

# PERFORMANCE MAGAZINE

THE REVIEW OF LIVE ART No.27

## The Legendary Silvia Ziranek Tells All

★ Plus ★  
Philip Glass  
Fashion  
Camp Art  
Dart  
John Stalin

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Who are the Art Vandals?



**WE WON'T PLAY NATURE TO YOUR CULTURE:** Instant recognisability is one of the trade-marks of originality and Barbara Kruger's photo-pieces (ICA) display this characteristic. At first glance reminiscent of Gilbert and George, but at closer inspection revealing what must be a feminist politic stance, the intensity of each black and white blown-up image vibrates to its own caption. A crumpled woman's face is half covered by her anguished hand, with a vague explosion indicated in the background bears the slogan *You substantiate our horrors*. These works blast and challenge, but their aggression is carefully concealed behind a veneer of humour, double-edged commentary and brilliantly chosen 50s imagery. *You thrive on mistaken identity*, the asexual speaker lurking behind frosted glass, hexagonal patterning bringing to mind the swarms of the beehive... *I am your slice of life* (no, not 'You are my slice of heaven'); three back-lit free-standing scalpel blades quiver-poised at the ready, casting dramatic shadows.

Kruger's professional background as designer for Conde Nast (New York) has equipped her with the ability to manipulate word and image, fusing the two to produce work whose power accumulates beyond the first glance. We are never quite sure who the 'you' is, although I am sure some men looking at this show will start to feel a little prickly round the ears...The work is clever, although the juxtapositioning of word and image is an old trick with its newspaper shock-horror eye-catching headline appeal, but Kruger has made her own impressive personal synthesis. Each piece has a standard blood-red painted frame that helps link the mood. *We are your circumstantial evidence* is almost a complete wall of a carefully arranged jumble of smashed glass fragments, each peice a clue to the continuing story. The woman's eyes stare out: foxy, guilty, innocent, hurt?...one pupil split across by the livid horizontal frame...top right a broken cymbal—crash, bang, musical/artistic reference. The work arrests us, demands our attention and focuses though on the anxiety of our culture, a good balance to the sure, austere and slick beauty of Robert Mapplethorpe downstairs.(LR)



Perf this issue is by Robert Ayers, Chrissie Iles, Liz Rideal, Phil Hyde, Rob La Frenais.

Apologies to Lesley Butler, who should have been credited for photos of Bartok in Brixton in last issue's perf. .

**DDART:** Thursday Night at the Leadmill is the night for Sheffield youth to gather in their droves and deport themselves in finery. But tonight there is also performance. Into the middle of the dance floor staggers a man (Dennis De Groot) respectable in shirt and tie but with his body racked by tics and convulsions. The youth smile nervously or stonewall with unmoving stares as this disturbing figure lurches towards them. Suddenly a lithe figure (Ray Richards) bounds in pursuit. Possessing all the charm and elegance of Satan himself, this black leopard-like destroyer is best visualised as a cross between a Kendo swordsman and Boccioni's *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space*. The civil servant is hounded throughout the venue. Bar, dance floor, cafe—no one escapes from Ddart's particular brand of art-shock. The tribes recoil, embarrassed and upstaged by this outrage. The infiltration ends. The man is bestraddled by the demon and, St Christopher-like, is forced to bear him away. As the drinking and chat picks up again, people try to forget this alarming intrusion and its eloquent insistence that the veneer of civilisation only just manages to hold back the demons of mania and compulsion. This is performance at its very best—public, taut, energetic, challenging and with actions speaking very much louder than words.(PH)