

The Kipper
Brothers—
Gilbert and
George meet
Abbot and
Costello



Show Me Yours... I'll Show You Mine

Are the sources of performance art drying up? The Clocktower, P.S. 1, Artists' Space, and the New Museum are all trimming their performance budgets, and the cavernous, usually active workshop at 112 Greene Street has been forced to move. Perhaps what this season lacks in volume will be made up for in prestige, as the Museum of Modern Art, for the first time in history, adds performance to its Projects series.

The opener, on Friday, October 13, is a five-part evening featuring dancer Mary Overlie, who performed in Holly Solomon's gallery windows last year; Michael Meyers, from Kansas City, whose short plays *Of Man on Moon*, dedicated to Buzz Aldrin, is a "statement of time and being"; New York perennial Jacki Apple in a four-player work with soundtrack, amplified voice, text, dancers, and repeating jazz/verbal motifs; Arlene Schloss, with *Its A at MOMA*, a private look at museum exhibitions; and Stephen Laub's *Public Relations*, a conjunction of art, self, and advertising images.

This Friday evening may be the first

in three-part series. Looks encouraging: modernism may yet intrude at MOMA.

The two mainstays of Manhattan south, Franklin Furnace and the Kitchen, have refused to bow to the trend. The Kitchen has pulled a coup by importing English and Canadian performers who are word-of-mouth familiar. Bruce McLean—once hooked up with the British group, Nice Style, the World's First Pose Band—is known for his satirical takes on the art world, including the 999 proposals in his "piece series": *Taking a line for a walk, piece*; *Fools rush in and make the new art, piece*; *Waiter, waiter there's a sculpture in my soup, piece*. McClean will be doing *The Object of the Exercise*, which he describes as based on an accumulating argument, November 2 through 4. Anne Bean and John McKoen follow on November 16 and 17, performing *McCracken Is Flying South*, a dialogue for two characters: "He works for British Intelligence. She works for the KGB. He thinks she's a bewitching, fascinating woman. She thinks he is a drunken, disgusting wild-boar. . . . He sometimes would like to lick her red patent leather shoes. She thinks he should be dignified more often. . . ."

Not just for their shaven heads have the Kipper Kids (Harry and Harry Kipper) been called "completely bonkers." Their tea ceremonies, in which they punch each other and themselves and utter meaningful phrases like "wicky wacky woo," will be mingled with a "food and Day-Glo paint/ink ceremony" and other sober rituals on November 17 and 18. Don't miss it.

Image Bank (Toronto) and the Western Front Society (Vancouver) are to Canadian alternative spaces what Thurmon Munson is to the Yankees; and they'll be at the Kitchen on November 18 and 19, with the Western Front's performance society presenting underwater fantasy, *Piranhia Farms, Inc.*, and Vertical Venus, who lures swimmers to their watery graves.

—Kay Larson



TONY STOKEL

Brits parachute in for the big performance

CENTERFOLD

EDITOR: GUY TREBAY

The Village Voice, October 2, 1978