

MOBIUS NEWSLETTER



354 CONGRESS STREET BOSTON
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January-February 1988 Volume 5 No. 4

NEW YEAR, NEW MONTH, NEW DAY, NEW HOUR, NEW MINUTE,
NEW SECOND, WHATEVER YOUR PLEASURE -- HAPPY! - JOAN

NEW YEARS SCHMOO YEARS. IT'S SOON TO BE THE DEAD OF
WINTER, HARDLY A TIME FOR NEW "GREETINGS". I SUPPOSE, IF I
MUST, THAT NEW YEARS IS AN IMPORTANT TIME TO REMEMBER
THAT SPRING ALWAYS RETURNS - JUDE

"THE ESKIMOS HAD 52 WORDS FOR SNOW BECAUSE IT WAS
IMPORTANT TO THEM. THERE OUGHT TO BE AS MANY FOR LOVE."
--FROM MARGRET ATWOOD. WISHING YOU THE FIRE OF LOVE,
THE FIRE OF ART, THE FIRE OF THE SOLSTICE. AND HONOR
CHRISTMAS IN YOUR HEART. - MARI

EACH NEW YEAR IS A NEW SET OF CHANCES. -DAVID

I'M LOOKING FOR SOME MORE INFORMATION. -JONATHAN

SEASON'S
GREETINGS

FROM

MOBIUS

3 INSTALLATIONS AT MOBIUS

Curated by Helen Shlien

January & February 1988

Gallery Hours: Wednesday-Saturday 12-5 pm, or by appointment.

In January and February, Mobius will present three installations by visual artists, created especially for their spaces by Jo Sandman and Heidi Tobler in January, and Katherine Finkelpearl in February. All three are artists in mid-career, whose work shows their dedication to and experience with their chosen media. Although differing in the amount of recognition each has received by way of gallery and museum exhibitions, these artists are alike in having worked for a number of years in their particular veins, each artist refining and perfecting her vision and sensibility and a technique with which to realize it.

Jo Sandman is a minimalist artist, concerned with relations of lines and shapes. Her aim is exactitude of placement, balance, and the delicate adjustment of an angle to achieve a subtle rightness, whether she is working in two or three dimensions. Heidi Tobler is a figurative sculptor of Swiss descent, whose work evokes the tradition of Giacometti. Her figures seem to bear traces of a long human history that has included much suffering. They are earthbound but aspiring. Katherine Finkelpearl, whose work will be seen in February, is working in a combination of drawing and sculpture to create a kind of fantasy architecture, in which charcoal and muslin replace brick and stone.

All three are Boston area artists, and in their preference for muted and limited color, their emphasis on the conceptual rather than the sensual aspect of art, perhaps express something of the spirit of Boston and New England.

--Helen Shlien, Curator

3 INSTALLATIONS AT MOBIUS

RESPONSES by Jo Sandman

and
January 9-30

THE HUMAN WALL by Heidi Tobler

Reception: Saturday, Jan. 9, 3-5 pm

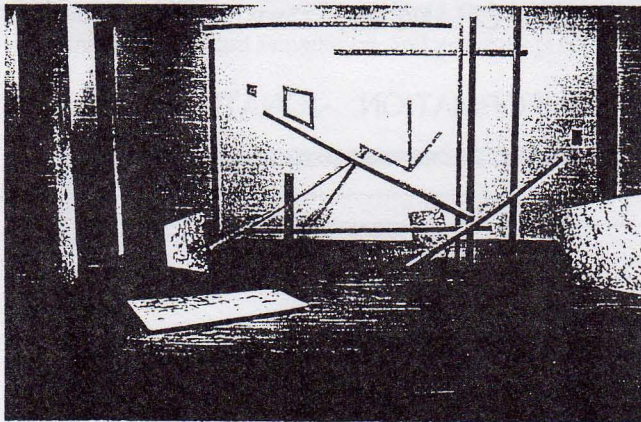
The artists will discuss their work at the reception.

RESPONSES -a location work- Jo Sandman

Lately I find myself increasingly using the language of architecture: a vocabulary of windows, doors, columns, beams, walls, and planes. I am interested in the spatial tension between solid and void, the edges that define space, and the forms that occupy space. I am also interested in the relationship of light to forms and the substance of shadows. And I am particularly intrigued by the way in which a grid can serve to integrate and contain chaotic form and lend metaphoric meaning to the whole.

I work intuitively and take my cue from the materials I explore in the studio. In the past I have produced "drawings" by folding canvas and by stripping images from the core of an industrial laminate. Currently I am working with used house painter's drop cloths to make large wall drawings and spatial structures.

Over the course of a week, I will work in the space at Mobius and make drawings of the architecture of the room--it's air, light, volume and structure. I will draw in ink on paper and tape on dropcloth to document my responses. Can one draw the particles of air in a space, the flicker of light, the shift of sounds, the weight of structure in a room without objects? I am going to try. On the final working day I will install a selection of the work which best reflects my responses.



Through the Vanishing Point

Mobius Trip by Katherine Finkelpearl February 6-27

Reception: Saturday, Feb 6, 3-5 pm

The artist will discuss her work at the reception.

During the past several years I have been experimenting with the interrelations of two and three dimensional space by means of cut fabric hung in parallel. The individual layers are simple, the "holes" are large, basic, geometric shapes. Spatial complexity arises from the interrelations of the cut-muslin planes themselves and from the way in which the composition changes as the viewer (and therefore the viewpoint) moves. The layers create patterns of light and shadow, of transparency and opacity, which vary with changes in intensity or movement of light. There is an architectural aspect to all these works -- a kind of insubstantial, abstract, Platonic, ghostly, and at the same time, playful architecture. Since these pieces are large, there is no way that one can see them as aesthetic wholes; they must be walked through to be experienced. One can enter into and explore the world they create.

THE HUMAN WALL Heidi Tobler

I made the Human Wall in order to express the strength of people when they join together. The figures show the power of unity.

While working on this sculpture I felt as if I captured part of nature in it. At times the figures look like old tree trunks: solid, twisted, and upward growing.

At other times, when I am surrounded by them, I feel like I am in a canyon. They look like sedimentary rock formations.

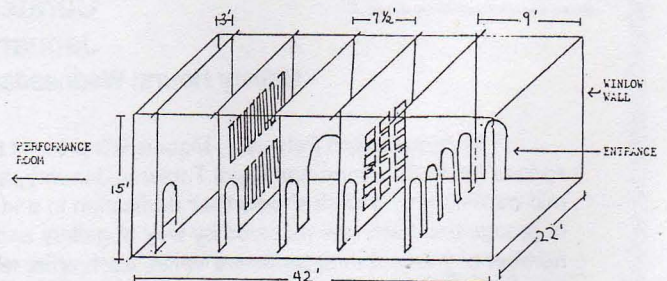
Then again, the individual figures remind me of monoliths gone through the process of formation and corrosion.

Like humans, each of my figures has its own personality. Once they stand together, their unity is strong and complete.

- Heidi Tobler



Drawing for The Human Wall



Sketch for Mobius Trip

While the Mobius installation is a natural outgrowth of my previous work, it is more purely architectural and on a larger scale. Some of its interest arises from the tension between the monumentality of its forms and the flimsiness of the material. As dress designers flesh out their ideas in muslin, this, one might say, is a muslin pattern for architecture. The lack of color and sharp outlines and the softness of the material create a luminous, ethereal, otherworldly atmosphere. While the piece is primarily a study in planar and spatial relationships, it is also intended to create a place for quiet contemplation, a haven of serenity, stillness, and peace.

--Katherine D. Finkelpearl

STATIONS OF MARY

An Installation -Performance
by Deborah M. Boardman

Performances: February 11-14, Thursday- Sunday at 8 pm
Tickets \$7, by reservation only, audience limited to 20
Installation Gallery Hours: February 8-14, 12-5 pm

Stations of Mary, an installation-performance, is about a woman's search for spiritual understanding through the examination and ritualization of her image as found portrayed within the traditions of Christianity. It explores a woman's sense of self as shaped by the institution of the Church, by her identification with the crucified Christ and other images, by what she sees in the mirror, and by the image she creates of herself.



Mary Castiglione in *Stations of Mary*

The installation consists of a wooden support structure containing fourteen paintings in wooden frames representing images of the Stations of Mary, four wooden benches on which the viewer may sit, and an "altar" with a throne-like chair flanked on each side by photographic images on canvas. The floor is partially covered in a cross configuration by raw canvas. Each viewer is provided with a missal/bible in order to follow the performance of Mary by means of images and text.

The performance (@35 min.) consists of ritualized acts performed by a woman, Mary. I chose Mary Castiglione to be the woman as she had already demonstrated an empathy for Catholic iconography. To me she is herself an icon of sexual self-awareness with a dancer's beautiful body and poise. Most importantly I chose her to enact for me this ritual of a woman's passion for the intensity with which she emotes visually -- without speaking -- her profound sense of drama. Mary functions both as a real woman (herself) and as a symbol: in part the symbol of Mary the Madonna and that of Mary Magdalene the whore who represent the two opposing and irreconcilable images of women offered by Christianity. Mary performs her fourteen stations, which are loosely based on the Station of the Cross, or Christ's Passion. Only here the passion, or suffering is that of Mary, the Woman. The Stations Mary enacts are:

- 1: Mary performs the rituals of high priestess.
- 2: Mary washes.
- 3: Mary eats and drinks.
- 4: Mary reads.
- 5: Mary expresses righteous indignation.
- 6: Mary performs the rituals of high priestess.

- 7: Mary puts up and takes down her image.
- 8: Mary disrobes.
- 9: Mary laments.
- 10: Mary reflects.
- 11: Mary encounters man.
- 12: Mary performs the rituals of high priestess; she allows images of herself to be projected onto her.
- 13: Mary cuts off her hair.
- 14: Mary bleeds.

Stations of Mary seeks to integrate environment with action (ritual), and image-- painted, drawn, photographed, filmed and reflected--with the "real." The imagery is not "religious" in that its purpose is not to convey any institutional dogma. The images refer to Mary's passion, which is integral to her spiritual search, admits her as a sexual being and reveals the flexibility of her image.

--Deborah Boardman

THEATERWORKS-IN-PROGRESS

February 17-21
Wednesday-Sunday, 8 pm

I'm writing this introduction wearing two hats. As a member of the Mobius Performing Group since 1980, I've seen the development of the Works-in-Progress concept, how it's been developed and refined, and how well it can work as a means of giving developing work an intelligent exposure in performance. As an Associate Director of TheaterWorks, I'm interested in promoting new ways for development of TheaterWorks pieces and outreach to our audiences. As a result, we have the first program of TheaterWorks-in-Progress -- the first in what I hope will be at least an annual exposure of new work by members and friends of our company, planting the seeds for the productions of future seasons.

In our time, when it's said that the survival and prospering of artists depends on the extent to which you can quantify your output, I'm reminded of Peter Brook's decade-long development of *The Mahabharata*. And also of the fable of the tortoise and the hare. Slow but steady wins the race.

-- David Miller

Bad Water
(Working Title)
Kristen Giroux

So, you are going around the world? What's your itinerary? Did you get rid of your stuff? Where will you live? So, are you back now? Haven't you gone yet? What was your favorite place? Did you get sick? How has the trip changed you? Hey, how was the world?

These are the most commonly asked questions from people when you announce your plans to take a "round-the-world" trip. And some of their responses when you finally return.

Since returning to America "The Trip" has become more and more remote. The barrage of the modern world of hot water, flushing toilets, television, movies, cars & money, money & more money has made some of those exotic regions seem more and more like a dream that I think I made come true. I fancy there is something in the piles of postcards and letters we sent (we took no photos), there is something to tell from the stories, images and permanent changes in my brain because of this trip. I could say things like "This piece is about foreign relations ... world peace ... or broadening the mind", but those are the cliches. If I asked more specific questions of myself, such as "Am I a racist?", "Do I really believe religion is the greatest evil ever to light on mankind?", or "Am I truly only a middle-class white closet-minded female?" -- would I want to really contend with the answers? It's certainly more the meat of what happened to me, than that my mind merely broadened. How *has* the trip changed me? I don't know. I'm in the process of learning that still.

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There are a few things I do know. To be born white in America is to be born into privilege and arrogance, and that world is my home. By home, I mean the place most familiar and dear to me, the place I am truly comfortable. What a shocking thing to say! But I'm with my tribe, or my own species, and coming home to the US was a real relief.

I also *know* that people are essentially good. We were helped, guided, watched over and eventually sent home safely from our trip by people whose instincts were *good* in the mythical sense of the word. No great evil befell us other than a case of dysentery and the theft of Tim's shoes. Minor obstacles, when you fantasize about what could have happened.

My friend gave me a globe of the world to decorate my new Cambridge apartment & I walked through Harvard Square with it in my hands. The response was obvious -- one woman sang in a loud voice "She's got the whole world in her hands." Two men walked by and said "She's got the world in the palm of her hand." At one point I balanced the globe (it is rather large and heavy) against my shoulder, and another woman sighed and said "She's got the weight of the world on her shoulders." I figure -- if the response to a woman with a globe is this outspoken from usually preoccupied Cantabridgians -- maybe they will want to hear about a woman travelling round-the-world. I mean, what was her itinerary? Did she get sick? How has it changed her?

-- Kirsten Giroux

The Game Show of the Apocalypse Philip S. Braen

The Game Show of the Apocalypse is based on a dichotomy which appears to be specific to Western culture. Each day we are bombarded by the media with potential disaster: the possibility of nuclear annihilation, an epidemic of AIDS virus, total economic collapse, toxic waste, mass starvation, political subversion, terrorism, etc. What is peculiar to Western society is that, for most of us, we choose to deny that these threats exist.

I assert the premise that if we did focus our attention on the dangers surrounding us, we would scarcely be able to function. Why is this? How have we been coaxed into this false sense of security? News programming has become merely a portion of our daily viewing-listening-reading regimen. We go directly from the network news into prime time situation comedies, cop shows, and/or sporting events. We can watch footage of a terrorist bomb attack with the same detached interest with which we see a report on this season's skirt hem lengths. In short, we have been desensitized to the horrors around us. Is this so that we can continue to remain focussed on our daily functioning, without interference?

Conversely, we have the phenomenon of the Game Show. We're all familiar with it: a contestant, usually a representative of a large segment of the general population, guesses a puzzle, answers a trivia question, acts out a word, buzzes a buzzer, etc. and is rewarded with prizes, prizes, prizes. Most of us delight in their good fortune. We actually feel that we share in it. As the "lightning round" clock ticks off its final seconds, our hearts beat faster with anticipation, our palms sweat, we wait with baited breath to see whether the answer is correct. We cheer out loud when the keys starts the car and the prize is theirs (ours?).

It seems odd that we can witness the daily atrocities committed around the world with little effect, and can then become totally emotionally involved in whether Bill Jones of Buffalo will win that trip to Aruba or lose the bedroom set and matching luggage.

The Game Show of the Apocalypse, then, is a fusion of these two phenomena. It is a Game Show in which the end result is the end of the world. An audience member will spin the giant "Wheel of Misfortune". On the wheel will be a variety of potential end-of-the-world scenarios. The three panelists, aided by the host and his charming assistant, will enact how a given situation would actually effect their lives if it came to pass.

Of course, each panel member would be a representative of a large segment of the general population. With each performance, the scenarios and the roles of the contestants can vary in a number of permutations, making each one potentially unique. A video tape which serves as exposition will be shown at the beginning of each segment. It is hoped that, through the Game Show, we can be made more aware, be emotionally moved and intellectually stimulated, and be entertained simultaneously.

-- Philip S. Braen

Do You Love Me a work-in-progress of texts by R.D. Laing Erick Aufderheyde

We have been meeting for more than a month now, and it's a scary process to think and rethink, to create and to abandon and finding those questions that move a performance into an essential experience. I know what I am looking for, although I don't know what it looks like. It feels right to me.

During the process I will bring in texts by R.D. Laing taken from his books, *Do You Love Me* and *Knots*. These small poems, monologues and dialogues, will be staged and presented at the works-in-progress evenings at Mobius. Laing's words touch our most guarded emotions, spelling out the thoughts and feelings we often speak and seldom hear. It is brilliant, biting, funny and ferocious food for thought.

I appreciate having an audience in the middle (or maybe beginning) of the Laing-performance process. Also, I would like to voice my appreciation for Theatreworks and Mobius, which are both organizations, that recognize that time is an important element to develop meaningful work.

"We have been taught how singular are the emotions of a character--the simple, unilateral expression of sadness or happiness. Yet life is not like that. That's not what things seem to be, nor what I seem to be. Experience is richer, more complex, less ordered more mysterious... We have to try to express the complexity of things as we see them now, and to incorporate the confusion which we feel now. We have to explore the pleasure in despair and the fun in horror. When in the same city some men say that they are celebrating life and helping others, and other people say of the same way of life that it is criminal, an actor has to understand the perplexing dichotomy. By understand, I mean to see--not simply to analyze, criticize and to sweep under the rug. We can do that by seeking the ways to make these things visible in action." (Joseph Chaikin)

"To me it is always very embarrassing when I see the eye of the actor gliding over the heads of the audience, as if we weren't there at all. I am even a little ashamed of such behavior because it seems humiliating for the actor: He loses contact with the audience and places himself in a false and inferior position. See how the situation changes immediately when his eye meets the audience. The whole stage seems to come alive." (Erwin Piscator)

I am concerned with making a committed theatre in which the actor can carry the responsibility of his words and actions, including the questions involved concerning the making of theatre. What does it really mean to create theatre in our time and age? Can a performance really be a communal meeting between actor and audience, and how?

For me there are two key words, which are connected with a meaningful and communicative performance; 'surprise' and 'intensity.' There is something incredibly rewarding in finding my own voice to express my concerns and interests in the theatre. I am concerned with the world I live in, where so much is packaged and spoon-fed without questioning. This feeling feeds my insatiable curiosity towards finding new forms to express in the theatre and bring together other artists finding a common language to express our concerns with and curiosity about the human condition. I feel excited when I can initiate such a process in which I provide as much opportunity to explore and environment to create as possible. Working with committed artists stretches my empathy towards what I want to give a physical life.

Together with Bonnie Zimering I have asked fourteen actors to commit themselves to a four month period, in which they concentrate on their own creative processes through a variety of exercises and improvisations that Bonnie and I initiate. I have called it a 'theatreworkplace,' which indicates exactly what it means; a place to work and create theatre. By daring to abandon what we know, what is safe, and what works, we are stretching our own limits, passing our borders, breaking our armours.

Doctor Faustus Lights the Lights David Miller

From time to time over the years, I've composed music for theater performance (being a composition major in college was the road not taken), and in 1979 I spent the summer slaving over a hot piano, working out a score for Leon Katz' adaptation of Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans*. It turned out to be a mammoth chamber opera (small cast, piano, 3 hours long), and while I never expect to see it performed again, there's a good concert suite in there if anyone's interested.

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MOBIUS CALENDAR

JANUARY & FEBRUARY EVENTS

COLLECT 'EM ALL!

✧

3 INSTALLATIONS AT MOBIUS in January & February

January 9-30: *The Human Wall* by Heidi Tobler
Responses by Jo Sandman

Reception-Saturday, Jan. 9, 3-5 pm. The artists will discuss their work.

February 6-27: *Mobius Trip* by Katherine D. Finkelppearl

Reception-Saturday, Feb. 6, 3-5 pm. The artist will discuss her work.

Gallery Hours: Wednesday-Sunday, 12-5 pm or by appointment

✧

February 8-14
STATIONS OF MARY
AN INSTALLATION-PERFORMANCE BY DEBORAH BOARDMAN

Performances: Feb. 11-14 at 8 pm
Tickets \$7, by reservation only (audience limited to 20)
Installation Gallery Hours: Feb. 8-14, 12-5 pm

✧

February 17-21 at 8 pm
THEATREWORKS-IN-PROGRESS

Tickets \$7

Different program each night! Call for details.

✧

February 25-28 at 8 pm
MOBIUS WORKS-IN-PROGRESS

Tickets \$4

Thurs. Feb. 25: Joanne Guertin. . . Elizabeth Witham/Tom Norton. . .

Fri. Feb. 26: PMS Cafe. . . Jennifer Milano/Victoria Lane. . .

. . . Nancy Adams. . .

Sat. Feb. 27: Odell Bowman. . . Mark Pugh/Steve Sciscenti. . .

. . . Marilyn Arsem. . .

Sun. Feb. 28: Rusty Martin/Ed Osborne. . . Lois Folstein

Mobius 354 Congress St. Boston MA 02210 (617) 542-7416

Already by that time I had read Stein's *Doctor Faustus Lights the Lights*, and experienced the kind of puzzlement which signalled to me that I would someday take it on. The hot piano option, however, was not something that I wanted to repeat -- having become fully aware that when autodidacts such as myself compose at the keyboard, what they write is determined largely by what they already know how to play. I wanted to move beyond writing a score which was largely a transcription of my own piano technique, which is not exceptionally sophisticated. So the whole thing went on hold for a long time.

In the summer of 1985, while sitting by the Boise River in Idaho, I realized that I could use "found notations" in composition, and reduce my dependence on the keyboard. This freed my thinking about the piece, and since 1986 it's been a constant project. I spent over a year looking into various *Fausts*, from Goethe and Marlowe and Berlioz, to Busoni and James Blish -- and this process continues too, with Schumann and Jarry high on the list. I returned to Stein this summer and began to get a good sense of what she was up to in 1938, when she wrote her own *Faust*. I'll only say a little about this here. There's a struggle between the patriarchal, hierarchical notion of power -- Faust and Mephistopheles as figures who are committed to control in a superior/subordinate mode -- and the decentering power of a re-emerging goddess. Gretchen, in Stein's text, becomes "Marguerite Ida and Helena Annabel" (one person), who develops from a frightened girl lost in the woods into a half-human, half-divine figure struggling to grow into an expanding identity. Faust himself, who sold his soul in order to invent electric light, fears for his own identity, sensing that his drive for mastery over the natural world may have been a terrible mistake. (Mephistopheles has no such doubts.)

Opera seems to me to be the oldest surviving intermedial art form. That is, the argument over whether it is primarily a musical or a theatrical form stems from the fact that it is *both* -- or *either*, depending on your emphasis in production. In composing this score, I'm taking the attitude that I'll be directing a theater piece that will be primarily sung (including *sprechstimme*) and regularly accompanied with piano and tape. How do I want this theater piece to sound? -- this is the main question guiding my work. Will this attitude result in a "true opera"? Something that stands on its own as a piece of music? I dunno. But my medium is theater, and I have generally aimed to write music to be staged.

-- David Miller

Dangerous Territory: A One-Woman Show (My Dinner with Jane)

Kathleen Patrick

About three years ago, my husband, then the Science Editor for Harvard University Press, acquired Jane Goodall's second manuscript, *The Chimpanzees of Gombi*. While on a fundraising tour for *National Geographic Magazine*, Ms. Goodall dropped by Cambridge to see how things were coming on the book, and on that visit, I had the privilege of meeting her and of preparing a dinner party in my kitchen for her and about six other anthropologists.

The occasion had an impact on me in obvious as well as not so obvious ways. I went through a rather elaborate planning stage that included shopping and sewing, buying and borrowing, and I did a good bit of research as well. The dinner itself was the product of an evolutionary process that grew out of weeks of preparation and digging into my past for new contacts with old friends, their recipes, serving dishes, cooking methods and even loaned utensils. I talked to friends for weeks on a daily basis, discussing menus and serving procedures. I even hand sewed the tablecloth and napkins.

The evening was subtly orchestrated, with notes to myself in inconspicuous places reminding me when to "put in" and "take out" of the oven dishes that I had prepared. I washed over 40 pieces of glassware in seconds, so they could be reused in different dinner courses. I disappeared and reappeared at appropriate moments right in front of their eyes, and I kept a relaxed and convivial atmosphere going, so that good food could make for good conversation.

Then afterwards, during coffee, when the mood was warm and lively and chatty, it came -- a moment of genuine intimacy between me and the naturalist herself -- a simple but real exchange, when I spoke from my soul and she noticed.

I am preparing a one-woman show, so that this dinner and its preparation could be the occasion for me to explore moments of my life and compare them with what I know of Goodall's. The style will be mainly storytelling, dropping fully into selected dramatic events.

-- Kathleen Patrick

A Wild Place, Unlit, Unfilled NINOTS

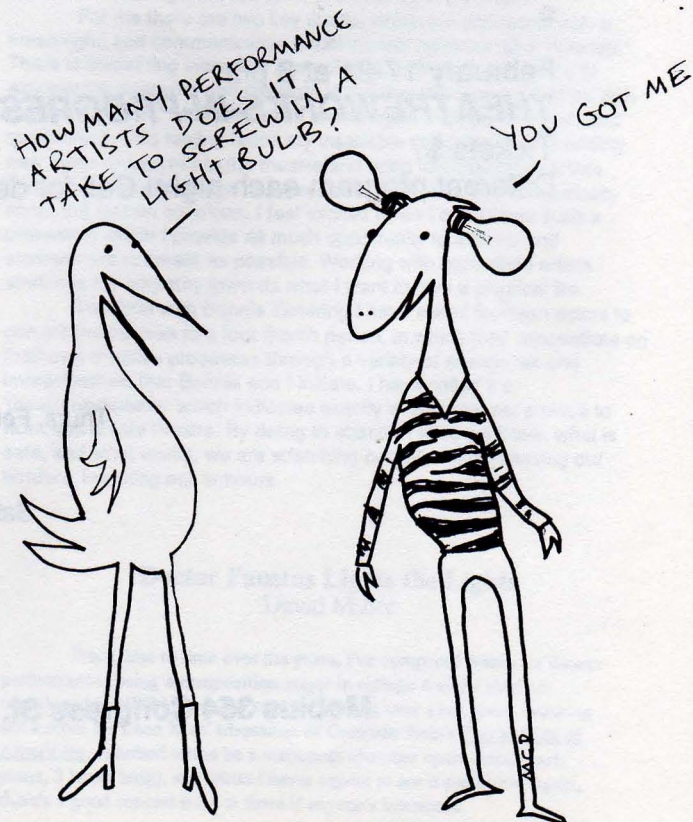
NINOTS, defined as a Catalan wooden-headed puppet (blockhead!), is a new professional puppet theater offering original programs drawn from a combination of stories, poems and music from various world traditions and original material. Based in Mission Hill (Boston), NINOTS was founded and is directed by Mark Dannenhauer and Jane Urban. Mark has toured the U.S., Europe and South America as a ten-year veteran of the Bread and Puppet Theater. From 1976-1986, Mark also directed the Northeast Kingdom Puppet Theater (NEKPT), which he co-founded. Jane was director of Streetfeet Stilts, and was also a stilter and a puppeteer in *Dancing On Air*, *NEKPT*, and *In the Heart of the Beast Theater*.

A recent example of NINOTS work was presented at Mass. College of Art's Eventworks. NINOTS presented "Not for Martin Only: Scenes in a Burnt-Out Canvas", which were scenes in honor of those who participated and who still participate in the American Civil Rights Movement. The scenes were performed in and around a 8' x 16' burnt-out canvas, with a black plastic back-drop. Tableaux vivants were created with dummies, puppets, and masked characters.

For TheaterWorks-in-Progress, NINOTS will be joined by Mary Curtin-Stevenson, a frequent performer in NINOTS events. Mary has also been a performer/musician in the following ensembles: Theatre S., the Charlestown Working Theater, the Seachange Dance Ensemble, the Bread and Puppet Theater, and NEKPT.

NINOTS will present excerpts from a new work entitled: "A Wild Place, Unlit, Unfilled." This will be a two-part work, a tragedy and a comedy, about American life, and will be presented with live and recorded music, masks, puppets, texts and movement. Types of puppets will include masked dancers, found objects, and a variety of hand, rod and over-life-sized puppets, primarily of papier-mache or stuffed fabric. Live music will include gongs, drums, singing, homemade instruments, saxophones and synthesizer.

-- NINOTS



MOBIUS WORKS-IN-PROGRESS #24

February 25 - 28
Thursday-Sunday, 8 pm \$4

Produced by Mobius Performing Group

One Minute After Death The P.M.S. Cafe

"And you think maybe this is it. This sounds like a right job; this looks like a right town. So you take the job, and you settle down in town. And, of course, neither of 'em is right, they're just like all the others. The job stinks. The town stinks. You stink. And there's not a goddamned thing you can do about it."

-- Jim Thompson, A Hell of a Woman

No one is redeemable, and there's not place to go but hell. In more than two dozen books, Jim Thompson turned the detective novel into a vehicle for his own comic-horror trips to hell, crafting plots and characters, only to toss them into a dime store version of eternal damnation. All men are killers. All women are tramps. The P.M.S. Cafe will try to do Jim Thompson's words ("The Killer Inside Me", "A Hell of a Woman") what he did to the detective novel.

-- The P.M.S. Cafe

Bossa Nova #1 Ed Osborne & Rusty Martin

Don't get the idea that I'm one of those goddam radicals. Don't get the idea that I'm knocking the American system.

--Al Capone

My mother believes she will win the Massachusetts state lottery. There is nothing I can say about faith until she does.

-- Dotty le Mieux

This is a short look at a long arm.

-- Rusty Martin
Ed Osborn

Somebody Else's Nut Tree and Other Tales of Being Victoria Lane & Jennifer Dean-Milano

It seems to be a question of wading through an overwhelming amount of "stuff". **Somebody Else's Nut Tree and Other Tales of Being**, the first collaboration between Victoria Lane and Jennifer Dean-Milano, attacks, with humor and as many other emotional tools as possible, self-expectation.

We're working to explore what society expects from us as women, namely, the myth that important life milestones carry with them "instant wisdom" and credibility. We are looking to take risks, to incorporate the works of other artists from a variety of disciplines, in an effort to build bridges and not walls between audience and performer.

-- Victoria Lane
Jennifer Dean-Milano

Elizabeth Witham / Tom Norton

Since 1980 I have been studying improvisational movement forms and ways to perform them. Currently, I am interested in bringing my creative process out in front of an audience. I enjoy being on the edge, taking the risk of not knowing where my movement is going to take me. I'm interested in finding ways to engage the audience's imagination and senses without becoming self-indulgent. My goal is to present my movement process so that it entertains and informs me and the audience simultaneously.

Tom and I have been using different props to limit and affect my movement process. The props we have chosen for this particular project are a piece of slate, a piece of cardboard, and a long frame. These props create situations in which I must deal with the different weight, mass,

dimension, and surface of each object.

Tom and I are interested in finding out if juxtaposing our particular creative disciplines is appropriate performance art. I believe there is a lot of potential, and an opportunity such as this, where we can receive audience feedback, is just what we need at this stage of our explorations.

-- Elizabeth Witham



Elizabeth Witham/Tom Norton

I am currently involved with a number of concepts and the interrelationships between them. First is the study of how the female human form interrelates with a structured physical object. In this case, Elizabeth is working with a tall frame, a large but lightweight panel, and a small but very heavy panel.

In each case the physical object dictates the movement of the dancer, and therefore the graphic shape of the image as well. The frame elongates her movements from floor to ceiling. The large panel confines the dancer between it and the wall, or between it and the floor. The small panel, being very heavy, dictates positions which she must assume to support her weight.

Another related matter is the fact that, in each case, the panel represents another imaging surface in relationship to the dancer. In the case of the two solid panels, I can image another aspects of the dancer on its surface, as if she was transporting another reality of herself. With the frame, she can actually step into this panel directly.

The last involvement is my experimentation with my graphic computer, which allows me to fluidly image the dancer and the panel, and to superimpose the secondary images. I am trying to push this medium as far as it will go, and this particular topic is conducive to its capabilities. As people watching me work are always intrigued by the rapid transformations occurring on the screen, it seems to me that this Artist/Model interaction in real time would be an intriguing performance medium. The two parts, the dancer and the artists, would exist both separately and interactively. The graphics would not only document the action, but would anticipate the action as well through the use of previously recorded images. It is a concept worthy of exploration.

-- Tom Norton

Mobius Works-In-Progress
continued on page 8

Mobius Works-In-Progress continued

Blue Monday Nancy Adams

This piece has been generated largely by visual images and materials. The original inspiration came from my growing collection of beautiful old aprons, which I hung up in my apartment, out on the porch, and photographed extensively. I also began experimenting with the aprons as costume -- tying them on in unexpected ways, and tying them to bicycle wheel rims.

Other visual and costume elements include a laundry line, a Peking Opera mask, and a laundry-Medusa headdress. The performance that is growing out of all this is non-verbal and essentially a dance. The work has something to do with the creation of a mythic, abstract laundress figure. The title, **Blue Monday**, refers to the day on which everyone did the laundry in olden days, and to the "bluing" used in one of the rinses.

I performed 15-20 minutes of this piece last summer, and will be performing a full-length version at the end of March. Because **Blue Monday** is a solo, I have isolated myself artistically. This isolation is on the one hand lovely, and on the other hand merely isolating. I greatly look forward to getting feedback from the works-in-progress audience.

-- Nancy Adams



Nancy Adams in *Blue Monday*

Lois Folstein

"Even in gardens of the period (both real and those shown in screen paintings), plants, shrubs, streams and stones were deliberately arranged to evoke specific emotions . . . the pathos, literally the 'ah-ness' of things."

(Joan Stanley Baker, *Japanese Art*)

I have long been interested in the barrier that's between audience and event. My current preference is for work that is set up so that the spectator feels initially as if s/he has entered into a theatrical or prepared place, but after entering, the barrier walls partially dissolve, the outside world partially dissolves.

I've recently been working on a narrative line whose intention is to evoke emotion and experience through description of place, rather than with character and conflict. This is not to say that there is no character or conflict described, but that these are auxiliary to place.

The "action" of the text and of the piece is in evocation of place, weather, time of day. Following is a sample of the text:

THIS IS A CORRIDOR
THAT RUNS OUTSIDE OF,
AND PARALLEL TO, TIME.

This is the time that
cores down the
middle of the night.

This is the space that's just above
the ocean.

THIS EVENING IS THAT EVENING
Here we are again,
And no one's around.

ABOVE THE OCEAN
IN THE NIGHT AND
NIGHT GRAY SKY!

It's just above the ocean
and slanting lines of rain
Absolutely silent.

I think of her
(at night): putting
out a grateful
hand, with a
tentative smile upwards
in the dark with
silver raindrops

-- Lois Folstein

Basket of Fire Odell Bowman

"When the heavens are obscured to us, and nothing noble or heroic appears, but we are oppressed by imperfection and shortcoming on all hands, we are apt to suck our thumbs and decry our fates. As if nothing were to be done in cloudy weather, or, if heaven were not accessible by the upper road, men would not find out a lower... There are two ways to victory--to strive bravely, or to yield. How much pain the last will save we have not yet learned.

--Henry David Thoreau

This quote by Thoreau is one of the first thoughts Anne Sexton passes your way in her book, *The Awful Rowing Toward God*, which is the book I have, at present, chosen most of the poems from for this piece. As this piece grows, in the future, I will cull poems from her other works as well. Sexton's work was always derived from her own intense personal experience, an experience that speaks to both men and women. She explores the dilemmas and triumphs, the agony and the peace, of her faith, sharing all her findings with us as the quest progresses. "I cannot walk an inch/without trying to walk to God" she writes, "I cannot move a finger/without trying to reach God."

Anne Sexton's God is a being intimately bound up in man, and in the things of this world. God needs man as much as man needs God, and therefore the awful rowing toward him in which she, like us, is engaged, is an ordeal with an end in sight.

Her poetry speaks to me of our most passionate yearnings for love and our deepest fears of evil and death. The poems I have chosen embody a work full of life and its joys, and the wonderful but painful struggle it often can be on this journey. I have sought to find the world of each poem and the character that lives there and give you his experience. It is not a recitation of words, but a journey through the words. Each poem brings you to a different world, to a different person with parallel or counterpoint rhythms to his and our journey. This work is very physical, having its roots in commedia and dance. The works of Sexton are created and expressed with my body as well as with the words. Three years ago I did an intensive workshop with Georges Bigot of the Theatre Du Soleil. That work has brought me to very strong physical style rooted in truth.

The title comes from a line in "The Witch's Life." A basket of fire warms you and can set you on fire, as I hope this work will do.

--Odell Bowman

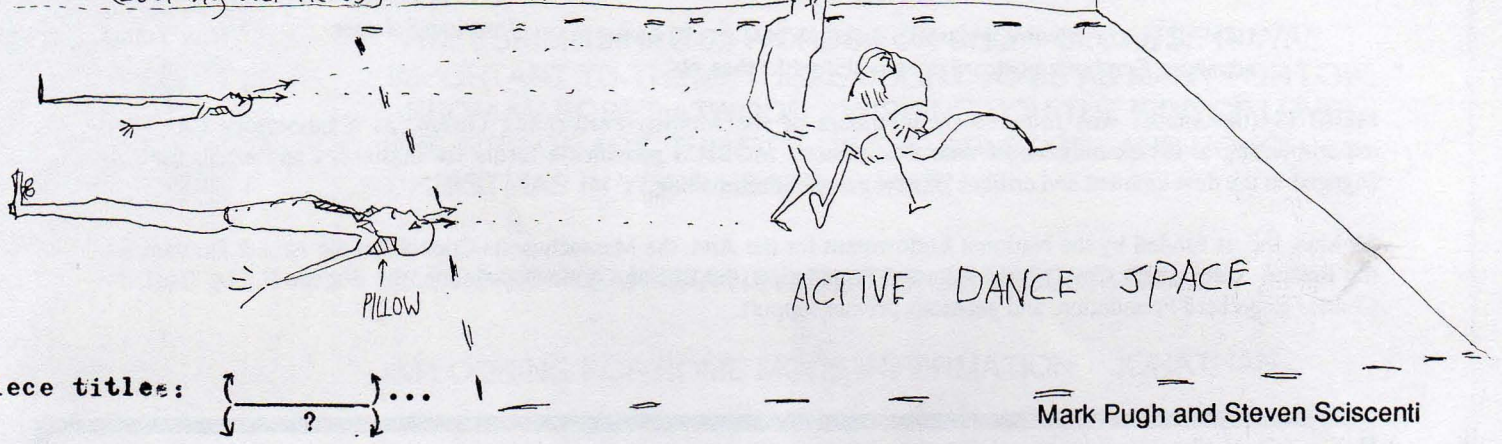
Also appearing in *Mobius Works-In-Progress* are:
Joanne Guertin -- Thu. Feb. 25
Marilyn Arsem, with Mari Novotny-Jones--Sat. Feb. 27

SPACIAL VIEW FROM SIDE

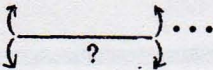
DRAWING # 1

VIEWERS ON BACK

HEAD TOWARD DANCE SPACE →
(Looking over heads)



Piece titles:



Mark Pugh and Steven Sciscenti

Failure is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid.

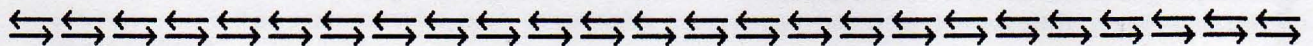
-- Keats

Progress is the real cure for an overestimate of ourselves.

-- G. Macdonald

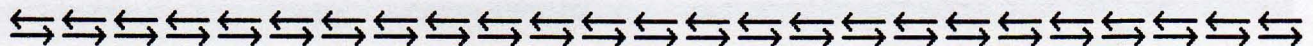
Revolutions never go backwards.

-- Emerson



CALL FOR PROPOSALS

The Mobius Works-In-Progress program scheduled for late March 1988. Artists--submit your proposals for performances (max 20 minutes, low-tech) by January 20, 1988. Call Mobius for details: 542-7416.



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Hey! If you're moving, please let us know at least six weeks in advance. Send us a postcard or something like that, ok?

MOBIUS (the space) was founded by members of the Mobius Performing Group, as a laboratory for artists experimenting at the boundaries of their disciplines. MOBIUS provides a forum for audiences and artists actively engaged in the development and critique of new genres of art-making.

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MOBIUS

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