

SOUP & TART



Phil Glass "sang" his earliest additive composition, "1 + 1 for Amplified Tabletop." Logistics prevented that execution, so the archetypal rhythm was replaced with the archetypal voice, somewhat like so: *Digga-digga-tum-diggite-tum-diggite-tum (gasp) digga-digga-tum-diggite-tum-diggite-tum*. You get the idea.



The food!
Yum.



Donald Munroe (above) & Joan Schwartz — bitch, bitch, bitch. "You knew my mouth was sore and I was full of anti-biotics and everything and still you hit me and it blew up like a balloon . . . I'm not going to stand in front of these people and make an asshole of myself. I'll talk to you later. . ."



Diego Cortez (left) agenizingly stuffed a handkerchief into his clenched fist, which instead of disappearing, fell to the floor. He picked it up, and startled the audience with the gush of blood from his mouth. A non-trick with an unexpected ending. Intermissions (above) let this string of pearls chat a bit.



Jean Dupuy, (above) performed a pun. He arm-flicked an apple, pulled a dart from behind his ear, and blew into the mike as he pretended to throw. Apple tart/ dart/ d'art. A sort of Duchampian parapsychics of apple gravity.



Richard Serra, (above), enjoying himself, and John Gibson, (right), who, in classic Gibson "white" style, played a catchy soprano riff (tootlie-ooo, eee-tweetle-oh, toot-toot).

little major work, it has sneaked into the artworld mentality and loosened up their self consciousness, making events like "Soup and Tart" more likely.

The short performances themselves were a succession of barely esthetic statements. They were good because they were casual, extremely non-art without labored non-art gestures (you remember how seriously difficult it was to do non-art 10 years ago). The serious fine-artworld has stooped down and dropped their lofty guise for a series of short campfire skits and sight gags. The evening stands as a monument of concentrated non-art, and non-art of the highest quality.

Can art be so casual, so enjoyable, and still be respected? Can art be entertainment? Do we all labor under the Judeo-Christian ethic; are there no genuine hedonists here? Was the evening truly Dionysian, or was it a parody of a parody of the Greeks? We cannot shed the reserve generated by the non-serious, "minor" guise of each piece; this was a night to go down in the elevator (or was it history; I don't remember).



"Bateau Lavoire" was not some leaky laundromat, it was the name of Picasso's Paris studio. *The Kitchen* is not a restaurant, but an experimental multi-media showplace. No one in Paris was hilarious enough to make a point of doing watered-down artwork at "Bateau Lavoire;" but in NY a Frenchman (Jean Dupuy) was daringly literal-minded enough to conceive of a huge dinner in *The Kitchen*, which managed to turn the performances of some of NY's finest artists into after-dinner entertainment.

Some 300 people were wined and dined and then entertained by about 40 performers, with each "act" limited to 3 minutes. The meal, eaten crosslegged, was a delicious combination piquant and French: whiskey vegetable soup, bread and wine, followed by apple tarts.

The audience was active, receptive, and professional, while the performances were slapstick and light-hearted, giving the evening the feel of a neighborhood circus, or a court entertained by lively jesters. The entire operation was overseen by Dupuy, who faded into and out of the spotlight like an underground vaudeville director.

And as restaurants are rated importantly for "ambiance," running throughout the evening at *The Kitchen* was a peculiar atmospheric tension. It was a community evening, but SoHo is not truly a community. It is a neighborhood of homogenous professionals — reputations precede intimacy. But on this night the performers loosened up, and gave something different of themselves; usually it went over well. Richard Serra, the massive sculptor, played a taped story touching and telling about him as a boy and his father. It was a personal scene, not the tired canned art audience you find mostly. Though "Autobiographical Art" has produced

Onlooker Charles Schwartz, wearing some of Lili Picard's dots.



Charles Atlas & Kate Parker (above) swung to "My baby does the Hanky-Panky," losing their formal dress along the way.

Dickie Landry, (left) lurched from the audience to limelight a cajun-tinged, jazz-infected, early R & B 12 bar blues. Dum de dum de dum de diddledy (12 x).



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Telegram

YR0029(1806)2-0165(8234)PD 11/30/74 1804

ICS IPMTZ CSP

2123491437 TQMT NEW YORK NY 3 11-30 0606P EST

FMS DEAN DEPUIS CARE THE KITCHEN, 3LR

59 MOORER ST

NEW YORK NY 10012

DEAN DEAN

CHARLEMAGNE

NYN

17-001 (10-8)

Charlemagne Palestine, sent the above, adding another chapter to the story of the art telegram — his was singing, though it came out more like a chant when 'Dean Depuis' read it as "emme, emme, emme, emme, emme, emme, emme, emme, emme, emme."