

THE **KITCHEN**

475-9865

240 Mercer St. New York 10012

Multimedia Concert At Kitchen Proves Less Than Success

The most successful pieces in Sunday's multimedia concert at the Kitchen were those that demanded least of the audience; whether the failures represented a deficiency in the artists or the audience would be hard to say. This was the third of four such Sunday-night concerts at the Kitchen this month being presented by Charlotte Moorman, Nam June Paik and Yoshi Wada.

Miss Moorman's effort, a work called "Chamber Music" by Takahisa Kosugi, was described by Mr. Paik as "very, very old," having been composed way back in 1955. It consisted of Miss Moorman, dressed in a long black gown, crawling inside a nylon bag, pulling her cello in after her, thrashing about and periodically opening little zippered slits and sticking things (cello neck, hair, tongue) out.

Mr. Wada's was a musical piece, although the visual aspects were striking, too. The central sound-producing artifact was a hanging piece of shiny metal, amplified. Mr. Wada blew and vocalized into a long copper tube set against it, and two helpers agitated it sidularly, one with an A-440 tuning fork. The effect seemed distant and monumentally archaic, akin to Tibetan monastery music but overlaid with cries and moans.

The rest of the long program was devoted to videotape, and was rather less rewarding. Mr. Paik showed a string of Japanese television commercials on 10 monitors and taped people's reactions to them. A synchronized playback of the commercials and the reactions was still to come, and might have been amusing, but by that time this reporter and four-fifths of the original audience had gone home.

JOHN ROCKWELL

New York Times
20 February 73

Music and Theater Offered at Kitchen In a 3-Part Concert

Monday's concert of new music and theater at the Kitchen was in three parts, and if interest declined steadily during the course of the evening, even the last part still had something to offer.

The program began with Philip Glass's "Music for Voices," performed by Mabou Mines, a theater company of which Mr. Glass is music director. The piece is some 15 minutes long, and breaks up a sustained vocalized drone with chantlike, rhythmic, counterpointed *estinato* motifs. The color of the sound is varied not only by the nine different voices but also by a deliberate shift in the vowels and consonants employed. The end result is serene and ritualistic; it would be interesting to hear it sometime with a trained choral ensemble.

Eads Hill, a theater troupe from Memphis, contributed a 20-minute piece called "The Ten-Minute Piece," in which four people repeat the same 10-minute routine at a 180-degree angle. The routine, a tightly rehearsed sequence involving much movement and passing of lines, among the group, was strongly reminiscent of what Mabou Mines does, but appealing as such.

The concert ended with two numbers by Dickie Landry, who played first a harmonica and then a tenor saxophone into a quadraphonic system that let the sound ripple about the room. What came out was formally shapeless and too loud, but the basic gimmick was admittedly nice enough.

JOHN ROCKWELL

New York Times
21 February 73