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PERFORMANCE

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ROBERT CARTER

The Empire Builders

International communication and exchange in the arts are an essential feature of the continuing vitality of our culture. In recent years there has been an important growth in the 'internationalisation' of the arts but the motivation behind this growth is not just a belief in the intrinsic values of experiencing other cultures, but is also the result of a competitive scramble between the people who decide what goes on in our art spaces. There is a widespread opportunism which ignores the wider issues of education, the policies of funding sources, the long term effects on the visiting artists, the audiences, and the British artists who are put into direct competition with the visiting artists for dwindling resources.

The arguments in support of 'internationalisation' are clear, genuine, and impeccable. The internationalisation of the arts is a natural corollary to the information explosion. The arts of different cultures can have a revolutionary impact on one another. (Debussy hearing a Gamelan at the 1890 Paris Fair, Picasso seeing African sculpture, are two legendary examples). Art can and does create a greater understanding of other cultures even where no sympathy may exist for the political and economic systems.

For more than a century, we have lived in a 'culture of the latest'. In fashion, design, technological innovation, a competitive market has been created by hidden persuaders, convinced that 'the latest' is the most desirable—the notion of quality being somewhat implicit. As the demand grows, the suppliers need to look further and further afield to find new but disposable ideas and innovations to feed the voracious market they have created. The same has recently happened in the arts, particularly in the new performing arts.

The 'programmers' of art spaces are the people who daily decide what we may and may not see. They reconcile the numerous limitations of

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resources with their own taste and the extent to which the audience can be persuaded to concur with this taste. The cult of 'the latest' is in operation in this process of selection. While this factor provides financial rewards in the commercial world, in the arts the rewards are less financial than related to a simple status hierarchy. A one-upmanship in which, like 'scooping' in journalism, programmers score points off their rivals and win audiences by being the first to present some legendary artist from the other side of the planet. And as the stack of legendary artists gets used up, (significantly there is rarely a second visit), so the programmers must look further afield, like 19th Century empire builders searching out unclaimed territories and untapped resources. Now, the artists no longer need to be legendary, they just need to be new and not British to qualify the programmer for status points.

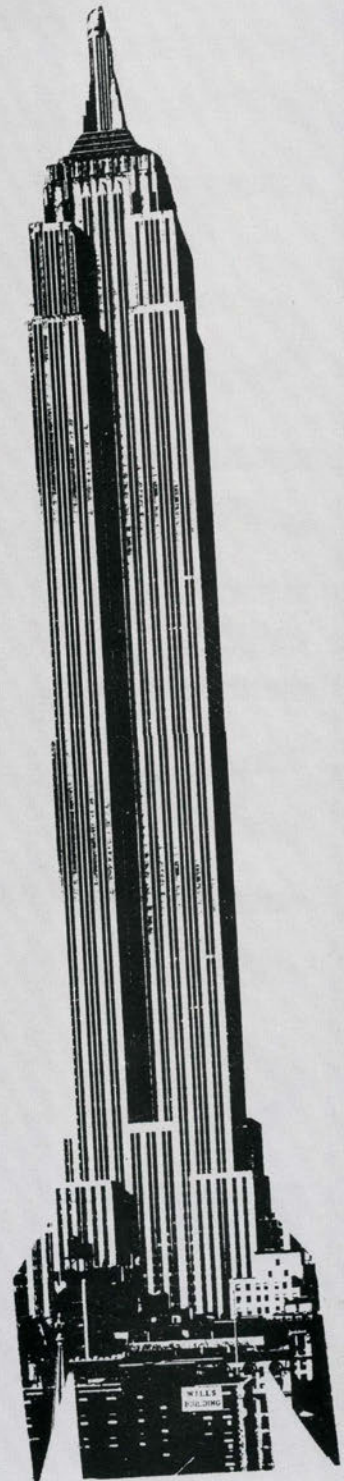
In the top league the competition is not just between rivals in the same city, or even the same country, but as 'internationalisation' takes hold, so now London competes with Amsterdam and Edinburgh with Avignon. The thrill of the competition is the sheer complexity and difficulty of engaging in the international market. The British Government makes almost no provision for visiting artists and the operating budgets of most spaces do not stretch to travel costs, so there is now wheeling and dealing with TV companies and corporate sponsors to be done. Perversely, though, as London cannot compete financially with European capitals, its status grows in the international touring world. I mean everyone plays Avignon or goes to the Venice Biennale. But to get to London, that is a real feat.

The cut and thrust of competing for and marshalling the resources to produce an international event leaves little energy for such unfun considerations as the implications, effects and future development of the internationalisation of the arts. Little or no attention is paid to informing the audience about the cultural context from which a foreign show is taken. Foreign language shows are rarely accompanied by explanatory notes or translations, so that a special status is conferred on anyone in the audience who gets the jokes in Serbo-Croat.

How are the internationalists using their favoured roles to effect changes in the policies and attitudes of government bodies, immigration officials, unions, arts councils and corporate sponsors? They aren't! What is the effect of internationalisation on the attitudes of audiences on other cultures? No one has ever asked! Are foreign artists taking bookings, exhibitions and audiences from emerging British artists? Who knows! How does bringing a politically suppressed theatre from Sierra Leone to London affect the status and effectiveness of that theatre when it gets home again? Who cares?

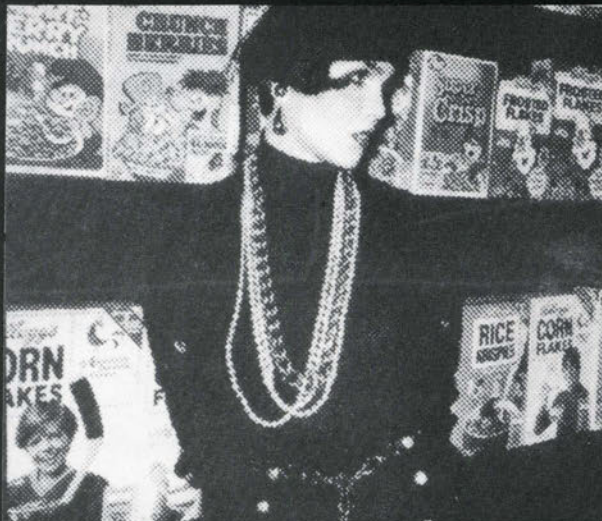
If all the 'internationalists' in the British arts were to pool their status and influence they could surely make some headway in changing policies and attitudes and could make some valuable contributions to fully understanding and articulating the values of international exchange. But then if they were to ever lower their defences and cooperate with each other the heat and excitement of the competition might disappear forever and when you've been to the ends of the earth where else is there to go? ■

STEVE ROGERS



PERF—NY

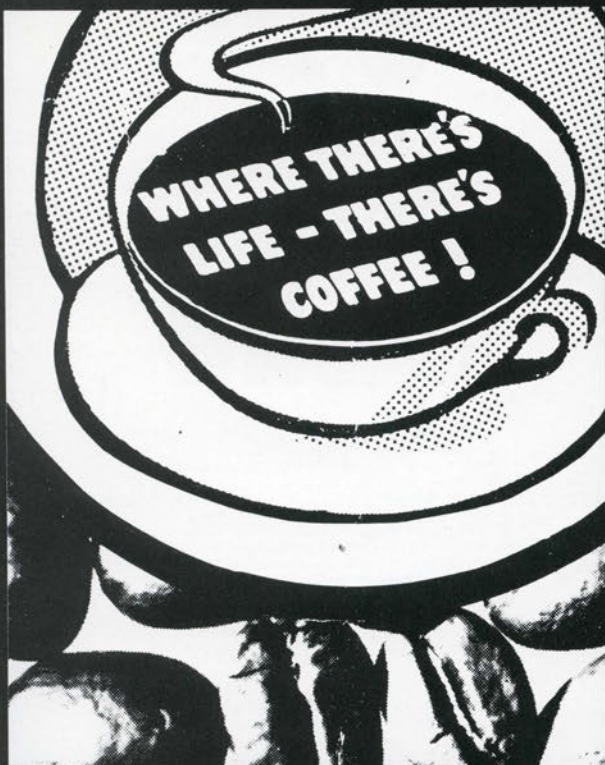
Compiled by ROB LA FRENAIS ■



STOLEN FROM EAST VILLAGE EYE

■ Coffee Achievements

Telephone sex seems to be the latest fashionable art reference in New York nowadays, if 'downtown doyenne' Dianne Brill's Coffee Achievers theme party at Dancetaria is anything to go by. While Andy and paparazzi blinked in the glare of nouveau punko East Villagers with such silly and unlikely names as John Sex and Cookie Mueller, various women of the same pneumatic mould as Dianne sat above the throng cooing into telephones. Set among sybaritic decor by Juan Valdex, it seemed to be a vogueish, backhanded comment on the way a number of out-of-work artists and actors are taking up the peculiar, but relatively harmless financial pursuit of providing auto-erotic fantasies via the telephone to the rich and lonely of Manhattan. At least that's what I was told it was about, but where coffee comes into this I cannot imagine.

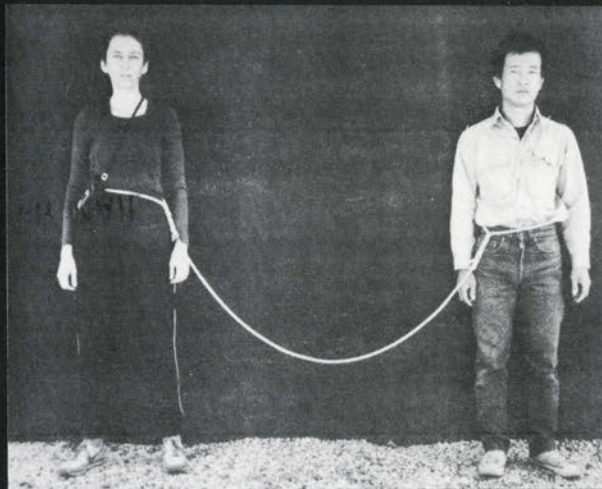


■ Get out the Lawnmower

Rose Lee Goldberg talks of the high road and the low road for performance art in a recent *Artforum* article, the high being Brooklyn Academy of Music's so-called 'next wave' and associated prestige spectaculars, and the low road being the somewhat tackier rabbit path of the night clubs. Here she cites the Pyramid Club, on Avenue A 'the Champs Elysee of Alphabet Town' and indeed the establishment, with its dancing boys who prance in full drag on the bar and its 'educational' acts, still has an honourable tradition of providing a lively audience to whatever artists happen to be in town. But now the top end of the Lower East Side has been thoroughly colonised with galleries and discreet bohemian cafes the search is constantly on for the latest wildest, whackiest performance or art theme hangout. Unlike similar exploits in London, where the price and availability of Red Stripe is the main determining factor, such places as 8 BC the No Se No, and across town, the more upmarket Area boast the hard edge of the new urban theme park mentality. While tales permeate up from 8 BC of armed marines doing full body searches of approaching clientele (no doubt to repel the weekend invasion of New Jersey sightseers), Area, already 'discovered' and already rather passe, recreates the US suburban lifestyle, with astroturf, lawnmowers, carwashing and films of the washing up being done by Hands That Do Dishes doing the dishes projected against the walls. Hi honey, I'm home.

■ Einstein Beached

Corporate sponsorship, or rather the hope of it, seems to have been the cause of wild rumours about the \$14 M. budget Robert Wilson spectacular, *Civil Wars*, created for the LA Olympics by teams working all over the world. The latest news was that the project had flopped because of Wilson's reluctance to meet his sponsors or do anything to enhance the raising of this unprecedented sum. The counter-rumour is of course that the flop is a publicity stunt and will go ahead after all.



■ Stringing along

Linda Montano and Tehching Hsieh have now been tied together for nearly 9 months of their one-year performance. They are connected to each other by an eight foot rope, and stay in the same physical space, but may not touch. Such is the nature of the performance is that they don't appear in public any more, apparently the act of explaining the work leads to arguments between them, and this is understandably a serious problem. They do, however, continue to go to their local shops and to work, and their presence, tied together, has become a regular feature of the neighbourhood. The main problem, apart from the personal ones, occurred when one of them got into a lift and the doors closed. Hsieh, who specialises in one-year performances, not so long ago spent a year on the streets of New York, without going inside once. The performance was only slightly marred by Hsieh's brief arrest and a night incarcerated in the cells. Linda Montano, the author of *Art and Everyday Life* intends to complete the performance, though one suspects she has been tempted to untie more than once.



ADAM FEACOCK

Meanwhile, the new new wave of young New Yorkers have been mounting group evenings, rather like this country New Contemporaries or Performance Platforms, at PS 122 on First Avenue. Featuring Alien Comic, Dancenoise, Liquid TV, Mimi Goese (pictured), the night I went was a full moon, so everyone did a performance on a lunar theme. To a young, undrugged (times are changing in the E. Village), packed house, this group of nascent performance artists produced high energy, if sometimes a bit silly, live art. Complete absence of NY cool, the place to watch.

■ Fanatics Freeze Furnace—

Along with increased subsidy for the arts in the US has come, predictably, the increased possibility of censorship. A recent group show *Carnival Knowledge* at the Franklin Furnace, which attempted to take a sane, artists, view of the ambiguities and complexities surrounding pornography and other forms of public sexuality, with a controversial visual art show and seminars by sex movie stars. The Moral Majority mounted an unprecedented campaign against the space, attempting to pressurise the National Endowment agency to withdraw funds and, more seriously, getting corporate sponsors to pull out.

■ Black Elk Speaks—

An attempt to tour America with a mammoth performance about the Indian nation has ended up adding to the crime, reports Steve Rogers from out of town: During the 1960s, White America experienced a delayed and disturbing guilt over the destruction of the Indian nations. Hollywood stars and heroes of the new popular music gave their names and skills in support of the 'Indian cause'. Verismo, cult movies like *Soldier Blue* were an essential feature of the greening of America, the first major moral assessment of America's soldiering capitalism. I went to *Black Elk Speaks* Starring David Carradine hoping for something equally powerful and condemnatory. But in America, theatre can be very profitable and so can people's guilt, and this was about as emotionally powerful as *Snoopy the Musical*. Guaranteed box-office, with a cast of all singing, all dancing 'real' Indians, starring Carradine of course, it packed the Tulsa performing Arts Centre with a predominantly white, middle American tuxedo and long frock-clad audience whose guilt strings were tugged by the simplest, most banal, theatrical tricks. *Black Elk Speaks* the book stands as the final great apocalyptic vision of the genocide practised on the Indian nations in the name of profit. *Black Elk Speaks* Starring David Carradine is a total debasement of the soul and spirit of that testament. How can they have missed such a terrible irony?

■ Chang Not Yet Void—

John Jesurun's performance soap *Chang in a Void Moon* made a brief but welcome return to the Pyramid last month and aficionados eagerly lapped up the further doings of Picablo, the Countess, Dr Sabartes and the rest. Drag star Eythyl Eichelberger played the hotel manager terrorised by the menacing, ageless, Chang in her female incarnation, people died 'are we dead?' as they always do in Jesurun's nightmare scripts, and half the words, we slowly realised, turned out to be the entire prose text of Michael Jackson's *Beat It*. For stay-at-home unbelievers, it's possible that Jesurun may bring a low-budget tour of *Chang* to Britain soon, so you can see what all the fuss is about.



YOKO ONO BE OUR PATRON



YOKO, GREAT NEWS! We've been accepted into a real New York gallery group art show. But oh Yoko, we don't have the cab fare, or the plane fare, from the west coast to New York. (In fact we haven't actually made it to the west coast yet, we're still in Battle Mountain, Nevada). By the way we always liked John's music. Yoko we don't need much, just gas money to the west coast, plane fare for two minor conceptual artists from west coast to New York, art show supplies including plane fare for 23 young black toughs, motel costs and breakfast, lunch and dinner at McDonalds for 25 people.

Love,
United Art Contractors

P.S. Yoko (or anyone else with cab fare) please send money to: United Art Contractors, 163 S. Broad St., Box 704, Battle Mountain, Nevada 89820

PERF—UK

Black and Blue

The Button Pusher is aware that the accident could lead to a misunderstanding. A maintenance engineer once dropped a screwdriver causing it to fall directly in front of the button. The shadow of the falling screwdriver crossing the button was instantly viewable on the monitor screen. For a second nobody breathed. Always a venture, going to Matt's gallery; attaining the stairs a coup, and then the quest along the passageways through the burnt-out dust of smokey days, round the corner and up the stairs. Standing in line, anxious candidates with a peculiar Sunday religious feeling to this queuing up among the potted irises to sign the visitor's book.

Arrival at the gallery—eight tables posed congenially, cafe-style, with chairs and a central, pretend-candle, light on each. Before us shades of the Savoy Orpheans stuck in mid-flight—a webbed array of fifties radio sets. Lights out...and then... Lights on. The radios become TVs, with us as audience, a web of walls replicated in this web of people. Voice-over, a story: the Button Pusher (an old fear—the idiot who just could...?), and then sounds of jungle warfare, the heaving of merry men struggling with one another, those dead sounds of fighting. Followed by paradise, as from behind a gentle male speaker tells of the white horses, the crested waves by the sea, and the woman replies from the front, gulls crying over the water—an idyll. We are lulled and then tossed back, brutal to the rhythm of this normal freak whose job it is to wait and push...perhaps.

It is not clear whether Rose Finn-Kelcey's *Black and Blue*. *The Button Pusher's Paradise* is describing the button pushed to assure mutual atomic destruction or the buttons pushed by a TV vision mixer. This kind of 'performance' describes a type of visual art. What

Bow Gamelan Ensemble

The music of the Indonesian Gamelan Orchestras was first heard in the Paris Exhibition of 1890, one of those monstrously optimistic celebrations of late nineteenth-century industrial and colonial expansion, in which heavy machinery and exotic cultural imports testified to the exciting potential of progress and work. Now, wearing protective clothing, and equipped with hand-held jets of burning lighter fuel, Paul Burwell, Ann Bean and Richard Wilson, emerge from their East London base to present 'urban gamelan' music to a capacity audience in the Ikon basement. Working with instruments constructed from scrap metal, electric motors and glass, the Bow Gamelan Ensemble create a new percussive folk music indigenous to an industrial culture entering the terminal phase of its decline. Uncontrolled, funny and unsettling, the trio explore sounds and actions which are both a celebration and an assault. One minute a wailing chorus of car horns express confusion, antagonism and bewilderment, the



happens here is that the radios become TVs jammed on the horizontal button of the mind's eye. The audience is captured, we must look and listen. The best radio was small and white, the lights inside making eerie and beautiful patters on the shadowed wall...there was a time to perceive. This was a private affair, despite the cafe setting, intensified by the formal religiosity. No formal communion, but a formal reinstatement of this

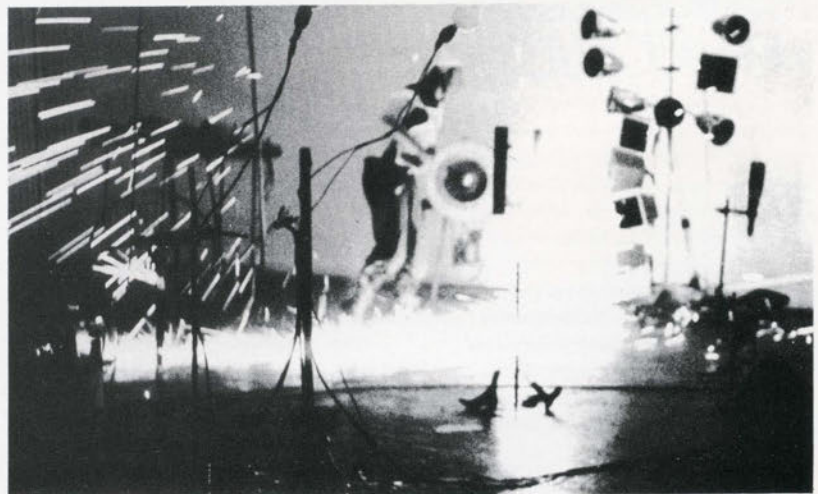
next a giant extractor fan blasts a mass of bubbles into a delighted audience. The bluster and noise go into mass production: metal pipes produce an eerie moaning sound, accompanied by the crash of metal plates being thrown around inside a working washing

impasse in the button pusher. A classical concert would provoke the imagination in the same way, but this experience is wayward in terms of general culture and therefore ignored. Where else would you be thanked personally for your attendance? It reminded me of Eliot—'i am moved by fancies that are curled around these images' (*Preludes*).

Liz Rideal

machine, shards of glass shatter, sparks whirl and fly up into the ceiling, and grinding generators hum in a harsh aural poetry which is a eulogy to the industrial ethic that has held Western society in thrall for so long.

■ Husband





PETER MCCALHUM

Who's Cool?

The characteristics which have defined Richard Layzell's performance to date—audience engagement, confrontation, and improvisation—were, though still in evidence, considerably less obvious in this new piece at Canada House (created in Toronto and Vancouver); yet his message had more clarity. Familiar elements—his unceremonious entrance into the performance space behind the audience, a deliberate silence followed by vigorous jiving to a funk riff on the accompanying videotape while proclaiming loudly his hipness and cool—were tempered by a more formal, abstract, reflective mood which took over as he announced that he was not what we thought him to be at all, but was in fact a bird.

A sense of open sky and a bird's-eye view were indeed

created in the performance space by the images on the videotape, which showed aerial views of Toronto and a blue, cloudless sky, and by the placing of several large white paper cloud shapes at the front of the stage. The space was further broken up by simple grey and white paper shapes and sand stencils of hands and birds, scattered on the luxurious carpeted floor and suspended from the white stucco ceiling.

Layzell the bird performed a series of slow stepping and turning movements, accompanied by some beautiful piano by Dean Broderick, alternately playing notes with fingers drawn across the grand piano strings. References to birds and freedom were made as he touched a large, white paper bird suspended from the ceiling in flight. As its wings flapped gently up and

down he echoed its movements, and cupped his hands repeatedly, as though releasing a bird from captivity. Immediate parallels were invited with the release of people from the stereotypes of conformity, here represented by images of hipness and cool. Finally Layzell donned a huge white paper mask and marched about, a bird angry about the state of the world, and determined to show, by that anger, that images of peace are not necessarily passive.

Unlike Layzell's more participatory pieces, in which the initial message was sometimes in danger of getting lost within the process of audience exchange, this more abstract articulation of ideas was beautifully done, and clearer in its simplicity of its presentation.

■ Chrissie Iles

Midday Sun

The pursuit of the exotic is the main theme of the latest mega-collaboration at the ICA, *Midday Sun*. As well as being a celebration and a damnation of the English obsession with Arabian nights, the bitter-sweet taste of the oriental Unknown, neocolonialism comes finally to roost in 'third world tourism', it contains a cracking short centre-piece script by Caryl Churchill which neatly captures the subtle beastliness of the English on holiday. Apart from this, though, being surrounded by a pleasing landscape of perfect props, skilful lighting and neat visual tricks only served to occasionally dispel the feelings of uneasy, unfulfilled 'so-whatness' that descend on me when leaving this space lately.

This performance is therefore a timely point to cast a somewhat baleful eye at the ICA's own rather English obsession with the 'exotic', that is, its policy of promoting what it chooses to call 'visual theatre'. Throw sand on the floor, switch on and off a few delicately fringed lampshades, have a few people wandering around lost in a desolate landscape of their own making, with a soundtrack that switches from jarring systems music to a dreamy epilogue, and you will have a cynics-eye view of the half a dozen or so theatre companies that have enthusiastically followed the path of 'visual theatre'. At least three of the main collaborators in *Midday Sun* have a lot to answer for in the past year, and now is the reckoning. Does this production, upon which they must now be judged, make up for the stylish metaphorical trademarks they have provoked in their imitators, and have themselves begun to be trapped by? What does the evidence of *Midday Sun* suggest?

Well, they almost get off scot-free, but here is the score card.

FOR

- 1) The fountain, and Alison Andrews coming out of it.
- 2) The clever idea of getting every single product manufacturer involved to advertise in the programme, from swimsuit to gravel manufacturers. Bet you couldn't do that with dead pigeons.
- 3) The line 'Teaching English as a Foreign Language changed my life but wasn't really exotic' (though this is presumably Caryl Churchill's line, not one of the accused).
- 4) The clear tribute to Sir Richard Burton, the only hero of the last century.
- 5) The fountain, and Jose Nava falling into it.

AGAINST

- 1) Yet more bloody sand.
 - 2) More beautiful and exotic tricks that increasingly mean nothing. Why did we need a buried piano? Why does a little light always have to shine out of everything? Is the ICA becoming a trade fair for useless products? And would Slix have advertised if their swimsuits were caked with blood and vomit?
 - 3) The playing of, God help us, 'Somewhere over the Rainbow' with a little model aeroplane to symbolise travel, unresolved fantasies, whatever.
 - 4) Relentless, meaningless 'deconstruction' of a text that didn't need it.
 - 5) Jose Nava not falling into the fountain more often.
- The case rests M'lud. You, John Ashford, Geraldine Pilgrim and Peter Brooks stand accused of general mythologising of your own trademarks, corruption of

the young, overuse of sand, the playing of ridiculously nostalgic records until they are worn out (though this soundtrack was better than most), the use of outmoded and ridiculously stale surrealistic devices, and I suspect, devising a show that will pander mercilessly to the weak and lily-livered tastes of the Dutch.

Verdict: Guilty. I will now consider your pleas for mitigation. To be fair, Mr Ashford (for you are the ringleader) there is no one else really bothering to build up a coherent body of experimental work in this country that is accessible to any size of audience. I consider your motives genuine. You are merely misguided. However, you have not unreasonable resources at your disposal. I therefore sentence you to the following:

You will invest a not inconsiderable amount of effort, time and money into encouraging other visual artists to consider new ways of using the ICA theatre space. Furthermore, you will send your agents and scouts to tour the several festivals of performance art being currently held in Britain this summer. You will select some suitable candidates to form a genuine *next wave* (and not in the Brooklyn sense) for your Institute. In this way you will revive experimental theatre once more in this country. You are the only one with the resources, and I suspect, the genuine desire to do this. Let the sentence be carried out forthwith.

■ Rob La Frenais



HUMAN BONDAGE AND THE HUMAN TORNADO



ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

Molissa Fenley has been hailed as the first person to bring 'transavanguardia' (the melding of worldwide experimental art) to dance. Causing a stir in the American dance world with her bold experimental ideas, by the end of the seventies she aimed to restore athletics and virtuosity to dance, and now combines her energetic athleticism with expressive body movement in her own choreography. Refusing to accept the post-modern and late-modern labels pinned on her colleagues, she sees the art of dancing solely about dancing. But this does not prevent Fenley from having a strong interest in other art forms, and it is this desire to cross traditional boundaries that has informed her collaboration with other avant-garde figures from different disciplines. With *Hemispheres*, the artist Francisco Clemente was invited to provide the visual element, the designer Rei Kawakubo the costuming and the composer Anthony Davis the music. Significantly the piece was first performed in New York at the Brooklyn Academy's Next Wave festival in an event that specifically sought to involve performers and visual artists of all kinds in such collaborations. On the eve of the opening at Riverside Studios, London, Anna Moszynska talked to Molissa Fenley about the collaboration in *Hemispheres*.

FRANCISCO CLEMENTE



There's something about people moving at a physical peak...

...All these memory banks that are just awaiting titillation and awakening.

Anna Moszynska: *How did you get involved with Clemente in the first place?*

Molissa Fenley: The Next Wave festival is built around the idea of collaborations and so when you're invited to be a part of the festival, the person who is the 'primary artist' is invited to think of collaborators. Clemente's work I've always liked very much and so we had several meetings. Originally we were just trying to conceptualise what we could do with the stage that would be different. He had come to a lot of my rehearsals and understood that I was doing very non-narrative kind of work and yet very imagistic at the same time, and that it would probably not be a very good idea to put a decor on the stage or any kind of backdrop that would always be suggesting to people what to think. Not only that, it would make the whole visual effect so loud and cluttered. The dance is so vibrant. Then this idea came up in one of our talks (actually, my husband thought of it, I think) that you'd have something that the audience could have in their hands while watching the piece. We would have drawings that would be turned into prints. Each person would get a set of 10 prints (there's four different sets) and as you walked in, the person sitting next to you would have a different set. Clemente was particularly interested in the idea of commerce. 'I'll give you this one if you trade me that one!'

What about the iconography of the prints?

Certainly the iconography that he used is his own. He didn't watch *Hemispheres* and come away from it thinking necessarily about sexual bondage or anything. But his iconography is very particular.

It's very personal isn't it?

Yes, and I think that aspect works very well for *Hemispheres* because the dance and music are of a very optimistic nature and are complementing each other in terms of their structure, form and inspiration. The Clementes are very different in that they're not necessarily optimistic. They're from a different world and to me they bring a very introverted, quiet part of the person watching into the work. Certainly the images are possible to just time-travel on. But it was very interesting to see people's responses. It was very much on a linear level of what does this all mean and why? Why that picture with that dance? It doesn't work that way though. If you're going to look at it in those terms it's just not happening.

Wasn't the audience surprised at the form Clemente's collaboration took?

I think it was more the iconography than anything else. In our culture, bondage pictures that are quite explicit (and many of these are) are looked at in terms of sexuality rather than in terms of the bondage of the mind. *Hemispheres* is supposed to be about the two parts of the mind and the understanding that in the separation of the two parts there are all these memory banks that are just awaiting titillation and awakening. To me these images are very questioning. They're also not just self-referential—they suggest all sorts of strange human bondage, and not only in a sexual sense, but in the sense of our cultures, the geography of the world, wars. I thought they were really good—I really liked them. *What about the whole production and the notion of collaboration?*

Unfortunately in New York and probably elsewhere, there's always this strange sarcasm. Why did I use Kawakubo's



Comme des Garçons collection and people were just saying 'Oh, it's the Vogue Vague!' I don't really think all this stuff has to be explained about why you want to collaborate with someone. If people want to think it's about ticket sales, then fine, they can go away thinking it's about ticket sales. I personally find it's very enlightening to deal with someone like Francesco. Working with him was very widening for my personal experience, and that's why I choose to work with anybody on an artistic level. They widen what I do, make me change what I do and force me to think about things in new light. The Comme des Garçons skirts and dresses that we wear give another imagistic level to the work. They add, they don't detract at all. There's a lot of bizarre sarcasm over fashion plates.

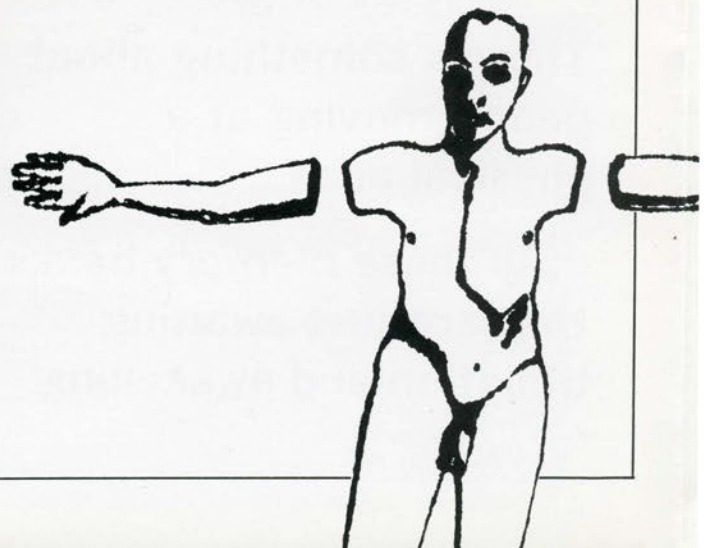
The idea of basing a whole festival around the idea of performer/artist collaboration is a very fascinating one. Trisha Brown and Rauschenberg also appeared in Next Wave in a piece they brought to Riverside. What intrigued me is the way in which artist and performer could get together to produce something that stretches the whole understanding of the traditional concept of collaboration. Rauschenberg, like Clemente, didn't produce a straightforward set design. He designed the costumes and produced the slide images, but these two elements were not as integrated as one might imagine to the action of the dance. Do you think that performers and artists are defining new parameters in a way that's very different from what's gone on in the earlier twentieth century, or the '70s for that matter?

I think people are looking to make bigger and bigger projects and to make these you really have to start dealing with theatrical production values. Rather than go to a classic scene designer or a classic person who's always been working in theatre, it's interesting to go to a painter who isn't one of these, and consequently doesn't have preoccupations of what should happen on stage. It gives artists the opportunity to widen what they do and to try to find out how to make their work public. It's a tremendous thing for an artist to be asked to do—it's such a different opportunity and experience from doing work for a gallery show.

How does your work go down in the American art world now? Rose Lee Goldberg did an article for *Artforum* which catapulted my credence for the art world. Art world people generally think that dance isn't very interesting. I don't know what they think we do. I get the idea they imagine we put on grass skirts and dance the Hula-Hu. Dance has always been the bastard of the artworld. But in New York the dance world

CHRIS HARRIS

I get the idea they imagine we put on grass skirts and dance the Hula-Hu



is very slow-moving, very jealous of forward action and very camped. There's the ballet camp, there's the Graham camp, the Cunningham camp, the so-called Down Town Dancers, the Natural Movers—and everybody seems to hate everybody else. There's very little crossover and there's no desire to know and compete against whatever else is happening. It's not like the art world where there's an intense desire to know who's up to what (whatever you think of them). It's a big problem in dance—there just isn't this overall thrust for the art form itself. It's not as intellectual as it could be, should be.

Why the international appeal of your work?

Speaking internationally, there's just this interest in dance. Around the world, there's an understanding that the innovators are American, the real pioneers of dance. Yes, there's Pina Bausch in Germany and the French, but basically it's understood that the Americans are the originators in the dance world. The audiences just go, they flock to it.

As far as your own work is concerned, isn't it also to do with the multiple reference to non-Western dance forms and movement in general?

Yes, that's a lot of it—that immediately people have an affinity for it. It went down well in Tokyo, but I don't think it's because of the movement style, likewise in France. I think it's because there's an interest in the fact that it's so blatant, so confrontational and it's not self-referential. It's always going out. A lot of dance is so positional and some performers are not very charismatic. If you're going to be on stage, you've got to be able to deal with that quality of being on stage. Sometimes dance can get so introspective.

There's always this question of your particular combination of technique and energy. How do these account for your success?

I think people like to see the body taxed. There's something invigorating about people moving at a physiological peak. That's very exciting whether you're watching it in a dancer, gymnast, surfer or skier. I think they pick up on that. It's also a very contemporary world I show on stage. We all have contemporary haircuts, nice costuming and it's obvious that the music is made for the piece, it's contemporary.

Talking of music, how does Hemispheres differ from Eureka in terms of composition?

It differs tremendously. Peter Gordon did the *Eureka* music alone and it was a dubbing, redubbing thing done in the studio, basically electronically. He sometimes played the saxophone acoustically but mostly the whole thing was



**It's more than just flying
around the stage and
being strong**



FRANCISCO CLEMENTE

machines. Anthony Davis is a composer who worked with ten crack musicians to make this work, and it's all scored. It's very classical jazz; classical in the sense of its orchestration, jazz in the improvisational form parts. Also, Anthony works polymetrically, which I find interesting to work with. The music I'd used up to this time mostly rattled away in 4/4 time, but with this, some of the band is in 7/4, some in 5/4 and there's a disjointed down-beat so it's very interesting to listen to.

Complicated to dance to?

Well I added my own thing too. I never dance to the music. The dancers become really another instrument which complements the music rather than shadowing what the music does.

By adding more dancers and a greater structural complexity in the music, it sounds as though you're moving into a fuller performance style altogether.

I'd like to make larger pieces that are more complex. I've already been invited to go back to the Next Wave Festival in 1985 and that piece will probably have five dancers, so I'm working towards that. Working as a soloist for a year was very interesting and I learnt a lot about what I'm up to as a choreographer and a dancer. Now having worked with the three people since November on *Hemispheres* means that experience is going to help with the five dancers. It just feels like it should grow and is growing. I like that aspect of it because I obviously want to play bigger stages, bigger houses. I'm not a loft dancer.

How do you work as a group? Do you work out ideas together?

I do it all. I make all the movements and I do all the choreography. There's some feedback on foot positions, but it's very much me directing them what to do. But we're all three very different dancers. I'm not interested in having them all look like me. Obviously it's a movement style that's very personal. I like the fact that we're all very different because I think it widens it all. With five people the scope will get even bigger.

Will they all be women?

Yes, I like women a lot. It's got a lot to do with things of a physical nature. The movement that I choreograph is for my body. I'm not separate from the dancers as a choreo-

grapher. I direct myself into it—I always dance in the pieces, I can't imagine not dancing in them—so there's that aspect of always being in it. Men are very fused in their pelvises and would find it very hard to do the articulations I do. Interpersonally I get on with women better. Then there's the ritualistic sense to the work that I think is much more predominant with all women. In almost every culture you can think of, the primal rites are the men with the men and the women with the women. It's rare to have men and women dance together in any Third World country that I can think of where the dance is a rite, a sacred rite.

What about that level of meaning being apparent in your work?

I'm very open-minded about metaphors. I think that there are certain metaphors that can be gained from the dancing and I don't like to say that one thing can come through more than another. To me there is a very ritualistic aspect to it, but not all of a sudden 'The Third World'.

What about the other element that is made so much of—your muscle-building training programme?

In our culture we're very health and fitness-minded, so it's very easy for people to fixate on the way I train. They all find that very interesting. But to me it's like talking to a painter about the way he washes his brushes. It's so mundane! Obviously I train for a reason. I want to have strength and form in my upper body and I need endurance to do what I do cardiovascularly. But one of the problems I think is that people don't really have the education to talk about art. It gets too esoteric, so they bring it down to this level: how a person can change their body. They'd rather see it as a 'how to' book on fitness than talk about it as an artform.

In an ideal world you'd rather the physical fitness aspect wasn't blown up to this proportion, presumably. It bothers you.

The human tornado bit is used to try and get people into the theatre. People don't have it in their blood, you have to hit them over the head, why they have to come—just like a coca-cola ad. The people who are thinkers go away realising that it's more than just flying about the stage and being strong. It doesn't bother me much, it just seems the way it has to be. ■



CHRIS HARRIS

LSD: JUST THE HIGH POINTS

Nancy Campbell



However far Reagan and Jerry Falwell have got in cleaning up America, it will still take a long time to expunge the libertarian mythologies of the sixties. Where else in the world is not only the name but also the personalities and arcanology surrounding an illegally manufactured hallucinogenic drug still, twenty years on, almost a household topic. LSD. Acid. Good Trips. Bad Trips. Timothy Leary. Millbrook. The FBI. Then finally, assimilation into the darker American mythology of Watergate.

After seeing the Wooster Group perform their new work-in-progress *LSD (...Just the High Points...) Parts 1, 2 and 3* at the Performing Garage in Soho, I was sent a sheaf of newspaper reports from Boston, Massachusetts, where they went on to perform the show in the prestigious, but it would seem, adventurous, Boston Shakespeare Company. The headlines given to the piece in the popular press ranged from the hostile *LSD: BAD TRIP BACK TO THE SIXTIES* (*Boston Herald*) through the teasing *LSD AS MINDBENDING AS ITS TITLE* (*Boston Globe*) to the enthusiastic *LSD IS WORTH THE TRIP* (*Daily Evening Item*). Clearly capturing the imaginations of audiences and critics alike, and littered with references which seem nothing less than household, the initial reception of *LSD* seems to contradict the assertion made by director Elizabeth LeCompte in a recent *Village Voice* interview, that 'American society is terrified of people with strong visions about anything from God to politics to art'. (I'd say the 'strong visions' of America are just one thing that makes it highly dangerous as a world power, but that's another story).

Bearing in mind the nature of *LSD*'s subject matter, ranging from Beatnik references to the paranoid self-mythology of (as Arthur Freidman of the *Boston Herald* puts it) '60s pill-and-thrill-a-minute guru Timothy Leary and his crazed band of druggies', one might have expected a rambling epic akin to the British Ken Campbell's *Illuminatus*. But where that was really just an expanded pantomime/knockabout survival test with special effects, this is seriously researched and dangerous performance by the Wooster Group, one of the last truly experimental theatre companies in New York to survive with their ideals intact.

Seriously researched indeed. Scanning the *Globe* further, one comes across an interesting revelation about the group's working method. Says Spalding Gray, one of the group's founders, and now known as a performance artist/raconteur in his own right, 'We were working on *The Crucible* at the time, extracting its major climaxes, planning to use them in some way which was then not clear to us...' Apparently, along came someone with a record of Leary unfolding his paranoid visions and 'We all took LSD and tried scenes from *The Crucible* and the play just died.' Indeed. Presumably this was in the hallucinogen's latest incarnation as a New York disco-drug, rather than the real thing from the Sandoz labs. The resulting central part is however exactly as Gray describes...*The Crucible* on acid.

The staple diet for many a high school drama dept (lots of parts for girls, high moral overtones about McCarthyism) has been exploded, viciously twisted about, riotously speeded up, hysteria induced, and generally deconstructed by Elizabeth LeCompte; but is still recognisable enough to shine through as a monstrous parody of the original, often lugubriously-played, Arthur Miller play. As the *Voice* reported in December, after the original previews, Miller, who has right of veto 'came to one performance and was apparently impressed, if a little shocked. He thought they were asking for permission to quote some sections of the play, but since they're doing the whole play he felt he couldn't really give his approval'. From the laughter I heard at the Performing Garage at the Lucy-show style declamations of 'I saw Abigail dancing naked in the woods' and 'I drunk the devil's brew' while Governor Danforth et al. crawled around the floor barking through loudhailers, I imagine him wishing he were in some draughty gymnasium hearing the high-school rendition of his sombre classic.

The deconstruction of *The Crucible* is however, merely the cathartic centrepiece to a complex melange of recollections, extracts and cameos taken from drug-related history and literature. It is all set on a long conference table, and it in fact starts off exactly like one of those conferences which still take place around the world, bringing together a procession of retired Beat poets, academics, lecture-circuit novelists and assorted subcultural demimonde characters and

which always has to include William Burroughs. Starting off low-profile, low key, the characters introduce themselves. Allen Ginsberg, Arthur Koestler, Peter Orlovsky, Alan Watts, Leary himself; they're all there. And when Alan Watts puts on his cowboy hat, he becomes William Burroughs. OK?

The Leary babysitter (apparently herself a reliable source of anecdote and information of the psychedelic goings on, and somewhat 'leery about Leary' until she herself was turned on in the wake of 'some three hundred professors, graduate student, writers and philosophers at Harvard University'). Ann Rower, is the narrator. The way the participants casually address the audience at this point gives the impression that what we are seeing really is a 'work in progress', or even only a discussion about doing it. The table is raised so that you can see the performers' legs and shoes (another informalising effect), Orlovsky is played by a young-looking fifteen year-old and dialogue is seemingly fished from a chaotic repository of notes, tapes, sourcebooks etc.

But slowly, the paranoid aspects of this part-sloppy/historical scenario, part-seminar start creeping in. Echoes of Leary's alleged later involvement with the FBI filter through. Koestler drops acid and freaks out at seeing a gay sex act. The spaced-out vision of the world becomes sorely troubled. And the trouble really starts in the second part, Salem.

'In these books the devil stands stripped of all his brute disguises. Here are all your familiar spirits—your incubi and succubi, your witches that go by land, air and sea, your wizards of the night and day. Have no fear now—we shall find him out if he is among us, and I mean to crush him utterly if he has shown his face'. Rev John Hale, *The Crucible*

And so, the Wooster Group stand stripped of all their laid-back, post-modern disguises. Veering to the edge of Foreman's Ontological-hysterical Theatre territory now, the pace is jerkily cranked up to out-of-control chainsaw level by the words of the *Crucible* being muttered, howled, yammered, screamed, declaimed, spat and generally hurled in all directions by the seemingly possessed performers. As LeCompte said to the *Voice*, 'when I read the stage direction "the girls scream", I got the giggles. Omigod, a playwright has given me permission for the girls to scream—everything is all right in the world!' You can see what she means.

The curious touches of John Jesurun's *Chang in a Void Moon* here, during the interrogations (the deadpan staccato repetitions 'you danced?—I did dance—you drank?—I did drink/You must go—Are

we going now?—You must go now') are perhaps not incidental, as at least one *LSD* performer (as always in New York, it's difficult to tell) is regularly one of the the *Chang* Gang.

The rise and fall from cogent parts of *The Crucible* to waves of infectious hysteria continue, until—after a final frenetic courtroom scene—the 'witches' are *really* allowed to become witches, probably again to the chagrin of the allegorically-minded Miller, and indulge, skirts aloft, in a fiendish 'flying' dance, by an ingenious trick with the table and a set of the other performers' disjointed legs. LeCompte: 'This production has to do with visions, with seeing things other people can't see. It has to do with stepping outside of normal ways of producing imagery, it has to do with conjuring'. Your paranoid fantasies may be true, the devil can be worshipped in Massachusetts, 'nothing is true, everything is permitted'.

On to Millbrook: 'bad' psychedelic music being played live, the trial continues, but everyone's now stoned out of their heads. Prosecutor Danforth et al. are giggling, no one can take the charges seriously, but still the paranoia persists. A relaxing, and clever departure by the trial from the acid nightmare of the courtroom to the *Huis Clos* of the stoned living room—but this third part is waving loosely in the breeze, dismembered, awaiting its fourth part in which the central figure is Gordon Liddy, or as Gray puts it 'The Modern Hero; in the 1970s the guy who wouldn't speak'.

As a kind of concession to an ending, Alan Watts puts on his cowboy hat, pulls out a pistol, and shoots at a woman who has on her head...a glass of liquid. She drinks it, calmly. The audience get the reference.

This piece of genuine theatrical experimentation reaches areas that just don't get touched in British theatre, once again leaving the performance artists here to take up the slack for what would be strictly regarded as 'theatre' by the New Yorks art establishment's tight categorical leash. It's certainly worth recording and documenting in this magazine though, in a way, the quipping no-nonsense prose of the redoubtable Arthur Friedman (*Boston Herald*) sums up *LSD* and the culture it briefly took by storm somewhat better:

'Is the hysteria that ditches witches the same hysteria that stones the stoned? Or was Leary himself a devil deluding his devotees into believing that his "round the bend" parties were revolutions to change the future? Search me. I'm going home to pop an Anacin'.

Put it in the water supply, I say. ■

ROB LA FRENAIS





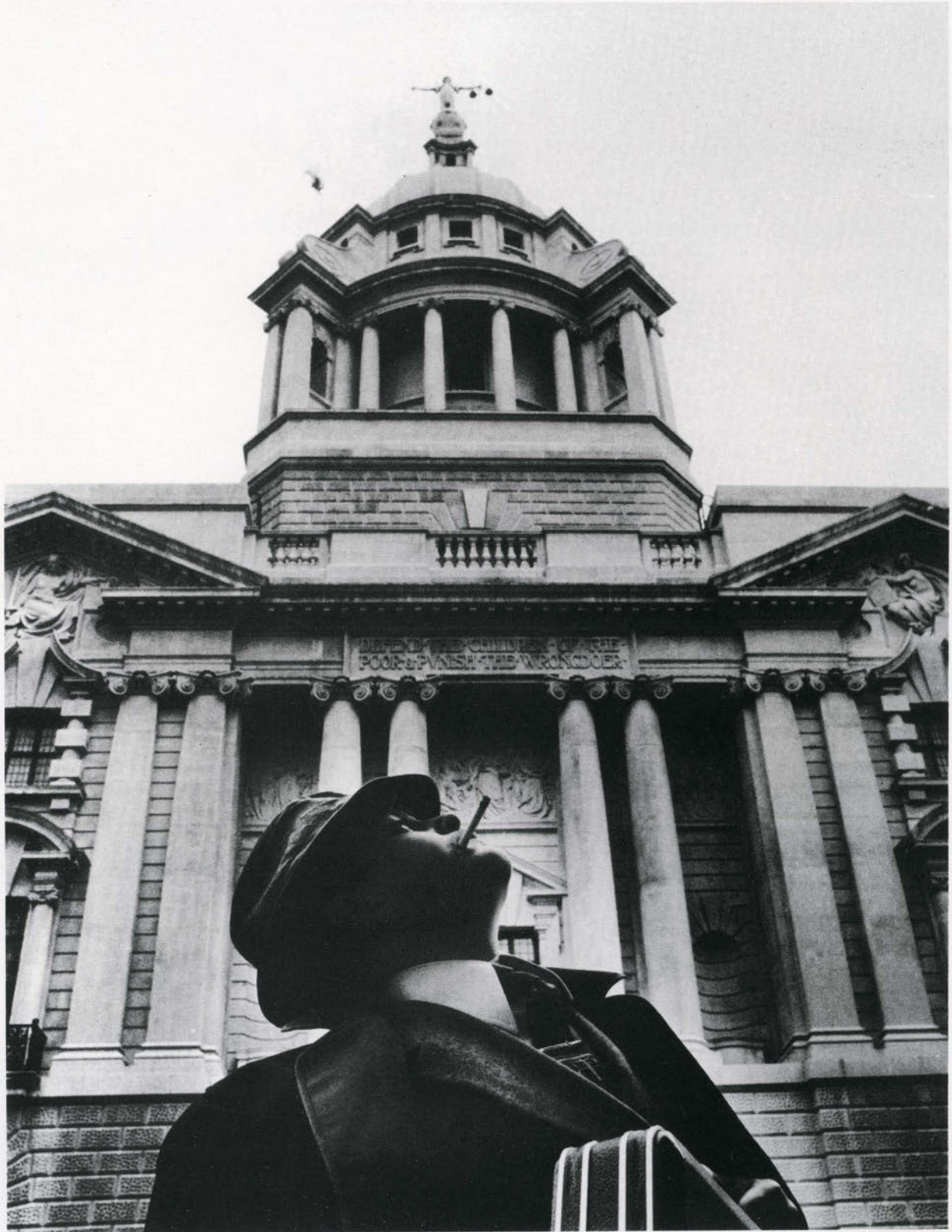
IMAGES OF DEVIANCY



TONY RUDGERSON

GOWNS AND HOODS

■ By GRAHAM ROBERTS



'With fanatical care, "jealous care", I prepared for my adventure as one arranges a couch or a room for love; I was *hot* for crime.'

Why did I spend two years as a part-time solicitor's clerk, in and out of the Old Bailey and a dozen other courts in and around London? I was 'fabulously broke', but I also wanted to study the real performers in action; the hard core Professionals at work. I had already researched and produced work concerning the behaviour of criminals, in particular of violent criminals, but now I had an opportunity to encounter them, and those who attempt to thwart them—to 'administer justice'—first hand. To secure an element of conviction.

Dressing for Her Majesty's Pleasure

For the Professional Classes and their ancillary workers, appearances are all-important. In the Courts, where people for the most part unknown to each other are to meet for a few hours, maybe days, to make decisions that will be crucial to at least one person's life, it is essential that any incompetence or unsuitability in the components of this system is disguised. Thus, in the courtroom, the wig and gown stops being the quaint anachronism that it appears on the steps outside, and bestows an anonymous efficiency on even the most inept practitioner. Likewise, by dressing correctly, I on my first day was able to leave our client feeling that his interests were being well served by my presence.

At this point I should explain that the Solicitor's Clerk acts as an observer/intermediary between the Client, the Solicitor (who the Client will have met, but who usually will not be present in Court) and the Barrister (who pleads the Client's case, but who may neither have met the Client, nor have been acquainted with the Case, until the day of the Trial). Both the Solicitor and the Barrister are Professional People with such qualities as Integrity and Experience. The Clerk need have no experience, but for the sake of the Client's peace of mind it is often kinder not to make a feature of this. A good suit helps a lot.

The Theatre of Crime

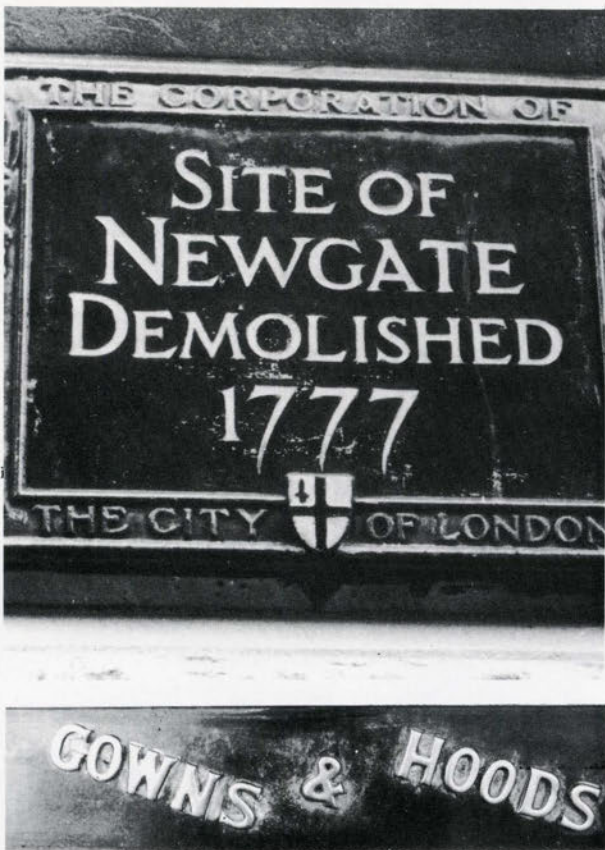
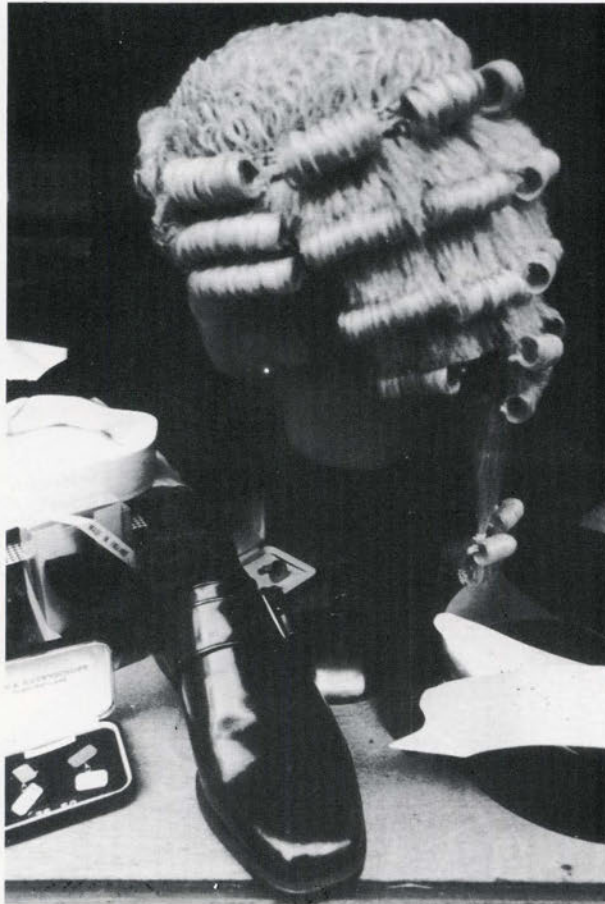
'We went down and down. I never realised you could go down so far at the Old Bailey. I thought we were going to Hell'. (Charles Richardson, gang leader, after being sentenced in 1967 to 25 years after the so-called 'Torture Trial')

The door to the cells in the Old Bailey, is the heavily studded door of Newgate Prison, and has an unnerving acoustic finality when slammed shut. Visits to cells are, of necessity, acts of conspiracy. 'As soon as I entered his chambers, I was struck by the gloom, despite the dusty, secret flowering of the criminal files'. (Jean Genet)

The courtroom is a fetishist's paradise; and for the criminal in has been consciously contrived over centuries. A High Court judge wears a robe trimmed with ermine in autumn and winter, but in spring and summer he slips into silk trimmings. The Black Cap, worn to pass sentence of death, is still nevertheless carried in his hand on entering and leaving court. Such ritualistic dress and behaviour can infect the accused with a sense of profundity. The court hierarchy offers many a criminal a suitable arena in which to perform. His most trivial acts are considered important. He is eulogised ('...a man whose heart is so empty that it forms a chasm that threatens to engulf society'). The tools of his trade are passed reverently among the Jury.

To hold a used, sawn-off shotgun, and to perceive both its physical weight and the weight of its history, is to hold for that moment a true incarnation of violence. The menace of these few pounds of battered black metal, crudely hacked with the sole intent of increasing its





convenience as a violator of flesh and bone, is deeply disturbing. Every member of the Jury handled this relic differently.

The courtroom is a fetishists paradise; and for the criminal in Number One Court at the Old Bailey, there is surely a feeling that he has 'arrived'. That official Certification of Infamy is dangerously attractive—Lucifer crossing swords with the Almighty. And, when proven, the crime is made more evil, more of a transgression, by the absurd self-righteousness of this ludicrously archaic system which is little more than a warehouse for a group of upper-class ponces, procuring freedom for their clients. Professional liars who wish to maintain the status quo whilst making a fine living from others' misfortunes. The very embodiment of hypocrisy, and their gowns give historical testimony. The cloth streamer, hanging forward from the left shoulder, was designed to enable the owner to throw the end forward to the prisoner, allowing money to be attached to it. The greater the fee, the better the performance. And although today such things are done more discreetly, the same still applies. When the Professionals get to work, someone in the background is counting. Real human feeling is lacking in the process at any level. Back in chambers, a Dickensian clerk, on a high wooden stool, rubs his hands and scratches with his pen—so mean; so English.

Abortion of Justice

The final case I attended was a sharp lesson that the only sense of responsibility the barrister feels is to his wallet. Three heavies, auditioning for the part of the young Jimmy Boyle, whose evening's entertainment was to congregate, drunk, in a crowded pub till closing bell, then indiscriminately to break a bottle in a stranger's face. Stunningly simple; the kid's eyes are so full of blood and glass he can't positively identify his assailants. Although the Jury is forbidden knowledge of previous convictions, I could see from my vile file that they had perfected their routine to an art. Their long list of acquittals was due to the technique of going for the eyes, but also, more importantly, due to the cunning and utterly fraudulent performances of some particularly clever stoats in wigs. None of these Professionals seemed remotely concerned; the mood was purely of self-congratulation. The more cases they win, the more their services are in demand.

The lads are probably still painting the town red. Their level of aggression had escalated at each incident, partly due to the euphoria of having repeatedly evaded the law, and partly due to the need to elaborate and surpass the previous act. Enhancing the risks increases the prestige value of the violent act. In this case the legal system seemed clearly to support and provoke destruction. Not in the fact that punishment by prison sentence was not forthcoming (surely useless and irrelevant to men whose own self-images need to be reinforced by the annihilation of other people's faces) but in the lack of any constructive concern for the motivations of the criminal and in the rife corruption of the methods used by barristers. Prison only stores and segregates and, as in the case of, say, Peter Sutcliffe, whose actual punishment was not the prison sentence but the torture of sinking even deeper into madness without psychiatric help, serves to placate a society whose wish for vengeance outweighs its wish for justice.

I was left with the same feeling provoked by the sawn-off shotgun—fear. Fear of the attitudes that can produce such levels of hatred and brutality. Fear of a legal profession inhabited, run and promoted by people with such a void of conscience and lack of individual responsibility. But, most of all, fear that we seem condemned to repeat our own history of ignorance. ■

All photographs by Roberta Graham

MAD DOG CULTURE



In a survey of post-war literature, film and finally Performance Art, KEN HOLLINGS explores the fears, desires and conflicts behind the representation of youth as an embodiment of violence and deviancy.

1) Understand and Control

'You'd really hate an adult to understand you. That's the only thing you've got over them—the fact that you can mystify and worry them.'—Unidentified teenager, *Generation X*

'“What am I?” Ina screamed, jumping to her feet. “What the bleedin’ hell am I? Some hunk of meat getting chopped on the butcher’s slab!”’—Richard Allen, *Knuckle Girls*

In a society where to understand is to control, the refusal of youth to be understood places it on a fault-line of disruption. The representation of youth can therefore never be innocent since at its heart lies the struggle for control expressed in its purest form. To be young is to be depicted as deviant, violent and, finally, criminal. If we examine this image of youth it becomes clear that our collective will to understand is both an imperfect and a tainted one. It is imperfect because it will attempt to displace those conflicts it cannot resolve, and it is tainted because, ultimately, that which is resolved is also dominated. Understanding is an exercise in power intimately involved in the life of a culture, especially one as rigidly hierarchical as our own. Under such conditions, it is not surprising to find most of the books and films portraying youth deviancy and violence occupying a lowly—almost

marginal—position within this cultural hierarchy. It is true that a few enjoy some form of status but they do so at the expense of being fundamentally misunderstood. They are *all* trash: valueless, undifferentiated and, it is implied, already discarded in favour of higher and more worthy things. Deviant youth and trash culture have found each other at the bottom of the same dustbin, and the relationship between the two is both very close and very complex. It is also, however, a relationship which remains enigmatic and closed unless it is seen in terms of disruption.

Disruption is the response to the exercise of power in society. As such I see it as free and generous: in a word, creative. A live culture is one of perpetual disruption, and to write about it seriously is to expose those areas of contradiction and conflict which test the limits of our understanding. Established ideas of cultural production and consumption are inadequate when seen in the light of this aim. In fact they are quite useless: they cannot be brought to bear upon the will to understand because they embody it. They are only relevant in so far as they impose order by dictating the values which keep trash totally separate from any artistic practice which is considered socially useful or aesthetically valuable. To question the form in which youth violence and deviancy is portrayed throws all ideas of social worth and aesthetic value into confusion, allowing disruption to exist in both an abstract and a very real sense. It also allows artistic practice to be present in the discussion—even if at times it is only by inference. The image of youth, both threatening and exploited, is slowly beginning to emerge as a theme in post-modernist art.

Some of Gilbert and George's work, to give a current example, virtually constitutes an iconography of young and aggressive-looking boys. They also derive great pleasure from young people's instinctive understanding of their work. Steve Willats has dedicated a number of his assemblages to the painstaking documentation of the tag ends, glue tubes and graffiti of juvenile delinquency. However at the moment I find

the work of younger artists, like Andre Stitt and Jill Westwood far more interesting. Stitt's actions and his films in particular express a vitalism and a wilful refusal to be compromised which only the stupid—or the prejudiced—would approach without a certain amount of respect. Both his and Westwood's work deal directly with images of youth, deviancy and violence: they are discussed at the conclusion of this study on disruption in the hope that some of the wider issues raised here will not become irretrievably lost.

2) Boy For Sale

'*Saturday Mayhem* with a cover painting showing terrace terrors involved in a vicious affray would be a hot seller....Thanks to Steve Penn and his skinhead squad, he had successfully negotiated the dangerous cross-road. He knew, now, what an author's duty was—provide material for people to read.'—Richard Allen, *Terrace Terrors*

The actual social or cultural reality of youth is not as important as the manner in which it is depicted and the prejudices and fears that depiction reflects. The question of how distorted these images of youth deviancy really are is an extremely difficult one since there is no objective or dispassionate perspective from which to examine them. Anyone who had first-hand experience of



them knows that the sociologists, teachers, cops, social workers, journalists and lawyers who involve themselves with youth and violence are also only dealing with a partial and imperfect image. It is an image they manufacture for themselves the moment they make a profession out of understanding youth. The trash novelist is, by comparison, a mercenary. He is not interested in pursuing understanding: he is too busy packaging conflict. That is his charm. There is, however, a less than charming disparity between who these novels and films are made for and whose interests are actually served by them.

Novels like *Skinhead*, *Black Leather Barbarians* and *Teddy Boy* have spent more time being circulated under school desks than they ever have on the shelves of the nation's libraries. Yet that is where they exert their most socially powerful influence. In reading these novels, youth is consuming not itself but an image of itself: an instant replay of the fear and prejudice displayed in the conflict over control. They are not buying rebellion but the curbing and taming of that rebellion. As a result, nothing in trash culture is true. Richard Allen, author of nearly a score of novels about violence and youth began his career with *Skinhead* which presented that youth cult as the ultimate neighbourhood threat. But in subsequent novels, this image is toned down and made increasingly respectable. As the sequel, *Suedehead*, was followed by *Boot Boys*, so the skinhead had to give way to supposedly bigger and more frightening menaces. By his fourteenth novel, *Terrace Terrors*, he is describing skinheads being hired by football clubs to work with the police to control hooliganism in the stands. Allen also distinguished his work by presenting himself as an expert on youth violence carefully chronicling each new cult as it emerged. Unfortunately this eventually resulted in him inventing them, and the results were such indescribable fantasies as *Smoothies*, *Sorts*, *Knuckle Girls* and *Dragon Skins*. This development has an interesting parallel in American trash publishing where works of the most outrageously transparent fiction were passed off as true. This included an account of the 'life and death of the Gutter Kids' in the case of Harlan Ellison's *The Juvies*, and Jess Stearn's *The Wasted Years*, which was presented as a serious sociological study that asked 'who are these terrorising teenagers who kill without reason?' The kids at the back of the class are probably asking themselves the same question. There is, however, one thing that remains true and consistent throughout all



of these fictions: the voice of control and authority. The novels under discussion could never exist or exert any of their influence if they did not contain within them the representation of those who have made the understanding of youth their profession.

3) The Nightmare of Discipline

'Any teenager willing to show respect was worth saving.'—Richard Allen, *Skinhead*
 'I wanted to help Johnny more than any other boy in the class but already he was in such serious trouble that it seemed he had placed himself beyond my power to help him. The police were to bring a charge against him...'—Ernest Ryman, *Teddy Boy*

It is impossible for youth to be neutral: it is either a resource or a threat. The one automatically cancels out the other. Those who cannot offer themselves up as the good citizens of the future are the anti-social delinquents of the present. Everyone from the Jesuits to the Nazis and beyond knows that whoever owns youth owns the future: the discipline exerted upon us without break throughout childhood and adolescence is

conditioned entirely by this social need. An undifferentiated state of being, where social, moral and sexual codes have made no mark, is not permitted to exist. This is not open to choice: every dog is mad until it is tamed. The refusal to submit to discipline indicates an attempt to preserve an undifferentiated condition and marks the beginnings of deviancy.

In trash culture this refusal is brought into sharp focus where it erupts into violence, sexual excess and criminality. The novels luxuriate in such acts, some simply catalogue them in the most graphic detail. However, the reader is strictly prohibited from feeling any kind of complicity with these acts, for, despite what titles like *Skinhead* and *Teddy Boy* suggest, the young deviant is not alone as the subject of the text. He may occupy our attention but he is surrounded on all sides by the professional disciplinarian. The teachers, social workers, policemen and barristers who participate in these pulp dramas never appear at the centre of the stage because they quite explicitly *are* the stage. It is invariably their desires and attitudes to which the young offender refuses to submit and which must finally be asserted—in one way or

PERFORMANCE



Film Co-op Summer Show. Following on from their Salon of 1984 (John Maybury, Roberta Graham, Holly Warburton, Cerith Wynn Evans etc.) taking place at the ICA just as we hit the newsstands (sorry about that) comes what is likely to be one of the most adventurous Summer Shows at the Co-op. (**July 3-7**). This outfit has been enlivened of late by the exotic presence of Cordelia Swann, herself a film/installation/performance artist. While events at the Camden Town based venue have for a long time represented the hard edge of experimental work, sometime highly minimalist, there is now, as with recent events on the theme of 'expressionism' a move towards presenting younger artists, with more exciting and dangerous work. Details to be announced. **Phone Cordelia Swann on 01-586 4806.**

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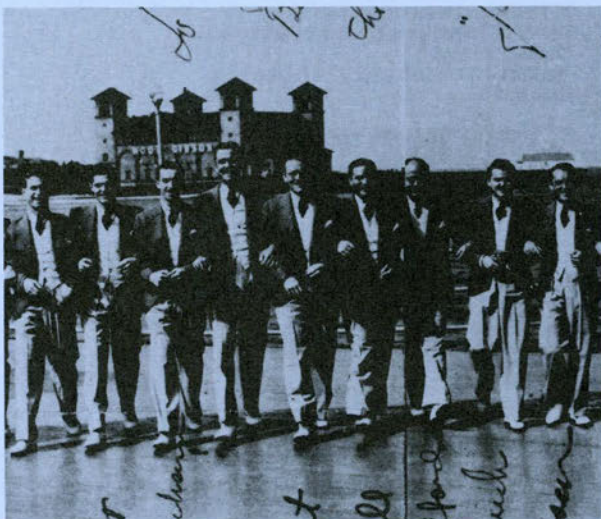
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The Great Learning by the late Cornelius Cardew, 130 performers, mass choruses, a team of drummers, trained and untrained musicians, is the centre piece of this year's Almeida festival. (**June 14–July 8**). Presumably only now can this be performed, as Cardew spent his later life as a Maoist, vigorously denouncing his previous avant-gardism with the Scratch Orchestra as 'decadent' preferring himself to give discreet recitals of revolutionary hymns. But now the avant-garde classic is directed in its entirety by John Tilbury (the programme says for the first time, which doesn't seem to count the legendary late-sixties performance in Portsmouth Cathedral) at the Union Chapel, Highbury, London. (**July 7–8**). This ambitious music festival also boasts the 24-hour version of Erik Satie's *Vexations* (**June 23–24**), 840 exact repetitions of a slow, unadorned theme played without a break or variation, and for which, in a somewhat ridiculous publicity stunt, the audience are invited to take part in 'sponsored listening', 1p a minute to raise money for the Almeida.

Pandora's Box at Arnolfini in which, following on from Rose Garrard's lecture and exhibition here, thirty-three women artists, many of whom were exhibited in *Women's Images of Men*, were invited to work on the myth of Pandora. Should be an exciting show. Details from *Louise Cognan* on 0272 299191.

Bookworks. The first space for showing artists bookworks, that is books as art, not about art, has opened in London, and already its programme looks to be of interest to readers of this magazine. An installation, *The Ruined Book*, by Nikki Bell and Ben Langlands, opens on **July 12** which, composed of book sculpture and found objects, intends to evoke the 'intimate and sometimes mysterious atmosphere of the library'. The new space, under a railway arch in Borough market, itself an unusual corner of London, will aim to provoke the kind of experimentation with the book form, which can include performance, seen at New York's Center for Book Arts. The current exhibition, *Crocodile Puddles*, featuring Christian Hauscha's 'Sketchbookturnovermachine' and books by Robert Hadrill in collaboration with Roger McGough, is also worth a look, and it can be seen by telephoning organiser **Jane Rolo** on 01-378 6799 for times.

Mozart at Palm Springs at Almeida



The Bow Gamelan Ensemble, on a somewhat less grand scale, but making an equal impression this year (see review) is touring around using heavy industrial equipment, touring information from South Hill Park, where member Paul Burwell is resident Performance Artist (see below), and has already released a tape with track titles such as 'Whistling worm fan/bagpipes with dingy hooters and horns' and 'Steam whistles/blow torches/siren', available from 147 Knapp Road, London E3, price £3 inc. p&p.

All Summer Long there will be the usual array of neo-medieval fairs, demonstrations, celebrations, music festivals, cycle rides and assorted anarchic events, which will undeniably rely on elements of performance. Main ones to look out for (Courtesy Convoy News): Reagan Visit Actions from June 6–9 (Contact YCND on 01-263 0977). Stonehenge Festival, throughout June ('one of the 40-ton missing stones from the outer circle has been located in the grounds of a big mansion near Amesbury and we want it back!'). Glastonbury CND Festival at Shepton Mallet (**June 22–24**), Nudes against Nudes, ('Stand Stoned Starkers' IPM Hampstead Heath, London (**July 7**), Womad Festival, Bristol (Multicultural Arts – much performance – **July 14–15**) and finally the by now extremely lumbering theatre, music, and performance festival on the eccentric Lord Eliot's beautiful estate, Elephant Fair. (*August 27–29*). Remember, Gilbert and George used to go to these things...



The Zap Club moving into new, uncharted territories. Organiser and Wild Wiggler Neil Butler has given up his day job to convert a Brighton seaside arch (famous as beatnik hangouts in the early sixties) into a permanent, commercial, performance art nightclub. To publicise the opening in London, there will be a Zap special series at the ICA (featuring the Wiggles, ABDC Workshop, Ian Smith and Cliffhanger's Pete Robinson) from **July 31 to August 6**. Info about the new venue from **Neil Butler on 0273 506471**.

Jordi Cerda, Spanish painter, photographer, filmmaker and performance artist (pictured) who is one of the many international artists appearing at South Hill Park, Bracknell's giant Festival of Performance (see advert and listings last issue for full details – this is absolutely unmissable for anyone who is remotely interested in this field). Exhibition runs through June until the Festival (**June 22–24**) *Festival Info from Andrew Campbell or Alastair Snow on 0344 27272*.

Also of considerable interest here is Orlando Gough's 'performance musical' Mozart at Palm Springs. The story of 'M' a musician-character who is a composite of Mozart and Glen Miller, is accompanied by an ensemble playing 'eighteenth century European classical counterpoint and harmony in tension with 20th century commercial razzle-dazzle ... in a space suggesting a 1940's radio studio, an international airport, a classical museum ...' (**June 18–23**). **All information on 01-359 404**.

Fertile Eye at Brixton Art Gallery. The second exhibition of women's work in this space, it 'gives women the opportunity to show together without prerequisites and to learn from each other, while inviting the public to become aware of, and involved in, the variety of women's artistic concerns', and includes performances by Sue Carpenter with Anna Birch, Francoise Sergy with Pomme, Valentina Emenyeonu, and Pauline Williams (**June 11, Women only**), Katya Bloom and Susy Ater (**June 14**), all the above minus Sue Carpenter with Anna Birch, plus Norfolk Broads (**June 15**), More performances to come: **Info 01-733 7757**.

The Art and Architecture Group at York Minster (**July 2–3**) Ken Turner of ABDC workshop is working on a performance/dance/sculpture/architecture/video collaboration for the RIBA conference in York with the theme 'Celebratory Entrances and Exits' and involving Paul Neagu, Ron Hasleden, Linda Martin, Kate Baker, Polanca Brown, Pamela Hiley, Sylvia Hallet, Stuart Jones and David Templer. It will ... combine a non-competitive game structure with visual debate and a performance. As a spectacle to the public it will be an intriguing building site, an encampment of the imagination, set in terms of art and architecture with performance in dance and music ... in this way art is as one with architecture whether it is in the smallest detail of 'decoration' or as a major statement in sculptural terms. **Info from Ken Turner on 01 435 8368**.

The Arts Council in a bold and supportive move, is organising, in collaboration with the GLC, a series of outdoor performance art events outside the Hayward gallery. As we go to press **Live Works** has already started with performance drawing by Robert Jancz 'Unclenching' (pictured), and the once-controversial Ddart (see documentation this issue), they continue with Richard Layzell in 'Boompah' and Eric Snell's helium sculpture, 'Line across London', (**July 7**) Station House Opera in 'Themes from a New Jericho' (**July 14**), Silvia Ziranek in '(L)if(e) Has A Lot To Do With It' and Club Boring's 'The Triptych Man' (**July 15**). Also a continuous sculpture 'Intercourse' by Nikki Bell and Ben Langlands. More in August. **Times and other info from Jennifer Walwin on 01-629 9495, ext. 255**.

Robert Jancz at Hayward



Best of the Rest

New Arts Consort touring 'PPlayback', a new collaboration, nationwide *Info 0222 25650*; **Centre Ocean Stream** Summer Tour *Info 0962 714367*; **Animals of the City** by Mike Figgis and Gerard Philippe de St Denis at the ICA, *to June 16 info 01-930 0493*; **The Hills of Dartmoor are Asked Their Opinion** audio-visual performance by Peter Appleton (*June 18*) and **Bow Gamelan Ensemble** (*July 7*) at Spacex Gallery, Exeter (*info 0392 317*); **Dance Season** at MOMA Oxford, (*June 9-23*) including Michael Clark, Rosemary Butcher, Dennis Greenwood and Miranda Tufnell *info 0865 722733*; **Light Effects** and **Rat** at Oval House, London, *July 4-8 info 01-582 7680*; and finally, at the **Midland Group**, Nottingham **Bloodgroup** in Cold Wars, *June 15-16*, **Club Boring and Pinski Zoo**, *June 22*, **Turbo Black Arts**, *June 26*, and **Pulse** who play body music, ie they whack their bodies and listen to the sound *June 29*. The Midland Group then closes for performance in preparation for the next big national performance date in October, the ever-innovative **Four Days of Performance Art**, including the **Performance Art Platform**, specially designed for showing work rarely seen before. **Don't miss it!**



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another—at the novel's conclusion. Because the violent young deviant is such an extreme fictional construction we are not permitted to share his view of the world since he is the walking embodiment of threat. The threat cannot be left unchallenged, but it is not always possible to make claims on behalf of the resource within trash culture. This is because the first lesson of trash is that a good boy makes bad reading. It is far more interesting, therefore, to have the good boy's makers thrown into crisis by, but ultimately triumphing over, some knife-wielding, sex-crazed young thug. Even then the force of good can be alarmingly dull. The faceless teacher who is the narrator of *Teddy Boy* is so embarrassingly normal that all sympathy goes to the young hoodlum who attempts to hang him in effigy. Similarly the sickening and brutal revenge that Ina Murray vows to exact upon her social worker at the end of *Knuckle Girls* has been earned in much the same way.

These authority figures still have a specific function, even when they have little appeal as representatives of good living and clean thinking. They keep us apart from the deviant: we must be separated from him because it would be too dangerous to get too close. His undifferentiated condition leaves him open as a repository for society's repressed desires and fears. They swarm over him like flies in the form of blind destruction, terrorism, acts of extreme emotional instability, madness, rape and sadistic sex. The following fragments all reflect some aspects of this catalogue of repressed desire and fear projected onto the deviant youth. They require no further explanation:

'The current fad among kid gangs and their deb auxiliaries is the pretty indication of ownership and fidelity shown by carving the current boyfriend's initials on the girl's back, arms or breasts. This makes for difficulties when the girl switches boyfriends.'—Harlan Ellison, *Ten Weeks In Hell*

'The viewpoint was from above the head of Christ...there was considerable feeling in the drawing. It was much later on that I discovered that he often made drawings such as these but it was not Christ who was being crucified upon the cross, but Charlie himself. He was the most complete masochist I had ever known.'—Ernest Ryman, *Teddy Boy*

'Rolling in the aisles of degradation...the mob needed no verbal communication in order to manifest their base lusts. It was Satanism at its worst—the worship of flesh in all its glorious climaxes. Lenny and Gerry felt cheated. Theirs was the chore of keeping score.'—Richard Allen, *Boot Boys*

'He treated her roughly that night, bruising her soft young flesh. She did not object to this particularly but when he tore her blouse that finished her. She cared less about her body than her clothes. She did not see him again after that night.'—Ernest Ryman, *Teddy Boy*

'Why did a seventeen-year-old say "I wanted to see how it felt for a knife to dig into bone"?'—Jess Stearn, *The Wasted Years*

'Her adrenalin spurted, her face flushing. She needed excitement. She had to have her juices flowing like crazy...She did not wait to hear the man's agonised roars. Nor see his lacerated flesh ooze blood, his eye transfixed by a metal shard. The killing instinct was in her. She had to find another victim. The hurt in her demanded sympathetic pleasure.'—Richard Allen, *Knuckle Girls*

The fictional deviant is a deliberately manufactured threat carrying within it some collective nightmare which draws upon everything the good citizen should hold to be morally disgusting and socially disgraceful. He embodies and acts out our darkest fear and our most secret fantasy, that which is the nightmare of discipline: the desire to go completely out of control.

4) Beloved Ruins

'But even as young boys they were already entering a different world. It was opposed to the world they respected and was exciting for that very reason. It was brutal and secret and they first discovered it as they fought and planned their wars across the wastes of Bethnal Green.'—John Pearson, *The Profession of Violence*

'Pitched battles took place, the boys armed with milk bottles, stones, belts and fists. When the local policeman arrived, the boys would turn on him, hoping that he would chase them through all the wrecked and damaged buildings they had come to know so well.'—Robert Parker, *Rough Justice*

'Oh, how I loathe adventurous-minded boys.'—*Hue and Cry*

In 1946, The Blood and Thunder Boys ran riot through the bomb-damaged wastelands of the East End in the Ealing comedy, *Hue and Cry*. It was a liberal and endearing fantasy: the boys, led by a barely pubescent Harry Fowler, were permitted to go out of control—but only so they could re-establish social order. These mannish boys discover that a children's comic, which they read with a mixture of fascination and scorn, is being used by a criminal gang to send coded messages to each other. The boys become obsessed not only with the evident injustice

of such an act but also with the comic itself which they quickly learn to decipher. All the adults who appear in *Hue and Cry* are implicated in this exploitation of innocence.

To be an adult can mean only one of two things. You are either utterly unimaginative and allow the deception to continue by refusing to believe in it, or you are a criminal, which involves masquerading as a respectable citizen and even, at one point, a kind but firm police detective. The only ones who will believe in the boys are other boys who do so immediately and respond instinctively. The film revels in a transcendent image of a brotherhood of youth in which discipline and restraint are absent because they are not necessary. Youth knows what is right and will act accordingly. The film ends with literally hundreds of boys swarming across London, chasing down and beating up the criminals in a brawl of remarkable ferocity. *Hue and Cry* is a vision in a dream which will never be repeated. The Blood and Thunder Boys are an idealised image of youth as a resource,



desperately needed in a society devastated by war. Even their capacity for violence is condoned because it was then still a war-like virtue. They are an adult fantasy of what youth *should* be: faster, sharper, imaginative and, most importantly, morally much sounder than any grown-up.

The Blood and Thunder Boys may have been a fantasy but the ruined houses and bomb sites that they were filmed against were real. They also housed a reality very much at variance with the optimistic vision of *Hue and Cry*. The post-war ruins were the playground of the Krays and the Richardson Brothers: these wrecked and damaged buildings were the secret locations of their childhood gang wars and provided places to evade both the law and parental authority. Hidden from the real world, they could quite happily go wild. At the same time, up in Glasgow, little Ian Brady was creating his first kingdom out of the same devastation. The young and violent deviant was alive and in his element in 1946. He may have been denied a place in *Hue and Cry* but his own secret world—his beloved ruins—had a starring role.

The city of bomb damage and demolition is a precise correlative to the undifferentiated condition of undisciplined youth. Out of it came the car parks, shopping centres, football terraces and other social spaces that the trash culture youth was going to terrorise. The post-war ruins do not, however, represent an absence of authority; they are merely a place to avoid it. They do not reflect a collapse in social order either. Instead they indicate order in a state of flux, and in 1949 they produced the imperative for a rapid return to social stability as advocated by the film *The Blue Lamp*. For it was amongst these same ruins that a young police officer found some children playing with Tom Riley's gun.

Tom Riley was the first and best of the trash deviants. Played by a fabulously young Dirk Bogarde, he is the role model for every fictionalised youth threat that was to follow. He also committed the ultimate act of aggression against society: he shot a policeman dead. That is the one sure fact about Riley except that, apart from his gun, he owns a wardrobe full of very sharp clothes. The clothes say a lot. The public can tell at a glance that he is rotten to the core: the hand-stitched lapels and the button-down breast pocket on his suit jacket are an absolute giveaway. Everything else about him has to be picked up as the film progresses.

He has no family—they are not even mentioned. The only background he is

permitted is when he is classed, by a stentorian voice-over, with other young delinquents who have avoided capture by the police through their 'natural cunning and a ruthless use of violence'. But this does not entirely apply to Riley. When he gets the gun he talks about 'maybe' starting a war with it, but actually he uses the weapon to terrorise his girlfriend. Fear excites him and holds a sexual fascination for him. Recovering from having the gun pulled on her, his girlfriend asks naively 'You mean you *like* being frightened?' His reply is to make love to her. When he shoots the police officer it is the climax to a shrieking, twitching state of fear and hysteria at being cornered.

Tom Riley is the original mad dog—he can't even hold a gun properly. At the end of the film he is utterly alone. Even the professional criminals, motivated by their own code which 'don't hold with' having policemen shot, turn against him. In fact they actively help the police capture Riley without the film enquiring too deeply into their precise motives for so doing. It is enough that all elements of society have closed ranks against him and, we assume, handed him over to the hangman. Social order in *The Blue Lamp* is not disturbed for one instant by the policeman's death. It is actually Riley who goes to pieces and allows himself to be captured; the implication being that once stability is established it is both permanent and yet flexible in its response to the mad dog. In this respect it is every bit as optimistic as *Hue and Cry*.

5) Death of A Mad Dog

'A violently active, dominating, intrepid, brutal youth—that is what I am after. Youth must be all those things. It must be indifferent to pain. There must be no weakness or tenderness in it. I want to see once more in its eyes the gleam of pride and the independence of the beast of prey.'—Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*

'But his eyes could have deterred those females wary of sadistic companions. There was something in his gaze that spoke of brutality and nonconformity...a nonconformity expressed in terms of physical rejection and explosive reaction.'—Richard Allen, *Skinhead*

Richard Allen's *Skinhead* is such a thorough study in pessimism and ugliness that it stands alone. It has the status of a classic in its own depraved right, and, despite the innumerable sequels, the author never wrote another novel like it. In fact, I don't believe he even tried. *Skinhead* presents a society

crawling out of the sixties on its hands and knees, disillusioned, drained and perverse. The working class of the East End has been betrayed by Wilson's government and has become apathetic. The housing is terrible, the food is disgusting and the sex is plain bestial. Even the formerly peace-loving hippies now only dream of the next violent demo or of joining Charles Manson out in Death Valley. In this grim world the brave and the good get put in hospital whilst everyone else looks away. Running wild through the novel is Joe Hawkins at the head of his skinhead mob. Unrepentant and irredeemable, Joe is pure animal viciousness, and Allen makes no attempt to explain or excuse. In fact, he pours scorn upon any liberal idea that either is possible. Instead he litters the text with images of predatory animals and dogs. For example, Joe is not considered by his creator to be intelligent; but he does possess a 'fox-like cunning' which Tom Riley might have appreciated. Like a fox, he is, by a great irony, afraid of dogs:

'He didn't give a damn about one man, but he didn't wish to be trapped below ground when the dogs came out. Boots and a "tool" meant nothing to a ferocious dog but flashing teeth meant a whole world of pain for a skinhead.'

Joe is a fascist wet-dream and represents the ultimate nightmare of discipline, rendered all the more frightening here in a novel where an over-riding voice of correction and authority is virtually absent. It has been lost in a series of highly subjective and hostile viewpoints. As a result the question of punishment is problematic. The whole idea of Joe being reclaimable as a resource is not even considered: he just gets beaten up instead. The novel makes it clear that the professional disciplinarians have run out of workable solutions, and an astonishing reversal of attitudes takes place, something which *The Blue Lamp* takes great pains to avoid in treating the case of Tom Riley. In *Skinhead* this reversal is totally explicit: a doctor suggests that a detective sergeant break a skinhead's skull open with an iron bar so he can have the pleasure of 'sewing him so it hurts'. The doctor concludes his suggestion by completely inverting his professional role:

'I'm supposed to cure ailments and heal people but just once I'd like to slice away the evil parts some of the kids have in their heads.'

This inversion in the face of a threat which cannot be dealt with in the accepted manner forms the climax of John Burke's

Chas chastised in *Performance*

The Boys. Here the lawyer, defending a group of Teds on a charge of murder, is presented in court with uncontestable proof of their guilt and promptly demands the death penalty for the very people he is supposed to be defending. The wording of his demand is revealing:

'They are born killers. Society has nothing to do with this. Conditions, class, bigotry—these are old wives' tales, they are illusions created by people who would have justice discredited. There is only one way to deal with this cancer here.' He flung out his arm and pointed at the three boys. 'Apply surgery. At once. This minute.'

The death of the mad dog is achieved only by the irreversible breakdown of the social and cultural machinery under discussion. The desire for its death cannot be expressed safely without the professional disciplinarian entering a condition of ambiguous criminality.

This impasse is resolved in the film *Performance* where Chas, played by James Fox, is condemned to die because he is the final and ultimate mad dog.

Chas is the only living youth in the 'Firm'. As a result, his ruthless and stylish use of violence is sneered at by his boss when it becomes excessive and counter-productive: 'Who do you think you are then? The Lone Ranger?' But Chas doesn't respond to put-downs from a man who surrounds himself with pictures of muscular young boxers and who thinks only in terms of business rather than violence. So when he still doesn't behave he has to be chastised like a schoolboy by being savagely beaten across the buttocks and taunted by someone who sounds like a playground bully: 'Repeat after me, "I am a vicious little twerp."' It is a perverse and confused image of discipline whose logic demands that Chas shoot the man who has literally been teaching him a lesson. This makes Chas, in the eyes of the Firm, a mad dog who has to be 'put to sleep' for both his own good and theirs.

Chas is a more developed and refined version of Tom Riley, and he meets a fate very similar to that of his predecessor; both find themselves turned upon by the professional criminal. However, whereas Riley is handed over to the police, the Firm in *Performance* have assumed complete responsibility for the disciplining and eventual disposal of Chas. The police have next to no presence at all in the film. Furthermore, the firm's semi-legitimate business deals and wrangles over company law confer upon it the status of a small and self-contained social unit which replaces conventional society. As

such, it has the power, the authority and the licence to kill the mad dog and remove the threat forever.

6) Conclusions

'The Performance is a reaction to something that is hidden and beyond our control, something that is nearly viewed but ultimately censored...that which is hidden holds the most power.'—Andre Stitt and Paul Bowen, notes to Kincora.

'Everywhere I've ever been, I've been stopped.'—Andre Stitt

The most constant and challenging promise of performance art is that, through it, we might finally have done with the imposition of spectacle. In other words, performance offers the possibility that a creative act no longer represents, but instead consciously and actively states its own being. Such an act could never, as a consequence, enter into a game with our established methods of understanding. It would be, in cultural terms, a total outlay; a pure act of giving which would throw the value system inherent in spectacle into permanent disorder. It will inevitably be met with derision and hostility, even after running the risk of going completely unrecognised. It seems possible, however, to anticipate this problem by taking areas of conflict, like the depiction of youth violence, and examining them across a wide range of cultural output. This would allow us to place the creative act squarely within a genealogy of disruption, one which would, in the case of young artists like Andre Stitt and Jill Westwood, have its origins outside established institutions of cultural practice.

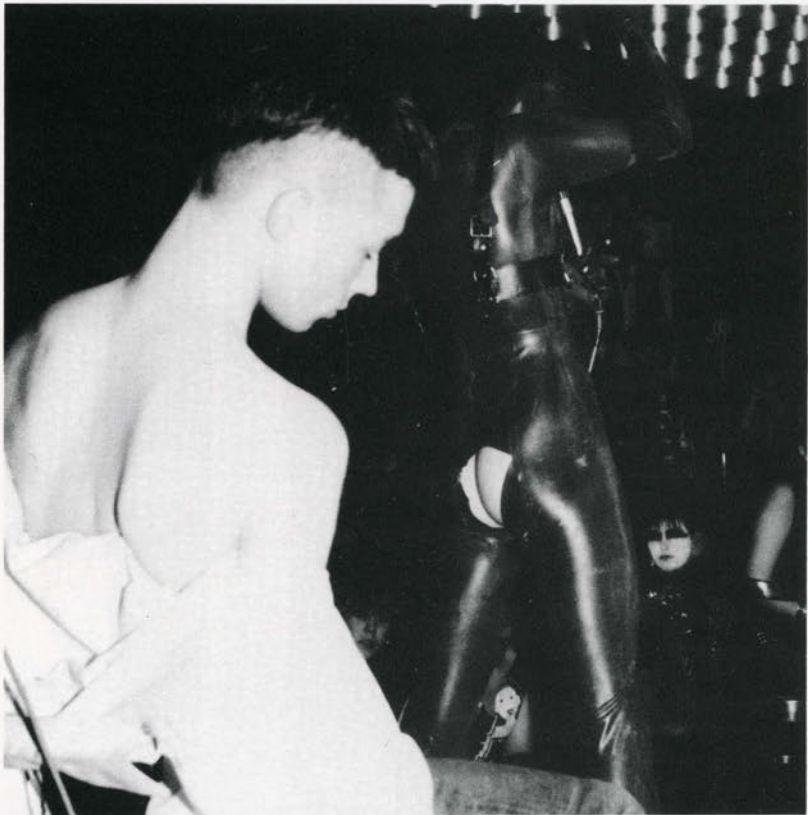
Jill Westwood's work, for example, constitutes a highly personal exploration of the exercise of power which is drawn from and utilises the materials and imperatives of the sado-masochistic ritual. This subject is not new or interesting in itself—sado-masochism having now lost a lot of its edge in becoming a highly consumable item—but Westwood's treatment of it does comprise a revitalisation of the rituals involved and possibly some final statement about their disruptive potential.

Her collaborations with other performers and compliant victims in public performance sited in galleries and clubs have involved live acts which are usually simulated or represented in a very contained manner. The actual use of the sex act—



Jill Westwood

RODGER T. SMITH



TONY RODGERSON

especially of humiliation and pain—as a public spectacle ultimately reveals just how socially assimilated a construction our sexuality is. Improvised events like Westwood's, which involve bondage, flagellation, wounding and anal penetration, go still further by exposing and finally inverting the nightmare of discipline. To see human control rituals go out of control themselves is more than just transgression—which is fleeting and can here occupy itself

with its own danger—but is a real testing of limits. Audiences hostile to the noise, violence and abuse occurring on stage, or a club owner panicked over losing his licence because genitalia are being exposed and stopping the performance, are only the most immediate manifestations of this testing process. Jill Westwood's documenting of private performances with victims, which parallel the public ones, indicate a personal compulsion and fascination which reveals

more than a disinterested appropriation of the sado-masochistic ritual, and this is where the real testing of limits is taking place; where the spectacle ends and the act begins.

With Andre Stitt's performances, the creative force promised in disruption is exerted without question of qualification, presented in a catalogue of events in which nothing is represented except the purity and honesty of the act itself. The energies of youth and the conflicting forces of violence permeate and inform his work, but they do so as a mirrored image of these subject's representation in trash culture. For, whether youth is depicted as threat or potential resource, it is, in the last analysis, present within this culture as a victim of those very demands. This condition is not depicted within the representation, because it only exists outside as a shaping force. Stitt shares a complex and intimate relationship with the process of victimisation; a relationship manifested most recently in his performance with Paul Bowen based on the Kincora Boys' Home scandal. Much of his early work on

and around the street of Belfast reflects this: the spraying of slogans like 'Art isn't a mirror, it's a fucking hammer' on walls, the burning of his paintings in the street or his dressing up in British army uniform are all incitements to action. But it is an action which focusses itself and brings itself to bear directly upon Stitt himself, and the resulting public reactions of fear, confusion or anger are paralleled by more personal acts of self-immolation and duress. The violence and excess in his work, however, cannot be seen as a passive by-product of any specific environment—it is a total response to that environment. Its totality resides in Stitt's will to take upon himself those fears and desires which our cultural condition has repressed, and left to suppurate and fester in the trash fantasies under discussion. It is not surprising, therefore that the constraints of representation are ruptured in Stitt's performances, and that audiences can be physically assaulted, screamed at or, as happened in Switzerland, even urinated upon.

Who then, is ultimately the victim of

such confrontations? An audience which might be obliged to think and react to what they have experienced? Or an artist who is compelled creatively to take on the aspect of the mad dog and with it society's general attitude towards it? The violent and disruptive aspects of Stitt's work tend to give more than they receive: they give an audience the opportunity to confront not only its own fears but also the social and cultural barriers which attempt to separate it from those fears.

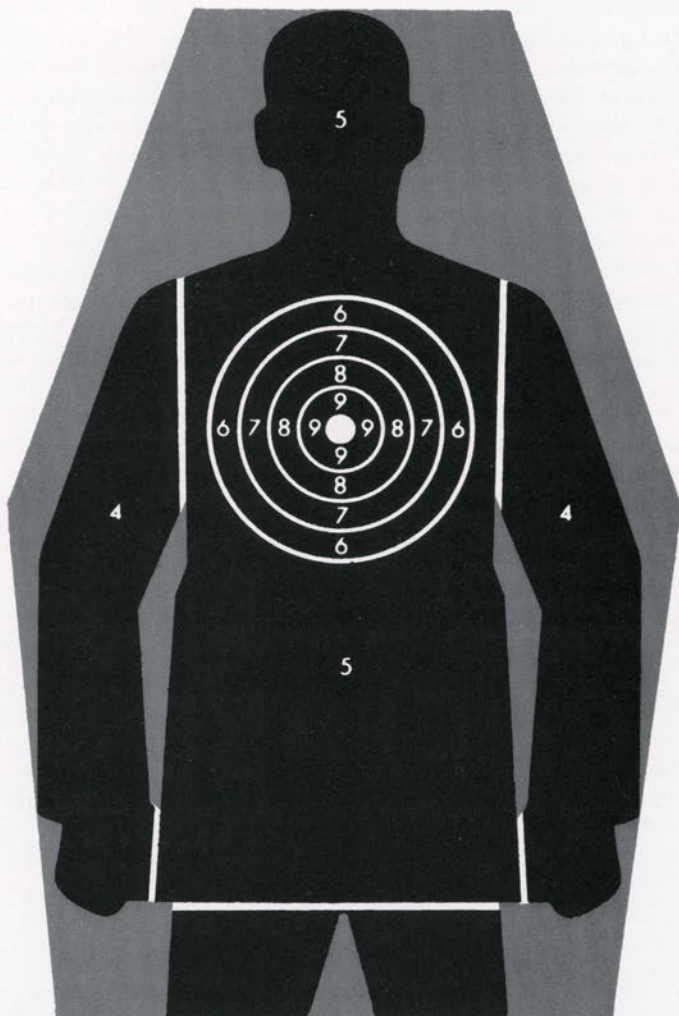
Obviously it would be possible to discuss his work in other, more traditionally acceptable critical terms, but this would constitute an attempt to validate and make safe a gesture which is intended to be both uncompromising and confrontative. To understand is to control, and it is not the aim of this article to facilitate this process. On the contrary, it seems to me that it is becoming increasingly desirable—and possible—to consider culture as a domain of conflict and to see such conflicts as running deeper than the spectacle of understanding would have us believe. ■

Andre Stitt



LESLIE STANAGE

BOYS' NAMES AND DA BOYS



Researched by wuthless crime writer John Stallone, known and feared throughout youth-clubland as....JOHNNY BULLETS

My sisters both have dead good middle names of which I was wildly jealous. One of them was a Kennedy ('Ask not what your country can do for you...' wow), the other was a De Havilland—Hollywood and 633 Squadron, wow. I often tried to do a swop, but they weren't having that. My mother had a misleadingly dramatic De Saumerez (mysteriously wicked divorcée in a Bulldog Drummond) in there somewhere, while my Dad sported a Wilfred, but what the hey. Any prospective parents out there would you please pay the greatest attention to the little jewel of an identity you decide to

bestow on Baby. Think very carefully now. Try to keep it casual. Should you insist on inflicting your imaginative streak on the begotten make it something potentially TUFF. And I don't mean Burt or Duke. People with mildly pretentious names like William, Henry and Alexander are going to be OK. Jason, Vyvian and Sebastian shouldn't play with other boys until their mid-twenties. A personable schooldays friend of mine was universally known, even to teachers, as Doggy, despite being a *Hurrah for Softies!* Walter—exceptionally proving this rule. Some boys' names are great

on girls—Tommy, Freddy, Bobby, Charlie, George. The inverse is more dodgy. Some of the gents we get to meet later on were given names like Carmine, Michele, Simone, Sally and Jilly. These dudes are not cissies, please believe me: Carmine *the Snake* Galente, narcotics importer and one-time candidate for the the Mafia top slot—*capo di tutti capi*. Michele Miranda, widely known as Mr Big (really) and an industrial racketeer in the New York City rag trade. Simone DeCavalcante, boss of the New Jersey office, who unwittingly provided Federal wiremen with 13 volumes of priceless mob gossip. Salvatore Mussachio—Sally the Sheik—playboy charmer in the George Raft mould and a Profaci captain on Long Island who operated fish wholesaling outfits as a tax front; even a mundane activity like this might have its sinister side: delivery of a wreath encircling a dead tuna was a traditional Sicilian way of letting you know you were about to join the fishes. Jilly Rizzo was a gofer for Frank Sinatra who ended up with his own bar, hence the line about going down to Jilly's in the Sinatra/Davis song 'Me and My Shadow'.

As a young person with a dull and unpronounceable set of names I naturally succumbed to the 1976 ID shake-up. Many post-teens with a fleeting sympathy for ponk sensibilities had a go; at least I had the sense to confine such grandiose aliases to my working life. The first one I can remember was 'Otto', written (and pronounced) with the inverted commas. This was based on a *News of the World* exposé on the Paedophile Information Exchange which had taken my fancy. The two plucky newshounds who had infiltrated PIE had adopted the perv soubriquets of 'Gus' and 'Otto', presumably intended to be inconspicuous in that milieu. A highly impressionable youth, I was later much struck by the showbiz aspects of organised crime and used the names Frank Gaufridi and Frankie Gau, which adorned the efforts of my super film company Global-Gigantic (not terribly successful). With hindsight the derivation involved Frank *the Bump* Bompensiero (a pistol from Detroit), Vincent Rau who ran a 'labour consultancy' business for Luciano, meaning strikebreaking muscle, and the cowardly but attractively saturnine Fredo in *The Godfather*. The Gaufridi tag also appeared on a limited edition of signed and numbered picture postcards in 1979. Any of you out there in Suckerland with a copy, they're collectors items baby. But you don't want to read about *career moves*. I'm simply owning up to a personal interest, both practical and

semiological, in the *etymology of pseudonyms*.

In the English-speaking world outside the UK the citizens take pride in unusual family names, these occasioning respectful speculation rather than the derision they arouse here. All the swine who ever bullied me had those horrible prole troglo Saxon surnames which traditionally represent the respectable norm. Bates! Higgins! Fisher! Greetings to Tony Fowler of Harpenden, Herts, who made my life a misery for two and a half years. Hi there Tone, no hard feelings. Got cancer yet? Both intestines I hope, slag.

Who's interested in poetry? Here's some poetry. These characters scarcely needed the embellishment of Runyonesque monikers. Santo Trafficante. Biaggio Bonaventure. Yonnie Licavoli. Eltore Zappi. Tommy Zummo. Frankie Carbo. Joey Ullo. Momo LoPiccolo. To English ears Italian names seem perhaps the most lyrical, though there were many Jewish gangsters with heavy-duty handles: Nat Schenker, Hy Goldbaum, Moe Dalitz. Jack Dragna and Louis Lepke Buchalter. However the scariest name of the lot graced the files of a legendary legbreaker for the Chicago Combination, FBI No 119495 Gaspare Matranga. You go into your neighbourhood speak. The barman beckons you over. *Gaspare Matranga was looking for you... Ulp.*

From the beginning of the century the highly localised ethnic concentrations in US cities supported an infrastructure of criminals who were *connected*, dominated by the Irish, Jewish and Neapolitan/Sicilian gangs. A 'man of respect' was often accorded a *nom de guerre* by his colleagues, one that was taken up with unholy relish by the community, who often took a perverse pride in the notoriety of their neighbourhood hard men. Second generation hoods quickly found their Christian names Americanized. The most untrustworthy foreign surnames would take cleancut WASP first names as prefixes. These incongruous coalitions were further enhanced by a variety of boisterous high school epithets reminiscent of the more lurid sports pages. Americans, who don't have trouble with exotic nomenclature, nevertheless can't resist awarding cartoon pet names to favourite pitchers, linebackers and welterweights. And these crucially American nicknames are not limited to sportsmen, though the legit use of force on the field could account for the strikingly similar combination of subconscious affection and fear invoked by both the Sports Desks and the Crime Desks of the yellow press. There were nicknames of a straightforwardly descriptive nature—Jimmy Blue

Eyes, Arthur *Tashe* Bratsos, *Bignose Sam* Cufari, Vicente *the Chin Gigante* who had been a professional boxer, and Gaetano *Tommy Three-Finger Brown* Lucchese, boss of one of the New York families. The missing digits testified to his first experience of gangland vendettas, an event occurring whilst still in the womb. His mother had been tied to a tree in Jericho, New Jersey, and peppered with shotgun pellets.

Snappy dressers did not go unremarked. Hats off to Legs Diamond (Prince of the Elegant Trouser) and *Joe Socks* Lanza. Remember Spats Colombo in *Some Like It Hot?* Some mobsters, mostly Brooklyn dese-dem-dose boys, adopted Tinseltown identities like Johnny Royale or Caesar Vega. Some were born with them: Joe Adonis, Johnny Dio. Others were known by less euphonious akas: Sal Piscoppo was the original Dago Louie and there really was a Joe the Wop and a Jimmy the Greek. Next time you have a little get-together for your frock designer friends, load up that bijou little dwinks twolley with plenty of Jack Daniels. Da boys is on da way: Alphonse *Alleycat* Persico, Sal *Flungo* De Angelis, *Joe Putsy* Puzzagara, Angelo *Munge* Rossetti, and most unhygienic of all, Harry *Big Greenie* Greenberg. Perhaps Jake *Greasy Thumb* Guzik was an intimate of Paulie *the Waiter* Ricci. Who knows, they might have planned hold-ups and rub-outs on trattoria tablecloths with the likes of *Joe Bananas* Bonanno, Louis Beans, Benny Eggs, *Joe Jelly* Giorelli, Tony *Big Tuna* Accardo, Peter Joseph LoVascio aka Mr Bread, Sabato Celebrino (the Cheeseman), Tony Ducks, so called because of his skill in evading process servers, and of course, Ciro Terranova the Artichoke King, who had a continental monopoly over that excellent vegetable.

The rub-outs under discussion were routinely described as contracts, retirements or wet jobs (a phrase now taken up in CIA jargon, in vivid contrast to the splendidly bureaucratic *terminate with extreme prejudice*) and would be implemented by but-fonmen, torpedoes, mechanics and stone-killers. Make no appointments with the following: *Trigger Mike* Coppola, Jack *Machine Gun* McGurn, Steven *the Rifleman* Flemmi and his brother Charlie the Carver, Salvatore *Salami Cutter* Catena, *Joe Burns* Anselmo, Modesto Consolo aka Mr Black Tie, and Albert Anastasia, hatchet man for Murder Inc and succinctly known as the Executioner. Arranging a 'serious headache' (a bullet in the head) for an opponent was often a risky business decision (You hafta unner-

stan Mikey dis ain't nuttn poisonous, it's just bizness). Often a useful warning could be sounded by sending in the enforcers to hurt you real bad. Absolute poppets like Carmine *the Doctor* Lombardozzi, *Tony Bender* Strollo, Joseph Barboza (the Animal) or Pascal Garafolo (the Insurance Man), *Tony the Little Guy* Spilotro or Big Ange i.e. Angelo Lonardo. If the terrifyingly named Joe Batters, who copped a long one at San Q for possession of morphine and dynamite, is sitting on your youngest while his soldiers burn your feet, my suggestion is resist the temptation to sneer *You poor fools, you don't seem to realize I have the law on my side*. Dey might get sore at you.

Occasionally technicians and operators could be identified by their giveaway tradenames. Tony Dope, Joe the Horse, Jackie Snow, Jack Skag and Joe Cargo were all narcotics traffickers, the last-named being Joe Valachi, a lower-echelon soldier in the Genovese family who in the late Fifties became the first 'made' man this century to publicly repudiate *omerta*, the Mafia code of silence and honour, and testify against his former colleagues. Also in steady employment were Andrew *Banjo* Calentino, a bodyguard for Frank Sinatra. Mike *the Wiseguy* Rocco who was a mob lawyer. Frankie Dimes was a vending machine and jukebox racketeer. Joe Conforte ran a brothel outside Reno called the Mustang Ranch. Pete the Pole aka Obie Frabotta owned the Motel Grzebienacz in Cleveland. God knows what Peewee Ferrari, Frankie Skiball, *Ralphie Chong* LaMottina and Ruggerio *the Boot* Boiardo got up to.

Finally some fellers you hope never get to hear about you. These are your top quality special assortment nutters. Don't call on us we'll call on you. Ritchie *Nerves* Fusco. Charlie *Bats* Battaglia. Benjamin *Bugsy* Siegel. Camine *the Axeman* Tramunti. *Crazy Joe* Gallo and his twitchy kid brother Albert Kid Blast... As anyone will tell you, this writer does not know the meaning of fear. But am I taking a hell of a risk telling you all these personal details? I don't think so. After all this is England, and here at Honeysuckle Cottage in this remote sleepy village I feel perfectly safe. Hello there's someone at the door. Just a minute. ■



UBERMARIONETTES



Too often dismissed as a medium purely for children's entertainment, adult puppetry is beginning to develop fast, and attract attention. BARRY EDWARDS looks at some aspects of adult puppetry and describes some contemporary examples from England, Germany, Holland and France.

The art of puppetry, and of adult puppetry and with its related techniques in particular, is hoisted on two petards—each one pulling in a different direction. A series of contradictions and contrasts within the art itself has led puppetry into a kind of exile from any performance work that is taken seriously, into a land of whimsy and birthday parties. Puppetry has thence been given at best a patronising kind of acceptance, at worst not even a glance.

England is particularly prone to this attitude of neglect because, although puppetry still has to fight some of the preconceptions, generally other European countries, both in the present day and earlier, have given a much higher status to the art.

There are several reasons for this current state of affairs, and they are to be found in the tensions contained within puppetry itself. In the first place a puppet can be seen as both a work of sculpture and craft, or an element of performance—and can be, and often is, exhibited outside of any performance framework whatever. The machinery of the puppet demands technical know-how, often of a very complex kind. To achieve some of the most simple stage actions it is not unusual for a highly sophisticated feat of engineering to lie behind it. This technical and specialised act of craft-making has then to be harnessed to the demands of a theatre dynamic—it has to perform, and in the most interesting work now being done, so does the manipulator. The art of making is quite a different matter from that of performing—and yet the puppeteer must try to combine the two.

Another very interesting contradiction in the present state of adult puppetry lies in its history. Puppetry is one of the oldest performing arts, if not the oldest. Some people argue

that the origin of performance lies somewhere in the dim and distant history of the shadow puppets of India. Certainly, as far as history is concerned, puppetry goes back a very long way. This very fact, however, has produced one of the widest traditionalist versus modernist divides of any art form. Great national traditions, like Britain's own Punch and Judy, are valuable assets, and when (rarely) performed with expertise can bring a long-held traditional skill to life in a remarkable way. The danger is that the art itself turns into a collector's art, the need to conserve and preserve being uppermost, and any experimentation seen as dangerous tampering with hallowed techniques. Lastly, puppetry is sorely troubled by one of its greatest assets—namely its ability to communicate across a wide age-group, and be able to speak to both children and adults.

Sooty and Sweep Disease

Ironically, the greatest death blow of all is that puppetry has been developed as an educational and therapeutic medium. Worst of all evils—it is good for you. The educational aspect clearly comes out of the craft element, and the making skills involved—and the step-by-step progress that can be made without too much difficulty from material to animated puppet. The problem is not really that this kind of activity happens, but that the degree of sophistication that can take puppetry and performance so far beyond this child-oriented stage is so rarely seen, and as far as a great many puppeteers are concerned, rarely reached. It is a case of the whole art form regardless being afflicted with what in Britain's case could be called 'Sooty and Sweep Disease'. Puppetry is thus seen by

many as an activity for children, rather than a performance medium that has anything to say to them as adults.

As usual, however, there is a double edge to this seemingly simple argument. Because of its strong links with the children's craft area, adults, when faced with puppetry, will tend to reject the medium along with the majority of their childhood experience. Annoyingly enough, the puppetry of childhood memories should be regarded with suspicion, particularly our pre-literal experience, dense with fertile and symbolic representations of anxiety, fears and desires.

Traditional Oriental Puppetry

'Fire without the smoke', was how Gordon Craig described a performance of Javanese marionettes that he saw. The earliest forms of puppet performance are to be found in the shadow puppets of Thailand and Java.

This serene and magical moving effigy—the shadow puppet—is of deep ritual and symbolic importance to the traditional spectators. The whole performance has something of the status of a religious ceremony—a mass, or communion. *Set* comes from the *Wayang Kulit* performance of Java, *Kulit* meaning 'made from leather'. The bodies are intricately incised to allow light to pass through. During the performance a lacy shadow is created by a flaming lamp, and it is this flickering and insubstantial shadow that brings a whole occult world to life. The puppets are handed down from generation to generation, and when no longer usable are not simply dispensed with but given an often elaborate funeral celebration of their own. Rajasthani puppets for example are floated down a holy river, with prayers and offerings.

The Oriental puppets serve as a reminder that puppetry taps a very basic need for representation, for performance. Originally, and in Europe into the Middle Ages and beyond, puppets were seen as a way of expressing in performance what would have been blasphemous if performed by humans. Gods, demons, saints, all found expressive equivalents in the early forms of puppetry. As far as South-East Asia is concerned, the depiction of these mystical entities by human performers came *after* the development of their puppet realisations. This accounts for the particular quality that Balinese dance has, for example, as the performer struggles to imitate the puppet predecessor. Of course, the performance techniques developed in this way produce great precision, with tremendous flexibility in the 'hinges' of the human body—

the neck, knees, elbows etc. This also reflects the puppet model.

These traditional forms have influenced performance ideas considerably this century. Artists like Klee, Brecht, Meyerhold and Craig were all attracted to the particular quality that the puppet performance generated. 'Unreflective grace', 'a descendant of the stone images of the old temples', 'extraordinary beings', 'untouched by emotion'—this is how Gordon Craig saw puppetry. He had a rare collection of Javanese marionettes, and often signed himself as 'John Semar', Semar being the clown puppet in the Javanese performance who plays a crucial role as humorous interpreter between the gods and the spectators. His provocative essay on 'The Actor and the Uber-Marionette' in which he claims to want to drive actors from the stage, has had a lasting effect on

future generations of performers, not least on the development of the Expressionist performance movement. The common link between all these admirers of the traditional Oriental puppet performances is their desire to get away from imitative realism in their own performance styles. In this way there is a strong link between puppetry, non-realistic performance theories, and present-day performance work, which still often struggles with the fundamental problem of non-naturalistic performance styles—that of the realistic performer in the non-realist setting.

Contemporary Work

The artists described here have each gone about solving this problem in their own way—and have all developed a performance style that involves themselves as live performers, and puppetry.

Triangel Based in Amsterdam and work exclusively for adults. The puppets are made by Henk Boerwinkel, and he is an example of the artisan-performer par excellence. He is still using puppets—in particular one called Kobold—which he made nearly thirty years ago. This is very much in the puppet craft tradition. In other words he is still refining a particular style, rather than creating afresh for each show. His work deals in the fundamentals of puppetry, creating surreal situations within a realistic setting. In his latest piece, *Levensbomen*, which (regrettably) was not performed at the recent London Puppet Festival, the performers wear large-scale puppet masks, so that the whole performer becomes, in effect, the puppet. Boerwinkel is thus able to create a performance that draws on unconscious, or sublimated feelings, and it is hardly surprising to discover that sexual anxiety and desire figure largely in this surrealistic nightmare landscape. A large tongue licks a breast, and is then pulled until it is detached—a clear castration of the man by the large woman figure.

Phallic symbolism often plays a large part in traditional puppetry too, notably the Turkish shadow puppets, and this carries on into the work of contemporary performers like Triangel. The work most akin to Triangel is



that of IOU. The large old man from IOU's *Trumpet Rat and Other Natural Curiosities*, which is manipulated from inside the puppet, is in a similar surreal style. The work of Triangel is at home in the long traditional history of puppetry—the materials are often leather and made to last a long time, not to be discarded. What Boerwinkel does is to combine these techniques with, in the case of his latest show, large-scale performer puppets, contemporary surrealist styles.

Barbara Ketturkat-Trub Based in West Germany, she already has an established performance reputation with the puppet group *Theatrerra* as one of the two performers, working mainly for children using found and everyday domestic objects to create simple narratives without dialogue. While the technique sounds simple enough, the making of the puppets is a technical achievement, the simplest solution being applied to the most difficult problem. A potato-masher is a crocodile, spoons are people, and a variety of other kitchen utensils take part in the narrative. Ketturkat-Trub is a sculptress by training, and is now developing a solo performance style for adults which she makes, performs, and manipulates live. *Train Time* (the title is in English in the original) is a collage of circular and linear movements regulated by a model train that runs around a large performing area. The puppets in this performance are ceramic, which is unusual, and lends a particular doll-like quality to the puppets. Some are in large cages, others are free but not complete figures. At various stages sand descends to envelop the ceramic puppet in a heap. The whole piece is in black and white, Ketturkat-Trub herself completely white. This solo piece shows how a puppeteer can move into a non-traditional area, and produce work where puppetry and live performance are mutually important.

Watson and Mason Based in Manchester, Nenagh Watson and David Mason combine puppetry techniques with live performance, but attempt with this range of techniques to realise a written script. Puppets have been used before to perform classics, of course, but traditionally the manipula-



tors have not been seen, creating the illusion of real performance. Watson and Mason hope to combine the surreal and expressionistic possibilities of contemporary puppetry with a production concept that involves them as performers. *Toe Nailed to the Floor*, half poem, half play, written by David Drane, has a central character, Toe, a half-sized puppet with largely recognisable features, but other puppets are created with a variety of techniques. A large fighting creature, called simply 'The Champion', who is called on to fight the waves, is created on the lines of the large metal Sicilian puppets, made out of old tins, with a broken road paraffin lamp. This mixture of hooded figures operating the traditional rods of a scrap metal puppet leads to very interesting performance possibilities situations. Other puppets are created more abstractly, such as the winged kite which was created to represent a character

Drane calls *Sea-Death*. Also manipulated by a hooded performer, it is a nod towards the Bunraku style. The combination of traditional techniques, distorted into a contemporary Western framework for modern and classic texts has exciting potential, adding one more challenge to the already stretched puppeteer.

Philippe Genty Company Based in Paris, where there are several companies and performers working in the performance/puppetry field, Genty is well established in the adult field, and spans the very large scale and the intimate environment. His latest piece, *Sigmund's Follies* is currently performed in the tiny Theatre Des Dechargeurs. In contrast to his big show, *Round as a Cube*, which has been performed, among other places, in the Sydney Opera House, the hour-long work concentrates on details and is shown to a small number of people.

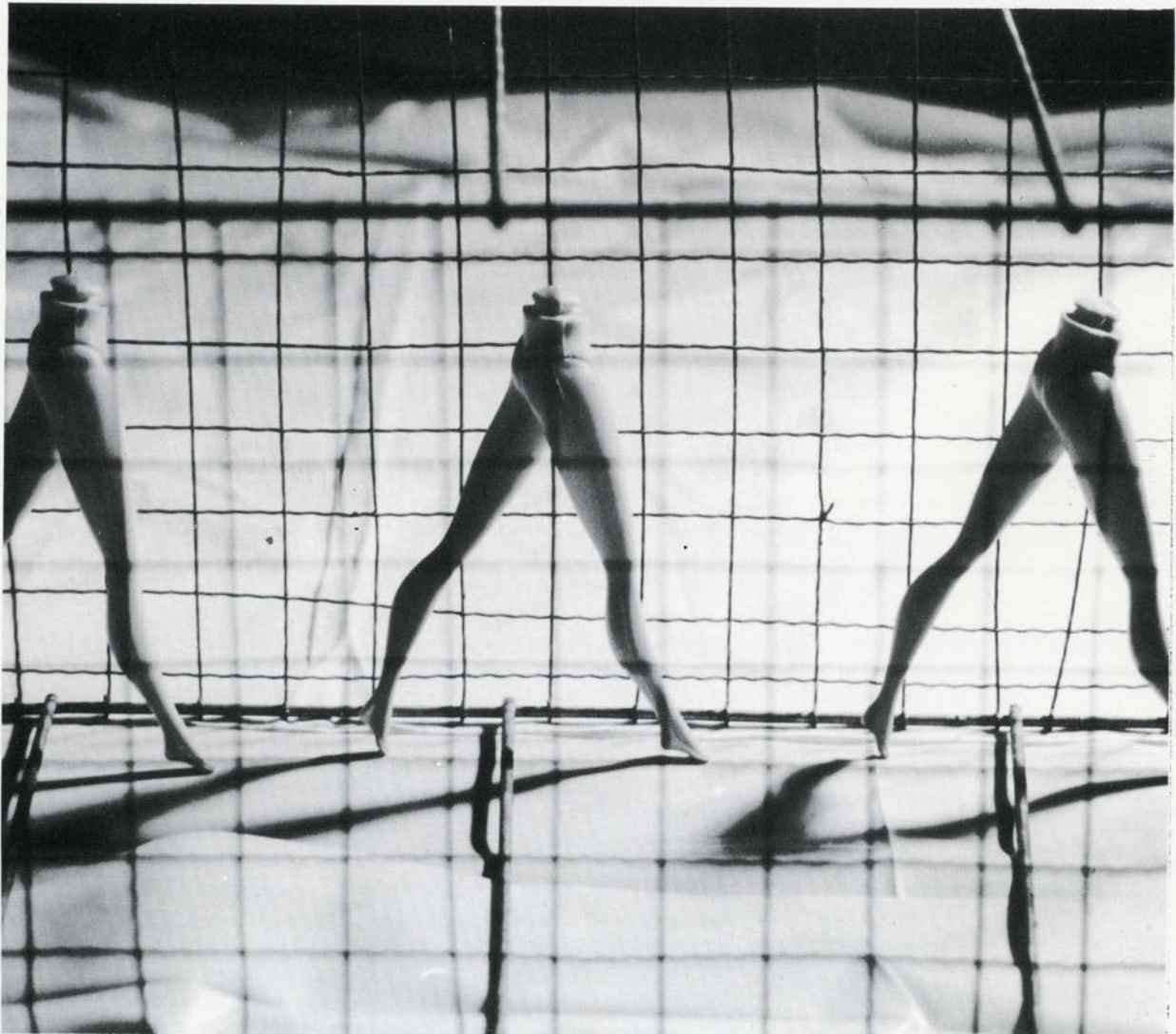
The stock-in-trade of puppetry—the conjuring up of unconscious symbols, turning the sublimated fear into represented reality—becomes the specific subject of the performance. Using a combination of glove puppets and himself as live performer, the piece traces the search of the author—Philippe Genty in miniature—for a way out of the performance. With a very conscious eye on the technical and traditional nature of puppetry, the miniature Genty encounters all manner of obstacles—in the shape of traditional puppet characters—a Minister, Sea Captain, Gangster, Gendarme, a Fool. By turning technique into subject matter, he is able to approach questions of sophistication and depth, exploiting the theatricality of his performance to represent the metaphysics of life and death. Throughout, Genty keeps up a con-

stant commentary through the medium of his own live performance. His head appears in the door, he is dragged on stage in a straightjacket by two puppets, and in one sequence, by use of mirrors he appears upside down to interrogate his hapless miniature. In the final sequence, the author meets his double—left hand meets right. In a conflict which starts over who is the rightful owner of the puppet's memory—a mass of sticky blue substance—and ends by one forcing the bad memories on to the other, both characters are destroyed. Only the hands are left, naked and exposed. Covered with the remains of memories, the finally come together in a gesture of mutual support and conciliation. A new variant on an old technique for a very contemporary statement.

The way in which all these perform-

ers worked live on stage with the puppets seems a vital part of their work. To some traditionalists this is anathema—the puppet must reign supreme, the manipulator unseen. Clearly some of the most interesting developments in puppetry and performance are going to come from a meeting of reworked traditional techniques and innovative performance styles. The international body that brings together puppeteers from around the world—UNIMA—is taking puppetry and its integration with other artforms as the theme of its conference in Dresden this August. Its debate and conclusions will no doubt have little effect on performers in the field, but the fact that the subject is being discussed is indicative of the general direction in which puppetry and performance are moving. ■

BARRY EDWARDS is director of **Optik**.



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TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1984
NEWSLINE

Fire kills four children

FOUR children died early today when fire swept through their home in Caversham, Reading. Their mother and a baby were taken to hospital. A man is helping police inquiries.

Blaze killer hunted

A MURDER hunt continued today after the fire attack on a Glasgow flat which killed three members of a family and left five others seriously ill.

Textile future 'threatened'

THE POTENTIAL success of Britain's textile industry is threatened by constraints on investment, the president of the British Textile Confederation warned today.

Rugby sanctions shelved

LOCAL authorities are halting sanctions against the Welsh Rugby Union until the outcome of its special meeting to decide future policy on sporting links with South Africa.

Seven in Welsh contest

THE CYNON VALLEY by-election will be contested by seven candidates on May 3. The South Wales constituency became vacant on the death of Labour MP Mr Ioan Evans.

Love-tug child missing

A NATIONWIDE search was going on today for tug-of-love toddler Karina Long and her Australian detective father, Alan. His wife is waiting for news in Leeds.

Central TV executive dies



THE FUNERAL will take place on Thursday of Central Television director of sales Mr Peter Mears, who has died aged 58 at his home in Cobham, Surrey. He leaves a widow, Judith, and children aged ten and seven.

Brazilians' poll protest

MORE than a million people took to the streets of Sao Paulo to demand the right to vote for Brazil's next President.

Teachers in pay warning

BRITAIN'S third-largest teaching union, the



●Nottingham's pride and joy... and Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean return the crowd's salute

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'We find that whole communities suddenly fix their minds upon one subject, and go mad in its pursuit; that millions of people become simultaneously impressed with one delusion, and run after it, till their attention is caught by some new folly more captivating than the first'. *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds* Charles Mackay

The *Nottingham Evening Post* emblazoned its front page with the headline 'SIEGE' CITY on Saturday 14 April, as 5,000 striking miners and their supporters gathered on the 'Forest' recreation ground in preparation for a short march to the Old Market Square, prior to a rally at the nearby Albert Hall, addressed by Arthur Scargill and Tony Benn.

The previous day thirty or so Kent miners who had walked from their own coalfield, having been turned back in their cars at police road blocks, met with cheers as well as 'scuffles' as they arrived in Nottingham on foot, somewhere between the

traditions of Kemp's Jig and the Jarrow March in reverse.

The dire outcome of the march and rally presaged with *schadenfreude* by the *Evening Post* never materialised. A week later, in the same paper, you had to look halfway down page 10 to find a brief, unillustrated account of this 'noisy but peaceful' march which had filled the city centre with thousands of miners from all over the country. Seven pages nearer the front of the same newspaper a similar number of words and a photograph had been devoted to the concurrent publicity stunt of a young female dancer who had circled the Market Square topless on the roof of a taxi.

The following day, Nottingham was again 'brought to a standstill' and its centre crammed to bursting point with people for a few hours. This time, however, the *Post* accorded the event front-page headlines plus two full pages of coverage (and the topless dancer of Saturday got even more coverage). The reason? A tour of the city and a civic reception for Jayne Torvill and Christopher

Dean. This time the 'standstill' was premeditated, and even built into the civic fabric with all the signs of the conventionally orchestrated welcome for returning local heroes, right down to the specially re-typed revised schedules neatly placed on all city-centre bus-stops.

Wild reindeer would not drag me into a discussion about the validity of ice dancing as an art form, but it seems to have significantly raised the adrenalin count of millions of viewers through the medium of TV. For the inhabitants of Nottingham this already heady brew had been compounded with the fact that both protagonists were modest members of their own community. She having been a bored-silly typist in the Norwich Union Insurance office in the Market Square, and he a callow young policeman often on duty outside; he a 'nice young man' more at home giving directions to old ladies (as he was depicted in the *TV Times*) than tackling flying pickets; she a rather plain and diffident girl, whose ingenuous handwritten letter to the City

Council asking for money would have been turned down by the Arts Council as 'unprofessional' had she been an artist applying for a grant. And yet here they were, the next minute, or so it seemed, whizzing along the ice and passionately tumbling through the air in Canada under the cameras and lights. If we really wanted to, *we* could do it—there *was* a way for all of us, through the computer-coded unaccountability of our lives, into another world.

Waves of genuine affection were in the air in the crowded Market Square, and if the mood was not exactly anti-establishment, it was certainly pro-community. Eric Gill's stone lions outside the Council House were unmoved but, as the local radio announcer said, desperate to say anything at all, 'When this facade was built in 1921, they had no idea that anything like this would happen'. Nor did Ravel ever suppose that his *Bolero* would be belting out of loudspeakers in the vicinity, whipping up the crowds to ecstasy point, with some release sought by cheering a No. 9 bus for no particular reason.

When the tour of the city began from Jayne's home, a small newsagent's shop in working-class Basford, just off the city ring-road, the bizarre community/multinational interface presented itself in the form of a CBS camera on a hydraulic platform,

transmitting pictures live to 210 North American stations, though in Nottingham, we had to wait till later in the evening.

Meanwhile, back in the city centre, the local radio announcer was chanting rhetorical questions to a section of the expectant crowd: 'Do you like *Bolero*?' 'YES!' 'You're not fed up with it?' 'NO!' And when at last Chris and Jayne neared the Square in their open-topped vehicle, the gang of young boys on BMX bikes who had trailed the vehicle into town, suddenly disappeared, abandoning their bikes in a side street, reappearing as suddenly on foot in an attempt to shake hands with Chris, as girls leaned forwards to hug and kiss Jayne, and parents took photographs of their children giving the pair simple gifts of flowers wrapped in kitchen foil.

The transition from Jayne and Chris to Torvill and Dean, from community membership to public property, was almost symbolised by the couple leaving their landrover and their amateur status behind and entering the Council House, and was suitably obscured from public gaze by a badly parked double-decker carrying a press and media circus.

Two days later, like those festivals in exotic countries you read about that go on for days, the Market Square was again

thronged as the re-assembled crowds were able to see Jayne and Chris, this time with the Queen, hereabouts to distribute Maundy money, amongst other things. Unlike Liverpool or Glasgow, the name of Nottingham does not conjure up much in the minds of those who do not live there. Nottingham is unflurried, tolerant, fairly comfortable and undemonstrative—most of the time, that is. But it has taken the current dissension within the miners' union, in and near Nottingham, to remind us that there is another side to the psyche of Nottingham which stretched back to the numerous and major food-price riots of the end of the seventeenth century, the large-scale Luddite activities at the beginning of the nineteenth, and the great Reform Riot of 1831, when a crowd of 20,000 set fire to Nottingham Castle.

In 1984, a crowd of 20,000 gathered spontaneously to greet Torvill and Dean, but the miners' rally two days earlier had failed to set fire to the public imagination. The small group of miners who had walked from Kent, an action arrived at through private desperation, became a public action, an expression purposive and without need of verbal exegesis, and provoking a genuine public response. ■

DAVID BRIERS

'SIEGE' CITY



● Protest partners — Arthur Scargill and Tony Benn

Scargill and Benn join big rally

By POST REPORTERS

THOUSANDS of militant miners were converging on Nottingham today for a massive rally in protest at police action during the pits dispute.

Miners' leader Arthur Scargill and Left-wing Chesterfield MP Tony Benn were to address the rally at the Albert

Spiderman tops



LONDON TO PARIS



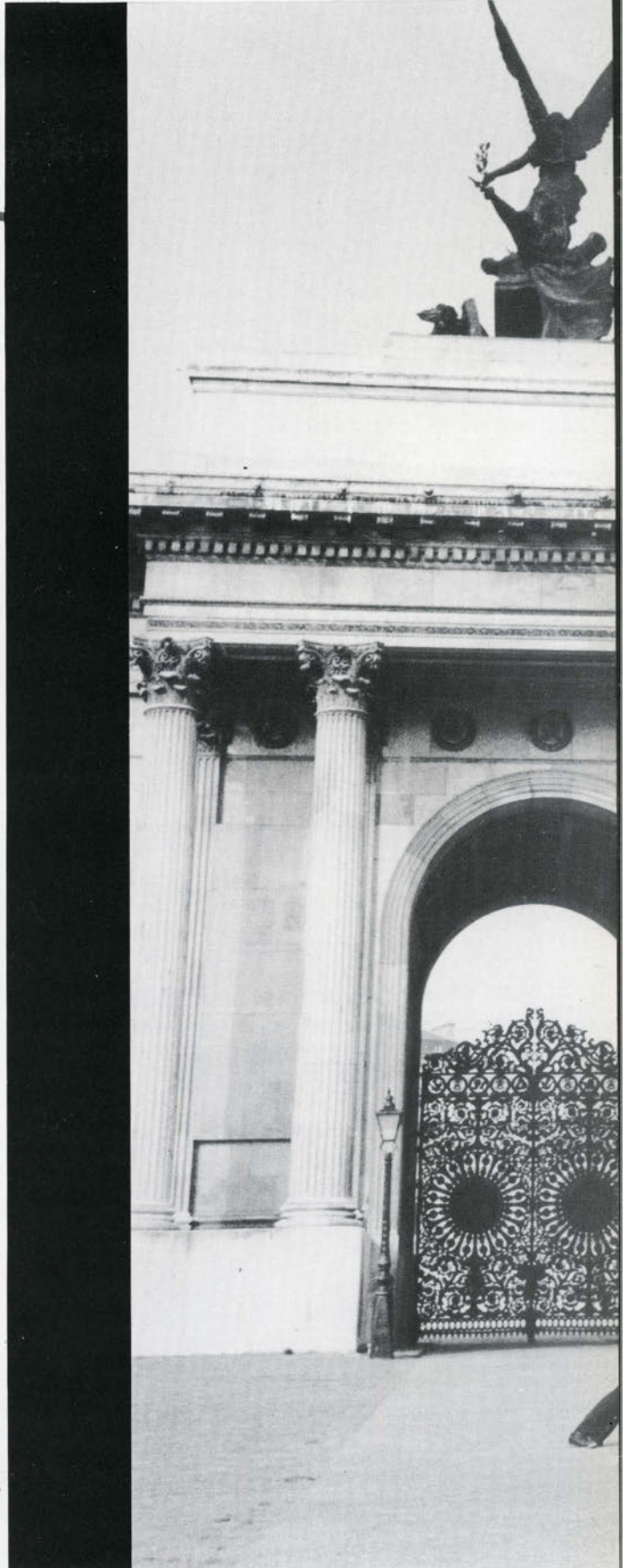
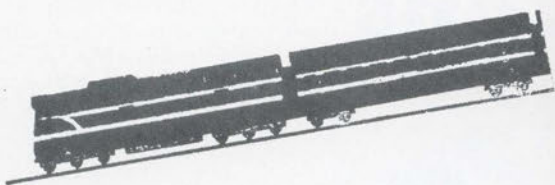
Compiled by Robin Morley from an interview with DDART. DDART are Dennis De Groot and Ray Richards. Photographs by Michael Bennett.

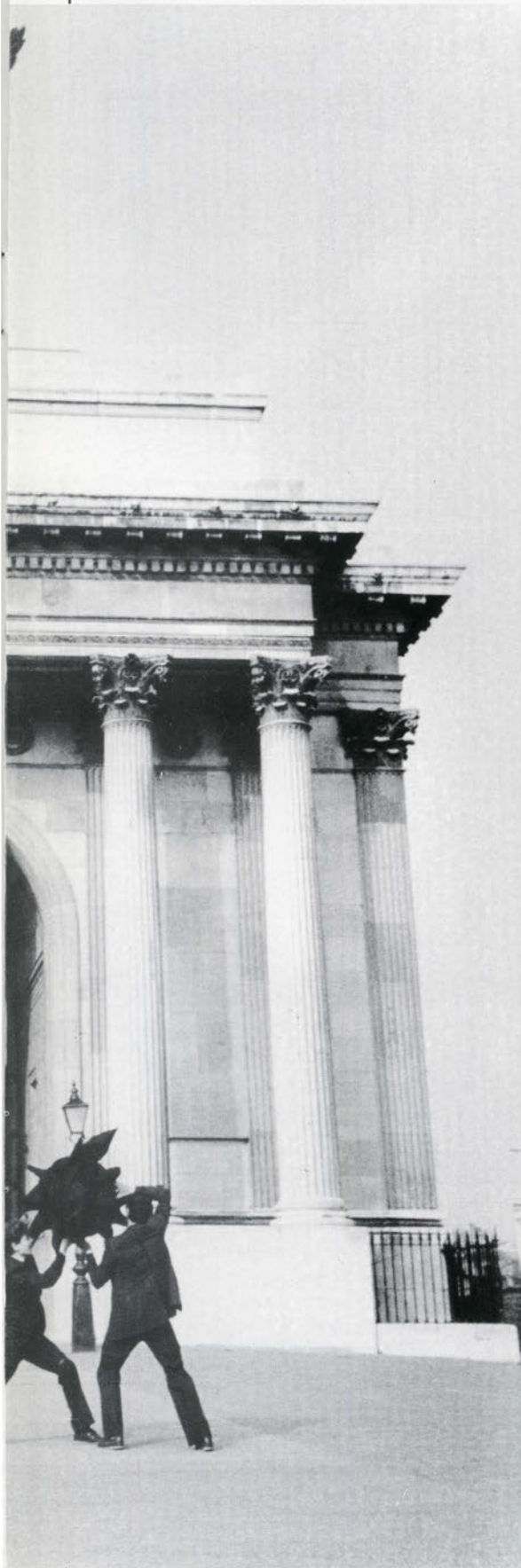


9.45 AM: 'We were watched by the morning commuters in St. James Park and as we passed the Palace, on our way to Victoria Station'—DDART



12.00 PM: 'It's a mine'—a ship passenger.





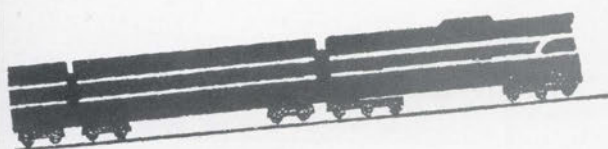
12.45 PM: 'The ship was crowded as it was the last weekend of the Persil packet ticket offer'—DDART



1.30 PM: 'A ballet of movement'—DDART



1.40 PM: 'We gradually transferred the spikes from the ball on to the velcro strips on our suits and then back again'— DDART





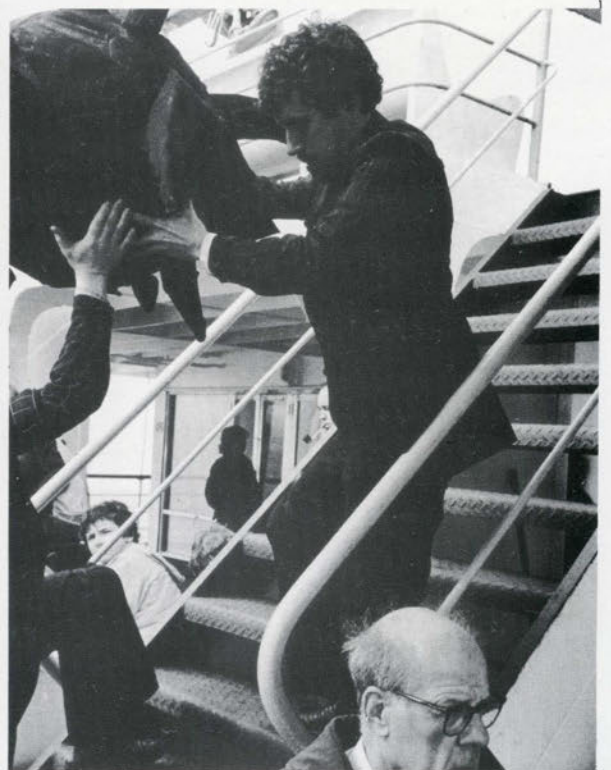
1.50 (local time): 'It's sinister'—a ship passenger.



2.30 PM: 'A party from Birmingham invited us to join them in their compartment on the Calais to Paris train'—DDART



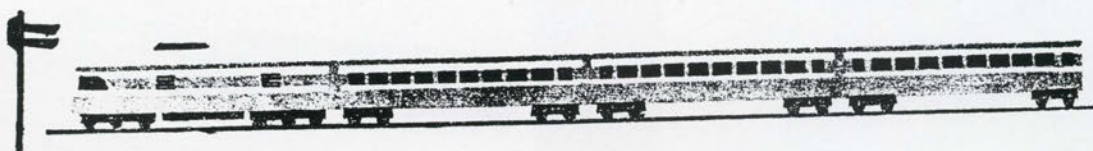
9.00 PM: 'We arrived in the middle of the Paris rush hour and performed through the street to the Arc de Triomphe'—DDART



'I WATCHED YOU GOING OVER AND COMING BACK AND YOU'VE MADE MY TRIP'—weekend tripper at Victoria Station.

'IT'S HORRIBLE'—a tourist in Paris.

LONDON TO PARIS took place on the 23-25 April 1984. DDART repeated the performance on the return trip, which also featured a long discussion with the Sealink crew in their quarters during the Channel crossing.



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OF PERFORMANCES OUTSIDE THE HAYWARD

A SEASON

LIVE WORKS

GALLERY



PRESENTED BY THE ARTS COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE GLC SUMMER FESTIVALS

MAY 27	ROBERT JANZ	12 NOON, 1PM, 2PM, 3PM, 4PM, 5PM	"UNCLENCHING"
MAY 28	DDART	1PM	
MAY 28	THE WILD WIGGLERS	4PM	
JULY 7	ERIC SNELL	1PM	"LINE ACROSS LONDON"
JULY 7	RICHARD LAYZELL	4PM	"BOOMPAAH"
JULY 14	STATION HOUSE OPERA	1PM 4PM	"SCENES FROM A NEW JERICO"
JULY 15	STEPHEN TAYLOR WOODROW WITH CLUB BORING	1PM	"THE TRIPTYCH BALLET"
JULY 15	SYLVIA ZIRANEK	4 PM	(L)I(F)E HAS A LOT TO DO WITH IT
AUG 11	INDUSTRIAL AND DOMESTIC THEATRE CONTRACTORS	1PM	"THE LAST GREAT BRITISH TEA PARTY"
AUG 12	TRESTLE THEATRE	1PM	"SCHOOL RULES"
SEPT 15	BRITISH EVENTS	1PM	
SEPT 15	P.D. BURWELL	8PM	"SKETCHES OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN"
	BEN LANGLANDS AND NIKKI BELL	ALL SEASON	"INTER-COURSE"