

THE KITCHEN

VIDEO

MUSIC

DANCE

PERFORMANCE FILM

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

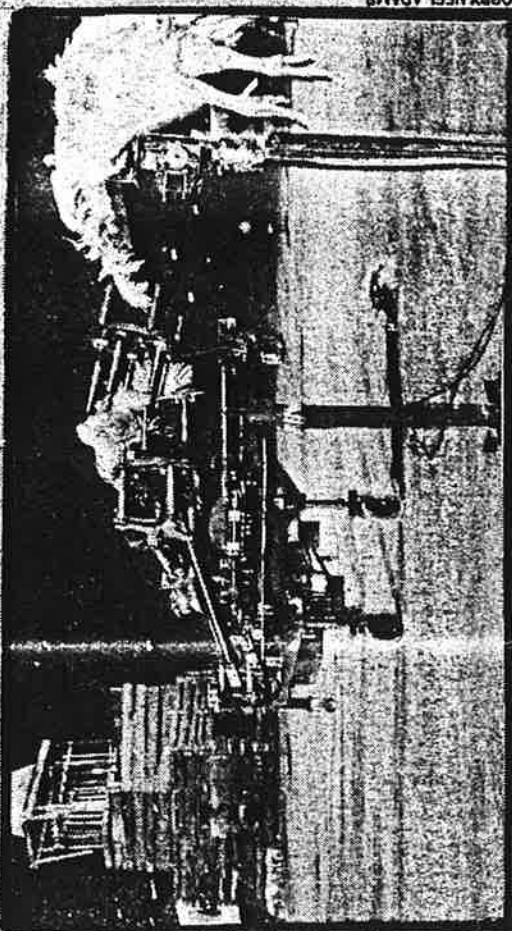
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VOICE

the village

February 24, 1987

us was a vegetarian, and anyway we were just looking at screens. At pictures of fantastic juggernauts, racks, tanks, projectiles, flamethrowers,



Survival Research calls it relentless pursuit, unavoidable capture, merciless punishment. Unavoidable?

doing things to nonhuman corpses, in ways that made the audiences at the real events—in Seattle, San Francisco, LA, and here at Area—laugh and cheer. The Kitchen audience was very silent. This seemed to be because we weren't in

such breathtaking inarticulation that it was hard to tell whether they were parodies. It didn't matter. For once, what the creators of a piece meant seemed completely irrelevant—perhaps because, to go full circle, the longer they talked about the work the less in control they seemed to be: the work had a life, or death, apart from their groping ideas.

The evening's overall title is *Virtues of Negative Fascination*: meaning the compulsions of rubbernecking, the pleasure of waiting for any risky performance to give us a good disaster, the furtive glance at a torture photo. "Extremely Cruel Practices: A Series of Events Designed to Instruct Those In-ah" instructs us only by arousing fear and scopophilia, by forcing the spectator to admit her own level of seduction or withdrawal. Rebellion isn't possible or thought. While Survival Research is far from anything ACTA has in mind, it's another form of status quo art: if you can stand it, you're preparing yourself for survival in the world as it is at its worst.

Would I see it live? Perhaps just to find out what the performance means when I can make my own focus, instead of having a camera force my eye eternally back to that tortured chicken. ■

BOBBY NEEL DAVIS

CROSS ERIKA MUNK LEFT

There were two kinds of reaction at the Kitchen last weekend during the videos of several Survival Research productions, at least among those who stayed: numbed withdrawal from any of the show's possible meanings and emotional effects, and a despairing, skinless acceptance of every resonance. I was an accepter, silently immersed, except for the moments—usually when some animal was being torn apart—when my companion just wanted to get his ass out of there and I had to remind him that the animals, after all, were already dead, neither of