Residence.

For full information and entry forms apply to:
The Film Officer, Arts Council of Great Britain, 105 Picadilly, London W1V 0AU. Tel. 01 629 9495.

Closing date for return of completed application forms:

Monday 31st October 1983.

Students are not eligible. Open to residents in England only.

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Some partial scholarships are available for successful applicants who are unable to obtain grants.

For further details concerning this and initial training courses write to: The Administrator, Laban Centre for Movement and Dance at University of London Goldsmiths College, New Cross, London SE14 6NW Tel. no. 01 691 5750

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MUSIC

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THE CONSORT OF MUSICKE

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Early Music Network

Saturday 8th October
at 7.30

THE ENGLISH GAMELAN ORCHESTRA

Director Neil Sorrell
£3/£1.50 concessions

Arts Council Contemporary Music Network

Friday 25th November at 7.30

THE HILLIARD ENSEMBLE

Director Paul Hillier 'Josquin in Italy'

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ISKRA 1903 and EVIDENCE

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Thursday 20th and Friday 21st October at 7.30

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The Bluecoat receives financial support from Merseyside Arts

Arts Council OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND MAIDSTONE COLLEGE OF ART

Video Bursary 1984

The Arts Council, in association with Maidstone College of Art, Film, Video and Sound Area is inviting applications for a Video Bursary. The Bursary is worth £3,000 as a direct award, payable in three instalments. The recipient will be working with facilities which include colour studio portable and edit equipment, including chromakey and character generator. The purpose of the bursary is to enable a video artist to have access to a comprehensive recording and editing use of video, including installations. Technical assistance is available if necessary.

For full information and application forms, apply to the Film Officer, The Arts Council of Great Britain, 105 Picadilly, London W1V 0AU. Tel. 01 629 9495.

Closing date for return of applications is October 31st 1983. Students are not eligible. Open to residents in England only.

DANCE THEATRE JOURNAL

Have you seen the latest contemporary dance magazine **Dance Theatre Journal**?

If not, **NOW** is the time to find out!



Dance Theatre Journal, Subscriptions, at Laban Centre for Movement and Dance, Laurie Grove, London SE14.

SOUTH HILL PARK

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MEISER**

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STATE SYMPHONY

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VOCEM

Vocal theatre works

Arts Council
OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND
BRIGHTON POLYTECHNIC

**Video Bursary
1984**

The Arts Council, in association with Brighton Polytechnic Faculty of Arts and Design, Department of Fine Art, is inviting applications for a Video Bursary. The Bursary is worth £3,000 as a direct award, payable in two instalments. The recipient will be working with facilities which include extensive colour equipment. The purpose of the bursary is to enable an artist working in video to have access to comprehensive colour recording and editing equipment so that he/she may pursue personal video work within a fine-art context. The Bursary period commences January 1984.

Full information and application forms from the Film Officer, Arts Council of Great Britain, 105 Picadilly, London W1A 0AU. Closing date for applications 31st October 1983. Open to residents in England only. Students are not eligible.

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL FAIR OF
CONTEMPORARY ART PUBLICATIONS



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PERFORMANCE

The Review of Live Art
Performance Magazine
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PRINTING

Vineyard Press, Colchester

DISTRIBUTION

Arts Ex-Press (bookshops)

J F Ansell (newsagents)

Total Circulation (US)

PUBLISHER

Performance Magazine Ltd

(Directors: Rob La Frenais,

Lynn MacRitchie,

Marguerite MacLaughlin,

Pete Shelton)

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ISSN No. 0144 5901

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We reprint this communication from De Appel Gallery in Amsterdam. De Appel was responsible for promoting a remarkable programme of live art throughout the seventies and continued up till now, presenting artists like Johan Cornелиsson, whose journey round the equator we coincidentally describe in Performance Journeys this issue. We hope in a future issue to do a retrospective of De Appel's work, to commemorate the visionary work of Wies Smals and others.



Amsterdam, September 21, 1983

Dear Friends and Colleagues,

Many of you have shared the sadness of recent weeks in the form of written or spoken communications - for others this may be the first encounter with the news of the deaths, on August 20, 1983, of Wies Smals and her 3½ month old son Hendrik, Josine van Droffelaar, Gerhard von Graevenitz, and their friend Martin Barkhuis. Their light aircraft crashed in a valley while they were travelling through Switzerland.

The board of De Appel, the staff and many close associates are working together to outline a future course of activities, to continue, in a new context, the work of Wies, the founder of De Appel, Josine, co-director and Gerhard, member and program advisor.

We invite you to join us on the 10th of October, at 20.00 Dutch time (19.00 GMT) in a memorial dedicated to Wies, Hendrik, Josine, Gerhard and Martin.

It is our hope that this open invitation will allow you to participate, alone or in the company of others, in the form most appropriate for you. Wherever we all may be at that hour, our thoughts will focus on their lives.

On behalf of the board,

Loek van der Sande
Chairman

Martha Hawley
Interim-director

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Amrobank rekeningnummer 46 64 01 027. Postgiro rekeningnummer 3918095

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Cover design by Meisha Masche
Cover Photograph of Lindsay Kemp by Richard Haughton

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Is Beuys A Charlatan?

Dear Performance Magazine, Does Beuys 'puff up the margins of art student nonsense, aggrandise thought-stunning conceits into expensive brownish dog-eared things, bluster and fulminate like a huckster?' Would a break in his noisy complaining be a moment for someone to expose him? Is he a charlatan? A nasty, intellectually silly small operator (where the Rev Moon is a nasty, theologically silly, bigoperator)? What is he doing that merits attention (or is he just 'different', like the Dalai Lama's personal secretary?) Do you pick anyone at random or just whoever seems interesting to you? (What's so special about *your* choices) Is performance art too wishy-washy? Why do they remind me of Indian fakirs? Is it just more legality? Throbbing Gristle/Psychic TV—is this more art student nonsense? More Indian fakirs? Is Laurie Anderson just Paul Young singing Joy Division's 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' only boosted by record company investment and her own mediocrity? Is it another Atrocity Exhibition? Performance Art is pathetic mumbo jumbo. Noise. In Beuys' 'new social order' (what a vacuous abstraction this is!) can we ignore social orders? Holy Orders? The New Opium? Beuys is an actor of his own ideals. These ideas have *no* universal significance, not even as concepts. Beuys is the most provincially-minded 'worker' ever publicised. Thatcher is a performance artist. She always has been and always will be. A good performance at school and university. A good performance

artist in office. She is a great one. Do we need any of them? Hierarchical social organisation is like a gigantic racket whose secret, precisely exposed by anarchist terrorism, is to place itself *out of reach* of the violence it gives rise to. Guru Maharaji or Fats Waller? Beuys is incapable of thinking, straight, bent, imaginatively or not. *He* is the one without the 'power of thought to think through the higher energy of art'. The noise of Joseph Beuys is over-rated. Every night people dream better dreams. Why should they tell him or you or me about them? Make them centre stage? Readers of this magazine who need directions, advice, food for thought, knowledge, stars, more performance artists, neo performance artists or a bit of weirdness only have to step into the street. Artists are free to be free of art no matter what it calls itself. People *don't* need it or want it. Art is for artists. The rest is middle class interference and stupidity. What's in the magazines is somebody else's JUNK they call art. An *arbitrary* selection of cheap holidays in other people's 'work', 'creativity' and 'misery'. That this is civilisation's finest hour we do not doubt. Such great artists everywhere! It is from the artist within me that I salute your fine efforts! Seig Heil! Yours sincerely, The Rose Selavy Group of No Fixed Abode. PS. Art is separate from Life and long may it remain so! Anyone trying to mix them up for a knock-down price is liable to incur our eternal wrath. 'Art is always dead. A living art is a deception'—Ad Reinhart.

I WAS THERE

Dear Performance magazine, Regarding the photo-caption on the contents page of the 25th issues concerning one of Franklin Aalders' performances at a Bracknell an exact, correct description of the event follows. Aalders walked, naked, carrying a sack of plaster on his head to the spot where he was made a fallen column of 4 sacks of plaster in Performance the previous evening (by stacking them one on top of the other and setting fire to the paper sacks, so the plaster fell.) He stood at one end of the column and allowed himself to fall, face-first, into the plaster, and rupturing the bag that was still on his head. He remained motionless for 10 minutes or so, face-down in the plaster. Some kids started buzzing him on BMX bikes and were doing skid stops very close to his head, kicking up plaster dust (Et has a lot to answer for). The photographer encouraged them to run over him. Franklin, not being deaf, heard what was going on, stood up, and threw a handful of plaster over her. The camera was not damaged, it was not lime (as stated). Who on earth would lie naked in a pile of lime? The photographer was completely in the wrong: she should not have encouraged the kids to damage the performer or the performance. She may not have liked it, but she should have been sensitive to the vulnerability of the performer and discouraged the children from their actions, rather than stamping them with an adult seal of approval. I think Franklin's actions were mild; it was an offhand gesture as he left the performance space, not even malicious. If the performance had been a painting, or a piece of sculpture, everyone would have felt the artist completely within his rights to prevent someone vandalising the work in his presence. But someone destroying a performance? Everyone thinks it's OK—I don't. Irrespective of the quality of the work, I don't have the right to destroy it, any more than I have the right to walk into someone's home and destroy their belongings.

Careless misrepresentation of events (it was not lime, the camera was not to destroyed, no-one was hurt apart from the artist) can affect the artist's working life. Who wants to book a petulant lunatic who throws lime over photographers? Such coverage could even get him banned from the country. If it was an unprovoked, dangerous action, fair enough, but it wasn't and isn't. Paul Burwell 11 Lambs Conduit Passage London WC1

Unsolicited Neoism

Dear Performance Magazine, To whom it may concern: At last something truly evocative of higher intellect that communicates directly—quite unlike *Tutti Impromptu Au Bal Presse* viewed at Air Space, 04081983, which should have been confined to the privacy of the various performer's private homes. I now ask myself these days, why I've not developed a habit of not watching an entire 'synoptic realist performance'. The Tales of the Triptych Man, presented by Club Boring at LVA's Air Basement 18081983 was an exquisite example of that creative act (well presented) that was once referred to as 'the voluptuous beauty of a sylph that ascends above inertial systems of expression'. The three movements of the Triptych Man gave a tremendous visual impact leaving one reeling in intense metaphysics spiked by a most compelling and highly charged musical experience performed by the Kreutzer Quintet. Really impressed, R.U.Sevol Neoistic Enquiry Unit 228 Amesbury Avenue London SW2 3BL

1

CHAPTER

Submissions are invited for a theatre project on the theme "Your 1984" to be staged next May at Chapter. Performance ideas can be in any media, and should last 25 minutes (approx).

Those items selected will be the subject of special commissions following negotiation.

Closing date for submissions: October 30th.

*Full details from:
1984, Chapter, Market Road, Cardiff CF5 1QE
☎ 0222 - 396061*

■■■■■■■■■■ **PERF.**



IAN BREAKWELL : An exhaustive exhibition of his work is at Riverside Studios Gallery, the most interesting part of which is a complete showing of his *Walking Man Diary*. which 'in photographs, collage, drawings and text, documented the continuous obsessive walking of a mysterious man seen from the third floor window of my flat in Smithfield. At the end of 1978 he disappeared and I have never seen him since except in a dream on the night of January 11th this year 1983.' The obsessive recording of the mystery man's seemingly random movement, matches the obsessive behaviour described. It is reminiscent of the studies of derelicts by the mid-seventies performance artists Reindeer Werk; except where they actually incorporated their behaviour into their performance, Breakwell is passively documenting, yet allowing the experience to seep into his psyche. 'In the dream I saw him again, just for a moment, moving like a shadow through the night while all around huge faces loomed up and their voices filled my ears. I woke, got out of bed and looked through the curtains at the dark streets below.' The triptych *Dream of the Walking man* is based on this episode.

The blown-up series of photographs are accompanied by the utterances of a hidden commentator: 'There He Goes!' 'Where's He Gone?' 'He's Off Again!' Like Breakwell's previous diaries, incidents jump off the pages with sudden force, while Breakwell passively records, yet allowing no mercy to the mechanisms that normally filter the awkward, uncomfortable and unexplainable.(RL)



WILD STYLE : Rappers, Breakers, Mixmasters, Funkblasters, Electropop, electroshlock—either ya love it or ya hate it. Treacherous, frozen or whatever, do the by-products travel? This is what we must ask ourselves as institutions such as the ICA turn their attention to the exhilarating NY street culture. Should the English art public really be encouraged to go around carefully enunciating such jargon as 'er—Body Popping' and 'er—Ghetto Blaster'? However Charlie Ahearn's film is a pretty accurate reflection of the claustrophobic NY ambience, the uneasy alliance between ghetto spontaneity (does Keith Haring promote gentrification?) and the carefully streetwise downtown Manhattan. Brilliant graphics, electric humour, (a late night mugging is announced to the victim— you've read about it in the papers, seen it on the movies..here it is!), storyline...well, but with the excitement of the uptown rapping dives alternating with the adrenalin of late-night subway-yard spray-can antics—'watch out for that third rail!'—who's arguing? And of course there's bags of *that* headspinning. They're doing it in the ICA bar, they're doing it in Covent Garden Piazza, but will they do it in Walthamstow? (RL) (NB. essential reading for home-grown wild stylers is the latest issue of *Collusion*, available where you bought this magazine, with an exhaustive survey of the NY disco underground, Extraterrestrial Funk, do-it-yourself mixdowns, and novelty records. Woof woof!)



MONEIK TOEBOSCH : (Actual Music, ICA) Devastating and unforgettable. A fanatically energetic and damaged diva, she presented the most absorbing act of self-degradation I have witnessed in ages, proving that you don't have to bite the heads off chickens to impress a London audience anymore. The aural equivalent of Ima Sumak crossed with a Geek Act, she shuddered, shrieked and stuttered through a horrific nightclub act which demolished speech, music, and a large part of the audience. Tapping her foot approximately in time, she began with a bout of scat singing which gradually evolved into something approaching mass murder as her physical, facial, and verbal distortions became more extreme. Later her husky rendition of *The Man I Love* became a sneering grotesque caricature of muscle beach sexuality, meanwhile her shapeless turquoise dress became increasingly torn as she contorted her body and threw herself across the stage at random. Finally she said (yelled) her goodbyes adding tersely that 'I can go on for another hour—you cannot'. (KH)



OCTETTO (OR QUINTETTO) IRONICO : a loose group of performers who originally convened at the Air Gallery to demonstrate various live art uses of—wait for it—the domestic iron, continued their progress through the alphabet to open Bartok in Brixton, (they next plan to perform at *C alais*) an energetic but chaotic festival at Brixton Art Gallery. At Air, where the activities included the ironing of manure, there was a large, cosmopolitan, touchy art audience who midway broke into heckling—at Brixton, by contrast, there was a smaller, attentive and sympathetic enough gathering to sit patiently through David Medalla's synoptic-realist ramblings. A series of slow, coyunfoldings of both exotic clothing and Medalla's life experiences is powered by a kind of intentional naivety which can either make you retch or rapt. Whichever, the veteran Medalla seems to be fulfilling his old role as catalyst, bringing together artists for Quintetto such as Sonia Knox(whose flights of fantasy, including in one case a winged iron, are becoming more and more beautifully bizarre), Kevin Goss, (the elusive) Carlyle Reedy, Alastair Snow, Lesley Butler (intrepid organiser of Bartok) and many others. See you in Calais.(RL)

● Perf. this issue is by Rob La Frenais, Ken Hollings, and Phil Hyde.

SHORT REVIEWS



FORKBEARD FANTASY'S The Brontosaurus Show is an extraordinary demonstration of how to do a lot with not very much. With limited materials they consistently create convincing and enticing scenarios. And there's nothing quite so convincing as obsessional interests that appear year after year.

One such interest is the Forkbeard fascination with the madcap scientist driven by curiosity and vanity in pursuit of an elusive aspect of nature. Just as *On An Uncertain Insect* showed two etymologists locked in venomous competition for a rare species of butterfly, so this show reveals two paleontologists in conference before an important lecture tour. David's demonstration of his pet theory that Arpelene Man was really a bird is querulously disrupted by a patronising Marmaduke. Field research at the Krakajevo works reveal a life size brontosaurus rib cage, and their wrangling conference is disrupted by the arrival of a crate bearing the news that their colleagues at Krakajevo have been mysteriously killed. The crate reveals the necessary item to complete the brontosaurus and there is a magical moment as the beast is finally completed with full spinal cord and skull. Of course, Marmaduke engineers events to claim credit for this discovery.

The breadth of this homely tale of two squabbling scientists is only apparent if you realise you're looking into a world reconstructed according to a poetic imagination. The Forkbeards borrow the power of the scientist and the engineer to make their own world of wonderment. This is the world of the Meccano outfit and the Hornby railway, and it is peopled by pompous men driven by primeval emotions in search of ineffable treasures. Rather than satirise or admonish these people, the Forkbeards endorse their obsessions, reserving implicit criticism for lack of humour or self-perception. Despite the cantankerousness and aggrandisement, it is an innocent world where emotions, however black and bitter, have a purity of interplay giving a refreshing understanding of these hidden instincts. (PH)



BRION GYSIN AND STEVE LACY (Actual Music, ICA) I have a deep suspicion that most people's opinions of Gysin's work are formed by the gap which exists between actual evidence of his achievements and his obvious reputation. This state of affairs is likely to continue until his novel, *The Process*—one of the great lost novels of the sixties—is once more made available. Each year it remains out of print makes this sin greater. In the meantime his work with the extremely literate and pure musicianship of Steve Lacy will have to do. Lacy's icy soprano and Gysin's graveyard vaudeville delivery meshed together into complex explorations of how textual and musical forms can be forced into working together under extreme pressure. Fragments of ballet scores, musicals, cut-up scraps from Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*, re-writes of earlier poems and translations of Arab lyrics were forged into a precise, hypnotically repetitive performance which was lacking only in the insensitive live mix that they were stuck with. Gysin is a dangerous and very useful man in that, like a few others—Cage and Mac Low—he knows how to make a text work, and is pushing that area of operation further and further out.

Why isn't more of this man's work available? Why isn't *The Process* on sale to the public? (KH)



Irmgard Pozorski

BARTOK IN BRIXTON really started to hot up towards the end of the week, when performances began to extend out on to Atlantic Road. Doug Gill and Phil Jeck tossed a pot of paint at the face of the public, protected by the Brixton Gallery glass frontage, and proceeded to use the road and passers-by in a performance *Crossing The Atlantic*. Painting the window, they created opaque scenarios for themselves and the various street scenes, which had always dominated performances happening in this space anyway. Several people stopped to look inside the gallery at the audience looking out, unwittingly framed by the words 'The ordinary person in the street'. It might have seemed condescending anywhere else but in this context it was *fun*. Ian Hinchliffe also chose to break out into the street, trundling through debris, cluttered and clattering wearing a wooden frame as the finale to a convoluted but witty bout of hectoring and music hall humour. His work seems remarkably subtle and almost sensitive these days, but it's difficult to tell when any grounds for comparison are coloured and confused by his purple past as art hooligan. The Hanging Committee, with their usual almost-parody of brutally minimalist endurance events took half an hour to cover one of their number with thousands of bits of newspaper. They would have taken longer if the audience, suddenly aware of the possibility of performance at dawn, had not insisted on helping. When the great pile strated slowly to move, to the accompaniment of extracts from Russia-shoots-down-airliner newscasts, it is a visually magnificent sight. Paul Burwell (with Jan Howarth) ended the evening by once more announcing the Apocalypse, rocking the joint with incendiary drums, exploding paint sacks, blasting horns and detonating gongs. The loose atmosphere, anarchistic attitude and lack of most practical physical barriers, made this festival a possible prelude to the re-emergence of performance as a maverick, buccaneering shrug at the restrictions of the conventional art world. (RL)



Because It Was There

Performance Journeys

Thirty years ago this year, Hilary and Tensing panted and gasped their way up a final snowridge to plant flags on the top of the world. Their arrival captured global attention exciting the imaginations of a self-important British popular press, and coincidentally signalling the end of an age of Empire. Likewise the arrival of Americans on the moon, also spelt a downfall of that superpower's world credibility. Recognising the significance, then, of the expedition, mission, or plain journey, artists have been quietly, or in one case loudly, exploring this form for themselves. Robin Morley looks at a few examples of the journey phenomenon.

The conquering of Everest and the Moon missions were not made as cultural events, but there is no doubt that they were to be expressions of national power and prestige—'With one small step...' They entered into public myth and legend, something that the Journey as a means of expression seems particularly capable of doing. There is a romanticism and sense of mysterious power given to those who make the journey, something they probably don't feel at the time. Scott's disastrous Antarctic expedition has been seen as a classic example of British fortitude, a flowering of stiff upper lips culminating in Capt.

Oates' leaving the tent uttering the world's greatest understatement...'I am just going outside and I may be some time.'

Hardship, endurance or billions of dollars are sometimes, but not always, necessary journey ingredients in the Pilgrimage, Shaman's dream journey, aboriginal walkabouts, demonstrations, forced marches, Land's End to John O'Groats record attempts, and holidays in the sun. It is indirectly, and sometimes directly in parallel to some of these activities that the work of the artist and performer can be found.



Ddart Take A Break

In 1976, one of the most notorious uses of the journey as spectacle, creating a legend in its own right, was when a group of artists called Ddart drew a circle on a map of Norfolk, over 100 miles in diameter, along which they would journey in a manner immortalised in the columns of the Sunday People, and swiftly followed by the Sunday Express, News of the World and others. Rare in the history of outraged trivia, British philistinism and its erstwhile documentation, the incident is still remembered seven years on.

Dennis De Groot, Ray Richards and Tony Emerton walked in single file connected together by a yellow pole placed on their heads. In this manner they travelled for a week, each evening doing a performance of the day's events in a pub. When not tied together they wore yellow circles on their heads. They describe their performance as being well received by both the local people who saw them pass by, and in their evening visits to the pubs.

The season being silly, Carl Andre being recently installed at the Tate, the whole affair underwent a swift transformation from local legend, via the press, to being discussed at Cabinet level in both Labour and Tory governments since.

Despite being mainly outlawed by the arts funders, (one Arts Association attached to its grant the condition that there be no media publicity) Ddart have quietly continued to make art works and journeys. Recently they made several journeys in Derbyshire, *Cube Moves* being one. A six-foot square cube of mirror surface aluminium was transported by five people in rambler's costume through the peak district on a public holiday (the Royal wedding) The Cube attracted much attention from the public, as it

could be seen up to 8 miles away when the sun caught its surface. People drove miles to find out what was happening. As the performers were dressed in rambler's attire, they could step back and blend in amongst the surrounding people.

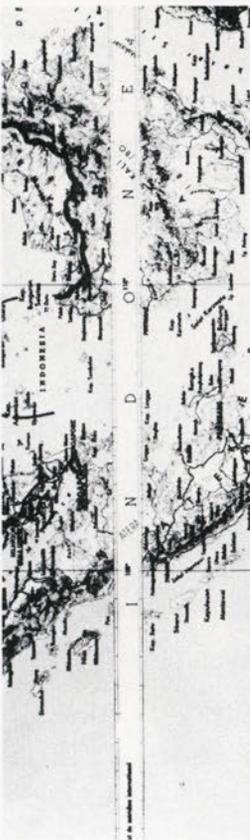
Monumental and highly visual, their work is described by De Groot as sculpture with humans interacting with it, rather than performance. Other works include a piece entitled *In the Garden*, involving 21 performances taking place in the South of England. The location of each one was determined by taking a drawing of a snail from a children's join-up-the-dots book, and transplanting the dots to the map. Each time it reached a dot a performance took place on that location. It took three years to complete the cycle.

Currently Ddart are embarking on a project entitled *Ddart Take A Break*. For a week they will be in Spain wearing two harness suits at the resort of Slaoo. As two mobile sculptures, De Groot and Richards will attach objects and poles to their harnesses and then take part in the holiday activities of the package resort. Visits to discos, barbecues, bullfights and restaurants will all be taken in, while they spend 24 hours a day in the harnesses.

Their journeys, or rather 'travels' already take the kind of risks in exposing themselves to the public that would not be possible in a gallery or art space. However, removing the props of their normal surroundings have been taken one stage further by placing their persons and their art in an all-enveloping specialised situation- the package holiday; an invasion that could cause even more outrage than the relatively whimsical pole-incident.



Ddart in The Garden - Michael Bennett



The Equator From Bulletin of De Appel

Along the Equator

The process of following an abstract route or line is a typical journey structure which can, for example, be found in the English custom of Beating the Bounds. An ancient custom, still carried out in parts of the country, it is used to recall the parish boundaries. The priest and various local functionaries circumnambulate these boundaries, stopping at certain points to reinforce peoples awareness of them. This included catching a small boy and beating him. This is now represented by banging the child upside down, his head on a cushion.

As well as engaging on an enterprise similar in scope to traditional explorers, the work of Johan Cornelissen, a Dutch artist, also followed this idea of investigating an abstract line, in his case, the Equator. Cornelissen spent a year travelling around the line as closely as possible. His intention was to confront the abstract and topographical concept with the physical reality. Starting at Sao Tome, some Islands off West Africa, he made his journey, sending documentation back to the De Appel Gallery in Amsterdam. They published extracts from the journey in their bulletin magazine and co-ordinated the display of maps, letters, messages and objects collected in various venues in Amsterdam, including a travel agent's shop-front. The myth of the equator thus would become reality, then return to myth in stimulating the public imagination.

He describes in the communications concrete posts with globes showing the line, other posts carrying plaques and crosses with numbers and

markings that don't make sense. Also described are areas where there are absolutely no visible signs of the abstract line.

Cornelissen saw himself as a correspondent making and recording the facts and impressions on his equator journey. But not as an adventurer making the trip for travel's sake. Or as an escape, or an attempt to lose himself in the landscape. He intended to investigate the 'line' and record his impressions, and also how other cultures had related to the presence of the equator running through their region. This included seeking out places that had been used in books and photographs to illustrate to the rest of the world what the equator is like.

The monumental aspects of the project, interestingly coinciding with the Fiennes' Transpolar expedition, are matched with the obsessive nature of the artist carrying through the idea. Amazingly, assistance came from the Dutch Ministry of Culture to carry out this modern-day pilgrimage in search of a concept and its manifestations.

Cornelissen returned in July and will be presenting with De Appel his discoveries in a lecture presentation using all the objects collected from the 'line'. It is important that journeys such as this are seen as major parts of the artist's work. The journey to explore an idea, collecting impressions and experiences on the way is as crucial as the work of other artists, such as film-makers, who also manipulate images and impressions, constructing a statement with ingredients taken from the surrounding world.

Land's End To John O'Groats

Employing the landscape to tell a story or create an image and at the same time being inspired by a more contemporary journeying genre were Natural Theatre of Bath in 1982 (see PERFORMANCE 19). *Art On The Run* shadowed a 'real' journey of endurance, the Great British Bike Ride from John O'Groats to Land's End, a performance spectacle 'using the entire British countryside as a backdrop' was enacted for the benefit of the 200 cyclists, and whatever members of the public were attracted by this sight. They used a combination of outdoor theatrical absurdity and a ritual celebration of the eccentric British amateur spirit as typified by the 'end to end' genre. Crawling marathons vied with angry motorists, singing nuns and big-game hunters on remote highways. One of the high points came when the artists and cyclists encountered a 'real' performance journeyer in the middle of the Highlands—a man who yearly pushed a pram 'end to end' non-stop for charity. Needless to say he was mistaken for one of the *Art On The Run* team.

The genre of 'end to end', along with Channel-crossing and Atlantic firsts, is one of the few surviving manifestations of the exploration myth, apart from the much hyped Ranulph Fiennes polar circumnavigation, and such modern pilgrimages are at least accessible to those willing to suffer discomfort or look very silly. There now exists a museum built by the new owners of Land's End which commemorates the different ways people have made the distance. Along with the pea-with-nose pushers is a blow-up photo of the Great British Bike riders, cycling the last 20 miles in the nude.

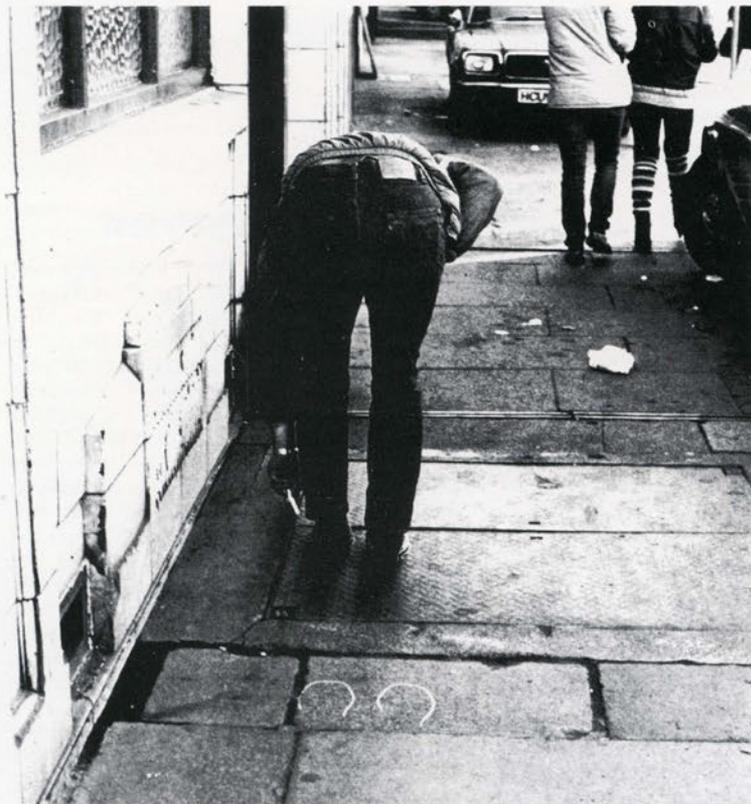


Art On the Run

How Long the Dole Queue?

In contrast to all this jollity was a piece by Kelvin Simms in Newcastle upon Tyne (See Basement Group PERFORMANCE 22) Titled *The Finest Products of Capitalism*, Simms set out in a live art piece to show the numbers of unemployed in the city. At that time there were 13,152 registered. Simms posed the question: what does this number of people look like? What if they were to form a queue at the dole office at the same time? So starting at the performance space he outlined his own feet with chalk, tracing the waiting line of jobless. For 12 hours the line grew, stretching through the city, passing the DHSS building, the derelict Vickers armaments factory, other now empty industrial areas and out on to the road to Hexham 20 miles away. While he progressed, an accomplice handed out leaflets explaining the event and inviting people to follow the line of waiting footprints back through the city.

Simple but powerful, this piece demonstrates the journey as an artform both legendary and didactic. Created for the public as an image which reflects on the now empty surroundings, a passing event that catches the eye of people at different points and times during its progression. A local legend can be built of the event, while at the same time it is resonant of a famous historical journey, the Jarrow March on London from the North East during the height of the depression.



Kelvin Simms Queue Ken Gill

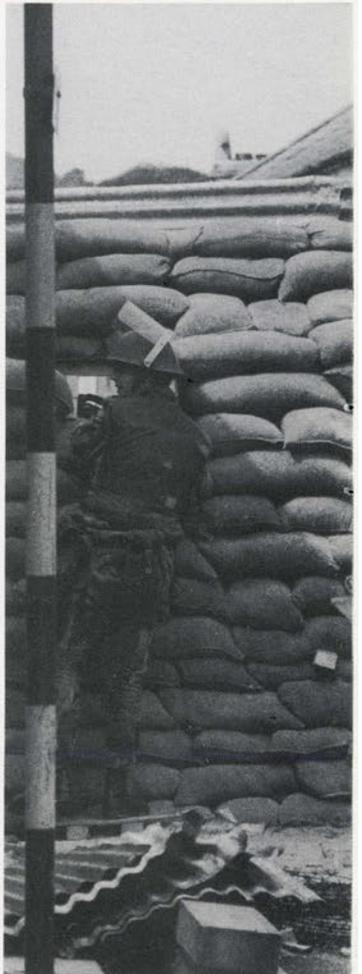
Eventually They Discovered He Was An Artist . . .

In looking at the work of various artist journey-makers, two approaches appear. The conceptual route, chosen because of some random or outside facts that don't actually relate to the area travelled over, as in the work of Ddart. Or, the route may exist in some historical or geographical form, even just marked physically on the ground. As for instance, the concrete posts marking the equator. An artist who goes for both of these approaches is Kerry Trengrove. His previous work has included a piece *An Eight Day Passage*, where he, at considerable risk, dug a passage underneath the Acme Gallery. Once sealed into the passage entrance chamber, he opened up the eighteen inch thick concrete floor with a pneumatic drill. During the next eight days he dug his passage through the earth underneath the building, to a pre-determined exit point, his only means of escape. While doing this, he communicated to gallery visitors through a two way video intercom. He also had a telephone down there, with which he took part in a phone-in with a Canadian radio station. During the performance, the gallery organisers were continually fighting off writs from the borough surveyor to stop his progress-

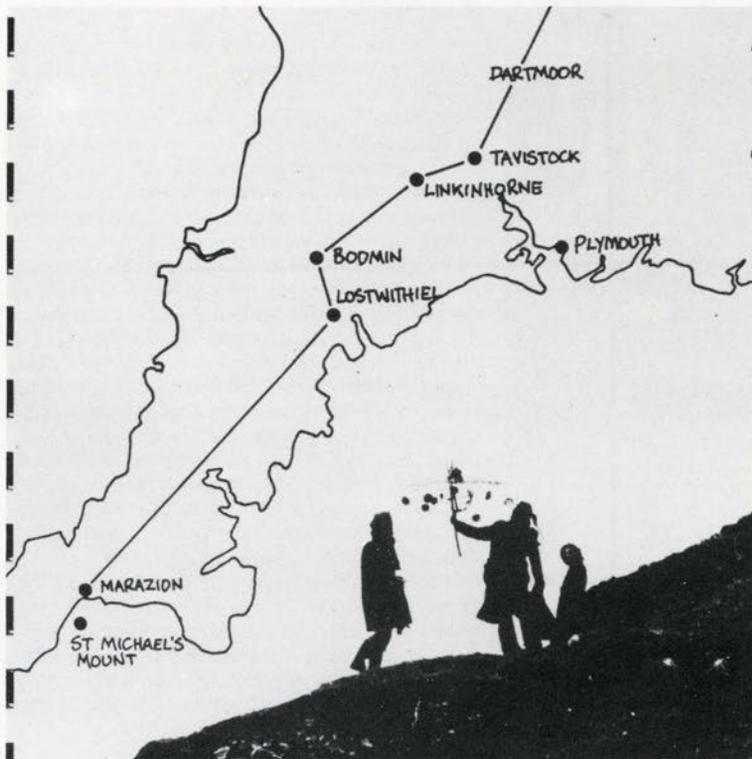
Recently, Trengrove also made a journey along an existing line, the border between the Irish Republic and Northern Ireland. Over a two-week journey, he walked along the border from Derry to Mourne, zig-zagging along the border, in and out of each sector. At each point he made a crossing he had to use a checkpoint run by the British army. Trengrove set out to investigate the concepts of an abstract borderline made real by the numerous checkpoints, corrugated and mesh

fences, helicopter, motor and foot patrols which maintain the line. In previous times the border ran through farmer's fields, across roads with no border posts, the travel between the two sectors being under relaxed control. The war in Ireland has transformed the importance of this line. Being fully aware of the risks, Trengrove moved along the route. He experienced no problems from local people in the area, but of course ran into problems about what he was actually *doing* on the border when he ran into the British Army. At first there was some confusion about which direction they thought he was travelling in, (he told them alternately that he was travelling to the North, then to the South.) Eventually they discovered he was an artist, after some interrogation. There were certain problems in understanding the nature of his project, why he was not painting watercolours, and so on. Copious notes were taken by them, and his notebook was inspected on many occasions. The real risks he was taking came sharply into focus when standing in four inches of snow one day, a soldier pushed a pistol in his face for two hours at close range as they questioned him and checked via the army computer. Eventually as he progressed, he was given a code number on the computer, which he quoted on arrival at each checkpoint. His arrival began to be anticipated at each crossing point.

He documented the entire experience, which was exhibited, along with previous work at the Berlin Wall and on an island wild-life sanctuary on Mauritius, under the title of *Incidents of an Odyssey* at the Bluecoat Gallery in Liverpool. In challenging a sophisticated military surveillance system in this way, the artist, detached but at the same time involved, gained experience of this abstract, politically applied, border that could not be conveyed by methods of conventional reportage.



At the border Kerry Trengrove



Along the Leylines

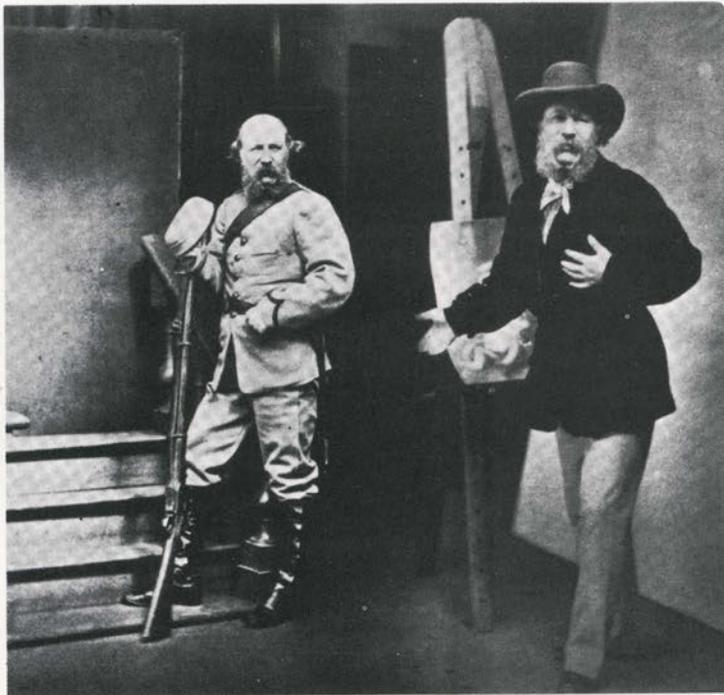
A similar idea, but set in a more accessible mode, was carried out by the Welfare State Group, 'engineers of the imagination', in the early seventies. The parallel was the following of leylines, said to be lines of mystical force merging such sacred centres as Glastonbury. Welfare State followed one of these leylines along SW England for a month during *The Travels of Lancelot Quail* in 1972. A mobile village of artists and performers travelled south from Glastonbury performing at important points in the landscape until they reached St Michael's Mount near Penzance. Down the leyline the events of Quail's life unfolded as he travelled with his fool companion. Processions, street shows, fire sculptures and various spectacles culminated in a journey out to a waiting submarine at sea. A legend was told and a legend created. Holiday travellers in their cars on the A 361 across Sedgemoor caught glimpses of the Hero and the Fool playing to them as they sped past. Welfare State claim that their performance journey was watched by over 6000 people encountered en route.

Horse Power

The mechanics of travel used in making a journey can be utilised as part of the artist's or performer's idea. Welfare State's SW journey was seen by them as a mobile village, an archetype of nomadic strangers travelling to escape from an alien land with their lorries and caravans. The approach to the methods used in travelling en route and their relation ideas being created causes Horse and Bamboo (see PERFORMANCE 21) to shun the truck and van. This performance company reach their audience by horse and cart. As Bob Frith points out, travelling this way is not a romantic ideal. 'It simply works incredibly well. This summer the company have been in better spirits from travelling by horse and cart than from travelling around in lorries. It's far more pleasant and an awful lot cheaper'. But the horses and carts are not just for benefit of the performers. 'There seems to be something very deep in British people that reacts to animals.', Frith went on to add. They had noted how people stopped and talked to them about the horses and the company's theatre show.

This summer Horse and Bamboo are making a 300 mile journey down NE Britain from Fife to Durham, performing in a marquee at each location. They build up audiences in the villages and towns with street appearances. The current work *Needle In A Candle Flame* mirrors the company's use of the journey. Both the story told and the method used to tell it take the public on a small journey. It tells of the journey of a man who, following his death, travels to a land of women. He experiences a series of revelations about the nature of women which leads to his transformation.

The show is both complex and simple in the images it uses and in the ways they are presented. The audience are moved around the space in an analogy of the journey, undergoing several visual experience. In a further outward analogy, Horse and Bamboo move on to the next stopping place.



The Grand Gesture

The journey means many things, to the artist and the public. It is a powerful image and concept, and in all the projects and performances there is an overall impression that such journeys attract wide public attention and inspire the artists. The public imagination can easily turn an event into an Art Legend.

But the journey is also an expression of the artist's life, a progression of events, influences, risks taken, crises and achievements. Mirrored in the mechanics of making the trip is an idea of life itself. There is a parallel to a religious quest for the ideal and perfect understanding of life, the Holy Grail. At the same time as being a physical journey of investigation and presentation, there is an inner mental journey which the artist turns outwards on the world.

Countless factors, in fact draw the questioning artist to this form of work. The pace of the passing landscape, the beginning and end of the journey, the points of reference along its progress. Planning and conceiving it, sustaining risks to personal security and reputation. A mode of performance which turns the act into a monument, an epic, maybe even a folly. The Grand Gesture. One Small Step. Because it Was There.

Robin Morley

High Kemp

After years of exile on the international performance circuit, Lindsey Kemp, child of the decadent sixties and purveyor of passionate kitsch returns for a short season at Sadlers Wells. In a rare interview, we talk about his life, loves and obsessions.

‘ . . . the blood and sand . . . the emotion, the passion that have given birth to this extraordinary culture which Spain has and England has not.’

Steve Rogers: *One of the things I really have to ask you is, why don't you live in England any more? What made you decide to leave?*

Lindsay Kemp: Well it wasn't a conscious decision, you know. I mean, we were doing extremely well in England. *Salome* lasted for months at the Roundhouse. And I took over the Broadway Theatre, Kilburn, which was going to be the company's space, and I'm afraid we lost a fabulous amount of money...I didn't escape from the country... but, I mean the company was absolutely broke, and we didn't have any more work in the country, even after that tremendous season. Then I got a call, right out of the blue, inviting the company to come to Spain, to Barcelona. That was six years ago, wasn't it? And I had always wanted to come to Spain. I'd always been very influenced by Spanish culture, Spanish painting. I always felt rather Spanish, though I'd never actually been here. And of course the moment I came, we fell in love, Spain and I. The Spanish public were so fabulously enthusiastic, and also the bank here was very enthusiastic, and we were given quite a lot of sponsorship over the years. And the public never saw my work as what some of the critics thought of as pretentious. Because my work is very much into the, the blood and sand anyway, the passion, which was something they identified with.

That was something which very much affected me, when you were at the Roundhouse, because I'd just been reading Lorca, which is a very strange coincidence, you talking about Spain and passion. You say you'd been influenced by it, was it anything in particular?

I suppose it was the colour. And by colour, I mean the outward sign of emotion. It was the colour we hear in Manuel de Freya's music, and the colour in the paintings of Picasso and Miro, and of course the colour of Flamenco. It was the emotion, the passions that of course have given birth to this extraordinary culture which Spain has and which England doesn't have. And of course Garcia Lorca, *Cruel Garden* was a ballet I made before I moved to Spain. I was very familiar through my dreams, in my own heart, and through the work of my favourite Spanish artists. So I didn't come to Spain as a foreigner.

Had you never visited Spain before you did Cruel Garden?

No.

Oh I see, so it was completely from your imagination. That's very interesting, because it certainly did seem very Mediterranean. Presumably the fact that you stayed there six years means that Spain was everything you thought it was going to be.

Well unfortunately not. Being a poet—often we're a bit blinkered. I always imagine everything to be more romantic than I expect, and even though Garcia Lorca had warned me, and god knows Picasso with *Guernica* had warned me, I wasn't prepared for the poverty, for the disaster that had happened to Spain, for the destruction of much of Spain by Franco. I thought they'd still be dancing in the streets with castanets—I had forgotten that the Gypsies who danced with castanets in the streets, during Franco's reign of terror had had their hands chopped off. So I found Spain largely a nation of armless dancers. And of course so much has been stifled in Spanish life. And when I came here with *Flowers* again there was another coincidence. The veils that we lift the Spanish took rather symbolically to be the veils I was lifting off art and life in Spain.

In the last three or four years, have you seen Spain changing?

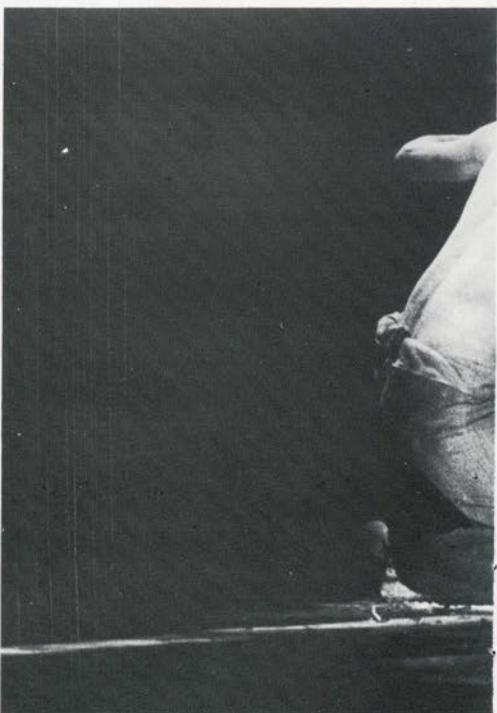
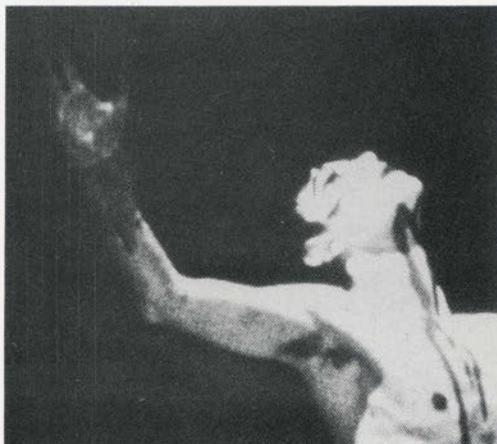
Well, yes, it's trying to get itself together again. But unfortunately a lot of the new Spanish don't remember the great days of Spain. Much of its culture has perished. I'm finding myself having to remind many of the Spanish to dance again, to dance the way they used to dance, and to live the way they used to. But even so, it has nothing of the repression of England.

**‘I went almost unrecognised up and down the King's Road’
Is that why you haven't been back?**

Is that why you haven't been back for six years?

Hullo? Oh-oh. I shouldn't have mentioned that...

Well I was obviously going to ask you that. Is that why you haven't been back? I mean, is there something about England...?



No, I haven't been asked back! For one thing, I didn't deliberately stay away. I mean, I tried to come back. For me the few visits when I did come back—what I shall them, private visits—I went almost unrecognised up and down the Kings Road. Those that did see me saw me only from one eye, thinking that I was a ghost. I'm sure everyone thought that I'd perished over the seas. Rather like my famous ancestor, William Kemp, who after his enormous success with his Seven Days Wonder from London to...well he tried dancing over the Alps, and of course was never seen again.

Is that what people thought had happened to you?

He headed to Europe for the same reasons, to find the heart of the theatre. I was always attracted to Spain and to Italy because I knew that the heart of the theatre was there, the Commedia D'ell Arte...

I obviously want to pick you up about England. You said that you found England more repressed than Spain. In what ways do you find this, because surely England is a more liberal country, politically.

Yes politicalLy it's more liberal, but I suppose I mean emotionally. The British people, we know are more repressed than Latin people. There's a terrible repression, very often a self-imposed repression on emotion...for the sake of comfort. You know, since childhood we're encouraged to stifle our emotions. In fact in most of us our emotions are stifled by force. And then everybody I know, every artist in England feels that you have to struggle to develop as an artist, as a performer.

Do you also mean that England is repressed sexually as well? Because, you know, so often people talk about your work in phrases such as orgiastic, and dionysian—those kind of words—that its very erotic. Is that also how you see the repression of England?

Well the English, of course, aren't repressed in private, it's only in public they're so repressed. I mean, sexually I don't think they're repressed, and certainly once they were in the theatre, and under my power, of course they abandoned themselves. But the people who come to the theatre are anyway considerably less repressed than the others who don't come. I mean I'm not speaking about them all...there are a lot of wildly abandoned people who don't go to the theatre because they find it too boring. I mean a lot of people are too afraid to set foot inside a theatre because they're thinking it's too elitist.



'I've had to fight for quite some time to get rid of some of those labels of "Gay Theatre", and "Transvestite Ballet"'

Do you also see your work as having deliberate sexual politics in it, in being very orgiastic?

No, it really isn't deliberately anything, you know. It's really the way that I am, and the way that I express myself. I find it as difficult to explain why I make a certain gesture using a certain colour in the same way as a painter might. In fact some painters find it considerably easier to talk about it than a sculptor might or a dancer might. Nothing whatever that I do is deliberate...yes it is but so much of it...you know, and even in Spain I find I can speak very freely. In England if I talk about when I dance—this is a quotation from Lorca—'I allow my heart to escape, my heart to escape through my fingertips and through my eyelids', you know I empty myself when I prepare work, I empty myself when I'm on the stage. You know what I mean? I don't sit down and think, well there are certain things that have to be said and I'm the one that has to say it. I'm simply a dancer, but a true dancer, and what I dance is not only with my body but my voice and my coloured lights and my companions.

Curiously enough, Sadlers Wells say in their programme, 'Probably not suitable for children.'

I know, I made a fuss about that.

What does that mean exactly?

Everything I do is fabulously suitable for children. The important thing is to get the children into the theatre. Frequently their parents might think that what I do is not suitable for children, but the children themselves, of course, have none of the hang-ups that their parents or their teachers have. They don't think of my work as perverse, I mean the children aren't upset by nudity, for instance, or boys kissing.

Is that what Sadlers Wells think is 'probably not suitable'?

Well I suppose it's my reputation that they think is probably not suitable for children. (laughter)

Yes, exactly, you're obviously coming to London riding on that reputation.

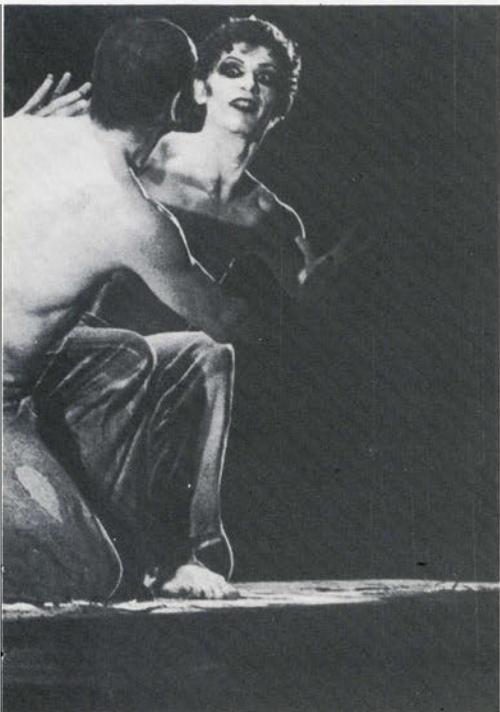
I know. Wherever did I get such a reputation?

I always thought reputations like that were carefully studied.

Well mine wasn't. And it's not so difficult, anyway, to get such a reputation. I don't regret it at all, but I mean I've had to fight for quite some time to get rid of some of those labels of 'Gay Theatre', and 'Transvestite Ballet'. After some of the reviews, it sounded as if we were some kind of Trocadero ballet. Which I like, but we're obviously nothing like that at all.

But your work obviously does appeal to gay people. Do you like the fact that it...

Well of course I do. But I'm really very glad that it appeals to children and their grandparents as well. It's important that it appeals to as many people as it does appeal to.



Nijmsky the Fool

Alberto Muciccia



It was just like Charlie Chaplin in his period appealed as much to gays as he did to straights and so on. And even like since, with Judys and Marlenes and everyone. I mean, it appeals to a lot of heterosexuals as well. I'm very glad that as many people understand much of what I do. And maybe gays do understand what I do more clearly than heterosexuals, but then I want heterosexuals to understand as well, you see. This is why I'm very glad that everyone comes to see me. Marcel Marceau was rather envious of the audiences. He said, 'how do you get so many young people in?' Well, I'm very glad that I do. Because they're the most important people, but then I love their parents as well. I mean it's really popular entertainment. And then I had a reputation in some places as being elite. I mean I was either cast as a tarty drag show, or something that was very arty and elite. They put a lot of labels on me in England which they haven't done since. Except in Australia, of course. It was never my intention to be shocking, but to be astonishing. And I do want to astonish the public, to thrill them. To take their breath away.

'Ever since being a child I wanted to fly. And like Peter Pan, I'm still flying'



I think you're going to like *A Midsummer Nights Dream*. For so long my kisses have been...returning to my love affair with the public...my kisses have rather had a taste of the decadence of blood, and I really want to bring the British public this time kisses that taste of honey. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is the most magical of all the plays, and magic for me is the all-important ingredient.

Is the magic more attractive than the story?

Yes, I'm not really interested in stories. It's the images, and the kings and queens, and the fairies, and the storms and the spells and the flying, and all the colours and the passion and the emotion. Of course I do a lot of flying. Usually I have six men to pull the rope. But in Germany I had just a man to press the button. One man. And off I went...whoof! Ever since being a child I wanted to fly. And like Peter Pan I'm still flying.

And six men are preferable to a button

Oh much more preferable!

How do you start working the pieces?

I start a piece rather like a composer plays music. I sit down and allow the ideas to flow. To flow out on paper, in rough notes.

But you don't set out with a fixed idea of what you want to end up with. It's more organic is it?

Yes, I really let it pour out. Just like a child who dances to itself in front of a gramophone, not quite sure what its dance is going to be about.

Does tightening up a structure happen through performance?

Yes, I've never finished anything yet. Everything that I do is a work in progress. That's the way I like it. I've never been satisfied with anything I've done. Every thing I do is constantly reworked and re-rehearsed and relit, and we frequently start all over again. Which is why I couldn't come to London last week...I decided to start on *Nijinsky* all over again.

And that's to be finished by next week?

Yes, well it's meant to be in Caracas on Wednesday.

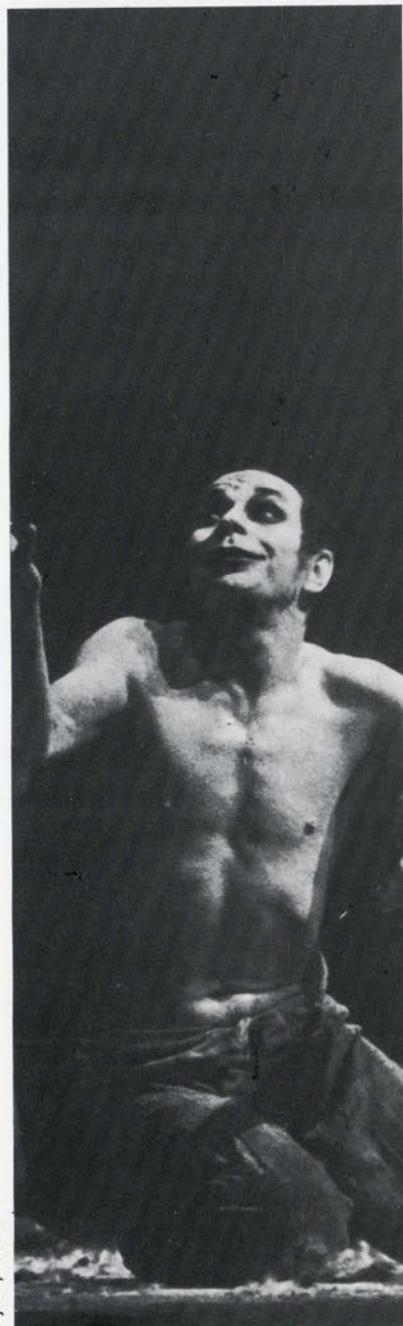
Do you always work to those kind of deadlines?

Well we have no choice, we're a circus, you know! Because we don't have any subsidies or anything. Occasionally we're given the money to do a new production...this is of course another reason why I've stayed over here. Because the banks of Spain gave me money for a couple of productions, and exhibitions and happenings and events and workshops and summer schools. They're all the things that I was never given any money for in England. I don't blame the English for it because I knew that they didn't have any money. I needed to do something other than *Flowers* when I left England. And Spain was the first to give me money. There was interest in England, but no-one could raise the money to bring us, or else no-one had the courage. If they had the courage then they didn't have the money—if they had the money, as you well know, they didn't bloody have the courage.

'Then they thought maybe I was a performance artist. And then of course... there was nothing at all for performance artists'

Do you think it's because in the dance world you are very much an outsider?

I don't feel an outsider anywhere at all, you know, which is also why I'm perfectly happy in Spain and Italy. Like I said, I arrived as a native. I feel equally as happy among dancers as I do among actors or painters or people in the bar down the street. I have the ability to feel at home amongst anyone. Of course whenever I went to the Arts Council to apply for a grant for dance they referred me to the drama department and of course the drama department referred me to the dance department. And what was worst of all



Nijinsky the Fool

Alberto Muccia

was that they'd always top it off by saying 'Oh, but he's a mime, isn't he? The one thing I didn't want to be was a *mime* !

So you really don't think your work is mime?

No. I use elements of mime, and I use the technique of mime but I do...you know, from Busby Berkeley movies...I'm a magpie!

It's a familiar story, actually. Then they thought maybe I was a performance artist. And then of course...there was nothing at all for performance artists! But in later years, they said, 'Oh well, you're doing very well without us anyway and you're not really an English company, are you?' That was the last letter I got. Not really an English company? They persist in billing me as an English company. And of course I don't feel like an English company, just a company. Most of the company aren't English any more. I mean, I've collected a fabulous company, from Japan, Germany, Chile, everywhere. So now with a company of 25 people we now have 19 nationalities.

How do you see your work as it relates to the dance world in London and New York, and the debates that are going on there? Your work, six years ago, did seem to be not part of that mainstream.

No, it's not part of the mainstream, but it's still a movement which has its roots in modern dance. I studied in New York with Charles Weissman, and much of what I do I owe to him. They said the same thing about him, that you don't really belong anywhere. And there have been other companies since, where people have said, that's not dance, they talk. And they even said that about Roland Petit when he first came to London—It's not really ballet, it's someone smoking a cigarette, and so on. It's not pure dance, but it's everything that the theatre is. I never restricted myself to dance as the word is used today. I always use dance in its original sense, to express oneself with all one's senses.

Your work with Derek Jarman, Ken Russell, David Bowie, they're all very different sides...

Oh, you know all about me do you?. That's nice. (laughter) Staying away for six years I was sure I'd be quite forgotten!

But what's interesting about that little list is that they're all interested in some way in realising perhaps a sort of fantasy of life, emotions, and people's fantasies. Is that why you're attracted to them, and also why you're attractive to such huge audiences? Do you think that's part of the appeal of your work? That you're visualising people's fantasies?

Yes, it's in the realms of things that aren't to be spoken about. If I'm having an enormous success here, I'm touching wood like crazy, I'm never quite sure which is dream and which is reality. Because like the people that you mention, I do find myself moving between one role and the other. But my theatre has no boundaries, which is also why it is confusing for me, my platform is anywhere where I can touch people, where I can reach people's hearts. I have a need to play to large audiences because I want to affect as many people as possible. I'd like to do more movies, because they reach more people. I'd like to make more people smile. But people say to me, smile? *Salome* didn't make many people smile, *Flowers* didn't make many people smile. Of course I mean, to bring beauty, to bring joy.

What work do you admire now. What are your main influences?

The companies that are my friends, the people who I'm always with at world theatre festivals. The Japanese group Sankai Juku, Kantor and Pina Bausch.

Kantor and Pina Bausch? That's obviously very interesting.

A lot of people think I've influenced their work. Well Pina's anyway. We have an exchange of artists. I've inherited some of Pina's Bausch's dancers.

So the Lindsey Kemp company is now really an international company. Do you still feel British underneath it all? I never did feel British. I've always felt that I belonged everywhere. That's why it's not so difficult for me to make Spanish gestures, and god knows, oriental ones. In fact they come more naturally to me than English gestures.

What are English gestures?

Well, they don't have any, do they?

'My mother was terribly pleased, so were the neighbours, to see this three-year-old protege dancing on the kitchen table . . . when I was eighteen she was rather worried about it.'

That brings me to what I wanted to ask you. How did you start working, and where?

Well, I was born in Liverpool. As a child I did of course go to tap dancing lessons. My mother was terribly pleased, so were the neighbours, to see this three-year-old protege dancing on the kitchen table. Well, my dear, when I was still tap-dancing on the kitchen table when I was eighteen she was rather worried about it. (laughter) It didn't seem quite the thing for an eighteen-year-old nautical cadet to do. And I'd become a nautical cadet because by the age of nine my mother was getting rather nervous about my obsession with dance. And with the dance not only on the stage, but on the street, in the classroom and in the playground. And of course I was brought up first in Liverpool and then in South Shields, in extremely rough neighbourhoods. People always asked, 'how could you survive'? But you know, I survived rather like Sheherazade survived. I was



Alberto Muciccia

A Midsummer's Night's Dream



Nijinsky the Fool

obliged to dance in order to survive. As I do now. I dance because I love it, but I dance also as a means of survival. I was sent to a boarding school to have all that nonsense knocked out of me, the Royal Nautical College where I was expected to follow my father's footsteps. And of course instead of knocking it out of my head, in order to survive, in order to stave off the blows, I really had to develop my art as an entertainer. They tried to stop me from dancing. So I was obliged to take dancing lessons in secret for a long time. And that's where I really began to learn my craft, which together with my own improvisation, and my own cabaret, after school and after a couple of years in the Air Force, took me into cabaret clubs in the North of England. Where also, in order to survive, to stave off the blows, or the beer glasses...the shows were basically strip-tease dancers. The men were there for the strippers and not me, you know, in my pink tights...but I had to make them want me and love me and applaud me and hopefully buy me drinks afterwards. I wanted to become part of their family, and I did, and my technique developed immensely in those Northern working mens clubs.

'I'd found the right place to be, and I wasn't sandwiched between striptease artists and wrestlers'



I formed a group called the Trio Linzi, and we came to the continent for the first time. I came to Brussels, and it was in Brussels that I performed in more sophisticated night clubs, clubs which never existed in England. And I was able to be even more myself with my performances. And yes, I started to get sophisticated. I did shows with Marlene Dietrich, I was part of her show, and saw Marcel Marceau for the first time. I began to see things in European theatre, like Roland Petit, which changed my life. I came back to London in 1964 and immediately formed the first Lindsay Kemp dance company which appeared at what used to be the Little Theatre club in St Martins Lane... we were paid ten shillings a week!

And it grew from there.

They liked me a lot in the Northern clubs, you know, but somehow I found that when I began to appear in the clubs in Berlin and Paris, I'd found the right place to be, and I wasn't sandwiched between striptease dancers and wrestlers.

It sounds as if you would have every reason to resent the English.

No, but I absolutely don't. I'm not mad about Mrs T. or her government, or about the horrendous cuts to the arts. It's just a pity they don't understand the importance of art, where of course they do here. The Government here do know that spending money on art isn't just spending money on pictures people might hang on their walls, but much more. The awareness of life, the joy of life, the celebration of life. Heavens, art *is* life. But the Arts Council didn't encourage me, let alone give me money. They say they now don't consider me a British company—they drove me out of the country!

Hyping the Avant Garde

The Festival season is just winding to a halt, and in this special supplement we look at three with an international outlook, the Avignon festival in France, London's LIFT festival, and the 'intercultural' music and dance festival, WOMAD. First, though, we take a critical look at the festival concept:



Urban Sax

FESTIVALS BRING the publicity machines out in full swing. Racing away in top gear, they pour enthusiastic press releases down the hungry throats of that twin-headed monster, the press and television. Machine and monster form an unholy alliance as one feeds the other in a gigantic game of Chinese whispers. But there's a slight problem. How can you give a hard edge to traditionally 'soft' arts news stories? More and more, publicist and pundit are reaching for that discredited tool of the rock press and are applying a hefty dose of hype to beef up their copy.

Not that the hyperbole is in itself wrong. Fowler's *Modern English Usage* sniffily admits it as acceptable but only when used for emphasis and not deception. But as the tempting possibility of the former over-reaches itself and degenerates into the latter, a few groups are being hoisted with the petards of their own extravagant publicity. A major casualty of expectation unmatched by performance has been the Urban Sax event at Covent Garden to launch LIFT '83. Mainly inaudible, visually corny, they proved a major disappointment exacerbated by their own sensationalism.

But everything has its place and the hype is completely at home in the frothy illusionism of show business. But something's really not quite right when the rah-rahing and tub-thumping of showbiz frames purportedly radical work. The blurb is as much a part of the context in which an event happens as the physical environment or the social grouping of the public. It's almost certainly the first element that the spectator encounters during the process of perceiving an event and if that's not true, the whole context

can be badly marred.

Unfortunately any appeal to such a casualty-prone quality as truthfulness ends up by begging the question. For if any objective criterion did independently exist, it would dissipate the publicity machines, critics and pundits overnight, their roles as arbiters of public taste supplanted by a totally objective evaluation.

But in the ultra-subjective world of performance, who legitimately wields a notion of objectivity? Is it the critics? The national press seems totally out of its depth when reviewing experimental work, as a recent, well-disposed, but ludicrous evaluation of Impact Theatre Co-operative by Robert Hewison in the *Sunday Times* showed. Is it the punters, voicing their belief by their numbers in attendance? Maybe, but that too might be the product of the aforesaid hype. Magazines such as this? Possibly, but in the end all writers, even the well-informed have tastes and notions that are impossible to escape.

So with the field wide open, the self-awarded accolade and the extravagant statement would seem to have as much legitimacy as any other. Nevertheless, why are they on the increase? What are the pressures inducing elevated profiles and inflated presentations? It could be as simple as this. In the present competition for subsidy and venues, there is a pressing need to acquire or to simply manufacture the cachet, kudos, prestige, or anything that will broadcast an artist or company's worth to two agencies—the funding bodies and the bookers.

And now there's a third agency on the horizon. As was pointed out recently of

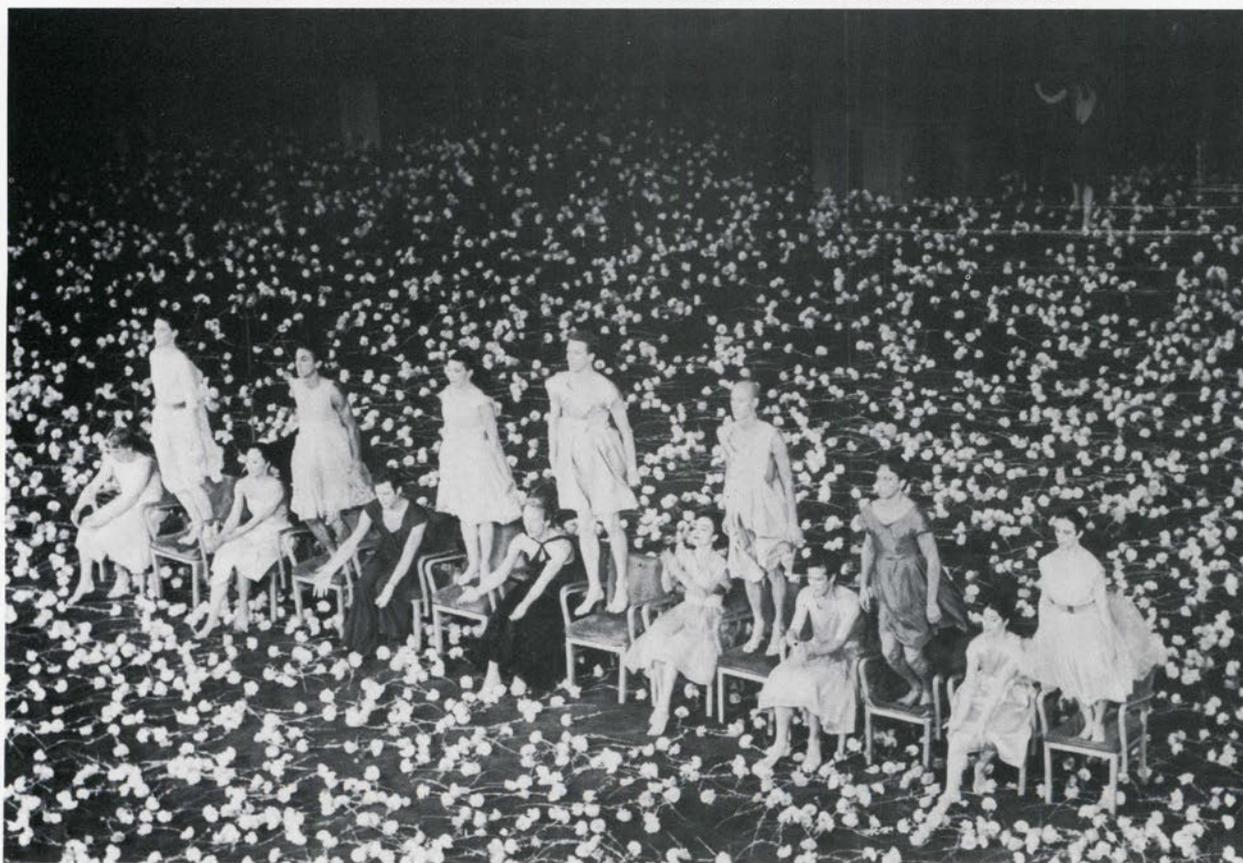
the Edinburgh Festival, there's now big money to be made by the talent scouts and 'radical' entrepreneurs who scour the alternative/fringe scenes hoovering up talent for TV, other festivals and more established and lucrative auditoria. The resulting exploitation, (not necessarily financial) packaging and marketing probably isn't at all painful. Good money, picture in the papers, late night telly spots—it could be worse. But all these things are subtly corrupting, imposing sly constraints and gradually weaning the artists away from the situations that gave them the vigour in the first place.

And so, as the promoters, agents and impresarios close their establishment grip around another batch of performers with a view to tidying them up into 'acts' it would be more pleasantly honest if they would tactfully remember to delete such tags as radical and alternative from their protege's blurbs.

But in the end, isn't any publicity good publicity? Doesn't the end justify the means if thousands of people, who would have never otherwise done so, can be persuaded to turn up for an avant-garde music event by fifty French saxophonists? As the crowds streamed away in disappointment at the inaudibility and low interest of Urban Sax, it did seem that there was a worse charge to answer. As the hype exceeded the event, the effect was to betray everyone who performs and work-sin performance. The result is to reinforce popular prejudice that at best this sort of thing is a student prank, at worst narcissistic indulgence. Whereas it is the most potent and potentially popular art form available.

Phil Hyde

'Beautiful Images, But What Does it Mean?'



Pina Bausch's Tanzabend

Yocluse Martin

AVIGNON IS LIKE a medieval walled city basking in a curve of the Rhone in a landscape like crumpled brown paper. It is famous for a rather disappointing broken bridge, and also for the International Festival of Theatre which fills the town every July and August with over fifty invited companies. There are also about 200 fringe events called 'Off Off' crammed into the cafes and backstreet venues. The central Place D'Horloge seethes with the inevitable hordes of buskers, clowns, cafe tables beneath the plane trees, and this year, a sleek Greek family act which includes a leopard and a stuffed bear. Jean Vilar founded the festival in 1947. He initiated the policy of inviting controversial or unknown new work to Avignon in a deliberate effort to decentralise culture from Paris and make avant-garde work available to younger or non-theatre-goers. Paul Paux took over as director after Vilar's death in 1971. Paux broadened the programme to include foreign work such as Robert Wilson's *Einstein On The Beach*, Merce Cunningham, Pina Bausch and the Khatkali dancers from India.

Bernard Faivre D'Arcier became director in 1979 and shifted the emphasis

further towards interdisciplinary work. This year's programme included video exhibitions, new film, a show devised by jewellery and costume designers, and theatre that was as much music, dance or performance art as word based. Faivre D'Arcier is as much concerned with generating creativity as showing new work. He hates categorising—he won't use the term avant-garde. 'I look for what is simply real, actual, about living in 1983', he explains.

The success of the festival can be gauged by the audiences. Over 100,000 people came, a young international audience whose interests were as much new music or new technology as performing arts. Faivre D'Arcier seems to be genuinely popularising work which is all too often seen by minority audiences because of its incomprehensible, avant-garde image. Companies such as Radeis from Belgium found themselves in a considerably bigger venue with better facilities than they have ever had in their own country. This is partly due to the unsuitability of European venues for performance, being venues of 'prestige', designed for conventional work. At Avignon none of the invited companies were earmarked 'fringe' as

they might be in their own country. This made a crucial difference to the way audiences responded, and their numbers. The informal and egalitarian atmosphere of Avignon also meant that arts workers could compare notes on working conditions and funding, as well as aesthetic and artistic differences between countries.

Main events play in the Palais des Papes—the thirteenth century chateau which dominates the city, walls the colour of baked bread rising thirty metres, enclosing a courtyard which holds 3500 spectators and a stage the size of a small field. Events started after 10 PM when a big array of lights make the walls glow ochre against the starry night sky.

Performers are encouraged to visit the Palais before the festival so as to devise work to fit the space. Not everyone managed it. A production of *Les Derniers Jours del la Peste* by Theatre National de Strasbourg attempted to evoke Defoe's London. They ran to and fro like mice, lost against the towering ramparts. A few fireworks were not enough to fill the immense height.

On the other hand *Les Cephides* by the Centre Dramatique National des Alpes, from Grenoble, succeeded with spectacu-

lar tableaux of grey, black and white figures. Huge shadows were flung against the back wall. An orchestral sense of design was used in the placing of figures—a row of mafiosi, like vultures, upstage, a beautiful girl in a wheelchair pushed slowly across the stage in an arc to a blind man in a white light sitting by a trapdoor.

Film Noir with bursts of violin music and philosophical monologues switched suddenly into a pastiche of eighteenth century comic opera. A love duet paralleled the violent relationship of the twentieth century characters. Two devils seemed to be having matrimonial problems too, and kept popping up from a red chasm. Hell opened and a screen edged with bulbs rose up. A short film of Parisian streets was projected. No-one knew why, but it was obviously about the meaning of life. The writer of the piece, Jean Christophe Bailly, is better known as a philosopher.

'Beautiful images, but what does it mean?' was the reaction of exasperated critics, whose intense analyses in the daily papers flapped from the notice boards in the Festival Garden.

Tucked behind the castle walls, the Garden provided an informal meeting place for press and performers. The intimate scale of the festival, encourages a genuine exchange of ideas, rather than theatre gossip and peacock behaviour.

An ambience of holiday, the influence of wine and the intense heat prevailed over intellectual discussions to define 'La drame'. Even so, critics at Pina Bausch's press conference got very hot over the endless, unanswerable, and pointless question of whether her work is theatre or dance. The argument raged on for days. The pieces of newsprint multiplied on the press notice boards. Pina Bausch smiled

gracefully and said nothing. She looks like a Botticelli Madonna, a little surprised to be so much acclaimed, dark hair scraped back from a thin, pale face that expresses deep tranquility.

Like everyone else in search of Pina Bausch's secret, I queued up to see a film of her at work in Wuppertal. Shots of a bleak, concrete shopping centre, children on waste ground and women leaving a steel works interspersed with the company playing games, laughing and talking, told us absolutely nothing. It could have been any company rehearsing. The dialogue was in German, which prevented most of us from understanding any Great Truths that might have slipped in.

The point is that Pina Bausch does not employ any startlingly different methods, she simply does it very well. She makes statements through exquisitely beautiful images and a company who work together with total emotional trust and synchronised choreographic familiarity through having lived and worked together for ten years. What is arresting and moving is that Pina Bausch is not afraid to be very personal. A Japanese girl standing alone, reading a letter from home to an auditorium of three and a half thousand holds our attention because it is vulnerable and brave: prepared to rely on nothing more technically complicated than the resources of single human performers. The emotional openness of the company makes a plea for participation from the audience, which is why the shows are very involving.

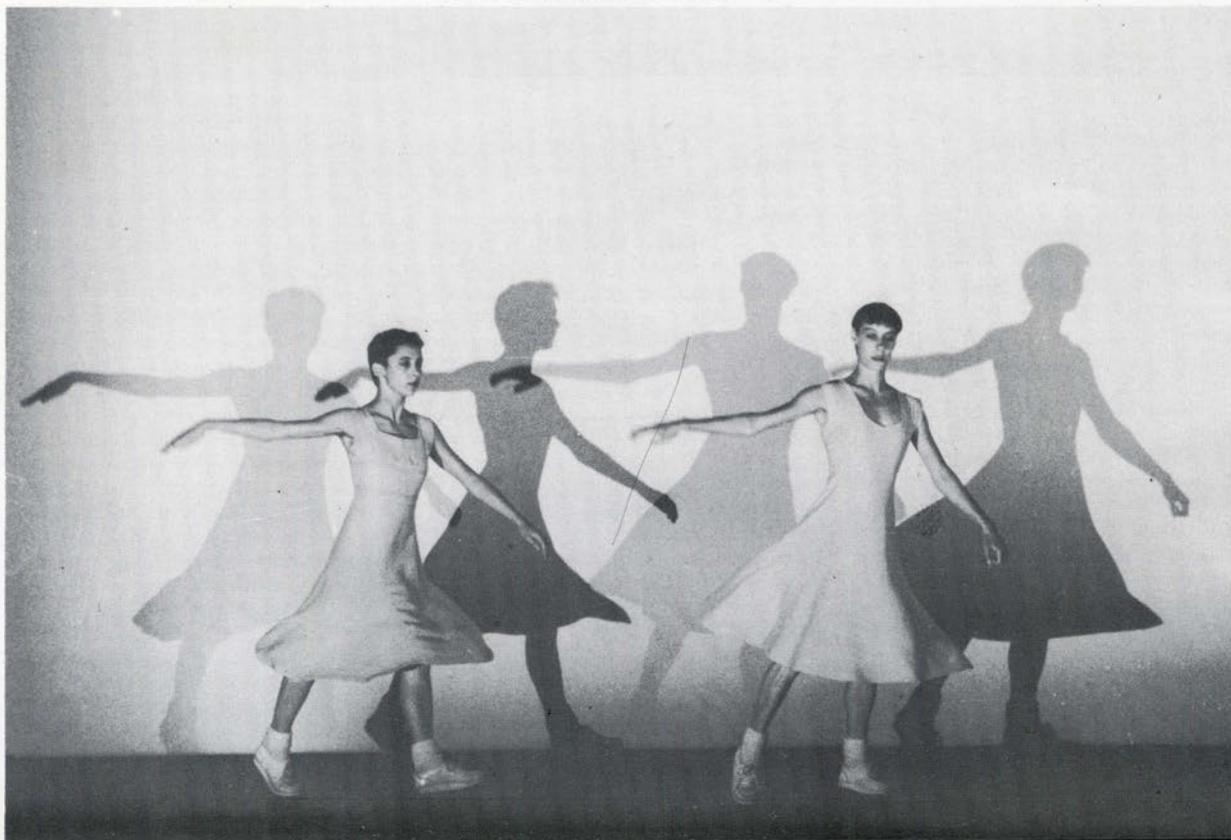
There were two Pina Bausch works at Avignon—*Walzer* (1982) and *Tanzabend* (1983). The performance convention was essentially one person speaking to an audience whether it was Pina Bausch's message said through choreographic im-

ages or a member of the company telling a joke, a memory, a fear or simply dancing. The personal triggers off the political or social comment—scenes are given resonance beyond their stage reality by referring to social mythology such as a Piaf song or Gatsby era costume.

Walzer took place on the bare stage of the Palais de Papes, edged with chairs like a dance hall. The show explored societies on the brink of destruction who refuse to take emotional responsibility—and by analogy, ourselves on the edge of apocalypse. Men in black tails and women in evening dress evoked the Titanic, *fin de siècle* Europe or even New Romantics at a ball. The party crowd surged back and forward in formations that evoked a flock of birds, regiments of soldiers or a fleet of ships. Grinning manically and clapping they played again with the names of places involved with war—Auschwitz, Vietnam, Poland, Afganistan—voices and laughter accelerating as they approached modern times. The recurring dialectic was the 'civilised' mannerisms of men and women in formal dress and moments of animal panic, running, people writhing and falling one by one like flies to waltz music—nightmares or subconscious fears enacted. It finished with the first moments of a baby's life projected on a huge screen while the cast lay curled in pairs on the floor, stroking one another. A utopian sense of peace and the possibilities of human love—and perhaps of theatre communication—hushed the audience for a few moments before they broke into waves of applause.

For *Tanzabend* the entire arena of the Palais des papes was filled with pink and white carnations which trembled slightly in the breeze. The bric-a-brac of dreams, childhood memories and fairytale ro-

Anna Teresa de Keersmaecker's *Fase*



Pina Bausch's *Tanzabend*

mances recurred again and again, only for the illusion to be broken by cruelty or violence, Pina Bausch gently satirising the self-deceptions we all indulge in. Girls chased a man through a field of flowers, laughing and flirtatious, then suddenly savaged him, like dogs. Men in women's ballgowns sprang through the flowers like rabbits, chased by a man with real alsatians slaving on their leashes. It was funny and horrible. One of the men was caught and asked for his passport. The scene changed to an interrogation session—serious, static and decidedly unfunny. Persecution was a recurrent theme in *Tanzabend*.

Repeated visual motifs provided the structure: playing grandmother's footsteps, dressed in wilting ballgowns like children raiding the dressing-up box, or an emaciated naked girl carrying an accordion, walking slowly through the carnations. Like dreams or memories, the

colours and light were unnaturally bright, the objects or actions everyday ones which became symbolic or surreal being juxtaposed out of normal time or place.

But there was no sense of these people being in danger or in the present. Real, physical danger was provided by external elements—the dogs, or four stuntmen who fought in the flowers or scaled twenty metres up the back wall to jump into a pile of cardboard boxes waiting below, while the dancers carried out their can-can, oblivious. This is why, ultimately, neither *Walzer* nor *Tanzabend* engaged me beyond an aesthetic delight. They were more reflective than of the present. They made wry, wistful comments on humanity and then were extinguished—like dreams themselves, leaving an impression of enchanting images rather than engaging with contemporary living.

It was the dance pieces of Anne Teresa de Keersmaeker which I found the most

vital and forward-looking of all the work at Avignon. Her *Fase* was in four movements, set to the music of Steve Reich. The space was bare, black with a white backdrop. The two performers wore plain grey dresses and white shoes. Simplicity of line and colour focussed our attention on their precise gestures—the dip and swing of an outstretched arm and a half turn on one foot—which were repeated unbroken for thirty minutes. It demanded intense concentration to observe the tiny flickers of development in their fingers or face muscles. Beautiful to watch and hypnotic, as human shapes became registers of light and movement, perfectly synchronised with the rise and fall of the music, light and sound and time dissolving into a rhythmic delirium until the shadows merged as one dancing figure on the back wall.

Rosas danst Rosas exemplified the use of mathematically rigorous post-modern dance as a structure through which to express emotions that are urgent and raw. It is in part an examination of rhythm—in bands of light that move across the space, systems music that ebbs and builds as the four performers move identically, almost mechanically. Simultaneously it is a subjective account of a girl waking alone, uncurling into a harsh urban environment of hard black floor and grey walls, working at a monotonous job with piston-like actions, her face showing fear, eyes glazed with isolation as the strips of light catch her momentarily, like car headlamps or street lights.

Each piece was real experience, not a stage performance. The performers started at a pitch of energy that moved through aggression through frustration to total exhaustion, until they simply stopped, or collapsed breathless. The repetition of gestures functioned as dramatic or even melodramatic indices for the expenditure of energy and emotion, the gestures becoming more desperate and stylised as time and energy ran out.

Between each movement, Anne Teresa de Keersmaeker used a different, ironic relationship with the audience, the antithesis of the emotional trance of the dance. She arranged chairs for the next piece, slowly, deliberately measuring the exact distance between each one with her foot, seating herself carefully, finally smoothing her skirt, all with an ironic awareness of the game she was playing. Instead of self-absorption, she was performing within the theatrical convention of pretence—the audience were the fourth wall of her private dance room. This is an area to be explored, as much in theatre as in dance.

Anne Teresa de Keersmaeker is establishing a new vocabulary of choreography that is of 1983—violent, youthful and energetic, but also despairing, frightened and vulnerable. Like Bernard Faivre D'Arcier's criteria she is actual, creating art that engages itself with what it is like to live in these times. I hope that Avignon will continue to expose new work like this.

Charlotte Keatley

Bohboh Lef_QPH



Tabule

AS A TOURING reflection of West African life, Tabule Theatre from Sierra Leone conjure images of street scenes, rural life, and people's relationships within them. Their performance *Bohboh Lef* (Boy Be Careful) is a musical personification of the moral conflict in West Africa between the traditional and modern. It is presented with simplicity, without a trace of pretension, and with a complete disregard for the elaborate. The minimal clay pots and plastic cups, and the traditional and modern dress are its only indulgence and enough in themselves to tell us about life's conflicts in the Tabule society.

Taking its pace from the rhythm of the drum players, the moralistic story is told through adaptations of secular and religious dance, and songs based on traditional folk tales. Ananjo, a young rebellious 'pest on society' is warned of the perils of his lack of respect for authority and age by the chorus—society's conscience. The chorus implore Ananjo to alter his ways and scorn his dreams which reach outside of village life. The pleadings of the colonial priest and the more worldly Beybi-Jo are ignored. After an entanglement with a secret society and the death of his father, he relents and is accepted into society.

The performers constantly give clues to the non-Krio speaking among the audience by accentuating facial gestures and actions. The repetition of the chorus accumulates tension until the final conflict before reconciliation.

Tabule was founded in 1968 by designer, director and performer Dele Charley. The critical commentary in the group's work

and the desire to reflect life and real problems has meant censorship and little aid from the present government. As performers they have relied on the resources of the city, and their themes are drawn from the street scenes that surround them.

A week of worker's celebrations in the '70s provided the chance for a group of women, mostly employed as street cleaners in Manley's government employment scheme, to consolidate personal experience and become *Sistren*, the first all-woman, working class theatre group in the Caribbean.

Their performances are born out of the daily struggles faced by the Jamaican working class woman. Performance for *Sistren* is foremost a social tool used ultimately for problem-solving, and theatre the vehicle for all women to state loud and clear their sufferings and desire for social change.

Self-organised workshops are the lifeline of the collective, as it is here that the living oppression of the working class woman is unfolded and translated into dramatic action. *Sistren* is naturally concerned more with participation than with its value as a passive spectator event.

All *Sistren's* major performances have evolved out of group discussion and empathy; they are dramatised documentation confronting everyday situations which have always been considered 'taboo, indecent and irrelevant'. This has given the women of *Sistren* space to stand back and relive their common experience from an analytical viewpoint. 'Drama is

not meant to be a reflection of life but a demystification of it.' 'We speak from our ghetto experiences.'

Downpression Gets a BLow dealt with women forming a union to demand their rights as garment workers, *Bellywoman* with teenage pregnancy and the realisation of womanhood, *Domestik* with the heavy domestic burden on women workers—in the market, the canefields and in the factories.

QPH, performed for LIFT, is a flashback enveloped in death tracing the lives of three Jamaican women—Queenie, Pearlie and Hopie and their road to destitution. Hopie and Pearlie's final days were spent in a decaying Kingston Alms house where they died in a fire in 1980 along with 200 other women. *QPH* is a celebratory tribute to the three women, strung together by the Jamaican death ritual *Etu*, and relived by Queenie, leader of *Etu*, from her hospital bed. The aura of death never leaves us as three coarse wooden coffins become the church pew, the market stall, the alms house bed and the court bench. The ritual table laid with white rum, Foo Foo and blood form the goat rests forever in the background.

As with any secular theatre there are codes with which the outsider will be unable to unidentify, but the struggle with Jamaican patois becomes less and less of a barrier, and even the uninitiated are aroused as the spirits of the dead are laid to rest.

Isobel Appio

Heart of the Mirror

THE MAIN PROBLEM with Cardiff Laboratory Theatre's *Heart of the Mirror* lay in the enormity of its undertaking. The project began with the company's belief in 'the possibility of a different world; where the patriarchal order which has held sway over 3000 years might be deconstructed, the feminine energy restored, and a balance reached.'

The performance itself examines methods of attaining this new order by a critical appraisal of the old one. Because the scope is three thousand years, this involves rooting up ancient myths, uncovering the whole history of female persecution and offering a critique of Freud's possible errant analysis of female psychology. Although each of these areas might make a fascinating and worthy study on its own, the interweaving of this range of material limits the development of any one line of thought and sadly results in repetitive rather than dynamic contrast.

There is simply too much to cover and although the group do not opt for a chronological record of events, the merging of historical and mythological characters in each performer confuses the issue considerably. For example, the same member of the company is called upon to

represent St Joan, a wife of Bluebeard, a contemporary student and the American visionary poet, Hilda Doolittle. It tends to look clumsy.

In order to provide some sense of continuity for the morass of events, the group do try to pinpoint the main results of their researches by fixing on two ritualistic acts which are repeated throughout the performance and epitomise the general cruelty which women have suffered at men's hands. One is the stylised representation of rape; the other is the repeated burning of women at the stake. These acts lose their impact and become boring when staged repeatedly, belying the intention behind them. A stronger effect is made by the appearance of Freud ruminating on the Nazi invasion of Vienna. He reflects sorrowfully that his books are being burnt but declares that at least his body is spared. There is a nice irony in this as it follows a witch-burning and thereby suggests a contradiction between oppressive male power inherent in Nazism and Freudianism and the injustice done to women on emotional, physical, intellectual as well as psychological levels.

It is useful to be able to consider Cardiff Laboratory's work in an international

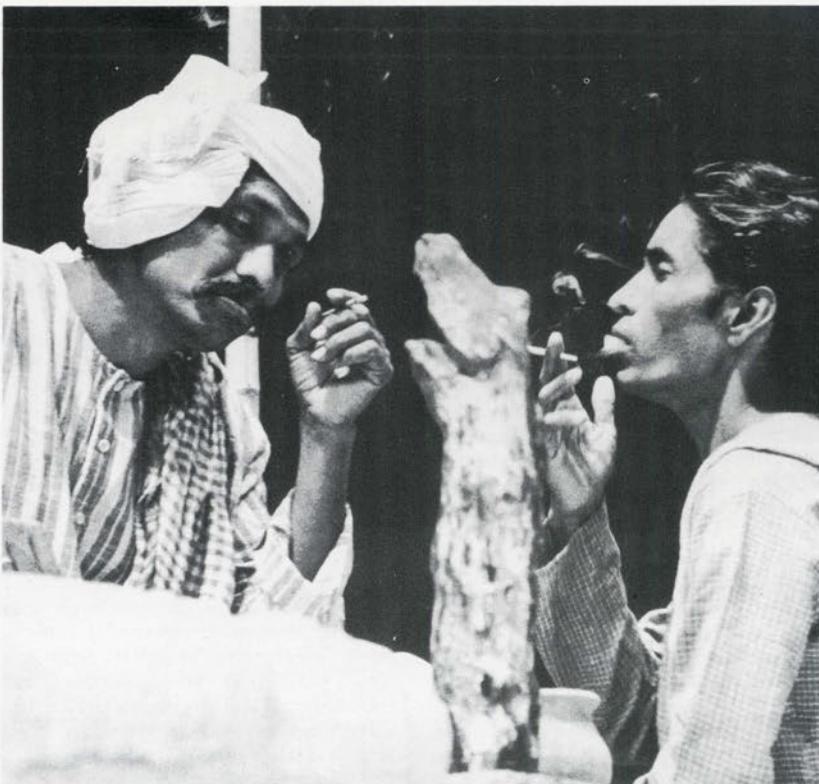
context such as at LIFT, to compare British experimental theatre with its foreign counterparts. In terms of the work being visual, the outward appearance stood the test well. Unfortunately as a piece of theatre involving more than mere visuals, *Heart of the Mirror* was disappointing. The effect was one of falling between two stools. They seem very interested indeed in producing a range of effects which are beautiful, bold and visually striking. Their attempts to create tableaux of frozen movement, aesthetically poised (as in the opening sequence where the five performers are revealed like musical angels); the use of a multi-purpose environment of grid-like simplicity and the rapid light and music changes to cause jumps of mood are all very reminiscent of *Secret Gardens*. However, they are not content to pass over meaning by concentrating on the external appearance of the piece. In order to turn their attentions to narrative and message, they move into an uneasy naturalism. The surface disintegrates and the bludgeoning message which underlies it proves inadequate to sustain a work of this length.

Anna Mosyńska

Naya Theatre

SOMETIMES A PERFORMANCE by someone whose work you have enjoyed can be a bitter disappointment—a betrayal of your expectations. And it was precisely with this feeling that I left the Naya Theatre's new production—*Bahadur Kalarin* (Bahadur the Wineseller)—which was part of LIFT '83. Not that *Bahadur Kalarin* is a particularly bad production. But having been fascinated by Naya Theatre's previous show—*Charan Das Chor* (Charan the thief)—last summer, at the Riverside Studios, I was hoping for the same magic to materialize. And as it failed to do so—I was more aware of the new production's weaknesses.

The most apparent problem here is the extent to which this production is compatible with non-Hindi-speaking audiences. It is important to expose an interested public to different cultures, and this is LIFT's invaluable main function. But in order to maintain this interest, delicate and careful choices of the imported productions should be made. The visual and gesticular levels are expected to compensate for the audience's inability to appreciate the verbal one. It is a matter of dosage and balance between the elements. Habib Tanvir, Naya Theatre's founder and director, emphasises his preference for the visual element to the textual. And yet, I



found *Bahadur Kalarin*—and particularly its first act, excessively leant on dialogue and, as a result, pretty static and slow. The other problem was a quaint feeling of inauthenticity which dimly accompanied segments of the show.

This seems rather illogical, as the Naya Theatre is comprised of tribal performers, who are active members of their native communities and villages in central India, and whose traditional skills include storytelling, singing, dancing (including dancing on stilts), and music making. However, they are treating and handling their rich folklore under the guidance and inspiration of a much more sophisticated artist—Habib Tanvir. Tanvir chooses the topic and central theme, presents it to the company with whom he then works, through improvisation, to develop the performance and reach as many rich nuances as possible. No written text is used in the process of devising and rehearsing a new work, primarily because the performers cannot read or write. Tanvir claims to 'guide the actors in what is basically their own tradition without overpowering them'. This, I feel, is where the question of 'authenticity' becomes relevant. Indeed, Tanvir *does* patronize his company, to a certain extent, emphasising his superiority in a rather subtle way. He makes a speech, in perfectly good English, before the curtain rises. He plays the role of the most powerful and sophisticated character in the show (the Raja of Gargell) and when the performance ends he physically pushes the performers forward, to take bows, according to his own code and order, while they respond, cooperating and moving like puppets or obedient children.

And being politically-orientated and erudite in such areas as Brechtian aesthetics, Freud and Socialism—he relates to his plays extra depths and reflective layers that might be originally alien to its performers. This is where Naya's production becomes distinctively Habib Tanvir's. The ideas, overall aesthetic concepts and political philosophy are very much his own, while the traditional local theatrical skills and the rich heritage of folk tales are possessed by the tribal actors. Not professional actors in the western sense—who are trained to personify any character in a sufficiently convincing manner—these tribal actors must really believe in what they are doing on stage.

Bahadur Kalarin is an incest story—a delicate subject associated with ancient taboos—and Tanvir admits that indeed in the process of working on it he was confronted with greater difficulties than in past productions in getting the performers to identify with their roles. The show itself did not present any inconvenience on the performer's part, so long as the simple, straightforward plot was followed. Tanvir heard the basic story from the elders of a small village. It is the tale of a woman wineseller who had a son who married 126 women after which he discovers his fixation with his own mother.



Naya Theatre

So she killed him and then killed herself. Tanvir uses the plot as the basis for altogether different preoccupations.

It is, for one thing, an invitation for a picturesque spectacle; a colourful fabric of Indian singing, dances, instrumental music, ornamented costumes and props, sweet, warm, shocking shades of light, wide round gestures accompanying and illustrating the performer's words, loud, rough, uncultivated voices, demonstration of popular wisdom and stock characters (such as the Witch-Doctor).

In short, much fun for the performers, much fun for their audiences. The spectators are presented with traditional ritualistic ceremonies, weddings, rice pounding and the poetic, moving and very impressive detailed requiem ceremony for the dead Raja. The corpse was laid out on an overturned bed, made with white linen, palm branches above him. Candles are lit, his sceptre laid at his side with gold and silver implements. His legitimate sons cover the body. Flowers are spread on the bed, the ritualistic dot is marked on his forehead. Incense. Lamentations. Leave-taking from the dead, and then the bed is taken out, shouldered by four men.

Such ceremonies are exotic and stimulating for the western audience but they bear a far greater importance for the Indian public, whose regeneration of knowledge and pride in cultural heritage,

Tanvir is devoted to. And on the conceptual level, the plot conveys a popular moral (water is more important than wealth, sex etc.) as well as a socio-political message (too much wealth in one family is morally and socially wrong).

Tanvir has noticed and mentioned the affinity between Brechtian and Asian approaches to performance (which is only natural, as Brecht was inspired and influenced by Asian dramatic principles and techniques). Naya Theatre's productions are epic, the musicians sit at the side, the chorus sings on behalf of the main characters when applicable, and the performers themselves clear the space of unnecessary props in full view.

Although the general style of *Bahadur Kalarin* is clearly epic (i.e. narrative poetry)—some characteristics of symbolism can be observed. The most outstanding and poetic are the opening and finale of the piece—both preoccupied with a great desire for water. The Raja, in the first act and his son, in the last, are repeating the same 'ritual'. They reach for a bucket, which is hung at head height, and then they go to draw water from the village well. The gap and difference in the atmosphere (gay and seductive in the beginning, tense and heavy at the end) portrays the long and tragic events which have passed between.

The Way of How



Alex Von Koettlitz

The Way Of How

LEAVING A PERFORMANCE with a sense of delight is not a trifling matter. And *The Way of How* is delightful stuff! It is done by people who know a thing or two about stagecraft. They are—at the same time—well informed of the history of both the aesthetics and actual manifestations of performance art.

The core of this collaboratively creating San Francisco company—two opera tenors, a musician and a mime—was assembled by artistic director George Coates in 1976 (see feature last issue) as ‘a process of creating performance events through personal improvisations and interactions with performers who did not identify with actors.

Actors they may not be, but their not-being-actors is rather original. Some performance phenomena engage, on principle, unskilled people as participants/performers, executing various tasks which do not require performing skills. However, Coates’ performers, while not trying to ‘act’ are extremely professional at what they do. Tenors John Duykers and Rinde Eckert, musician Paul Dresher and mime Leonard Pitt are all well-trained, experienced and esteemed artists in their own fields. Displeased with central characteristics—such as improbable plots—of traditional western performing arts, they preserve their obtained skillful techniques and use them in an attempt ‘to create a new context for it.’

And it is unmistakably the abstract context they are working in. The performance is not building up towards a climax, in a ‘cause and effect manner’, but rolling in time, in a straight, constantly leveled dramatic line. It concentrates on ever-changing, fluid atmosphere, images, situations and diverse combinations of space/materials/performers (performers being regarded as simply another material) relating to each other as well as to themselves. The tension and interest are retained by accumulation and variation of all those elements.

The Way of How is intended to stimulate the audience’s senses, perception and mentality with only restricted courtship of the intellect. As a matter of fact, they resent any attempt to reduce the piece to the rationale searching level, the inevitable ‘what’s it about?’ questioning. Nevertheless, some knowledge of the Italian opera style for example (one or two arias sounded like direct quotations from Puccini’s *Madame Butterfly*) as well as acquaintance with certain characteristics of American performance in the ‘60s may add an extra dimension to the enjoyment of the piece. It can still be fully appreciated, though, as neat entertainment.

And what entertainment! Using high-technological effects they juxtapose amazing lighting and projection with human movements and situations, match beautifully-developed tenors with minimalist

musician Paul Dresher’s sophisticated tape-loop-processor, recording and playing back segments throughout the performance. The set, of economically abstract nature, is based on ready-mades and slightly transformed raw materials—mainly identified with late 20th century urban and industrial sensibilities—such as white plastic sheets. And it was all done in a highly cool, efficient manner.

George Coates and his performers are considering introducing a new term—‘SeeHear’—which, they believe, is aptly describing the experience they are intending to evoke. And this search for the exact and apt term with which to describe what they *are* doing, after all, is rather contradictory, coming from artists who criticise the way ‘language can control thinking.’ I was reading George Coates’ programme notes for *The Way of How* with much amusement. He uses that cold, objective terminology, typical of creative and intellectual America in the ‘70s (which is of course his natural language), in order to capture subjective qualities. In which capturing he, of course, does not believe. On this level, Coates is trapped in the ‘classical’ trap of contemporary artists who are acting as their own interpreter and critic. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn’t.

Meira Eliash

Cultural Blind Date

WOMAD

Jo Swan



'At lilac evening I walked with every muscle aching among the lights of 27th and Welton in the Denver coloured section, wishing I were a Negro, feeling that the best the white world had offered was not enough ecstasy for me, not enough life, joy, kicks, darkness, music, not enough night.' (Jack Kerouac 'On The Road')

The mushrooming of international and intercultural festivals in Britain cannot solely be put down to a surge of overtime by the Visiting Arts Unit; somewhere, the Kerouac yearning and the current influx of non-western culture must surely cross paths.

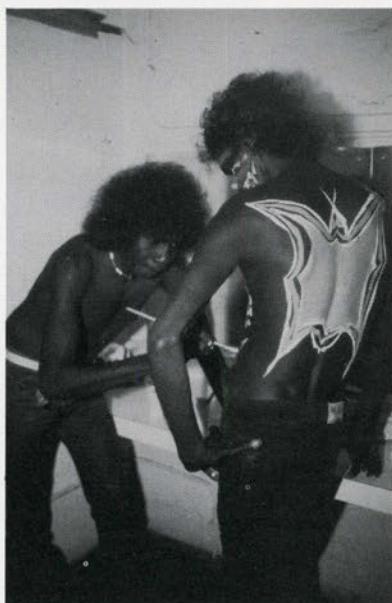
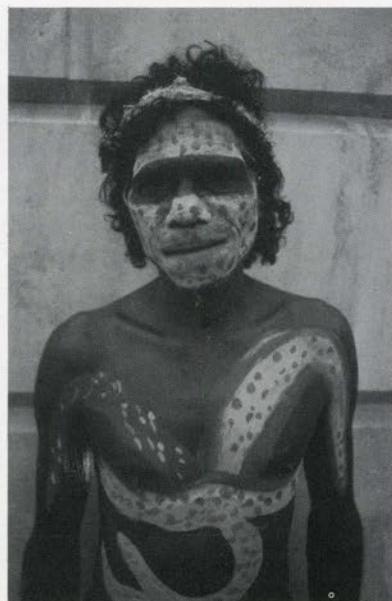
The appetite for global mobility has been satiated by a series of Third World events including WOMAD (World of Music and Dance), the World Music Village, Arts Worldwide, and World Music hits Deptford. The outcome would hopefully be an enrichment of the British scene, and at the same time, hierarchies which classify world culture into that which is high and worthy and that which is primitive and less significant should be

discredited. If certain traditions which have been the inspiration and direction of the West were now to become popularised in their own right, would cultural piracy take on a more acceptable face of mutual creative stimulus through cultural encounter?

WOMAD's cross-match of cultures during two weeks at the ICA aimed to establish creative contact across 14 countries and 3 continents. It talked of oneness through diversity and echoed the type of naive, wishful thinking first seriously proposed in Steichen's Family of Man exhibition. A collection of 200 photographs from across the world suggested that in spite of our social, political and historical differences we all belong to the

family of human emotion. The wonderful world of music and dance might have been a more convincing proposal had it not been for WOMAD's wild embrace of international culture, which at times neglected original context, made light the weight of environmental influence, and so transformed the audience into confused voyeurs.

WOMAD's climax was the appearance of three aborigines from North-East Arnhem Land who tried as hard as possible to create a sympathetic environment out of the ICA theatre for this cultural blind date. There was darkness (apart from the lighting up of the occasional cigarette), and if it hadn't been for the giggles of uncertainty and the crack of plastic beer



Aboriginal artists

Jo Swan

mugs there would have been silence. When the audience applauded it was certain that this religious and secular ritual had become performance. There was confusion. The event had been suspended in a void of musical and visual drama, as it was not the intention of the WOMAD organisers to reconcile history with performance. Was it irrelevant that the Aborigines were only officially recognised as human beings in the late '60s, or that before that they were classified along with the kangaroo and the national flower as the flora and fauna of Australia? If an art is born out of struggle, a respect of this struggle should be maintained and promoted by the initiator of the cultural event. The lack of respect and understanding of a culture's origin allows contradictions to be transcended. The blueprint of the original skinhead was based on the West Indian Rudeboy. The

skinhead youth were able to assimilate ska and black macho into their image and at the same time war against the West Indians and their social position. The more digestible performances in WOMAD came from artists who deliberately linked their culture with contemporary reference points, leaving little leeway for misrepresentation. Frank Chickens, the Japanese Karaoke-disco synthesis, Ekome's adaptation of African dance, and the buoyant Kanda Bongo Man with his no-messing 'I sing, you dance' message all fused nicely into the festival framework, as for the most part we knew where they were coming from. Some of the not so freshly laundered acts in the WOMAD cocktail would have benefitted from a more informative backup. The World Music Village, presented in liason with the Commonwealth Institute stuck to its academic approach

and concentrated on a combination of folk music and contemporary black British bands. In this case formality had the upper hand over WOMAD's free-for-all. The exodus of non-western performance (and of religious and cultural rituals) to British stage events may indicate a degree of cultural decadence in performance circles here. In music, the West has persistently looked over its shoulder to the South for inspiration. As Eldridge Cleaver recognised on the white music scene during the '50s, 'It was Chubby Checker's mission, bearing the twist as good news, to teach whites whom history had taught to forget how to shake their asses again.' Could the performance scene now be looking for a similar inspirational injection?

Isobel Appio

Senseless

'A psychotic descent into phantasmagorical disintegration': Lumiere and Son's Performance Opera

SENSELESS is an exquisite show—if that is not destroying the adjective by forcing it into a corner of contradictions. Suberb lighting and costumes, intelligent and economical setting, some of the most accomplished performing seen so far this year, richly original music—all these tell a tale of compulsive murder, gross mutilation and a psychotic descent into phantasmagorical disintegration. There's always

been something rather unpleasant at the heart of Lumiere and Son's work, as witness their two expeditions into the circus genre. Staying with this interest in genre, their tenth anniversary is being celebrated by a magnum opus which combines two other popular forms, the spy thriller and the opera.

But populist it ain't. Michael Wade is a special agent with the time-honoured task

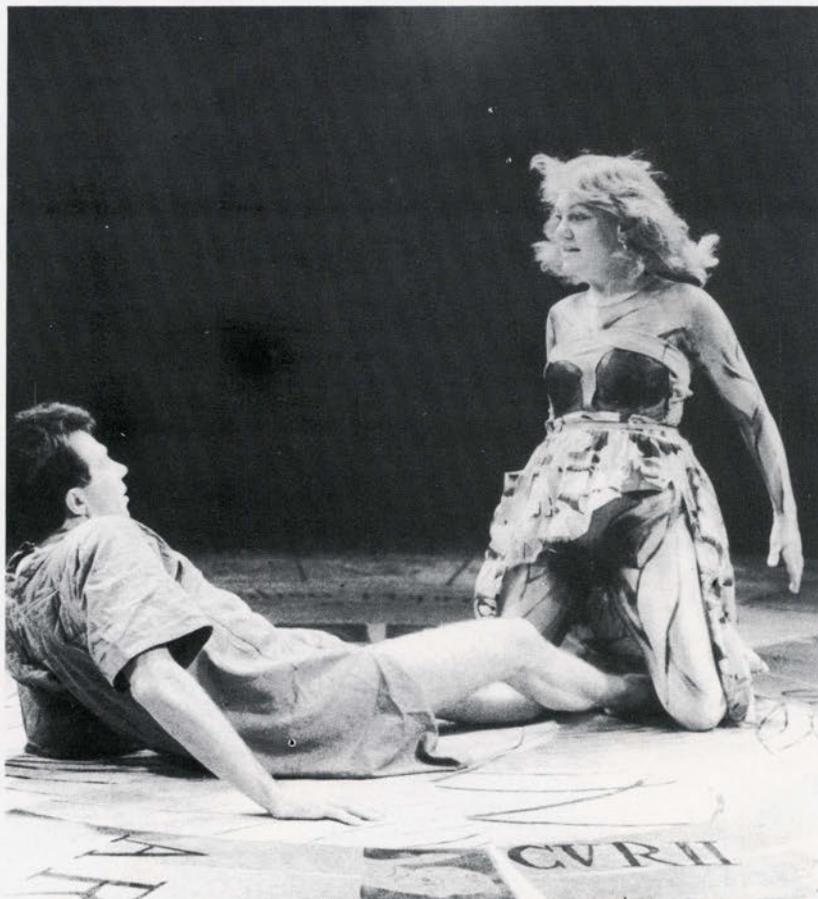
of dishing the dirt so that ordinary folk can sleep safe in their beds at night. His mission to a Caribbean island and his culpable acts there could be found in any paperback lining a W.H. Smiths newstand. But any sensationalist entertainment stops as he is brought to answer for his deeds. His ego can sustain him no longer and his inner world swings about accusing and cajoling him.



Part One, *The Mission*, opens on the island of Santa Anita with Wade making initial contacts through his cover role as businessman cum lounge lizard. This is familiar ground, with covert rendezvous and pointed use of euphemistic spy jargon. The action is described through short scenes punctuated by blackouts. This cinematographic process becomes a challenge to the perception as the clipped quality of the performing matches the terseness of the dialogue. Soon it becomes clear that all is not as it appears to be. Wade's insistence on the correct glass for any one particular cocktail begins to transcend etiquette and his opinion on camera lenses borders on the obsessive. In like manner, his suspicions fix on two tourists holidaying on the island; and believing them to be his quarry, moves in to eliminate them.

Returning to London, Wade reports back to his superiors. The action that forms Part Two, *The Truth*, is now told through a language of smooth realism although the going gets increasingly rough as Wade is confronted with evidence of his actions. Unwarranted suspicions, wrong identities, grotesque murder and perverse mutilations—the damning catalogue reveals that Wade, for all his suave assuredness, zealously murdered two innocent tourists. An unbelieving Wade attempts to vindicate his actions by showing his own photographic proof, captured (for him, anyway) by the all-seeing, all-powerful camera lens. 'I keep both eyes open!' he cries in justification of his infallible surveillance technique. 'One eye through the viewfinder and the other on the subject!' But although his close-ups of chance expressions tell a blatant tale of guilt and conspiracy, they are for Wade's eyes only and are merely snaps of two holidaymakers at a bar. Obviously demented, visibly paranoid, Wade is relieved of his duties and sent for rehabilitation at a clinic.

Part Three, *The Glory*, changes setting and language again. Throughout the piece, the action has focussed more and more on Wade so that now as the pressures intensify, his psyche implodes, revealing it to be peopled by none other than Queen Elizabeth 1st, attended by the Lords of Essex and Wessex. The language shifts once again to full opera with all vocal parts sung, so maintaining a shift of style with each new setting. But from here on in, the action becomes virtually impossible to follow and this is a great pity because up till now, the action, like all good thrillers, has had a compulsive logic. This is chiefly due to inadequate articulation of the words, but a close inspection of the libretto afterwards made one wonder how the singers could have known how to articulate such a convoluted final act. Laced with non-sequiturs and punning word play, it is a curious kettle of fish which admittedly shows a mind at the end of its tether but which would have seemed all the madder for some more threads of meaning. But musically and visually, the



Senseless at the ICA

piece maintains its momentum and Wade is seen to succumb to a ritual that combines the trappings of an investiture ceremony with the trauma of an ECT treatment. His belief that the Queen is the Sun and his anxieties with eclipses are glimpsed through projected images of sunspots, rats and insect heads. Eventually a catharsis of sorts is reached with the Queen falling at Wade's hands and with the action returning to the clinic, there seems to be an intimation that he has been cured.

There are a lot of exceptionally good qualities about this piece. It's no mean thing for a relatively small performance company to take hold of a major form such as opera, give it a thorough dusting down with original music, stylish presentation and an innovative scenario. It certainly puts David Freeman and the innocuous Opera Factory firmly in the shade. It's also refreshingly free from irritating performance cliches such as gratuitous nudity or the smoking of endless cigarettes as props to realism. Wade is portrayed by Trevor Stuart with exactly the right level of cool demeanour covering unbalanced compulsion.

Nevertheless there are some slight problems with the main theme. The ruthless spy, licensed to kill etc. is a fable of the '60s with few accurately known cases to even begin building a substantial popular myth around. Recent unmaskings of such people as Blunt and Prime hardly

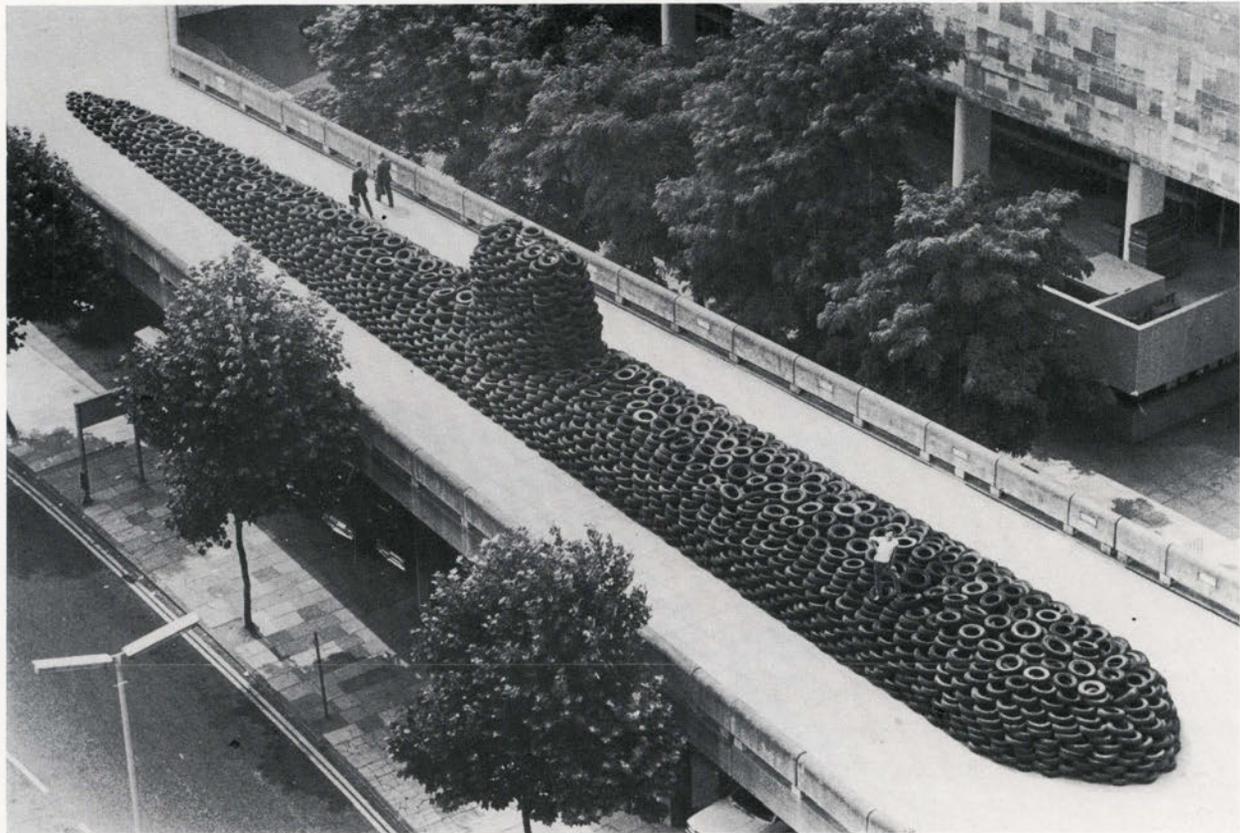
reveal the psychotic intent of Wade. So the aim of criticising any glorification of ruthless spies seems to be unfounded as a contemporary social issue. Undoubtedly they exist but their condition of secrecy thwarts any glorification of them and their acts. A more suitable case for treatment might have been that modern folk hero, the SAS trooper. Endowed with all manner of skill and attributes, his means achieve popular justification and acclaim by the loaded moral imperatives of his ends.

It's also a great problem for experimental work when the notion of madness is introduced, since this can so easily become a carte blanche to introduce anything and everything in any order. It can be an excuse for any amount of cack-handed surrealism or simply an opportunity for wild empathy by the performers with their subjects, resulting in general O.T.T. Not that any of these failings happen here. But in the third part, where one would expect to discover the chopped logic that gave meaning to Wade's and obsessions, the production seems to founder in its own sumptuous fantasy, offering only the spectacle of an unfettered mind. This reveals an intriguing world but with little reference to psychological causality, it is somewhat unsatisfactory. A production as broad in imagination and as powerful in execution seems to demand a more pointed insight.

Phil Hyde

Burnt Wreckage

A Consumer's Guide to the Sculpture



David Mach Submarine

The South Bank

Deep within the concrete bunkers of the South Bank, British sculpture protects itself from discourse with demolition. Outside, all that remains of David Mach's work (apart from a lot of hearsay) is a long black smear on the walkway where it once stood. Julian Opies's sculpture has sustained heavy storm damage and has temporarily been cordoned off from the public. The issues of whether sculpture today can exist outside the gallery has become a very real and pressing one: this show throws up the issue but never confronts it satisfactorily.

Inside the gallery it is like being in a heavily fortified department store. Outside, it's a mess. The majority of exhibits are not compatible with their sites: the sculptures look tiny and lost (some were literally impossible to find), and the architecture of the area has never looked more brutish as a consequence. This obvious clash is the first thing you notice as you approach from the north, and it stays with you.

The Serpentine

The draughty tea pavilion of modern art: containing the overspill from the South

Bank, this gallery suffers from the usual problem of presenting too little, too far away, and as badly lit as ever. In the surrounding gardens, large notices attempt to establish just how physical the public can get with the outdoor exhibits. The instruction 'Look, Touch But Don't Climb' really says it all—what can the first imperative possibly mean?

The Catalogue

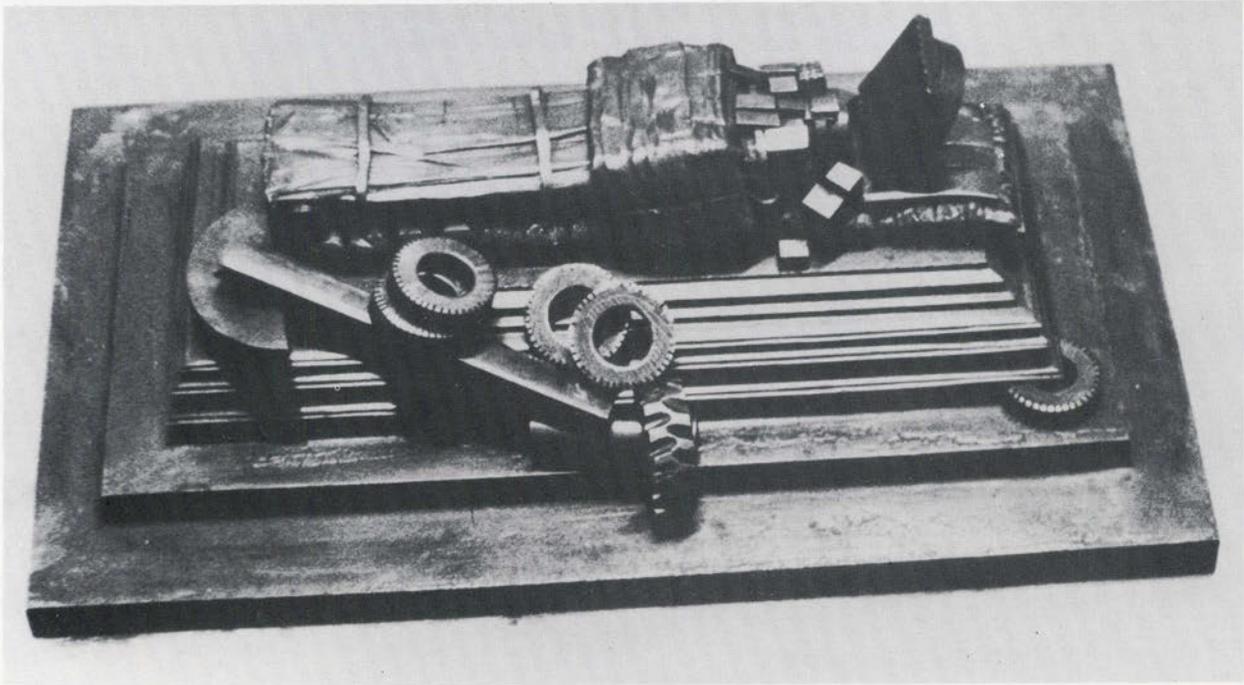
Reads like advertising copy: smug, pretentious and evasive, it practically dares the visitor to like anything on show. It is indicative of the general aim of the show's presentation to be 'popular' rather than to give the public access to ideas on materials, the politics of social space, structure and public confrontation. This is a serious error as many of the individual artists are extremely concerned with one or more of these questions, and by depriving them of an adequate context (especially among such numbers) this show runs the serious risk of misrepresenting them.

A particularly ludicrous example describes the work of Sarah Bradpiece: the catalogue says of her *Wash Station* that 'all the basins sprouting from the sides of the terrace have been donated by the manu-

facturers and so, if we choose to wash our hands, we are participating in a ritual made possible to us in the name of art and industry.' Really?

The Sculpture Competition

It would be unfair not to mention that one of the positive aspects of the 'popular' approach is that the Hayward has waived admission charges for this exhibition. It would be equally unfair to gloss over the negative aspects of one other little exercise in good PR.: members of the public can 'influence the judge's decisions' regarding which of the fifty artists gets a commission for a sculpture to be sited in the forecourt of 250 Euston Road NW1. 'The development comprises approximately 200,000 sq. feet of offices and adjoins a Camden Council housing development which includes shops, a pub, community centre and craft workshops around the recreated Tolmers Square.' All you have to do is fill in a form stating in order of preference three of the sculptors who you think would be most suitable. This is brought to you by, among others,



Michael Sandle Memorial With Tyres

the property developers, Greycoats PLC, who doubtless held a similar competition at the community centre in which the local residents could choose whether or not they would have an office block built next door to their estate.

Condescending and dumb, this gim-

mick says a lot about the relevance of modern sculpture to an industrial environment. The public square was replaced decades ago by the office forecourt and the wastelands of the housing estate: no wonder so much of this show is presented indoors.

Edward Allington Snail From the Necropolis of Hope



Regression

Faced with the prospect of losing all social relevance, it is not surprising to find a large number of sculptors returning to infancy. A psycho-pathological study of this cultural phenomenon would make interesting reading: **Edward Allington** constructs enormous flaccid slugs out of plastic ants and rubber snakes, **Andy Frost** gives us WW2 gun turrets, exploding V2 rockets and a stubby, maternal-looking Bat-mobile (purchased by the Arts Council), **Gerard de Thame** places a peep-show within two enlarged details of Caravaggio's David brandishing Goliath's severed head. On a broader level, toys and games abound in the construction of individual works. **Joel Fisher** gets other sculptors to make models based on a drawing which he circulated among them, and **Anthony Gormley** presents a long line of lead toy-sized objects which depict the transformation of what looks suspiciously like a turd into a child's ball. Meanwhile, **Bill Woodrow**, post-modernism's answer to *Blue Peter*, shows you how to make a movie projector out of an old washing machine: 'Here's one I've already done...'

Some Art

Carl Packman: Powerful and uncompromising, his work is worth the visit alone. Evocative of childhood rather than merely exploiting it, his disturbing assemblages of fetishes, pieces of metal, straw, bones, children's shoes, illegible scrawls and totems look like a rat's graveyard. Five stars: he gets my vote for the Euston Road commission. A month after his work is installed, the building collapses one dark night...

Who am I to be critical?

Michael Sandle Another five stars. A raw and brutal vision of old war memorials in darkened bronze (every town has one: take your pick of which war) where mangled machinery and rotting bodies have decomposed into one, troubled, image. Spiritual descendant of the 1760 *Carceri* and Hans Belmer's *Dolls*.

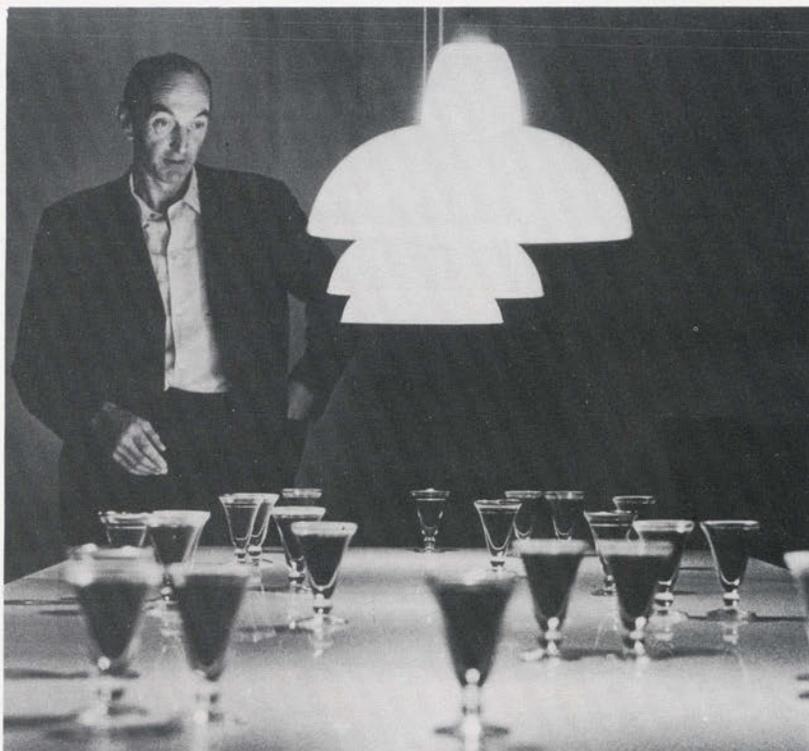
Steven Willats : Another artist who brings the wasteland into the gallery rather than collaborating in that institution's abortive colonisation of the processes of urban decay. His documentary montage of statements and debris from a housing estate is tacky, slick and splendid all at once.

Bill Culbert : The catalogue tells us, 'The simplicity of the fact that the wine glasses are the right shape to throw a shadow shaped like the light bulb suspended above them endows the piece with the force and beauty of a poetic truth.'

David Mach : I have not read one report or review of his work which adequately does it justice. His submarine was an extraordinary work, and I think it is a great shame that it will not be reconstructed. His ability to marshal enormous numbers of identical objects into imposing constructions will continue to create tension and conflict wherever they appear. His 'Pacific Blue' which replaces the submarine (and which is safely sited inside the Hayward) is well worth a return visit. He gets my vote any day.

The Submarine

After occupying a respectable degree of media space, an area of silence now exists around it. The Arts Council isn't going to restore the piece and the police enquiry closed with the death of James Gore-



Bill Culbert Small Glass, Pouring Light

Graham. There are enough rumours (most of them conflicting) to make up a whole documentation piece in itself, and I don't propose to add anything to them. No adequate study has ever been made of why and how artworks are destroyed, and in a future issue of *PERFORMANCE MAGAZINE* we hope to present a comprehensive history of such acts. In this case, the obvious disparity between what the sculpture represents and what it physically

has never been clearer, the kicker being the news headline which claimed 'Tyres To Be Dumped In South London'. A very slow editor obviously missed a potentially great selling point. How many more papers can you shift with the Headline *Submarine To Be Dumped In South London*? Put it another way, can you imagine some jerk slashing 6,000 car tyres?

Ken Hollings

Anthony Gormley Land, Sea and Air



I Wish They'd Get Rid of That Phoney Sky

Video takes on high technology



Steve Hawley The Extent of Three Bells

IT WASN'T QUITE what they had in mind when they declared 1982 'Information Technology Year'. And it wasn't quite what the bombastic publicity would have us believe. But for all that, London Video Arts screening about the 'relationships between leisure, technology and culture' (and the future of the world as we know it?) deserved a close look.

The theory was: video tackles the subject of high technology. And why not?

There have to be several new perspectives on what is constantly described as 'the revolution that is going to change the way we live' (translation: 'is going to put a hell of a lot of people out of work and change nothing'). There is a spectrum of critical intelligence missing from the discussion of this emotive area, a spectrum in which video can, and will, make a contribution.

Video's narrative defies the verbal domination of television (a fact which

makes any television comment on an important issue rather than two-dimensional)—in taking on the subject of high-tech it operates at its best in its unique visual and aural world of loose associations, and interjections, woven together to present the viewer with a *sensation* of meaning, as opposed to television's wretched analytical monologue. Of course, that makes it inaccessible to some, but it does allow it to be stimulating to the open-minded.

The big nut that video has to crack in approaching this subject is that video is high technology. So, in investigating the self-same phenomenon it runs the risk contemplating its own navel—a smear too frequently spread (and just once in a while with justification) across much of video art.

So, the whole concept has its possibilities and problems—how did it fare? Of the five tapes two had a strong video

bias, two were created with sound in the forefront, and one attempted to bend television-style naturalism to its own ends. The latter was doomed to failure—not because of the quality of the performances or camerawork, which were perfectly good—but because the imitation of television is a massively retrogressive path for video to follow. Video is about video, and television about television, and if ever the two are to meet it should be on video's terms, not television's.

Of the others only *Audio Mutant* by Auto Awac chose to spurn the glossiness of technology. A fact I found surprising—after all, if there is to be a challenge to high-tech surely one line of approach must be in the decomposition of the perfect image? Unfortunately, in this instance, the low-tech approach to high-tech was a less deliberate choice, and more a matter of necessity. There's nothing wrong with a person spending a few

Steve Hawley's *The Extent of Three Bells* also chose to edit by sound, and was also, as a piece of edited composition, precise accurate and effective. But apart from its basis in sound had little in common with *Audio Mutant*. Very neat in its equivalence of sound and image as candles described streaked across on the camera-tube, and with a beautifully uncluttered opening of a hand generating synthetic permutations of sound on a musical calculator. Well done—so what?

Of the two image based pieces Judith Barry's *Space Invaders* was a very clever piece of paranoid fantasy of someone 'trapped in dreams' pursued by Space nights in a garret/apartment recording themselves doing what they do, and spending a week over the editing decks making sense of it (how many video artists haven't done the same?), but the work was a very acceptable piece of sound concrete/electronics with the image as an unnecessary incursion. With the one exception of the maker coming rather too close to a TV with a blow torch the image contributed little. OK, there were calculators, digital watches, B & W reversed insets and the rest, but when he is forced to show himself drumming on boxes and tin cans it's difficult to escape a couple of conclusions: he's meddling with images without using them, and much worse, he seems to be totally unaware of everything that happened real-time in 1968.

Invader players, contained a great one-liner voice-over on a shamefully poor 1940's Hollywood shot of distant planets: 'I wish they'd get rid of that phoney sky', whilst Dalibor Martinis *Image is Virus* was the only direct hit on the bull's eye.

Martinis exploited his medium fully, yet remorselessly. It is worth mentioning that he is a video performer, and, preferences of PERFORMANCE aside, unquestionably showed the sophistication that a performer brings to confront his audience. The only problem was one of scale - the opening sequence in ever-moving lifts, with a delayed inset, normally moving against the main image, cried out for twenty-seven monitors scattered around the viewer, as you were transported to a limbo of all visual possibilities. Nonetheless, twenty-six monitors down on this video environment, the sensation was still electric. Captions extracted from William Burroughs *Nova Express* rolled through the screen as the tape progressed—each one neat, curt and precise to the image chosen. *Space Invaders*, to Martinis, is a symptom of aggression: the nude, the nuke, the alien electronic image awaiting your destruction at the push of a game's button—'Suppose there was no enemy, that would be unfortunate'. We have been unwittingly drawn into a world where want to push the button—we feel embarrassed—he's pulled the carpet from under our feet and left us standing on our nose.

Judith Barry *Space Invaders*

He's drawn the parallel that exists in reality: the people that make the high-tech of warfare are the same that make the high-tech of entertainment - they've told you what you should expect, so don't complain when it happens.

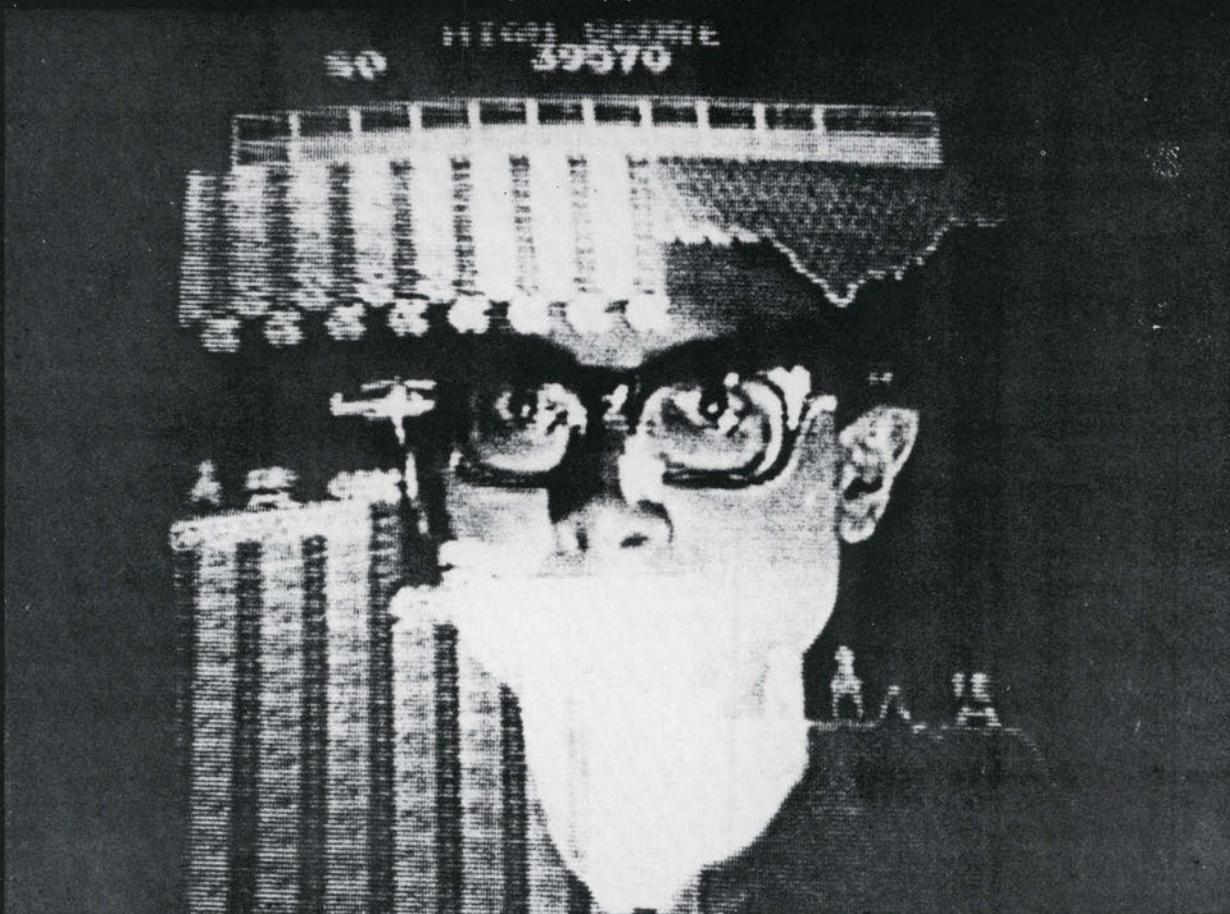
LVA is bringing Martinis to London this Autumn. On the basis of this tape I suggest you do everything in your power to try to see him.

If it seems that only a couple of the tapes screened on this occasion made any real impact upon the advertised subject, let me suggest that this is a problem of marketing rather than an innate problem with the producers of tapes. Many of them would stand up well in their own right, had they not been, erroneously, presented under a cover-all concept title. Is this a mistake by LVA? I don't think so. This is their showcase for their growing video library—and all video libraries need any showcase they can get.

Video libraries are one of the few ways of allowing producers to have their tapes made accessible for viewing, and as a relatively new phenomenon they deserve better attention than they are receiving. In future issues we will be looking at these libraries, and other means of distribution, and looking at what is on offer.

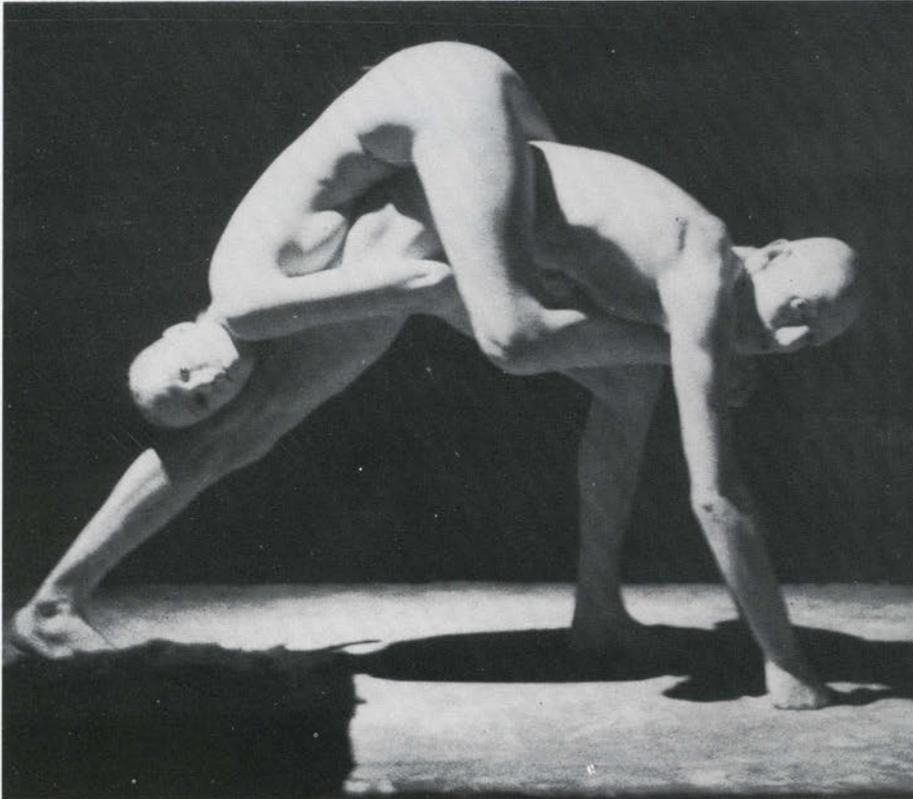
Is there a growing awareness of both the art and technology of video that lies waiting to be discovered?

Pete Shelton



NATIONAL PERFORMANCE LISTINGS

Rational Theatre



Mulford, Paula Claire, Dave Dorn, Mark Williams, Julie Tippetts, Bob Cobbing, Clive Fencott, Jeremy Silver, New Zone West with Tony Lopez, Liz Lochhead, Richard Strange, John Agard, Keith Jefferson, Taggart Deike, Chris Torrance, The Wild Girls, Libby Houston, Judith Kazantzis, Dinah Livingstone and many more unconfirmed (phew!)

Dance Umbrella

Info: (01) 437 2615
The Venues: ICA, The Place, Riverside Studios.
The Performers: Second Stride, Astrakan (Daniel Larrieu), John Mueller (lecture) Dancework, Lisa Kraus, Julyen Hamilton, Mathieu Keijser and Kirstie Simson, Made in Britain (evening of independents), Laurie Booth with Nicholas Concone and Giovanna Ragante, Mary Fulkerson and co., Sue MacLennan, Rober Kovich, Bill T. Jones, Arnie Zane and co., Rosemary Butcher, Basic Space, Michael Clark, Extemporary, Tamara MacLorg, Ludus, LA LA LA/LockDanseurs, Trisha Brown, Dana Reitz & final gala

Charlotte Walker=A Controlled Performance



Brighton Zap Club

Info: (0273) 506471
Re-opening in larger new venue. Phone above no. for details.

Bristol Arnolfini

Info: (0273) 299191
Gallery: Until October 23, photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe and paintings by Paula Rego.
Dance Panorama: Continues with Lisa Kraus in *Going Solo*, October 7 & 8, and Sue MacLennan and Dancers in *New Moves*, October 20 & 21, Young LCDT dancers in *Pillow Talk, Red Waistcoat, One, Gradually Suddenly, and Running on the Edge of the Rainbow*.
Music: October 6, Alterations.

Berkshire South Hill Park

Info: (0344) 27272
October 22: David Toop, Jez Parfett, Davil Holmes.
October 30: Big Bird Music Theatre present Harrison Birtwhistle's *Bow Down*.
November 10: *Coiffure*—by popular demand a demonstration by ex-Baron Alban's valet Service star and professional hairdresser, Mr Michael Meiser.
November 13: *Remembrance*, a presentation by Art Naphro.
November 19: State Symphony in *A Lot on the Blandscape*

November 25: Vocem—music theatre.

Cardiff Chapter Arts

Info: (0222) 396061
October 4-8: Lumiere and Son in *Senseless* (See review this issue)
October 13: Roger McGough and Brian Patten.
October 15 Jenny Baylis and Jean Wells in *Tottering Pine Tunes*
October 18-22: IOU Theatre in an 'extraordinary evening of visual theatre.'
October 25-29: Hwyl a Fflag/Sgwar (in) *Yr Lach Yn Y Bore*—a Welsh Language performance.
November 9-12: Cardiff Lab Theatre in *Man Act*—'A fresh look at what it means to be a man today.'
November 15-19: Jacky Lansley.
November 22-24: Cwmni Cyftri Tri—Welsh language show.

Hull Spring Street Theatre

Info: (0482) 224800
October 5: Open Performance Group, with Bushy Kelly and members of the Rochdale Performance collective.

London

Air Gallery (London Video Arts)
Info: (01) 734 7410

October 1-8 Installation/Performance from New Contemporaries—Alessandra Pasquino & Almut Wager with *Not only did they go for a stroll* (video installation), Tara Babel with *Pink Fridge* (slide tape installation), Graham Gussin with *Waterline* (Film slide sound installation), Colin Davis with *Factory* (time-based installation)

Art Place Trust

Info: (01) 734 7410
Until October 16: More installations from New Contemporaries

Angels of Fire

Info: (01) 708 0652
At the Cockpit from October 9-20, (Check for dates) the following artists will appear: Many are poets, some are dancers, musicians and performers.
Michele Roberts, Alison Fell, Paul Brown, Janet Sutherland, David Gascoyne, Berta Freistadt, Sue May, Mahmoud Jamal, Maureen Duffy, Hazel Carey, Grace Nichols, Gillian Allnutt, Looote Moos, Jay Ramsey, Graham Harthill, Valerie Sinason, Bill Griffiths, Roy Fisher, Pascale Petit, Dave Evens, Jeremy Reed, Nicki Jackowska, Janet Dube, Sister 7, Valerie Bloom, Ferenc Aszmann, Chris Cardale, Pepsi poet, Peter Wilberg, Allen Fisher, Ken Edwards, Glenda George, Paul A Green, Wendy

NATIONAL PERFORMANCE LISTINGS

Drill Hall

Info: (01) 637 5918
Cut and Thrust a new political cabaret opens on September 28. Devised by Robyn Archer it includes Trevor Allen, Andrew Bell, Noni Hazelhurst, Irita Kutchmy, John Matshikiza, Gary Olsen and Margo Random and looks set to be an interesting gamble.

Eccentric Enterprises

Info: (01) 969 7019
 October 27: An Evening of Posthumous Art—'an evening of remembrance for all those that have died for the cause of art. Featuring Bernard Kelly (Founder member '69) who will give a lecture with musical excerpts on the Scratch Orchestra, Carl Orff's Carmina Burana will be executed! The concentric Bob Flag will detonate himself ably assisted by Ted Green, plus Action Poetry with Eddie Linden. At the London Musician's Collective.

ICA

This year's New Contemporaries feature performance heavily in the

programme, with everything from wallpaering the trees in the Mall to tight-rope walking in the bar. Performance, film and video selected by Richard Layzell, Tina Keane, Patrick Keiller, El Glinor, Bernadette O'Brien, and Joan Underwood. Not enough space to list film and video—here are the performances:

October 4: Charlotte Walker in *A Controld Performance*, Connolly in *Pre-med*, Nichole Robinson in *Come Fly With Me*, Paul Hough in *Dog/Child*
 October 5: Pauline Battson in *Paper Piece*, Ruth Millar & Beth Higgins in *Pink Performance*, Diane Duncan in *False Realities*
 October 6: Dwight Clarke in *Beat ou dat rythmn on a drum if I knocked out all my enemies I would be my own hero*, Anne Seagrave in *Women against series*, Timothy Budden in *Untitled*, Deborah Best in *Young Woman 1983*
 October 7-9 Same sequence repeated, plus Dean Whitbread in *Camouflaging trees against further attack* (The Mall), Cliff Hughes in *Performance in gallery*, Robert Cornwall in *No Visible Means of Support* (ICA Bar)

October 15: Conference with Robert McPherson, Basil Beattie, Kerry Trengrove and Clare Smith.

Also in ICA Gallery:
 November 4 onwards: Robert Mapplethorpe 1970-1983. Also, Works by Barbara Kruger *We Won't Play Nature To Your Culture*

ICA Theatre:

October 11-16: *Performing Clothes*—'A week of fashion clothes with a difference...puts the fun and fanfare back into fashion and brings it straight to the public.'

October 18-23: Dance Umbrella events

October 25-November 5: Rational Theatre/Malcolm Poynter in *Orders of Obedience* Returning 'by popular demand' (See our review, issue 20/21)

November 8-13 Station House Opera in *Ultramundane* in which 'they construct a terraced garden for their new performance piece, following their success treading the 100 year old high wires of Brooklyn Bridge.'

November 15-26: Three Women (in collaboration with Mike Figgis and Maggie Nichols) in *Red White and*

Black

November 29 onwards: Impact Theatre Cooperative in *A Place In Europe*, 'an oratorio-music piece that takes us on a haunting and elegaic jhourney through post-war Europe.

London Musicians Collective

Info: (01) 722 0456
 Regular performances of improvised and experimental music, dance, performance, film, and wild activity. Club-Club night most Thursdays, concerts organised by members most Fridays and Saturdays. Phone our ansaphone for details.

Matts Gallery

Info: (01) 249 3799
 Exhibition by Imants Tillers—*White Aborigines*.

Oval House

Info: (01) 735 2786
 October 5-16: Gauche Theatre Company (downstairs) and *The Risk* by Steven Gee an Nigel Young.
 October 19-30: Red Ladder in *Bring Out Your Dead* (Downstairs)
 October 26-30: Dovetail Joint in *Rats and Romance* (Upstairs)
 November 2-6: Gay Sweatshop in *Poppies* (Downstairs)
 November 2-6: Split Britches in *Beauty And The Beast* (Upstairs)
 November 9-13: Theatre Of Black Women in *The Story of Black Women*
 November 16-20: Flippin Women in *Virgin on Disaster*

Riverside Studios

Info: (01) 748 2251
 French New Wave Festival 'to celebrate the current explosion in French creativity...the latest in video fil, music, fashion and visual arts.'
 October 4: Elizabeth Morcellet (Performance), Daniel Larrieu (dance), Stephane Plassier (fashion), Guillaume Serp (lecture.)
 October 5: Frank Na (performance), Didier Chenu (painting performance), Chatoune (fashion)
 October 6: Phil Marboeuf: (music & movie), Mogly Spex/ Clermontet (music/dance)
 October 7: Desiree at Lola, Dornchenko/Madei Cadei.
 October 8: Actuel Surprise party night.
 October 9: Arnaud Labelle-Rojoux (performance), Video show, Gig Sinclair/ A.Z.Khan.(music), general showing.
 Other Performances:
 October 16: John Harle's Berliner Band in *Moving With The Times*, classic Dadaist and surrealist films set to music by



NATIONAL PERFORMANCE LISTINGS

John Harle, Michael Nyman and others.
 October 18-23: Bread and Puppet Theatre in *Insurrection Oratorio*
 October 25-November 13: Dance Umbrella events.
 November 24-26: Joan Jonas in *He Saw Her Burning*. Rare visit from this seminal US video/performance artist.

Manchester

The Green Room
 New name and venue for PAT/Radiator, to open soon. Meanwhile, in various venues, October 6, 8: Spare Tyre in *Just Desserts*
 October 15: Pit Prop in *1983*
 October 22: Compass and Vendino Pact in *Edward 2nd*
 October 25: Womens Theatre

Group in *Dear Girl*
 October 29: Forkbeard Fantasy in *The Brontosaurus Show* (see review this issue)

Newcastle

Basement Group
 Info: (0632) 614527
 October 8: Previously cancelled—now happening—Bruce Maclean at Elswick Swimming Pool in *Breaks On The Bridge* an aqua-spectacular, featuring the Whickham Synchronettes swimming team. Last one in's a sissy. . .
 November 12: Karen Rann in *Haven't I Seen You Before?*
 November 26: From New York, Fast Forward and Yves Musard in *Red Raw Steel Drum*—location for this to be

'an acoustically Hard Space, made of concrete and probably quite large.'

Spectro

Info:
 (0632) 616463
 October 7-29: Video Installation works.
 Tina Keane with *Demolition/Escape*, Steve Hawley (new work, as yet untitled), and Steve Littman in *I Want!*

Nottingham

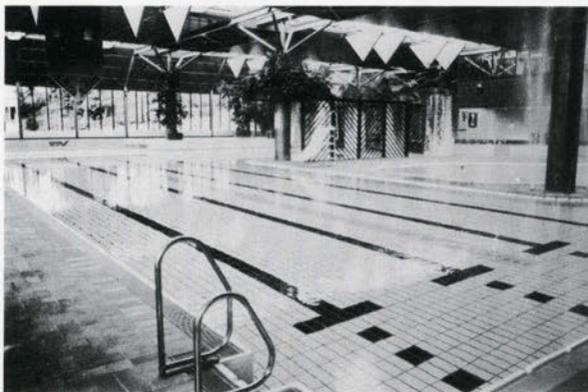
Midland Group
 Info: (0632) 582636
 October 6,7,8: People Show *No.89*
 October 13-16 *Four Days of Performance Art*. Otherwise known as the Performance Platform, this event is designed to expose a selection of new work (selected by Lynn MacRitchie, Mike Figgis and Bruce Maclean) alongside that of established artists. Scheduled events are:
 October 13: Alex Mavro's *The Ballista* (continues throughout), Charlie Hooker in *Transitions*.
 October 14: After a long break, Mary Longford presents *Dancing with Deniz*
 October 15: Platform performances—new work, as yet unconfirmed, Jez Welsh in *Do What You're Told* and Zoe Redman in *The Story of June*, Mary Longford in *Dancing With Deniz*
 October 15: Platform

Performances, Californian Performance—Talk by Linda Frye Burnham of *High Performance Magazine*, from LA, with live work by Paul McCarthy, Ivor Cutler in *Performance* and Ian Hinchliffe in *Brass Tacks*
 October 19: TNT in *Harlequin*
 October 26-27: Leda Theatre Collective in *Going Away For Good*
 October 28-29 Laurie Booth in *From Ordinary Lives*

Salisbury

Salisbury Arts Centre
 Info: (0272) 21744
 October 13: Temba
 October 14: Micha Bergese
 October 15: Mivvy Mime
 October 21: Big Bird Music Theatre
 October 37: John Cooper Clarke
 October 28: Alpana Sengupta
 October 29: The Joeyes
 November 4: Theatre Exchange
 November 11: Tamara Mclorg

WE APOLOGISE FOR THE LACK OF TOURING LISTINGS IN THIS ISSUE: THIS WAS BECAUSE OF TECHNICAL PROBLEMS WITH TYPESETTING. IF YOU WANT YOUR PERFORMANCE LISTED HERE IN THE NEXT ISSUE PLEASE SEND WRITTEN COPY TO US AT 14 PETO PLACE LONDON NW1 BY NOVEMBER 15



Elswick Swimming pool (see Basement)

PERFORMANCE

Performance Magazine isn't staying in the shops long these day, and if you're slow you might find yourself without the latest copy. They are expensive to produce, and we can't afford to throw them around town. Why not guarantee your regular copy by subscribing? You'll get the Review of Live Art regularly every two months and be in the know about the most important events before anyone else has even had a chance to see it. You'll also be supporting us...with advertising and sales barely covering our costs, your cheque will be part of the daily miracle that keeps us alive!

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October

Wed 5 7.30 LONDON Bloomsbury Theatre

Fri 7 7.30 LEEDS Grammar School

Sat 8 7.30 LIVERPOOL Bluecoat

Wed 12

7.30 CARDIFF University College Music Dept

Thu 13 8.00 SOUTHAMPTON Univ. Turner Sims Concert Hall

Fri 14 7.30 WELLS Town Hall

Mon 17 8.00 NORWICH U.E.A. Sainsbury Centre

Tue 18 7.30 LEICESTER Poly. Great Hall Scraptoft

Thu 20 7.30 LANCASTER University, Great Hall

Fri 21 7.30 MANCHESTER R.N.C.M.

Sat 22 7.30 DURHAM Van Mildert College

MIKE GIBBS BAND

12-piece line-up includes Tony Coe, Jim Ogdren *reeds* Chris Pyne Rick Taylor *trombones* Palle Mikkelborg *trumpet* Wayne Crantz Kevin Eubanks *guitars* Steve Swallow *bass* Bob Moses *drums* Mike Gibbs *leader/composer*

November

Wed 2 7.30 LONDON Bloomsbury Theatre

Thu 3 8.00 SOUTHAMPTON Solent Suite

Fri 4 7.30 MANCHESTER R.N.C.M.

Sat 5 8.00 LLANTWIT MAJOR St Donat's Castle

Sun 6 8.00 BIRMINGHAM Strathallan Hotel

Tue 8 8.00
NEWCASTLE People's Theatre

Wed 9 8.00 SHEFFIELD Leadmill

Free improvisation from East and West

EVIDENCE & ISKRA 1903

EVIDENCE: (First E. German Group to tour this country) Dietmar Diesner *saxophones* Steffen Huebner *percussion* Carlo Inderhees *piano*

ISKRA 1903: Paul Rutherford *trombone* Barry Guy *bass* Phil Waschmann *violin*

November

Wed 30 7.30 LONDON Bloomsbury Theatre

December

Fri 2 7.30 LIVERPOOL Bluecoat

Sun 4 8.00 BIRMINGHAM The Triangle, Aston University

Tue 6 8.00 BRISTOL Arnolfini

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Steven Montague *piano* Gregory Knowles *percussion* Barry Anderson *director* with the Dutch bass clarinetist HARRY SPARNAAY
Electroacoustic music by Stephen Montague, Denis Smalley, Barry Anderson, Jonty Harrison

December

Wed 7 7.30 LONDON Bloomsbury Theatre

Thu 8 7.30 KEELE Univ. Walter Moberly Hall

Fri 9 8.00 BRISTOL Arnolfini

Tue 13 8.00 SHEFFIELD Leadmill

Wed 14 8.00 BIRMINGHAM Barber Institute

Thu 15 8.00 NOTTINGHAM Co-op Educational Centre

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