

# THE KITCHEN

VIDEO

MUSIC

DANCE

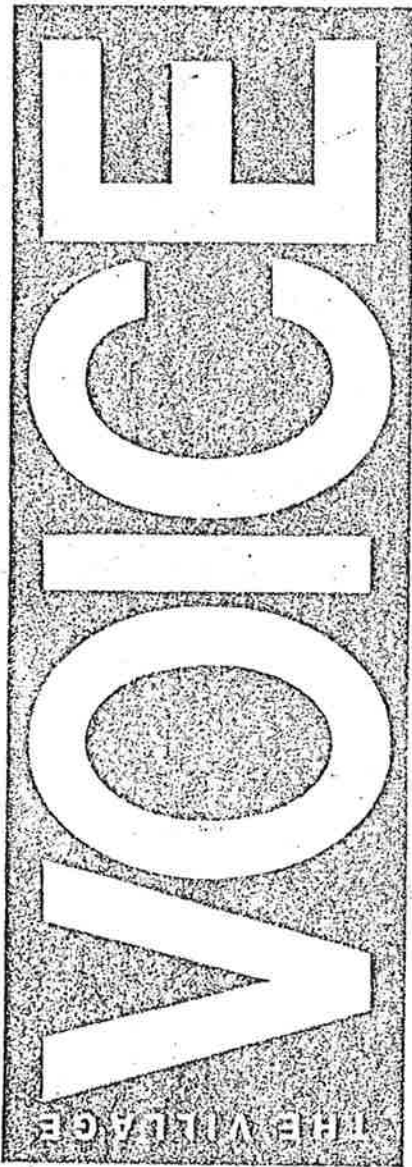
PERFORMANCE FILM

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

Reservations: 255-5793

## Cameos

In her latest series of monologues, *We Keep Our Victims Ready* (The Kitchen), Karen Finley strikes her characteristic poses of revival preacher, porn goddess, and pop-culture recycler. Her insistent claim to being a victim—the female abused in the family and debased in society—doesn't entirely square with her ready self-congratulation for being an artist. At some point, this stomped ego gathered the ambition, charm, and showmanship evidenced onstage, but Finley doesn't juggle, or even seem to be aware of, these ambiguities. What she does see, however, is substantial. She imagines museum toilets locked lest flowing piss be mistaken for art. She conjures a Park Avenue reeking of greed turned to fart-gas. She composes tragic letters suitable for any familial pair: "I love you more than anyone in my life, but I don't ever want to see you again." With theatrical bravado and verbal brilliance, Finley exposes herself to unveil general misery and pleasurable perversity. Each ingredient in her collages—sodomasochism, homelessness, Jesse Helms—is treated distinctly, yet linked to the others. She makes you feel that the stains on her psyche are part of the violence inflicted against the air, the forests, the oceans. —Laurie Stone



May 1, 1990