

mobius

January '97-
June '97
Vol. 14 #2

BOSTON'S ARTIST-RUN CENTER FOR EXPERIMENTAL WORK IN ALL MEDIA

COMING IN

I learned one of those new expressions of the workplace, "multi-tasking," when I began the job of co-director in August, and it is the best way to describe the activities here. With a part-time staff of four, all with different hours, communications are sometimes an act of faith and deadlines are always looming. The timeliness to act, and the patience to rest are two virtues I am learning in the ebb and flow of the office.

For many years I held an oppositional belief in the insolubility of the artist's relationship to the curator and programmer. It wasn't until I actually met other curators and became familiar with the nature of institutions that I realized the most basic thing: that they are completely dependent on the input of others, be it artists or supporters, to exist. The history of museums reveals a diminishing legacy of authority. Those formerly "authoritatively condescending" edifices have been reduced to needful, stymied bureaucracies in "existential crises," in their quest to remain relevant to contemporary audiences. Now, Mobius is not a museum, but it is institutional in the sense that we are a legitimate non-profit organization that receives funding for the development and presentation of experimental art. How does Mobius differ from other organizations, and how would that invite participation?

My own view of Mobius is that its founding was parallel with the creation of non-profit arts organizations of the seventies, born out of the necessity for new venues for new forms of art that the established institutions would not recognize. As an organization of art and artists, for artists and audiences, it could serve these new forms well. Secondly, as a consensus-based organization, governed primarily by a resident artists group, it could assure an evenhanded process in matters affecting the direction of the organization through its policies internally and its programming externally. The Mobius Artists Group is, after all, a community of artists that assists other artists aesthetically, spiritually, and practically, both from within the group, and similarly from without, as panel review programmers and contacts for presenting artists. We also serve as a resource for artists who call here with questions, seeking information. It is the strength of this community and its cooperative philosophy that drives the organization. No more butting up against authority here.

I am saying this to encourage those of you who may have felt as I had before I came here. Find out more about the artists and programs here, and propose work, knowing how much we need and welcome your ideas and efforts to flourish. Mobius still stands for the widening development and recognition of experimental art here in Boston and New England through its programs and support, and I look forward to furthering it.

This spring we are visited and invigorated by artists from another continent. Rob List, an American living in Holland, will perform here in April. Also, the second part of Liquor Amnii, our exchange project with artists from Macedonia, takes place in June. This project, involving five women of the Mobius Artists Group and five Macedonian women artists working in performance and installation, received a tremendous response in Skopje, the capital city of Macedonia, in July of 1996. Mobius is proud to be hosting the continuation of the project, an event that has exceeded the normal scope of our programming and taken on a significance all its own. Look for a mailing later in the spring for more details about the event. We have a full schedule of performances, dance, and installations to make for an exciting season, so we look forward to seeing you.

Jed Speare



COMINGS AND GOINGS

As exciting as it is to welcome new members to the Mobius Artists Group, we also need to express our appreciation, affection, and respect for those group members who have moved on to other pursuits. This year has seen the departure of three former MAG members: Dan Lang, Ean White, and Hannah Bonner.

Dan Lang was a Moboid of old: he was with us in our early-1980s incarnation as Mobius Theatre, back in the Chinatown loft days. Dan's gentle presence and personal wit went together with a capacity for putting ideas and images together in memorably peculiar fashion, as those who saw his classic piece, *The Misuse of Tools*, will attest. I remember his "Demolition Decorators" T-shirt as being just the kind of thing he could wear and still remain personally understated.

Ean White is the kind of artist who makes talking about "kinds of artists" absurd. To list the many media he works in would almost be beside the point, namely, his ability to materialize complex ideas by any and all means necessary, as sparsely or densely as the occasion demands. Images that I remember range in scope from frying a transducer inside a pancake, to mechanically dragging groups of seated audience members across the floor, to designing a fireworks behind an aria-singing soprano. But you have to spend time with his images: they're not designed for instant gratification.

Hannah Bonner joined us as an installation artist, producing a series of cave-like environments which transformed the Mobius spaces as radically as anything seen here. She also worked early on with Mary-Charlotte Domandi to produce a most intriguing installation based on women's attitudes toward their body hair. Her illustrations continue to delight us, too: she designed the Mobius "rebus" T-shirt (still available!), and we hope her cartoons will still appear in the *Newsletter* often.

Thanks for everything, friends! At least we can say that the MAG "alumni" roster includes three more shining names. And we hope the collaborations aren't over yet.

David Miller

IDLE HANDS MAKE... VOLUNTEERS FOR MOBIUS!

Gain hands-on experience in what it takes to run a contemporary arts center! Help install a visual arts exhibition, assist in fundraising, aid in maintaining the venue through repairs and cosmetics. Volunteer jobs range from assisting in mailings or answering the phone for a few hours to developing a long-term project based on your interests and abilities. Interns and volunteers at Mobius acquire valuable experience, a guaranteed position of high rank in the afterworld, possible college credit and free admission to Mobius Artists Group events.

Mobius is pleased to announce the addition to two artists to the Mobius Artists Group. **Sharon Haggins Dunn**, who in the past two years has created two installations here, *Holding Up a Mirror*, and *Memory Knot*, graduated from the Center for Advanced Visual Studies at MIT, and is currently on the faculty of the Massachusetts College of Art. She also teaches residents of the Marcus Garvey Senior Citizens Apartments in Boston. Many of you may remember **Joanne Rice's** performances and installations here. After living in Texas the past four years, she has returned to Boston and we are excited to have her back.

We have additional comings and goings on the Board front. We are sad to see **Jennifer Evans**, **Jane Schwerdtfeger** and **Stan Jaksina** leaving. Jennifer, serving as President last year, led the board to revise its role in the organization. Jane was instrumental in encouraging connections between the members of the board and the artists group, reminding us that we are all involved in Mobius because of the art. And we are sorry to lose Stan, who was an enthusiastic regular at Mobius events, before job and house began to consume all his time. They all continue to be involved on specific projects, so we are happy to say that they will still be seen around Mobius!

Our most recent addition to the board is **Sally Solomon**, who works at Northeastern University. She jumped right into Art Rages preparations, following up on all the delicious food donations, and she was great! We are looking forward to working with her. This year our Board President is **George Moseley**, who has been on the board since the early days, in 1984/85. Our clerk is **Ray Iasiello** and the Treasurer is **Sally Solomon**.

SOME EXTREMELY SPECIAL THANKS AND A BIG KISS TO MATT SAMOLIS!!!

We'd like to take a bit of this newsletter to thank Matt for all his hard work to help Mobius look its best. Over the summer, Matt worked his magic and performed a special face lift on the back room of Mobius. This fall, Matt worked with Mobius Artist Group members on their clean-up day to build a new work station and storage space for our photo archives.

And we can't let **SUSANNA KITTREDGE** and **RINDY GARNER** go unnoticed. For part of their summer internships, Susanna and Rindy (with help from Danielle Tivedo) went above and beyond the call of duty and painted most of the front gallery space in less than a day. Thanks!!!

FIELD TRIPS TO MOBIUS!

Mobius welcomes inquiries from school, college and community groups about special educational programs. Mobius is a great resource for your classes whether you teach women's studies, art history, installation, visual art, theater, performance, sound art, video, movement, or music.

We are happy to arrange special performances and/or gallery talks by the artist(s) whose work is on exhibit. Mobius may also be able to arrange for discounted tickets for high school students who wish to attend evening performances.

OF SUBSTANCE

Installation by **Carol Greenwood**

January 29 - February 15, 1997

Opening Reception: Saturday, February 1, 3-5 pm

Gallery Talk: Saturday, February 1, 4 pm

When I was little I used to go to a Catholic church, big old church, made of brick with wooden pillars in the front, at the top of many concrete steps. Gateway to heaven ...

The inside was dark for many of the years that I was there. Dark wood pews, large stained glass windows, big pipe organ in the choir loft in the back of the church, big white altar at the front, lots of carved finials, low lighting, many saints on the side aisles.

I especially remember the smell. Incense, of a kind I couldn't possibly imagine, and still can't - an incredibly dry smell, yet exotic, luxurious in its dryness ... I have never smelled that smell anywhere else. And the light ... changed in color and amount by the size and placement of the windows; the altar, glowing like a moon in its own private universe, flanked by flickering votives in their little red glasses. And the space ... a large rising space, I remember, which to my small body was vast and even as I got bigger, so did the space. At least, that is my memory ...

At some point, bubbling from my unconscious, came the realization that the church wasn't about the faith at all. It was about the notion that was embodied in that space, in the light, in the smell, the coolness of the dark air resting ever so lightly on my shoulders ... if I was attentive, I could take that away with me.

I've been trying to find that space ever since. Not the space itself, actually. The feeling that I had in that space.

You walk in the door - like the side entrance to the church. You see the aisle down the center. Wax paper: you walk up to it, you walk around it, you walk through pieces of it, disturbing the air. The aisle moves.

You look up, you see light. You look right, left, you see light, but it is opaque. You know there are other things on the sides of the aisle, but you can't see through to them. And the aisle moves, ever so slightly, gently, a sway.

Shapes hang. Strange, translucently opaque shapes, but not the usual kind in three dimensions of real space, shapes more like surfaces hanging, sliced and lifted whole from their frames.

This is not a church about a god, or religion or faith, as the organized part of my brain understands ... it's just a feeling.

This installation uses wax paper to explore the notion of substance. My work has always involved paper in some way, and I especially like wax paper ... it's a strange kind of paper, I think. It looks like you can see through it, but you can't. It looks flimsy, but it's not. It only comes in one size, and it's feathery light. It crinkles, wrinkles and marks in the most interesting ways, and it moves in air and makes sounds. It

feels strange to my touch, and I have no idea of how it is made. It reminds me of tuna sandwiches on the beach at Block Island. I like it for all of these reasons. I've been using it for a few years now ... first as part of a painting, then as a painting, then wrapping those paintings into other kinds of papers and materials and hanging them up. And that led to putting other stuff on the wax paper, and hanging that up. And then just hanging up wax paper, all by itself. So here we are. In the middle of all this wax paper.

The church now, where does that come in. Or more linearly, how do we get from hanging up wax paper to a church. I'm afraid I can't say, exactly. I can say that materials matter a lot to me. I pick my materials for what they are as substances and for the possibilities they evoke: the mental weight, texture, feeling. This work has evolved from questions I have about the perception of substance ... what it is through how it appears. And more importantly, what it feels like.

So
touch the material
let it in to roam around
pass through
think about it now,
or later
or never
you decide.

Carol Greenwood



ACTION THEATER

taught by **Owen Furshpan**

Introductory Workshop: Jan. 23 and March 22, 10 am-1 pm/ \$20.

Session I: 6 Tuesdays, 7 pm - 9:30 pm/ \$100, beginning Jan. 28

Session II: 6 Tuesdays, 7 pm - 9:30 pm/ \$100, beginning Apr 1

Action theatre is an improvisational practice developed by Ruth Zaporah, which integrates movement, sound and language. It encourages full expression of one's experience in the moment. We will use awareness of our bodies' sensations, feelings and imagination to explore the worlds of improvisation. By breaking improv into its component parts (time, space, shape, rhythm, etc.) we will expand our range of choices and develop a common language for "seeing" and discussing. Classes will include a structured warm-up, group, and partner work. Please bring: comfortable clothes for moving in, your curiosity, and a willingness to "meet yourself from the inside out."

MOVEMENT LAB

One Sunday a month, 4-6 pm. FREE!

Jan 26, Feb. 23, Mar 16, Apr. 20, May 18, June 15

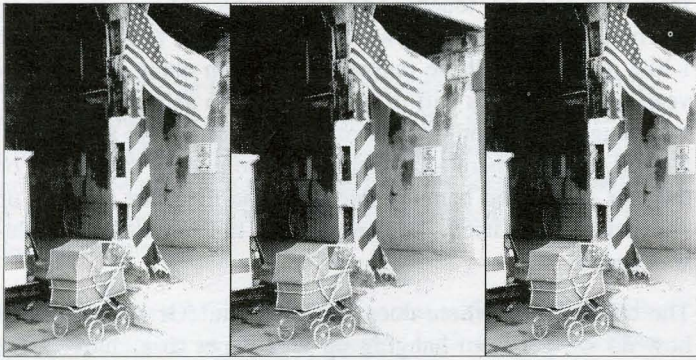
Movement Lab is an opportunity for movers of varied backgrounds and levels to come together to show and discuss their work. Bring anything, from developing pieces to mere glimmers of an idea. As a group, we will try to assist you in whatever ways you request. The time will be divided according to the needs of the participants, on an ad hoc basis.

For more information contact:

Marjorie Morgan (254-9086)

Owen Furshpan (776-8020)

Or the Mobius office (542-7416).



THE BERLIN WALL

Performance by

Mari Novotny-Jones/Milan Kohout (Mobius Artists Group)

January 30 - February 1, 1997

February 6-8, 1997

We find ourselves together once again, looking at 1996 and forward into 1997. Political systems topple, election year in the same old USA and everywhere in Europe, people hate the Gypsies!

In Eastern and Central Europe, the directive was to clean the old space (Socialism) to make ready for the new arrival (?). But isn't this new baby merely an old crippled man taking the train from the West? What does he carry in his designer luggage? What promises does he make to the vulnerable cousins in the East? What is the price for his healthy competitive wares? He sits his ass on our "zidle," leans forward into our expectant faces and says, "We the people."

It is almost 1997 and Milan and Mari attempt to find another way to close the gap between our differences. In the past, we have made two performances around the subject of the individual versus the collective. These two pieces, *The Berlin Wall 1* and *2*, have had little success in changing us or the system. The first failed attempt, *Berlin Wall 1*, tried to split the audience into two camps: Socialist and Capitalist. There was no compromise solution. We were unsuccessful. *The Berlin Wall 1* reflected the futility of trying to find a common ground. *Berlin Wall 2* found us in Hell, the Hell of Dante's Inferno. Working with the image of quarreling parents trying to win the love of our only son (Lukasek); this performance also failed horribly.

Now, for our third production of *Berlin Wall*, we turn to a recognized artist and political thinker, Bertolt Brecht. For your scrutiny, we will present Brecht's 1930's masterpiece, *The Mother*. When Brecht came in 1935 to see the Theatre Union of New York in rehearsal of the American translation of *The Mother*, he was said to have shouted, "Dreck!" *The Mother* received unfavorable reviews especially from the Leftist Press. Brecht had his hopes dashed by this terrible production. *The Mother* would not establish a strong Leftist Theatre in the Mecca of Capitalism. *The Mother* has been performed elsewhere since 1935. It is time for our version to come to Mobius in 1997. We are once again looking forward to creating change/revolution. And of course, we accept the challenge with another piece of failed literature.

Mari Novotny-Jones/Milan Kohout

THE SEVENTH GENERATION ENSEMBLE'S MOBIUS VALENTINE CONCERT

Multi-media presentation by **The Seventh Generation Ensemble**
February 13-15, 1997

The performances will feature musicians *Raqib Hassan* - tenor sax, mussette and xurna; *Glynis Lomon* - cello; *Pek* - tenor & baritone sax, bassoon, and bass clarinet; *Craig Schildauer* - bass violin; *Michael Shea* - piano; *Tor Yochai Snyder* - guitar and electronics; *Dennis Warren* - drums and timbalitos; *Keith Whitman* - guitar and electronics; *Linda King* - poetry; Visual artists: *Guadulesa* and *Clarence Washington*; Video artists: *Pek* and *Amy Wilson*. The ensemble will present a multi-media performance based on the themes of Love and the Spirit of Offering.

Acting as producer provides the opportunity to bring together some of the most innovative artists I have had the fortune to work with over the past fifteen years that I have been in Boston. While the concert will feature a balance of composed and spontaneous material, there will be maximum room for expression for each individual in the ensemble. These words of drummer Dennis Warren serve as a fitting introduction to our Valentine's Day concerts: "The Key to Humanity is in this music! The war of hatred and revenge must end. Improvisation is the art of the 21st century. Improvisation contains the science of evolution and the natural chaos of the universe with all its potential. The music demonstrates our ancient roots and our future communications, swirling through our biochemical spheres and igniting our souls for hope in the love of humanity."

Clarence Washington will be working with revolving acetate cubes. "The project will create a transparent environment painted over with opaque color through which can be observed the motion of colored light improvisation and in which an environment can accompany the event. The module of colored light will combine illusion and real." The canvas of Guadulesa will be situated on the stage. A monitor will display her evolving mixed media creation. The zoom lens will illuminate how directly the paint and music interact. "The process is to prepare myself for improvisation by clearing my head and allowing myself to be concentrated and focused with a quiet mind, allowing myself to act in the moment. I prepare the range of pigments available, text materials and images I may use because of the people I'm working with, but I have no idea what the piece may eventually look like."

Linda King's jazz poetry "comes down to what I want to express most in this world. What is most important: Love." Raqib Hassan's compositions are an "examination of life in the spiritual context of the cultures that exist on the planet, with the underlying principle that all matter has a common source, and, through sonic combinations, the realization of that as a living reality." Pek's computer generated images create a visual texture which the performers will use as graphic scoring material. Through motion, monitors and pan pedals, the gallery will be used as an antiphonal theater. The art of children and adults will also be on display throughout the room.

Guadulesa explains: "We should think of the gallery tonight as somewhat of a sweatlodge where we can come to examine ourselves. And the music is going to help open these doors for us. We're here to expose ourselves to ourselves. And to see if there are any negative elements that we can give up in order to move on to a higher plane. So that's where we are going to be, and we want you to join us on this trip." Thank you,

Tor Y. Snyder

VIDEOSPACE

February 18, March 18,
April 18, May 20, 1997

Media art continues at Mobius as the VideoSpace group presents five new nights of video (and some films) from around New England and the world. Dena Gwin will start the year with a look at the best videos from that other coast, and in February, Anita Allyn will explore landscape as a subject for today's video artists. One of the best VideoSpace shows last year was Sheila Pepe's overview of exciting student work, and we are continuing it again this year in March--a chance to see tomorrow's media art stars. Then a special treat, VideoSpace will present two of Boston's most famous media artists, Ros and Harris Barron in *Mr. & Mrs. Zone, Again*, presenting both live performance and video. Finally, our newest VideoSpace member, Liz Canner will present a night of documentaries which explore burning political and social issues in ways ignored by the mainstream media. Also during May, watch for our Media in Motion project, a video tour of Boston leaving from the ICA, the MFA, the BCA, and MOBIUS. VideoSpace is seven video artists who have gotten together to exhibit and promote the media arts around New England. Anita Allyn, Liz Canner, Steve Davis, George Fifield, Dena Gwin, Sheila Pepe, and Sarah Smiley are sharing production responsibilities while rotating curatorial duties. As a group, we seek video (and some films) from all over the country to explore themes and ideas which interest us and hopefully you. We welcome submissions.

Tuesday, February 18 at 7:00pm
Video Landscapes: NEW GROUND
Videos mapping new territory of nature and place, curated by **Anita Allyn.**

Tuesday, March 18 at 7:00pm
ABOUT 3 MINUTES Our annual student media art show curated by **Sheila Pepe.**

Friday, April 18 at 7:00 pm
MR. & MRS. ZONE, AGAIN Live performance and video presented by **Ros and Harris Barron.**

Tuesday, May 20 at 7:00pm
BREAKING OUT OF THE CONTENT MACHINE: UNGREASED VIDEOS
A show of radical videos which will challenge your information module, curated by **Liz Canner.**



Video by Blainey Kern

THE UNCERTAINTY OF BELIEF

Performance by
St. Suzan Baltozer
February 20-22, 1997

I originally wrote this piece for the celebration of All Souls Day. It started off being about Death. The more I worked on the performance I realized it was not directly about Death at all but how we live our lives. We all live in this world with the pain of separation and the judgment of all our actions into light/dark, good/evil, dorky/cool, even if we don't have full knowledge of intending it. This is what it is to be human.

So, in the writing of the performance Death became a benign entity. For me personally, Death bridges the gap between our bodily selves and who we truly are. I do not really know if this is the TRUTH but it is my belief and I will continue looking for answers to support my belief even though they cannot be found. This performance then is actually being written because I experience great pleasure in wriggling with the uncertainties of Life and Death and what I wish to believe happens in a world "after" this one.

St. Suzan Baltozer

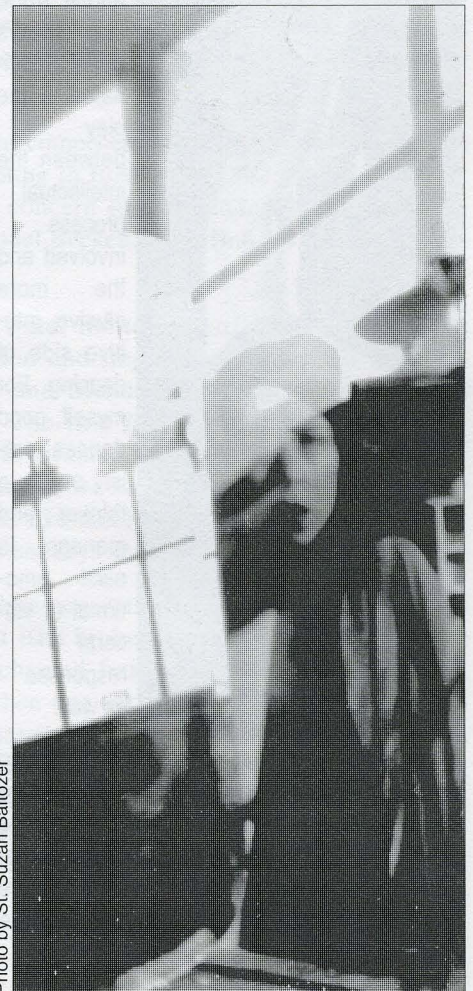


Photo by St. Suzan Baltozer



Photo by Shannon Flattery

FRUIT JAM

Performance by **Arthur Hardigg**
February 27, 28, March 1, 1997

The recipe for *Fruit Jam* was simple: touch and taste fresh fruit while singing songs by The Clash. The goal was to become absorbed with tasting fruit to such an extent that witnessing the tasting would become equally engrossing. And then, to sing songs by The Clash -- while consuming fruit -- was to be a vehicle for exposing energies or appetites that would not have been aroused by fruit alone: love, grief, and libido-fueled euphoria.

The first performance of *Fruit Jam* was at Ruby Slipper Productions in Cambridge, in September, '96. I wore an olive-brown sergeant's overcoat, a maroon beret, and tights with the feet cut out so that I could grip the floor which we had covered with plastic to greet falling fruit. A pulley ran from a

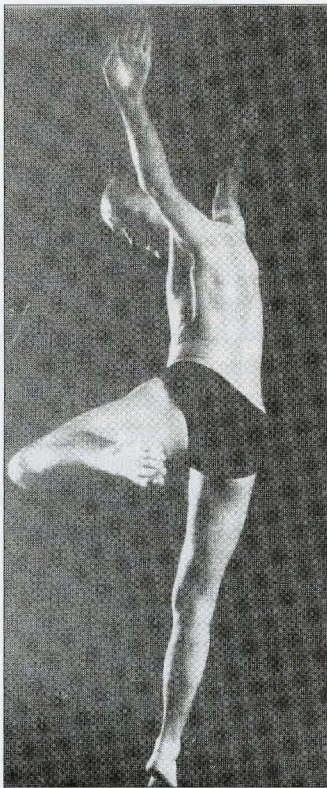
chest-high counter to the ceiling, passing above the first two rows of the audience. On it were fish hooks to which I could attach apple segments and star-shaped Carambola slices. Fruit became in the installation, a living presence and more edible than most artist's materials. And as for singing, we crammed two songs by The Clash, and two by the Jam, two English folk ballads, a hymn and snatches of other music into a twenty minute performance. We tried to integrate the music and the ingredients: as I was grinding fruit into a basin of molasses I was singing "Man in the Corner Shop" and "Salvation is Created".

The performance at Mobius will be less fast-paced and condensed than *Fruit Jam's* maiden voyage. New props and songs will be added, and my molasses and strawberry marked clothing will arm me in a delicious field of battle.

Arthur Hardigg

THE PROBLEM DANCES

Movement theatre by
Brian Crabtree Dance Projects
March 14-15, 1997



In making dance work, I've always been fascinated by the play between the intellectual process involved and the more elusive, intuitive side of dancing. For myself, good dances satisfy me as a thinker and manage to elicit emotional or visceral responses as well.

What keeps me passionate about creating dances are the possibilities inherent in getting together with groups of smart, articulate people and developing material from our bodies that relates ideas about our "other" selves; who we *really* are, in a sense, and how we see the world as artists.

STUDENT WORKS

March 6-8, 1997

Our annual weekend of performance by students will take place March 6 and 8.

Watch for call for proposals some time in January. Proposals will be due in the office no later than Monday, February 3, at 5:00 p.m.

Although I look at the "bones" of choreography as a solid set of structures, with the hip bone hopefully connecting to the leg bone, I've always strongly believed that emotional relationships are the muscle and skin that set the "figure" of a dance in motion.

In the past four years I've grown fond of setting myself specific challenges in pieces, and meeting them in a way unique to my methods of generating material. This process can include everything from phrases generated by me, but manipulated by the dancers, "found" movement from photos, instructions, or specific states of feeling, mistakes that happen in rehearsal, and recycled bits from older dances. *Early*, made in 1994, sprang from a series of floor phrases I made because I'd never felt particularly confident using the floor as a dancing space. From those abstract phrases, and an evocative musical score, an entire scenario developed during rehearsals that practically led itself to conclusion.

For Mobius I've decided to make a series of

short dances that spring from a specific "problem" or limitation:

What if four dancers were asked to dance in a square the size of a kitchen table and never touch the center of the space?

What if two people danced with spatulas in the weak light from a fixed flashlight?

What if ten women were asked to make ten beds as the audience comes in?

What if a duet were made from someone's instructions and another person determined its performance shape?

What if someone danced a solo while a commotion took place in an adjoining space?

What if a quartet were shown twice, once with props and once without?

Also, to lend perspective to the ideas put forth in the concert and to show historical respect for someone who originally brought dance out of its stupor, Yvonne Rainer's beautiful, seminal *Trio A* will be shown.

Brian Crabtree

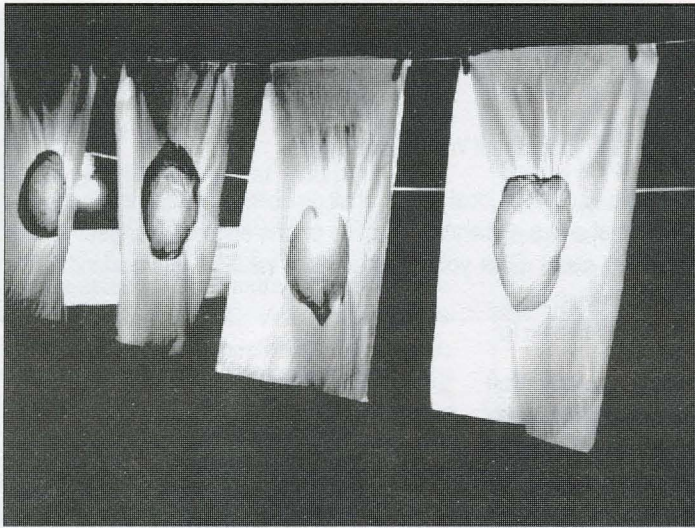


Photo by Viviane

KOMBUCHA WORLD: GRAPHIC PRAYERS FOR THE BEGINNING OF CREATION

Installation by **Viviane Le Courtouis-Mitchell**

March 19-April 5, 1997

Opening Reception: Saturday, March 22, 3-5 pm

Art is everywhere, it is an ephemeral and infinite creation. My process is gradual and intuitive, I utilize natural phenomena to create a series of primitive forms which evolve from birth to death and into memories. I show spiritual and fetishist aspects of life, arranging my own fascination for natural forms with a personal aesthetic.

In Mobius, I will create a temple for Kombucha mushrooms. They are some of the most primitive and fascinating creatures, for their texture and multiplication process. The use of this uncommon art material can provoke extreme reactions, it smells like vinegar, and can look like slimy ugly discs or dried transparent leather. It will be a strange combination of alive and dried mushrooms, graphic prayers, offerings of tea and sugar, tombs and photographs which all refer to Kombucha world. Transparencies, movements and emptiness I am looking for a harmony between elements to invite visitors to think about new art forms.

I enjoy showing something which does not follow traditional art aesthetics, but represents an idea of experimental art. Installations are intuitively built *in situ*, growing into a personal space, they endlessly evolve following cycles of life. Organization of spaces and collections are typical human occupations; representations of life and death are present throughout art history. I create an environment following my daily aesthetic concepts, bringing people into my own world. Concepts are founded on observations of natural phenomena, Buddhist aesthetics, experimentation and international travels. From one chosen element, I create a collection and imagine a space filled with sensations, rediscovering magic and poetic aspects of art.

There is no end to the search for the unknown but a proposition for its beginnings. It is an infinite search for communication between myself and others, as if my personal gods were the anonymous of the Art World, invisible gods for which we all create.

Viviane Le Courtouis-Mitchell

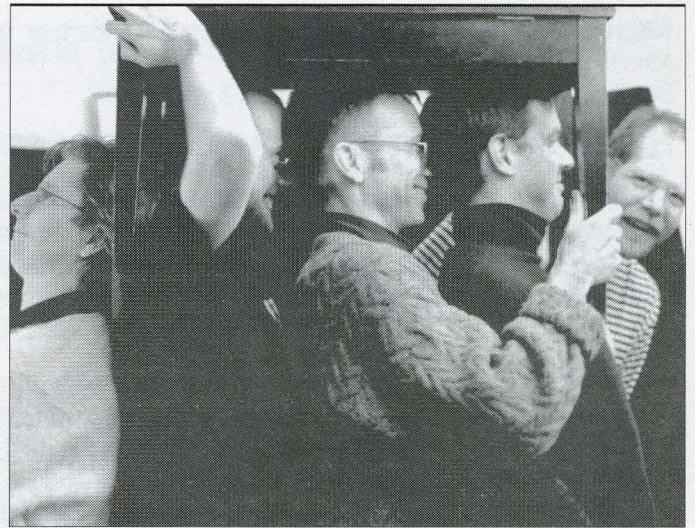


Photo by Steve Norton

HUBRIS II - DIVINE INSPIRATION

Music/spoken word/theatre by **Debris: Jeff Hudgins, Steve Norton, Arthur Weinstein, Bob Ross, Curt Newton and Guest: Gretchen Bowder**

March 21-22, 1997

In the beginning was the word, or so we've been told. Obviously no one said this until some time after the beginning. We think that in the beginning there was a lot of humming and grunting. There still is, and that could be important.

The unifying theme of *Hubris* is hubris itself and the possible ways to exorcise/exercise it. Also, 'Hubris' and 'Debris' look like they should sound alike, but they don't. That might be important too.

Debris is a group of composers and improvisers who've been humming and grunting in Boston for close to a decade now. Our chief artistic concern is transcendence; our mandate, bequeathed by Samuel Beckett, is "to find a form that accommodates the mess."

Hubris is spoken word, limited theatrics and music in the form of composition and improvisation, written and performed by Debris and friends. *Hubris II* is not exactly a sequel to *Hubris*. The first *Hubris* (presented at Mobius, February '95) sought meaning in a world devoid of any clear meaning. If we found it, we seem to have misplaced it in the interim. (Meaning is like that.) *Hubris II* will locate meaning like a mislaid set of car keys and go from there.

Hubris II will explore concepts of returning, reinventing the wheel, fixing what isn't broken, vestigial beliefs and other experiences in enchanted futility. It will posit the correct course of action when one asks all the wrong questions and gets all the right answers. It will ask, "should life really be lived in a barrel?" and if an answer is rendered it will brook no argument. It will contemplate deeply the navel of history and iterate things to do next. And, in order to guarantee a productive evening, we will marinate something during the performance.

Debris

Movement and Performance Works in Progress #40.

March 27-29, 1997

Deadline for Proposals: Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1997.

In response to a continuing demand from area artists, Mobius has scheduled its 40th program of Works in Progress.

Don't miss this golden opportunity to spend some quality time (approx. 20 minutes each) with local artists of all disciplines as they throw caution to the wind and execute their developing performances and movements in front of a live audience. Witness on-the-edge-of-your-seat excitement and an "anything goes" attitude as new works are unveiled before your very eyes! Offer your feedback and valuable impressions to the artists in the post-performance discussions. Programs and artists vary nightly.

ELEGY

Video, sound, performance by
**Jed Speare (Mobius Artists Group) and
Rob List, with Sarah Hickler (Mobius
Artists Group)**

April 10-13, 1997

NATURE MORTE

solo by **Rob List**

April 12, 13

Elegy was begun as a long-distance collaboration between myself here in Boston and Rob List in Amsterdam. It began with the proposition from Rob to send me video footage that I would then edit and create something from, and has grown into a performance event featuring video, sound, and the performances of Rob List, Sarah Hickler, and myself.

What I am imagining and what the video portion of the piece is becoming hinges on an extremely analysis-like, edited treatment of the material. The work of the Austrian filmmaker, Martin Arnold, has influenced me, as well as the replays of Kennedy assassination films, and the surfeit of television commercial techniques where 'beautiful images' run amok on the shallowest of pretexes. While there is enormous importance in the single detail of the smallest moment, when those moments and details get isolated, repeated, laid bare and sequenced, one is jarred into a recognition and reverie of the seriousness of such play, and lifted, for better or worse, into another realm of the construction of being.

Recently I have been using interactive scripting to generate random playbacks and sequencing of quick-time video clips. This process temporarily satisfies my curiosity about the arbitrariness of images, or rather, the lack of context built around them which renders things meaningless. So I am building as much sense into the clips as possible, as if to arrive at

a place, with all the materials ready, that would then move in directions unexpectedly, yet familiarly. Linear progression of the piece will be interrupted (yet unpredictably added to) in this way.

Rob and I have known each other since 1981 and have collaborated together in New York, San Francisco, and Amsterdam. Our lives have been enriched and encumbered through this process, so to continue and work together again is for me a great reward.

Sarah Hickler will also contribute significantly, performing and working with me to determine ways to perform with the video projections and installation.

Nature Morte is part of a new series that Rob List has been developing and performing recently in studios, galleries, and theaters, at dusk. To describe this work, I will paraphrase the words of two reviewers from Amsterdam:

"As the performance progresses, the body of the figure takes on its own personality, through a sober restriction in the amount of movements. Each is concentrated and held for some time, so that changes are distinct and the audience's experience of space and time is intensified. Yet the fluctuations between movement and stillness are never mechanical. Sudden accents and idiosyncratic gestures keep the performance from being either ritualistic or formalist in tone. The lighting, the bare walls, the position of the man in the room, his dark clothing - all a simple arrangement of space, light, color, and the human figure - all affecting in a deeply refined manner. A performance which calls up emotionally-coloured memories one cannot quite place."

Marijn van de Jagt, *De Groene
Amsterdammer*

"The performance occurred just at twi-



solo by Rob List

light, challenging the audience's perceptual capacities in order to follow the minimal actions of the performer. The result was a hallucinatory experience: the audience becoming conscious of every movement in the space. Indeed, sometimes the space itself seemed to change.

Movement and space are also the starting points for all of List's compositions. In this he is evidently inspired by theories about perception and the origins of emotions. Whatever one may think of this, the final result is a performance of great strength and beauty. Despite the concentrated and polished form, however, everything List does remains somehow vague in meaning. The writings of Deleuze demonstrate that this itself may be something of value: in vagueness of meaning reality becomes undeniable - because it cannot be interpreted."

Robert Stein, *Neskrant*

Rob List will perform *Nature Morte* in the front gallery at approximately 6 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday, April 12th and 13th. Call for more information on starting time. Ticket holders for *Nature Morte* will be admitted to *Elegy* to avoid separate admission costs for *Elegy*.

Jed Speare

VIDEOSPACE: MR. & MRS. ZONE, AGAIN

Friday, April 18, 1997, at 7:00 pm

Ros and Harris Barron will present an evening of performance and video works that continue their media interests since they founded ZONE visual theatre in 1967. Harris will perform two events, *The Birth of the Eagle Air* and *Speaking with Abe Lincoln*. Ros will present a one-hour video *Four Women*, recently digitally remastered from the original Portapak tapes. A special VideoSpace at Mobius presentation.

The second annual Mobius SLEEP-A-THON

April 19, and 20, 1997

Aren't you tired yet? You played volleyball all summer. You went to all the presidential debates. You raked all the leaves in your front lawn, and you're gonna shovel all that snow on your sidewalk. We know how overworked you are, not to mention how desperately you need sleep! Well, sleepy eyes, you can get all that hard-earned slumber and raise money for your favorite arts organization at the same time!

Your goal, besides getting to sleep past 9 am, is to get as many people as possible to pledge big bucks to Mobius for every hour you sleep over the weekend of April 18, 19, and 20. If one friend guarantees \$3 for every hour and you manage to catch up on those 20 hours of lost sleep, \$60 goes to Boston's leading center for experimental multi-media art.

You can sleep at home, in a park, at the movie theatre, or in your 1965 Ford Galaxy. OR, if you'd rather not sleep alone, join our slumber party at Mobius on Saturday, April 19th. Arrive between 8 and 10 pm, with your own sleeping bag. All impromptu performances are welcome, as long as they are horizontal!

MOBIUS WORKS IN PROGRESS

April 24-26, 1997

Over the years you've come to see new work as it's been presented by the members of the Mobius Artists Group. Perhaps you've even been a faithful attendant of the annual Samplers. We thought we'd try something a bit different, but not totally unusual. For one weekend, group members will present some of the newer ideas and concepts they've been working on. Not unlike the regular program of Works in Progress, the essential part of the evening will be an in depth discussion with the artists about your impressions and reactions to the work. A list of presenting artists will be announced at a later date.

NEW MOBIUS HOMEPAGE ADDRESS!!!:

<http://www.artswire.org/mobius/mobius.html>

If you're on the web, crawl on over to our webpage!

email

mobius1@world.std.com

You are feeling tired.

Your eyes are heavy.

Your body is soft and weak.

Your eyes are closing.

Your mind is relaxing.

You are falling asleep.

Now, do exactly as we say.

1. Ask your friends, lovers, parents, peers, children, cell-mates, colleagues, clients, benefactors, dependents, and chums to pledge a dollar amount for every hour you sleep from 12 noon on Saturday, April 19th to 12 noon on Sunday, April 20th.
2. Stay awake from now until April 19th.
3. Remove your clothes and slip into the flannel pajamas that were warming on the wood burning stove.
4. Sleep like a bear in hibernation.
5. Without actually regaining consciousness, have someone carry you to Mobius between 8 and 10 pm on Saturday, April 19th.
6. Continue your sleep.
7. Consider the dreams you experience at Mobius to be actual scheduled performances.
8. Awake refreshed and alert at 12 noon.
9. Go home, freshen up, tell your pledgers how long you slept and collect the money.
10. Come at 4 pm to the Barking Crab oceanside restaurant. Bring your pledge sheets and money to be admitted. Come, even if you slept at home, alone!
11. Relax, and break your fast at brunch, catered by the Barking Crab for generous supporters of the arts like you.
- (12. Then get overworked for next year's Sleep-A-Thon.)

MOBIUS WISH LIST

- Iomega Zip Drive
- Laser printer paper/Xerox paper
- Lighting Equipment - 10 - 12 can lights
- volunteers - office work, party help, postering and mailing
- Gels for our lights
- a Marquee for hanging posters outside
- donated printing services
- donated advertising of events

INSATIABLE APPETITE TO PLEASE

Installation by **Maureen Albano**

May 7-24, 1997

Opening Reception: Saturday, May 10
3-5pm

Gallery Talk: Saturday, May 10, 4pm

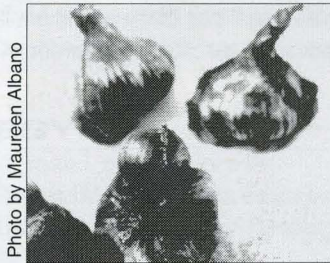


Photo by Maureen Albano

500 pounds of Salt
50 gallons of Red Wine
1 Bath tub
5 heads of Bronze Garlic
1 Bronze Chalice

For unknown reasons she was never satisfied. Perhaps it was an inner dissatisfaction that gnawed at her, for she wanted it all. Longing for that which she lacked, she tried to satisfy herself with physical surrogates, though they always left her feeling shallow and guilty. She denied what she really wanted, and repressed knowing what it was.

The installation, *Insatiable Appetite to Please*, revolves around the theme of longing and of the desire for psychological fulfillment. The materials and their exaggerated quantities refer to an insatiable appetite that negotiates self-productive and self-destructive behaviors.

The person who inhabits this world lives two realities, one which motivates to seek cure and control, and the other which deceives and encourages dependency; vacillating in confusion and denial.

The bathtub, a container for cleansing and healing, is filled with red wine, the intoxicating power to escape. Salt references its natural opposing properties of cleansing and corrosion, and alludes to a similar psychological condition. The cast bronze objects, a wine chalice and garlic, carry the weight of personal and cultural traditions, and reconcile conflicting efforts to intoxicate and cleanse our bodies.

Maureen Albano

LIGHT HOUSE KEEPING

Performance by **Mari Novotny-Jones** (Mobius Artist Group)

CHORUS ANGELORUM

Performance by **David Miller** (Mobius Artist Group)

May 8-10 and 15-17, 1997

When David Miller approached me about presenting *Light House Keeping* once again as a companion to *Chorus Angelorum*, I was glad for the opportunity to try the piece for a longer run.

One of the problems with a piece such as this is emphasis on the precision of the text. I have written exact descriptions for each monologue and it is important to say it the way it is written. For the language to work, I must know the text inside out. It must be like breathing. In order for the images to speak to me they must be so ingrained in me that the words become second nature.

In many ways this is a piece of experimental theatre. I am working with the personae of the narrator, my mother, and myself. What interests me is how these three voices blend into each other. Where does the narrator end and the mother begin? How do the actions trigger each person? I am also looking to clean up the transitions between the texts. I want to make the role of the audience more clear, in relation to what I need to do. Why do I elicit their help? Am I really cleaning up my affairs? Why can't I do that alone?

When Mobius was at No. B.I.A.S. in Vermont this fall, I was able to do *Light House Keeping* one of the weekends. I started to think about the visual sense of the piece. I began to see it as if we have interrupted a process. Now that we are here, we engage in the completing of this process. Because we performed only one night, I really wasn't able to develop this idea and look forward to fine tuning *Light House Keeping*. I also wonder what it will be like doing such personal work for two weekends?

Mari Novotny-Jones

I originally developed *Chorus Angelorum* between the summer of 1995 and late winter of 1996. The original impulse for the piece was structural: I wanted to experiment with a solo performance that was formally complex, more so than anything I had ever done. I decided to isolate the elements of speech, movement in space, gesture, use of objects, and lighting, and develop each of them separately according to different structural principles. For example, the movement design is based on dividing a circle into quadrants and tracing different combinations of quadrants in different directions with changing starting points. By contrast, the gestural patterning was derived from an idiosyncratic translation of the "Spaceship" theme from Glass' *Einstein on the Beach*. To make the performance, I superimposed these independently developed layers. They didn't fit easily together and indeed weren't intended to: the disjunctions and interferences between layers provided the real challenge of learning the piece and, I hoped, the energy that would motivate an audience to keep watching.

All very "left-brain," eh? The process became emotionally charged when I discovered the "text" I wanted to use: "*In Paradisum*", the final movement from the *Requiem* of Maurice Duruflé. This absolutely stunning piece of 20th century music has lived in my heart for a long time, and my attachment to it found expression here. So, while the structural complexity of the piece was by no means lessened, the piece developed a strong affective dimension through gradually revealing the musical power beneath the initially spoken, fragmented Latin text. (Translation provided.)

I'm doing the piece again for a few reasons. First, Mari and I discovered that our two performance pieces, while not planned together, seemed to subtly but tangibly complement each other. This was also mentioned by a number of audience members when we presented the program in May of 1996. Second, now that the initial work is done, I want to further refine some of the larger movement and gestural sequences. Third, I've just put too much work into the thing to perform it only three times!

Hope to see you this spring.

David Miller

LEAP OF FAITH

Performance and installation by

Guadulesa

May 22-24, 1997

Leap of Faith is a modular improvisation unit which adopts different configurations to suit a variety of artistic goals. For this Mobius performance we are a quintet. Guadulesa paints, Patrick Crowley dances, Glynis Lomon plays cello and voice, Mark McGrain plays trombone and alphon, and Pek plays clarinets, saxophones and bassoon.

Dance, Painting, and Music are improvised together interactively with no one media following or accompanying another. New artistic concepts arise from this ongoing exchange of information. Our collective compositions are formed of a succession of states comprised of sound and visual textures, gestures and movement. With new and extended techniques we create a very broad set of possible events and transformations of these events. The development of our work lies in the interactions between the individual artist's choices in establishing or transforming these moods.

Guadulesa



Photo by Bailey

ERACISM: BLACK GUY. RED WORDS. WHITE DOUGH NUTS.

performance-theatre by **William Pope.L with Ensemble**

May 30-31, June 1, 1997

Notes on *Eracism*

I began working on *Eracism* the first time I was called a nigger by a white person. Then I took a break, and began work again the first time some guy called me a faggot. My last workshopping of the piece took place when got I my teaching job at this white liberal arts college in Maine. The finishing touches will be done in Heaven or Harlem or a late-night shoot-out at the Seven-Eleven.

The piece came out of an interdisciplinary-head. I wanted to combine the contradictions of which I was cognizant concerning race, sexuality and nationalism (read: late 20th century commodity capitalism). I was feeling kind of mean and craved lots of sugar-coated sweets and black fluids. I wanted to fuck something so I decided to fuck culture ...

Eracism is a trickster solo art performance lecture in which language, movement and images are 'interbred' to create a new family of racial vision. The main idea is: race, in its original form, is transparent. That is it's a social construction whose function is to maintain the status quo. It is we who have muddied the waters with our cattle prods, lynchings, Zulu-Nike commercials and hate-crayola, i.e. Anglo-vision!

The piece bops a vaudevillian minstrelsy-driven (Massa! Massa! Where de doughnuts!?) deconstruction of black and white relations as a dysfunctional marriage of interdependent loves and hatreds; Mr. & Mrs. Black and White America, in the middle of the blackest night, wrestling over the bedcovers of racial parity; each yearning for the other's difference (oooh!) in order to perpetuate even more differences (gooney!). There is an intimacy, an androgyny of violence at work

in America's consciousness and its gender is ignorance, distrust and alienation. And humour, lots of humour.

Eracism is related to and shares subject matter and attitude with some of my previous performances: *Suck Harder* (1989), *The Egg Eating Contest* (1990), *The Aunt Jenny Chronicles* (1991) and *How Much Is That Nigger In The Window?* (1992), *The White Baby* (1994), *Don't Stick Your Finger In White People* (1995) and *Sweet Desire* (1996).

Using conflicting narratives (from Wittgenstein to Frankenstein), poprock w/a two piece band and four voices, trance-rants, ecstatic-hippo dancing, high speed eraser-tossing, a fluffer-nutter-codpiece, slides of white people who I claim are my family (I am very sincere!), three cups of black fluid, Howard Beach my lovely caucasian nubile assistant and MYSELF, Mr. Poots, in a nice skirt, red panties and slave-boots, I attempt an exploration of the tensions and heartache within the American racial family economy.

ERACISM is a black guy, red words and white doughnuts. Or as I said in the press release: it is an evocative (go ahead shoot me I deserve it!) journey through the wilderness of our racial-selves and blurs and revitalizes the distinctions between right and wrong, weak and strong, future and past, and clashing castes. And it's great fun and good for you!

William Pope.L

LIQUOR AMNII

Marilyn Arsem, Mirna Arsovska, Meredith Davis, Iskra Dimitrova, Margarita Kiselicka-Kalajdzieva, Cathy Nolan, Mari Novotny-Jones, Nora Stojanovik, Margaret Tittlemore, Zaneta Vangeli.

Site-specific performances and installations

Convergence X International Art Festival, Providence, RI
June 16-23, 1997

BACKGROUND ON THE PROJECT

In the summer of 1995 Nancy Adams and myself, Marilyn Arsem, went to Macedonia for three weeks, as part of an arts administration exchange between Mobius and Mala Stanica, a multi-disciplinary arts center that is being developed in Skopje. During that visit, we met artists in all disciplines. Two of the artists that we spent time with were Iskra Dimitrova and Nora Stojanovik. In talking together, and seeing slides of each others' work, we discovered many related interests. This project came about as a result. Before we left we went with Iskra Dimitrova to meet with Mirko Stefanovski, the director of the Skopsko Leto festival. We also visited Chifte Amam and videotaped some of the interior of the building. In the interim, additional artists were selected, funding was sought, and the sponsorship of Skopsko Leto and Mala Stanica Cultural Center was confirmed.

LIQUOR AMNII was the result: an exhibition of 10 site-specific installations and performances in Chifte Amam, an abandoned Turkish Bath in the Old Market in Skopje, Macedonia. The works were created by 5 women from Mobius in Boston, and 5 women from Skopje. It was presented in July 1996, as part of Skopsko Leto, the annual summer arts festival in the capital city of Macedonia. Coordinating the project was Suzana Milevska, an independent curator in Skopje. She had the challenging task of not only helping us with the practical aspects of mounting the exhibition, but also writing and speaking to the press about the work. The festival's staff was also great. Among other things, they "retro-fitted" the Amam, bringing in electricity, lights, and video equipment.

We also came back with great documentation of the exhibition on slides and video, thanks to Bob Raymond, who came with us on the trip. He achieved the near-impossible task of documenting all ten works on the three days that the exhibition was up. The video is, as yet, unedited. We plan to publish a number of the slide images in a catalogue on the project. They are also being used for slide presentations on the works.

The second half of the project will take place in Providence, RI and Boston in June 1997. The same five artists from Skopje will come to Boston for a month. They and the five artists from Mobius will create a related series of site-specific works at the Convergence X International Art Festival in Providence RI, June 16-23. We will also have the artists give a public talk at Mobius about their work, so stay tuned in May for a mailing on the project.

We are particularly looking forward to having the artists stay in our homes, spend time at Mobius, and meet other artists here in Boston, becoming part of our world, as we did in theirs. Our experience was richer for having the opportunity to meet friends and family and participate in some of the daily activities of living in Skopje. And we will have an opportunity to continue our conversations about making work and being women artists in our respective cultures. The beginnings of some collaborative work also emerged during our stay in Skopje, and

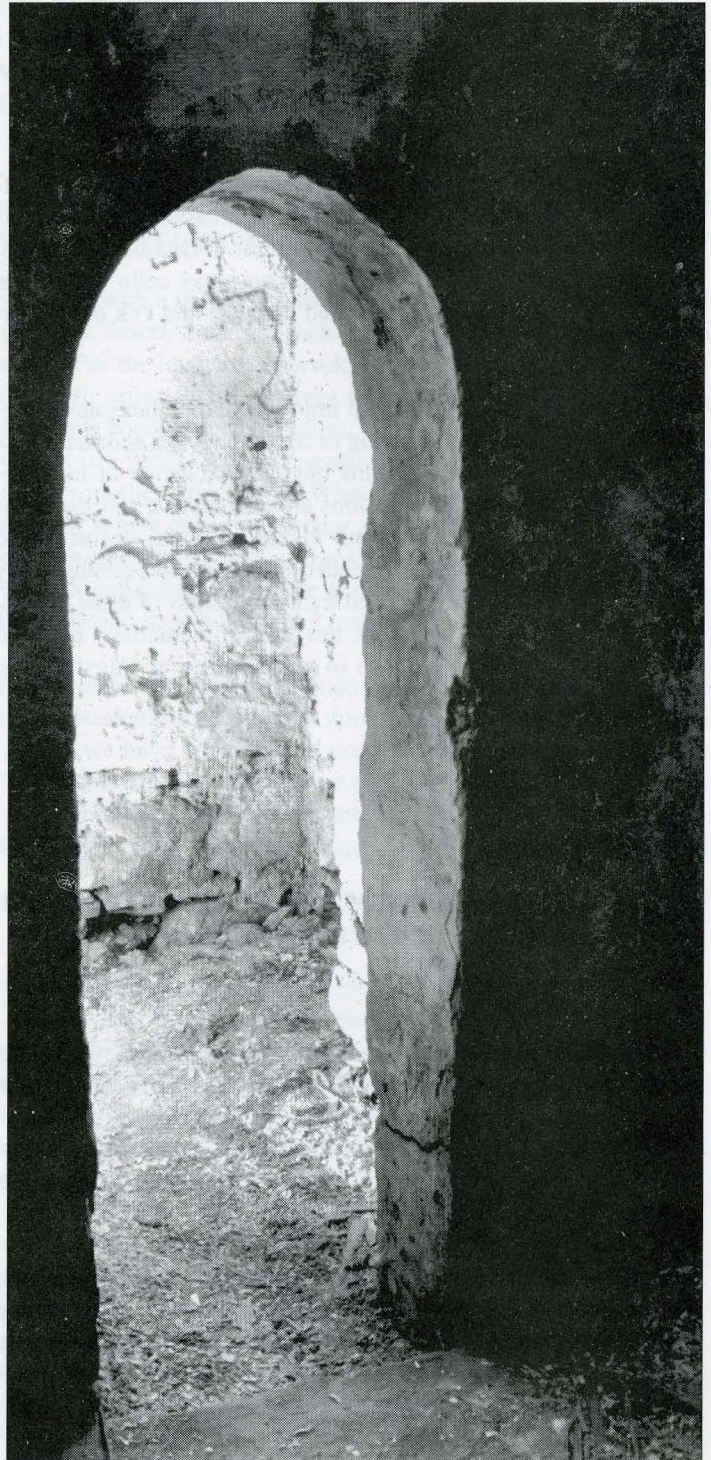
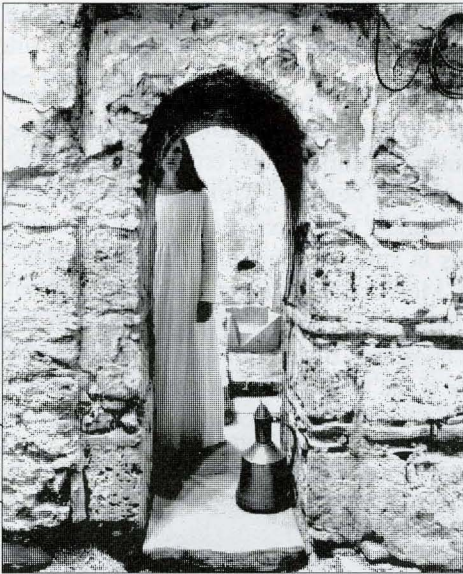


Photo by Bob Raymond

we are hoping that some of those possibilities will develop further within the project here.

The project was supported by the Trust for Mutual Understanding, U.S. Fund for Artists at International Festivals and Exhibitions, the Ministry of Culture of Macedonia, Mala Stanica Cultural Center and the Council of the City of Skopje. Additional funding is being sought to complete the project here, including the publication of a catalogue.

The following texts are written by the Mobius Artist Group members who participated in the exchange. In these texts, the artists will talk about the projects they did in Skopje in 1996, some on their experiences in Macedonia, and brief descriptions of the work that their host artists did as well.



Marilyn Arsem

I came to Skopje with some sense of what I would do for my performance. Calling the piece *Pools of Time*, I knew that I wanted to work with water, and use its properties as a metaphor for time. "Time slips through my fingers like water." I also knew that I wanted to create an interactive, intimate performance that

was ongoing. I was interested in creating a piece that was meditative in nature; that resembled an installation rather than a theatrical event; that was more a ritual than entertainment.

But what I thought about was how much change the people of Macedonia have been going through, becoming a country with the breakup of former Yugoslavia, creating a new government, experiencing the effects of the nearby war. I have such a different sense of time and history there. I wanted to do a performance that would provide a place to consider time; now, the past and the future. I did not presume that I could tell them anything about their lives there, but only to perhaps provide a space to think.

My challenge in designing the performance was to choose imagery, actions and text that could move between cultures. I was an American, performing in a 500-year-old relic of the Turkish occupation of Macedonia. The audience was primarily young Slavic Macedonians, who had been educated under Socialism. And most of them spoke English.

Out of the 20 rooms that make up this particular Amam, the room that I chose retained the most features of its original use. The size of the room was small, about 13 feet square. The entrance was a low, narrow 2-foot wide archway through several feet of the solid stone wall. You could barely see into the room, because the door was at one corner. Once you entered the room, however, it opened upward into a perfectly round dome, with a circular pattern of openings to the sky. Along the sides of the room ran a low marble seat. It was interrupted at the center of each wall by a carved two-foot-square block of marble, each with a deep, hollowed-out basin.

I spent the first several days sitting in the room as much as possible, measuring it, cleaning it, and singing. While still in Boston I had learned a Macedonian folk song with a haunting, eastern-influenced melody, "If I were clear water, my mother dearest, I would know where to flow..." Considering the appropriate materials and objects to use in the piece occupied a good part of each day. My work is sparse, minimal; so what is finally there must be precisely right. I watched the light move across the walls and floor through the day. Each morning, a beam of

light would come through one of the holes in the roof and shine directly into one of the basins. It would appear as if it were glowing from within.

I created a similar image for the performance, using ice. Set into each basin, held up by a triangular column of tin which housed a candle, was a perfect half-sphere of ice. The candles were purchased from a small candlemaker's shop around the corner in the market. His main business was providing small icons of Macedonian Orthodox saints. In the dark room, the ice glowed with the flickering candlelight. The heat from the candles caused a steady dripping, which could be heard during the silences in the performance.

An old, traditional Turkish hammered copper pitcher from the tinsmith's shop was the first item that I found. We walked through the market on the first full day we were there, and immediately located one as I had imagined. The task of finding three bowls to use was a longer, and more nerve-wracking process. I had the image of clear glass bowls from the beginning, but had trouble finding them. It was not until the day before the opening that we finally found frosted glass, perfectly round half-globe-like bowls. Filled with water, they resembled the domes of ice in the basins, which reflected the shape of the dome of the roof overhead.

As I prepared the room, I also realized that I wanted to provide some covering for the seats, something that people would want to sit on. The marble was cold, with an unwashable layer of dust. I finally chose bright red wool, which I associate with the traditional clothing and rugs of Macedonia; it is the color of the woven bench covers at the monastery in Prilep, as well as many of the regional costumes in the museum. The warmth of wool was more inviting, keeping the cold of the marble a little bit at bay.

When the audience entered the room on the nights of performance, I invited them to sit, speaking in Macedonian. Only about 10 or 12 people at a time could come in and sit, though many more crowded in at the doorway to watch. But the performance was really directed to the people who were seated. The room was very dim and quiet. The sound of the rest of the exhibition was distant, muffled by the thick stone walls. The domes of ice gave off a flickering glow, and you could hear them slowly dripping on the marble in the basins.

During each performance my task was to explore the nature of water, and compare it to the nature of time. The first night, I began by pouring water out of the copper pitcher into a bowl, saying, "Here is the past." Then I looked at someone sitting and whispered, "Would you like to hold the past?" She said yes, so I cupped my hands and took some water in them, and then slowly carried it towards her. The water slipped through my fingers so that by the time I reached her, my hands were empty, and I said, "It's gone..." Another time I took a piece of ice in my hand and said, "We think the past is frozen, but look-", and I held the ice tightly over the bowl until it melted and disappeared, dripping into the water.

My interaction with each person was different, in response to

what each person brought to it. Sometimes the water was the future, sometimes I mixed the past and the future to create the present. Where does it begin? When does it end? Sometimes we tried to separate it again. Sometimes we managed to hold it, briefly. One time I poured water out onto the floor, where it sank through stone and was gone. Throughout the performances, I alternated talking quietly with the members of the audience, and singing the song. The audience was thoughtful, reflecting privately, and stayed for extended periods. At times we simply listened to the sounds of the water - the rain overhead, the ice dripping, the water streaming through my fingers. Time passing.

I will continue to explore images associated with the relationships between time and water in the continuation of the project in Boston. I am hoping that we will locate a site where I can actually submerge myself in water, working with additional images of floating and drowning.

Bob and I stayed with **Iskra Dimitrova**, who is a sculptor and installation artist. She has also included performance in some of her pieces. *Androgynus* was the piece she created for *Liquor Amnii*, and it is part of a project entitled *Double*, which is a study in one's relationship to death. She created a wax duplicate figure of herself, cowering on the ground. It was lit from inside with a white light. She also chose a small room in the Amam, and placed the glowing figure on a shining copper surface, so that its reflection could be seen. A looped recording of her voice in a kind of low, moaning chant permeated the space. Only a few people were allowed in at a time, where they stood quietly over the figure. It was a somber atmosphere.

In the past she has worked with fire, wool, and bread. In a recent piece she created a figure out of bread which was filled with wool. As the bread dried and molded over the course of the exhibition, the wool began to emerge through the cracks in the body. I am not sure what she will do when she is here, though I am sure she will continue to work with images of the body and death.



Photo by Bob Raymond

Margaret Tittlemore

I stayed at the home of **Margarita Kiselicka-Kalajdzieva** with her university law professor husband Gordon and teenaged daughter Tiana, as well as 10 year-old Simone. Marga taught high school art and I felt I had a lot in common with her, besides her name! Her installation, *Timelessness*, used black light in the huge entrance of the Amam, creating a surreal look

at a glowing wax sculpture. I know she would like to carry this effect further by using holography on the next project and

would appreciate any contacts/help with this idea when she comes to Boston.

For my installation *Wedding Albums*, I brought lengths of white tulle with me to Skopje. (I had found this fabric in a box on the street in front of a commercial florist dealer only days before we left.) I am very pleased with how this worked against the old stone walls of a small chamber that was lined with the remnants of ancient tulip designs in stucco. I embroidered paired statements (translated into Macedonian, written in Cyrillic) about male-female power relationships onto seven veils hung in the space. An interactive book was filled with comments from the viewers. I am not sure if the next piece will use the same subject matter, but I know I would like to continue using tulle in some "site-influenced" way.

Cathy Nolan

We descended into Skopje like a slowly circling feather. The airplane turned as if to show us every view of this place we were about to enter. After the long journey it was very inspiring and welcoming. Some of us were even shedding a tear or two...I'll leave it to your imagination who.



Photo by Bob Raymond

The Amam was at first overwhelming in dust, decay, and forgotten grandeur. It took days to adjust to.

I had come, carrying my props in a suitcase with a semi-completed plan...which rapidly changed into a different piece. I had been thinking a lot about this place we were coming to. Talks with Milan Kohout and others gave me some clues as to what the change of government might mean. I thought a lot about what the coming influx of American culture will mean. I thought about my part in all of this and then the role of traveler was born.

I decided that my persona would be a person who carried in her suitcase piles and piles of plastic toys, games and pictures of America. I would observe, as I traveled silently in a black velvet dress, across the city, across the river Vardar, through the old market to the Amam. Once in, I would infiltrate the Amam till I reached the room I was performing in.

This room was a huge domed space. Directly under the dome was a table. The light shone on the table and in the eyes of the audience as they entered the space, a huge interrogating light. After spreading a table cloth I covered the table with dirt slowly building up a civilization from the plastic bits in my suitcase.

Before I finish with the table section of *Table*, the name of this piece, I would like to describe what happened during the performance.

Whenever one embarks on a project one can never be totally sure what the outcome will be. This is especially true with performances that have elements of interaction in them, and it was true with *Table*. As I walked through Skopje I expected to be, at most, stared at as some curiosity, at worst having to defend myself. What I got floored me, and as the piece progressed I realized how conditioned I am living in this culture to have to be alone. What I got was help. The first night, a little old man in a Communist Party uniform, or perhaps army uniform, insisted on carrying my suitcase the entire way. As I walked, I gathered things I found -- flowers, garbage, all things of the street. My friend walked with me, talking and trying to understand what and where I was going. It was very hard to remain silent. When I reached the middle of the bridge, I took out from one of my bags bread and flowers. I broke the bread in half and gave some to the old man and started throwing flowers and bread on the water. It was my memorial to the people killed in the airplane that flew out of New York the day after we did ... it so easily could have been us.

The next night a group of young men, gypsies, gathered around me wondering where I was from and what I was up to. One of the young men (beautiful young men) noticed I had twigs in my hair, and with the grace and delicacy of a tender mother gently removed each twig and handed it to me.

I was helped with my bags the second night as well, and it was during this second night that I realized -- of course I would be helped here. We had been shown a great deal of generosity -- why wouldn't I be helped?

So. Back to the table. Piles and piles of dirt, fine silty dirt all around the air was glowing with dust ... I slowly built up the scene, grew disgusted with the outcome, destroyed the civilization and started over. I continued this process until I reached a point that I felt made the questioning statement that was right for that night. The first night it was chaos, the second a game board where one player held all the oil and money and the rest had none or very little. The audience came in and played with the setting the first night. I found a delightful celebration had been arranged, with figures dancing around a living branch of green ... a very beautiful response to the question I was asking. I asked the audience in my statement how we could stop the descent into destructive greed and chaos.

The last night of the performance series I was in what I referred to as the red room. Here my performance would better be described as an installation. I had regiments of MacDonald moon-men marching and sprawling in formation on the table. The room was lit only by candles. I sat

silently observing everyone entering the room.

I was deeply moved by my experience in Macedonia. I have been fortunate to have traveled many places in this world, but rarely have I experienced to such a depth the feelings as I had in Macedonia. I felt I had come home.

Now I should like to describe my own impressions of **Zaneta Vangeli's** piece, acknowledging the difficulties of clarity, i.e.: what I saw and how I interpreted what I saw may well be completely different than how others may have seen it...of course you the reader shall have to have faith in my objectivity.....have a grain of salt available at all times!!!

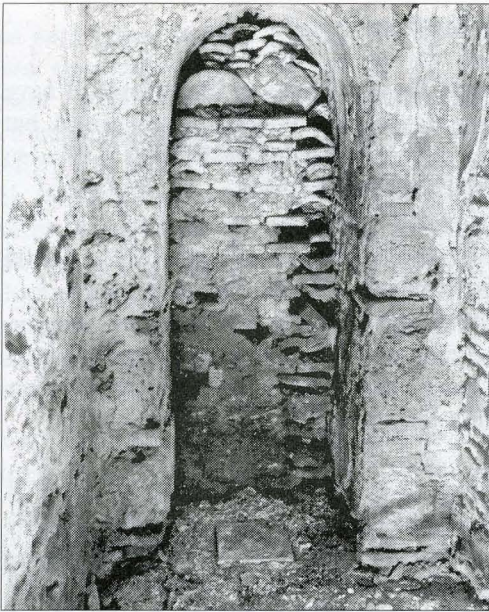
Zaneta's installation was in the first large space one entered if one turned left upon entering the amam. On the left hand side was the photos of three men. One, was the Metropolitan, the head of the Macedonian Orthodox Church. Another, was one of the most powerful leaders of the government, and the third was one of the leading figures of the underground movement in Macedonia. These photos were larger than life and quite imposing in black and white. On the wall opposite were the same figures photographed in the same poses however, this time, almost completely out of focus. The implication being that the next set of photos would blur them all into one. My feeling was that here were the leading examples of the patriarchs of Macedonia...where were the differences and where were the women? There was no feeling of rancor, more of observation.

Looking to the right, in this same space, was the video display area. A video of Al Hansen was projected on the rough walls of the amam. Across from these was a monitor with Bashkem Ademi, observing, and then in a vignette of an interpretation of the poem, which moved in dream like fashion, showing a young man entering a darkened room and being shot, over and over. The whole sequence was repeated throughout the evening.

A small archway lead the audience to Zaneta's final room. Upon entering one saw straight ahead two framed seed pods of the opium poppy, *papaver somiferum*. Next to this were two squares next to one another, one an oblong of gold, the other of lead. Turning around one saw a row of Macedonian flags.

I was told that as the old regime was ending certain savvy government officials (knowing that their jobs were ending) made it their special business to control the heroin market in Macedonia. As a result the only illegal drug available (according to sources) in Macedonia is heroin, and there is a big problem with addiction. The other name for this room given by Zaneta was *The Social Plastic of Macedonia or Anything Goes*.

So, for me this room was a commentary on the problems relating to the new and uncertain economic future in Macedonia, the black market and the heroin trade. The row of flags while having an ironical twist also spoke to me of hope. Perhaps I am an incurable optimist but the flag itself speaks optimistically with its sunlike display.



Meredith Davis

The Macedonian experience resembles a dreamscape to me. I never expected we would get the funding, and from the moment of notification my reality began to blur and shift as I felt myself being drawn toward an unfamiliar and distant realm. Crossing over and dissolving into it had a profoundly

transformative affect on me, altering my perceptions and actions. I imagined myself a bird, and felt myself flying.

The piece I created for the Macedonian project was entitled *Bird Woman*, an installation with performance. It was an extension of *Terminal House*, a work presented at Mobius in December 1994 in which I looked at issues of confinement and freedom as defined by the lives of women and birds in relation to their homes and nests. The primary source of inspiration for *Bird Woman* however, came from information on the Bird Goddess, a matriarchal deity of Old Europe (7000-3500 BC). She was known to have been worshipped by people of the Central Balkan area which included what is now Macedonia.

The Bird Goddess had two personae: the Giver of Life and the Taker of Life. For the Macedonian project I focused on the Giver of Life, an entity associated with Well Being and Nourishment. She was often referred to as the Mistress of Waters, as water was the primordial element directly related to producing life and its sustenance and nurturance. Symbols associated with the Bird Goddess are breast forms, chevrons, zigzags and meanders, believed to represent breast milk, amniotic fluid, running streams and torrential rains. I felt it an appropriate concept for a project entitled *Liquor Amnii* ("Amniotic Fluid"), involving ten women whose work was being presented in an abandoned 16th century Turkish Bath. The death persona or Taker of Life, will be the focus of my work in June when the Macedonian exchange continues in this country.

The site for *Bird Woman* was a series of tiny interconnecting rooms, entered through narrow arched passageways. The stucco walls were disintegrating, forced apart by age and old vines which had worked their way into the Aman. Dead now, the vines crumbled along with the stucco when I touched them. There was a dampness in the air and an unfamiliar silence which seemed to reach deep into the past. Occasionally bird claws clacked against the glassed-over holes in the ceiling, my only source of light. Twice, a stray cat darted out at my approach. The site was remote, separated from the rest. I was

drawn to it because it felt birdlike. It was an intuitive decision.

Bird Woman consisted of 13 cast breasts mounted on the walls of a narrow passageway, a large cast breast suspended in an alcove above three bowls of milk, a shallow 24" diameter cauldron filled with milk placed in a darkened alcove marked with chevrons, and a circle/dot symbol above the arched doorway leading to the breasts. The installation was lit by candlelight accentuating the breasts, the symbols, the milk and the antiquity of the site. Nearby, a door leading to a tiny room was draped with white gauze and punctuated by an internal light. A broom, a bucket of water, three rags and a bowl of milk were placed in the room. Numerous white feathers were scattered on the dirt floor. This was Bird Woman's lair.

The performance of *Bird Woman* involved actions within the lair, and interaction with the audience within the installation and beyond in the Aman. At times Bird Woman was found sweeping her lair, placing feathers and strands of cloth in the vines, writing symbols on the walls with milk, and making offerings of milk to onlookers. At other times she stared intently at an object or a person. No words were spoken, the performance was predominantly silent, pierced only by an erratic bird cry.

The decision to perform was prolonged, not finalized until the last minute. Performance is not an art form I generally engage in and one I have carefully kept at bay for some time. However the circumstances in Macedonia were unusual. In a foreign land for only a short period of time where no one knew my past work or me personally, I figured "What did I have to lose?" This freedom suppressed all fears of creating work for an international arts festival. During the long hours I spent working in the silence of the Aman, working with an ancient concept in a compressed amount of time and dealing with potent images made ripe by an evocative site, Bird Woman somehow lodged herself in my psyche. It was not difficult to assume her persona. The Macedonians were fascinated by Bird Woman, half mythological creature, half mad woman offering them the waters of life. I had trouble turning Bird Woman off. At night following the performances I woke myself up doing bird calls out the window to other birds. This late night theatre as Cathy called it, continued to occur until I returned home to Boston. I felt as though I had learned to fly.

I stayed with **Nora Stojanovik**, her mother Nada and brother Jarko. Nora is a performance artist who layers sound, video and movement into richly textured visceral works. *Flashback*, the piece she presented at *Liquor Amnii*, explored issues of identity, both individual and collective referencing place and time. Nora works collaboratively often integrating friends and family into her work. *Flashback* originated from a discussion with her friend and collaborator Bede Ibrahim, an artist who was among the first to research the abandoned Aman. Aside from this kind of creative work, she is a popular vocalist whose concerts draw large crowds of Macedonian followers. She has an incredible voice. For the U.S., Nora indicated she would create a new piece, one which would explore concepts relating to past work, but not specifically to *Flashback*.



Mari Novotny-Jones

"Who is she ? Is she your mother ? Your daughter ? Your sister ?

Do you despair ? The Water redeems us.

The Water flows through us. Digests us. Dissolves us.

Who is she ? Your lover ? Your friend ? Your teacher ?

Over and over again; the same actions.

Beauty becomes horror. Horror is beautiful.

The Water flows over us. Cleans us. Cools us.

Who is she ? Is she your servant ? Your filth ? Your secret ?

How can the shape of our bodies foretell the condition of our souls?

Who will determine our identity ?

She is the dark vessel that becomes Light. I am that Light, the New Eve, the face of your tomorrow."

(text spoken by Maria Pendeva and Azemina Miftarovska, both portraying the daughter of Maria Magdalena on different nights.)

In conceiving *Porneia*, I was struck by the parallels of old (the Amam, the Turkish Market) and the new (the Woolworth nature of the goods at the bazaar). The western products permeate all the shops. The Barbie doll is big there. So is Disney. I wanted to work with that contradiction: Ancient versus Brand New.

I chose two rooms for my performance. The first was a large open space. It was in this area that 10 Barbie dolls were arranged on the walls as icons.

In considering the second (smaller) room, I played with the tensions between beauty and distortion; harlot and priestess, dirty and clean, repulsion and desire. I worked with the persona of Maria Magdalena. The cult of Mary Magdalene seemed to encompass all of these contradictions. She was an unclean seductress when she washed the feet of Jesus and dried them with her hair. As funerary priestess she anointed the body of Christ and it was to her that the resurrected Christ first appeared.

The performance took shape in two parts. In the vestibule, the Barbie Room, the actions of washing and assembling the perfect

women would begin the performance. This piece would be a prologue to the ritual foot bathing that would occur the rest of each evening.

The link between these two parts was the poem cited above. This piece asks the audience to consider who is woman? And how will you raise your daughters in this new country? It reflects the desire for the older woman to leave something behind for the younger woman.

At this point, the performance moved into the small room. Here, with Magdalena and her daughter, an intimate ritual took place. Once inside the chamber, I would wash the feet of each visitor, with Maria/Azemina pouring water over them from a large metal pitcher. Each time I spoke in English, Maria/Azemina would speak in Macedonian. Once the feet were dry, I rubbed them with oil. And just as Mary Magdalene had done for Christ, I wiped their feet with my hair, telling them that with my hair I would wipe away all sorrow.

For the second part of our exchange, I still plan to work with the persona of Maria Magdalena. Much of the performance will depend on the site. I am interested in Mary Magdalene in ecstasy and in contemplation. The only other element I can envision now is making a stone dress. The dress would invoke that feeling of the archaic; gleaned from the experience of Chifte Amam in Skopje.

Mirna Arsovska comes from a family of scientists/artists. Her brother, Bodan, went to university to study in the physical sciences and became a well-known musician. In his group, Bread and Salt, he explores the blending of jazz with Macedonian folk music. Mirna's sister is a chemist. Milan, Mirna's father, fought with Tito and is still a socialist at heart. As a civil engineer, he was instrumental in redesigning the traffic routes in Skopje after the 1963 earthquake. Mirna's interest is with the ideas of Nicola Tesla, particularly in using his electronic generator. In conceiving *The Spark*, Mirna sought to illuminate the "linking of the creation and giving life -- giving birth with the creative energy - - a spark with the closure of the electric circuit."

Because of difficulties in procuring the proper generator, Mirna focused on the other aspect of this birth process. She translated amniotic fluid, "the Womb," to be the electrolyte, the phosphorescence, the glow of the life forming in the magical waters of the womb. Her piece now consisted of a glass fish tank standing on a sculptural metal frame. Inside the tank, she placed phosphorescent fluid. From the ground, in front of the tank, she shone a light. As the beam penetrated the fluid, there was a spectral reflection on the wall.

While here, in the U.S., Mirna wishes to expand on the notion of phosphorescence. She is particularly interested in fireflies (they refer to them as warm flies). June is the perfect time for the height of the firefly season.

TEENS SHOW TEENS SHOW III

June 4 - 14, 1997

Opening Reception: Saturday, June 7,
1997, 3-5 pm

Gallery Talk: Saturday, June 7, 4 pm

Mobius will serve as a host gallery for an art show produced by teens and coordinated by Mobius Artists Group member Sharon Haggins Dunn. This is part of a larger arts and education program, Art a la Carte, created by Federated Neighborhood Houses, Inc. (FDNH). Art a la Carte, working in partnership with Mobius, the Space, the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum and the Museum of Fine Arts, offers free after school art programs at sites across Dorchester in addition to field trip and exhibition opportunities. This is the first year of a second two-year project. Art a la Carte is funded in part by a YouthReach grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council, which received support from the National Endowment for the Arts for this initiative.



Marjorie Morgan Photo by Bob Raymond

SALT

New Performance Works by **Lise Brody and Marjorie Morgan**

June 6, 7 and 8, 1997.

Lise:

I tend to work from autobiography, either telling personal stories or exploring issues that have haunted me in my life. I don't feel that I can adequately answer the question "who cares," but I've decided to just plow ahead on faith.

Lately, I've discovered a love for children's books. I've begun exploring my own issues by recasting them in the language and style of a children's story. I've found this to be a very revealing process. In one of the monologues in "Land of Milk and Honey", the piece I'm working on, I talk about my grandmother telling me stories -- made up stories about me -- which fascinated me. I wrote that monologue a year ago, but I suppose it's no coincidence that I've recently developed this interest in the genre.

"Land of Milk and Honey" will probably include a children's story about camels. I can't say I've ever identified with a camel before, but recently I've begun to feel that the women in my family (including me) all share a surprising affinity with them. Camels are stubborn and cranky. Stoic and self-sufficient, they carry all their own resources around with them. It's cumbersome, but it beats depending on others .. Stories are almost never about camels; they usually figure in supporting roles. This may be why they're stubborn and cranky.

The piece consists of character monologues, camel dances, and a children's story performed in a desert of canvas covered mountains and cream-of-wheat lakes. The monologues explore three generations of women and their attempts to understand each other as they stubbornly bear their encumbrances through this arid landscape. It's a very personal family saga, based on my own purely imaginative speculation. The stories and characters are entirely fictitious, but they're all taken straight from real life.

Marjorie:

Growing up, I was told that one must focus on one thing in order to "succeed." Poetry was my grade school passion, classical piano and sports structured my high school years, and dance was my love in college. Now I utilize all four to create performance works in my favorite embrace-all aesthetic: Surrealism. I build small worlds in which dream-state is as normal as everyday functions, and what is disturbing becomes strangely funny. The characters that live in these worlds are bizarre, with exaggerated speech, movements, and sound.

The new trio I am currently making (with Brian Crabtree and Janet Slifka) involves three such characters: The Dreamer, The Farmer/Dentist, and The Hygienist. This piece, "Teeth", was inspired by text pulled from authentic movement and recurring dreams about losing teeth. The Farmer/Dentist (a sinister tooth fairy) and his Hygienist assistant lead The Dreamer on a path through issues of loss, control, and adulthood. The recent acquiring of a piano has enabled me to work more extensively with the musical elements of my work; and I am in the process of creating a full sound score in which the performers can move, sing, speak, and sound.

I will also be presenting a new (or slightly used) solo and a video. The video will be the result of a collaboration with videographer Michael Pope. Michael taped my show, "Eating Alphabets," last May. We were both disappointed with how much was lost in translation. So, we are working on a video version of the solo, "Brine" (I have a hook in my lip...). Footage will include some performance shots, underwater shots, cameos of "Grama Sarah" and my two year old niece, and other surprises.

I am excited to share this program with Lise Brody: a true friend and a wonderful artist.

FRIENDS OF MOBIUS

It can happen at any time, without warning. You're rebuilding a carburetor or feeding your platypus, and it hits you. A fierce, irresistible, overwhelming desire to experience Mobius. Your ears ring. Your vision blurs. You reach, trembling, for your Donald Duck telephone to call the Mobius office. "I need the latest in experimental art," you gasp. "I need to experience challenging, thought-provoking performance, movement, sound art, video, and installations. And I need it now."

Scientific research has developed no defense against a Mobius Art Attack. So you might as well make it a little easier to give in and become a Friend of Mobius. For a donation of \$35, Friends of Mobius get a discount on all Mobius events through June 1997, regular calendar updates between newsletters, plus an invitation to a special winter reception. And for \$50, you can buy a two-pack, single-household Friends of Mobius membership.

Of course, you could try to resist. Hide out in your apartment with a dozen Jerry Lewis videos and a grocery bag full of Doritos and Diet Pepsi. Or take an art class that teaches you how to paint cute little big-eyed puppies and clowns. But why bother? Come on, all you have to do is mail your check to the Mobius office and you're an instant Friend of Mobius! You know it's who you want to be.

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PHYSICAL ACCESSIBILITY

Mobius is committed to being as accessible as possible for people with disabilities who have a desire to participate in our programs.

There are several steps up to the front door of our building, and unfortunately, the sidewalks in front of the 19th century building in which we are housed are too narrow for a wheelchair ramp. However, our elevator does accommodate wheelchairs and non-step seating is usually available for performances. If you call ahead, Mobius will arrange for assistance. We are sorry that access to our facility is not assistance-free. Our long-term plan includes moving into a building that has wheelchair access.

MOBIUS T-SHIRTS: WASHABLE, WEARABLE, EXPERIMENTAL ART

Show your support of Mobius in public! Send one to a friend as a gift! Dress up your dog!

Mobius T shirts are hip, provocative, stylish, short-sleeved and are available for a mere \$15 (that's 100% pre-shrunk cotton folks!)

Now available by phone, mail or in person in three eye-catching designs:

Mobius rebus cartoon by Hannah Bonner

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The Charba Group
n. noon coda
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Ruth Angel Fitzgerald
Shannon Flattery
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Don Burgy
Roberto Cassan
Mauricio Cordero
Roland Cosby and Lincoln Street
David Franklin
Ross Hamlin
Tanya Lockyer
Marjorie Morgan
Andrew Neumann (Sorry about the misspelling at the party!)
Gil Pontius
Daniel Orlanski
Diana Richards
Ann Scott
Sakae Shaboashi
Heidi Johanna Vierthaler
George Whiteside

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Susan Barrington
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Suma Greenwall and all her fabulous friends
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Joanne Hetherington
Chris Hoffman
Stephan Holten
Lauretta James
Jessica Joworfski
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MOBIUS CALL FOR PROPOSALS DEADLINES:

5 pm, Thursday, May 22, 1997 - for projects to take place September 1997 - January 1998

5 pm, Thursday, Sept 18, 1997 - for projects to take place January 1998 - June 1998

Mobius is seeking proposals from Boston and New England artists for original, experimental work in the performing, media, and visual arts, particularly work that falls outside the traditionally defined art forms. All applicants are asked to send in a SASE or pick up proposal guidelines and a submission cover sheet each time you submit a proposal. If you have questions, call the Mobius office to discuss your project. Please do not submit a proposal without referring to the current proposal guidelines. Faxed proposals will not be accepted. Mobius does not program the work of artists currently enrolled at an educational institution. We do program a weekend for student performances each spring.

Mobius offers the space for 50% of the box office receipts. For non-box office events (i.e. installations) Mobius provides use of a 1,000 square foot exhibition space in exchange for work or in-kind services mutually decided on. In addition, Mobius provides sponsorship by offering low-cost rental of lighting and sound equipment. Mobius will also provide PR support including printed mailing labels for over 200 news media contacts, and an opportunity to write about your work in the Mobius Newsletter, which is distributed to over twenty-five hundred individuals and organizations nationwide. A Mobius artist will work with you to provide advice and information, but remember, your project will be essentially self-produced.

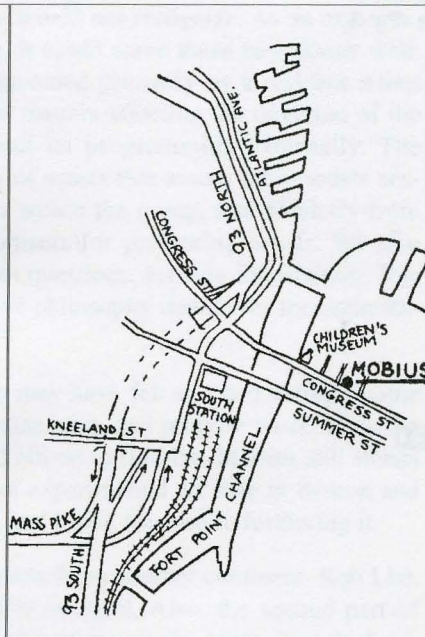
Mobius also is interested in receiving inquiries from local artists who are interested in curating work at Mobius. Talk to a Mobius Artists Group member or call the Mobius office.

Directions to **Mobius:**

By MBTA: Take the Red Line to South Station. Walk one block (north) to Congress St and take a right. Go over the old iron bridge, 2 blocks past the Children's Museum and the milk bottle. PRESTO! Mobius is on your left hand side, on the 5th floor.

By Car: Due to massive construction for the central artery project, the roadways to Mobius keep changing. Please call us in the office (Tue-Fri 12-5) if you need current directions.

Parking at Mobius: Having trouble parking here at night? Try Allright Parking, the first lot on your right after you drive over the bridge from downtown. They are generally open until 8pm. You can park, pay and take your keys with you. If you park in other unattended lots, you may be towed.



MOBIUS ARTISTS GROUP

Marilyn Arsem	Meredith Davis
Owen Furshpan	Linda Graetz
Larry Johnson	Milan Kohout
Taylor McLean	David Miller
Cathy Nolan	Tom Plesek
Bob Raymond	Joanne Rice
Landon Rose	Jed Speare
Joseph Wilson	Margaret Tittermore
Sharon Haggins Dunn	
Mari Novotny-Jones	

MOBIUS ARTISTS ON-LEAVE

Nancy Adams	Rochelle Fabb
Sarah Hickler	

MOBIUS STAFF

Marilyn Arsem, Co-Director
Jed Speare, Co-Director
Suzan Baltozer, Publicist
Robert Gabriel Abate, Office Manager
Mia Castor, Carie Chong, Ross Hamlin,
Laura Mack, Rhonda Megal, Interns

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

George Moseley, President
Sally Solomon, Treasurer
Ray Iasiello, Clerk
Marilyn Arsem
Charles Coe
Rena Wade

ADVISORY BOARD

Harris Barron	Catherine Royce
Sarah deBesche	Helen Shlien
Marcia Maglione	Louise Stevens
Gina Mullen	James Williams
Oedipus	

Mobius Artists Group has gained national recognition as a leading interdisciplinary group in Massachusetts. Since 1977, the 21-member group has been known for incorporating a wide range of the visual, performing and media arts into innovative live performance, sound, video and installation works.

Mobius (the space) is an artist-run center for experimental work in all media. Founded by members of the Mobius Artists Group in 1983, Mobius is a laboratory for artists experimenting at the boundaries of their disciplines. Presenting new work by over a hundred artists each year, Mobius is unequaled in Boston in its commitment to Boston artists and the alternative arts.

Mobius, Inc. is funded by the National Endowment for the Arts; the Massachusetts Cultural Council (MCC); the Boston Council for the Arts and Humanities, a local agency supported by the MCC; the Polaroid Foundation; the Trust for Mutual Understanding; the Fund for U.S. Artists at International Festivals and Exhibitions; Roger P. Sonnabend, Sonesta Charitable Foundation; and generous private support.

WANTED:

MOBIOID REQUEST CORNER:

Linda Graetz seeks a Macintosh Classic, SE, or better for word processing applications.

Margaret Tittermore would like a vanity (mirror, table, etc) that a teen-aged girl would use. Will pay.

Jed Speare would like to hear of any areas or neighborhoods designated as a "Quiet Zone" if anyone knows of one.

PERFORMANCE

BERLIN WALL • **MARI NOVOTNY-JONES AND MILAN KOHOUT**

Jan 30-Feb 1 and Feb 6-8. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 4

THE UNCERTAINTY OF BELIEF • **ST. SUZAN BALTOZER**

Feb 20-22. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 5

FRUIT JAM • **ARTHUR HARDIGG**

Feb 27-Mar 1. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 6

STUDENT WORKS

Mar 6-8. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 6

WORKS IN PROGRESS #40 • **VARIOUS ARTISTS**

Mar 27-29. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 8

ELEGY / NATURE MORTE • **JED SPEARE AND ROB LIST, WITH SARAH HICKLER**

Apr 10-13. Thu-Sun. ELEGY @ 8pm.-NATURE MORTE @ 6 pm., Apr.12,13 -Pg. 8

WORKS IN PROGRESS BY THE MOBIUS ARTISTS GROUP

Apr-24-26. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 9

TAYLOR MCLEAN

May 1-3. Thu-Sat @ 8pm

LIGHT HOUSE KEEPING • **MARI NOVOTNY-JONES**

CHORUS ANGELORUM • **DAVID MILLER**

May 8-10, 15-17. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 10

LEAP OF FAITH • **GUADULESA** • Patrick Crowley

May 22-24. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 11

ERACISM • **WILLIAM POPE.I**

May 30-Jun 1. Fri-Sun @ 8pm -Pg. 11

INSTALLATION/VISUAL ART

OF SUBSTANCE • **CAROL GREENWOOD**

Jan 29-Feb 15. Wed-Sat 12-5pm -Pg. 3

KOMBUCHA WORLD • **VIVIANE LE COURTOIS-MITCHELL**

March 19-April 5. Wed-Sat 12-5pm -Pg. 7

INSATIABLE APPETITE TO PLEASE • **MAUREEN ALBANO**

May 7-24. Wed-Sat 12-5pm -Pg. 10

TEENS SHOW III

June 4-14. Wed-Sat 12-5pm -Pg. 18

FILM/VIDEO

VIDEOSPACE -Various Tues @ 7pm -Pg. 5

MR. AND MRS. ZONE, AGAIN • **HARRIS AND ROS BARRON**

Apr 18. Fri @ 8pm -Pg. 9

NEW MUSIC/SOUND ART

VALENTINE CONCERT • **THE SEVENTH GENERATION ENSEMBLE**

Feb 13-15. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 4

HUBRIS II • **DEBRIS**

Mar 21-22. Fri,Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 7

CHORUS ANGELORUM • **DAVID MILLER** and LIGHT HOUSE KEEPING • **MARI NOVOTNY-JONES**

May 8-10, 15-17. Thu-Sat @ 8pm -Pg. 10

DANCE/MOVEMENT

THE PROBLEM DANCES • **BRIAN CRABTREE**

May 14-15. Fri @ 8pm, Sat @ 8,10pm -Pg. 6

SALT • **MARJORIE MORGAN AND LISE BRODY**

June 6-8. Fri,Sat @ 8pm. Sun @ 7pm -Pg. 18

SPECIAL EVENTS

2ND ANNUAL MOBIUS SLEEP-A-THON

Sat. April 19. All Night. Lazy Bones Brunch Sun. April 20 -Pg. 9

LIGUOR AMNII • **MACEDONIA EXCHANGE PROJECT**

June 16-23: 10 site-specific installations and performances at the Convergence X International Art Festival, Providence, RI. (call for details) -Pg. 12-17

mobius in this issue

mobius

Boston's Artist-Run Center for
Experimental Work In All Media

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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED



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