

THE KITCHEN

VIDEO

MUSIC

DANCE

PERFORMANCE

FILM

512 West 19th St. (Btwn 10th & 11th Aves) New York, NY 10011

Reservations: 255-5793

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Reviews/Music

Marclay, Hoberman, Sound And Fury

By JOHN ROCKWELL

Christian Marclay and Perry Hoberman have created a curious mixed-media monster this weekend at the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, with the last of four evening performances set for tonight at 8:30.

Entitled "No Salesman Will Call" and seen Friday evening, it consists of a 75-minute barrage of audio and video images, juxtaposed in a way that sometimes sounds freely improvised but in many respects is clearly very minutely planned.

Visually, the effect recalls a Laurie Anderson show, only denser in its imagistic onslaught. This is not surprising, since Mr. Hoberman served as "visual director" of Ms. Anderson's recent "Empty Places" extravaganza at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Mr. Marclay has for some years created similar effects in sound; both men are aptly described in the news announcement of this production as "'performer-technicians' who create live spectacles out of activities that normally occur offstage."

Technically, what they accomplish is truly ingenious, and particularly fascinating in that it can be controlled in "real time," so that each can "play" his apparatus like an instrument and synchronize it with the other's efforts.

Mr. Hoberman works from a com-



Christian Marclay, left, and Perry Hoberman at the Kitchen.

puter that controls various image-making machinery, most spectacularly a row of slide projectors that he can activate instantaneously in any order to create quasi movies out of sequences of still shots. His mostly mass-culture images are projected in layered arrays on a large screen, but as the show progresses they begin to spill over into the room itself, spinning about the space.

Mr. Marclay is mostly a manipulator of long-playing records, in the manner of a Jamaican reggae or rap disk jockey, but with an avant-garde twist. Sometimes he makes gallery installations, but he is best known for his live mastery of a battery of turntables, hurling fresh records into place and combining them and their alterations (achieved by manually slowing them down, wrenching them

backward, etc.) into a controlled Cageian flux.

They make a good pair, in that not only are their methods similar, but also the disjunction between their high-tech skills and some curious anachronisms: the reliance on the LP in the age of the CD, for instance, or on what might be called mechanical-analogue sampling in the digital era, or on parental-looking slide projectors when everyone else is using video.

That suits this piece just fine, for beneath the surface post-modernisms and almost too-easy comments on commodification, clichés by now but here handled so confidently that one can almost overlook them, this piece is a technological update — a deconstruction, if you must — of a 60's light show. There are no (or almost no) psychedelic blobs and squiggles, but nearly all the imagery speaks of the 60's, and the evening ends with a flag-burning and an anthem from "Hair."

To this taste, there remains something emptily impersonal about the event; maybe they need a front-person, like Ms. Anderson, to compel the audience's attention. But as a technical tour de force, and a source of some engaging images in sight and sound, it is an undeniable success.

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