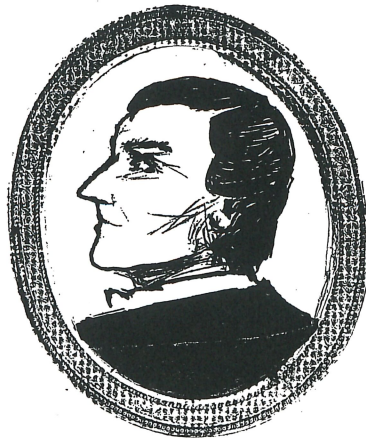




We are invited to a space where you and I will react on a personal level to performative art. Where you and I are not censored by the Editor of conventional reviews. Where we can talk about theater past the superficial event. You and I should not pass up the opportunity, we should exploit the freedom of this conversation. EMERGENCY requires your reactions to what you've seen, your thoughts about making or watching performative art, historical movement/s, your manifestos, essays, dialogues with friends and colleagues, raw footage of ideas. The gazette also reserves a special section for impossible theater: projected theatres of the mind, of the imagination, of tomorrow and yesteryear, of not now and never. Most importantly, send us hasty news of your productions, events, collaborations, open rehearsals, guerilla performances, so that you and I may veni and vidi.



Send submissions, reviews and listing information to:

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September 15, 1999.

EMERGENCY

** a gazette for the subjective sphere *



The notion of a dialogue between the performers and the audience is really bullshit. Ultimately, the audience looks at and listens to the performers. Because the performers are the focus of so much attention, they are almost always in a position of power over the audience. The audience succumbs to the experience created by the performers, or they resist it. Either way, they cannot REPLY as if in conversation, unless they in turn make something: a play, a painting, even a review.

Putting reviews in the context of theater's power (as opposed to the usual vice versa) is interesting. If critics are hated, feared, scorned, it must be acknowledged that they are invested with the responsibility of checking the power of performers. Whatever their motives for writing about the theatre, critics can respond directly to their experience in the hands of the performers. Meanwhile, the rest of the audience, especially the people who don't funnel their ideas, emotions, or experiences into material creations, is left with that experience either bursting through their skin or gnawing at their gut. Their dialogue with the stage never happens, except through their critic-representatives; this, I think, is why it is so sickly thrilling, almost vindicating, to read an angry review of a show which made you mad.

I won't bother disproving the possible exceptions to the audience's powerlessness. Think of them yourself, and see how a performance is NOT a conversation. For all the energy that the audience returns to or withholds from the stage, or all the tickets that they do or don't buy, an audience is powerless while watching a play.

But why talk about power at all?

Because, for all the discourse (seemingly more relevant to artists and art-lovers) about the state of the theatre, or the shitty situation of actors in America, or the indifference of audiences and the absence of financial support, there is something incredibly powerful about the theatre, and THIS MUST NOT BE FORGOTTEN OR OVERLOOKED.

I don't know why a performance (good or bad) is so affecting. Partially because the art happens in real time. There is a living person in front of you, or behind you.

They use human behavior, perhaps the same gestures and words that you yourself use.

You are in one room with these people. Because of the real time and the presence of other PEOPLE (including the rest of the audience), you have an experience. Whether that experience is confusion or exhilaration or epiphany or boredom or a tingling in your crotch does not matter. You experience and, as long as you stay in the room, you do not have the option of putting that experience on hold.

This is why the theatre can be so infuriating and so EMBARRASSING; there is a person in front of you. Walking out of a play is a violent act, unlike putting down a book or leaving a movie.

Theatre is a dangerous and intense form of human communication. It is not a dialogue. The phenomenon of so many people looking at the same thing imbues that object with AUTHORITY and perhaps MEANING. When someone on stage screams, "Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker! Motherfucker!" You can't skip to the end. You have to sit through each Motherfucker, no, you have to EXPERIENCE each Motherfucker and you have to leave the theatre with the Motherfucker buzzing in your head. There is something sick about this, about forcing a room-full of people to experience something, and that is what theatre is.

Theatre is violent, invasive and intrinsically aggressive.

This is a manifesto.



Luna Zeygman

LISTINGS

MAHAGONNY

Brecht and Weill. One of several 20th Century works performed by the Manhattan Chamber Orchestra. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W 67th. Thursday 16th at 8pm; \$15; 501-3330.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

Ivo van Hove directs again. Not to be missed. New York Theater Workshop, 79 E4th Street, 2nd/Bowery, 780-9037. Tue-Sun 8. Matinee: Sat&Sun-3. \$12-45.

OFFENDING THE AUDIENCE

By Peter Handke. "A play against the spectator in order that it may become a play for the spectator." -Handke Flatiron Theater, 119 W23rd St., 3rd fl. Wed-Thu at 8. Fri-Sat at 8 & 10. Res. 760-5940; \$15; ends soon! 9/18.

THE SECRET MACHINE

Futuristic female scientists on cold coffee Walkerspace, 46 Walker, Bway/Church 254-9888; Wed-Sat 8. Sun 7; \$15

THE IDEA OF NORTH

One man show. Text from Glenn Gould's Canadian radio program. Here, 145 6th Ave (Spring St.); 647-0202. Thu-Sun at 7; a haughty \$16; ends 9/26.

IVANOV

Anton Chekhov's first big-time play. Mint Theater Space, 311 W 43rd (8th/9th). 780-6295; Tue-Sun at 8, Sun mat. at 2. Only \$12; runs through 9/19.

FAITH AND CALIBAN

Two one-act operas. Dating. Tempest. Vital Theater, 432 W 42nd St., 3rd fl. 592-4508; Thu-Sat 8, Sun 3. \$12.

DANCENOW DOWNTOWN

A festival of thirty-five+ events in twelve days. Joyce Theater. 727-0784.

BENEFIT FOR POOR HENRY V

Friday, Sept 24, beginning at 9pm, @ 89 Washington Place #2G. A nice party to raise \$ for a production of Shakespeare's Henry V. OPEN BAR. \$20. The show opens on St. Crispin's Day (10/25) at the Henry Mazer Theater.

JURO KARA/ANDREI SERBAN

A counterculture conversation between directors. Moderated by Anne Bogart. Japan Society, 333 E 47th St., 832-1155. Sept 28 at 6:30pm; \$10.

FILMS AT ANTHOLOGY

ECHOES OF SILENCE
Peter Emanuel Goldman, 1965.
Overlooked classic of independent film.
Sunday, Sept 19, 6pm.
SHAGAI, SOVIET, Dziga Vertov, '26
Saturday 25, 5:30.
Every Wednesday Night:
New Filmmakers, Feature and Shorts.
Anthology Film Archives, 2nd & 2nd, 505-5110

DANISH WAVE IN CINEMA

Recent films by Danish filmmakers, including Lars von Trier, Jonas Elmer, Thomas Vinterberg and others.
Our recommendations:
THE HUMILIATED Jasper Jargil
A documentary following the making of von Trier's IDIOTS, and the birth of the Dogma movement. This Sat 6:15, Sun 4.
THE CELEBRATION T. Vinterberg
Friday 17th at 3:30 & 9, Sun 19th at 9.
PANEL DISCUSSION:
The Nouvelle Vow - or Is The Danish "Dogma" Movement For Real?
Panel includes Paul Morrissey and Jargil.
Sat at 4:15; FREE with ticket to a film.
Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza, 875-5600; Tickets \$8.50.

PURE POP FESTIVAL

Aaron Beall's downtown theatrical revival. Many shows, including...
THE PELICAN, ends 9/19
Strindberg, the Occult, Hitchcock birds.
Nada, 167 Ludlow, below Houston, \$9.
Call Nada HQ, 420-1466, for more.

HEDWIG & THE ANGRY INCH

After two years, still the smartest rock-opera in NYC. Now with Ally Sheedy. Jane Street Theater at Hotel Riverview 113 Jane Street (West Side Hwy) 239-6200; www.hedwig.com; \$20-\$50. Mon, Wed, Thu 8. Fri 8 & 11. Sat 7 & 10.

POWER OF THE DOG

by Howard Barker, dir. by Jay Scheib. See it. Horace Mann Theatre, 120th & B'way, Oct. 6-8 at 8, and Oct. 9th at 3&8. 854-7799

ONE SECOND HAND

Sasha Pepelyaev's Kinetic Theatre from Russia: Movement theatre meets with the music of celebrated minimalist composer Alexey Aigi, and texts by Russian conceptualist poet Lev Rubinstein and post-modern hero Alain Robbe-Grillet. Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W 19th St. Oct13-15 (Wed-Fri) at 8, Oct16 (Sat) at 3 Info/res. 212-924-0077, or dtw@dtw.org

THE CARBON COPY BUILDING

A Comic Book Opera with words & drawings by Ben Katchor; Music: Bang on a Can composers/directors Urban America, salesmen, insomniacs. The Kitchen, 512 West 19th St., 255-5793 Preview: Sep29 at 8. \$15 Oct1&2, 5-9 at 8; Sat Oct2&9 at 3. \$20. Symposium with artists: Oct 6 at 6. Free.

CZECH PUPPETRY MINIFEST

Site-specific Czech puppetry, Oct 6 to 31. Bohemian National Hall, 321 E. 73rd St. (between 1st /2nd); Box Office: 631-3518. Four special events including TWELVE IRON SANDALS
Previews: Oct 7&8 at 7; \$10. Oct 9-10, 14-17, 21, 23, 24, 28, 30, 31; Shows begin at 7; \$15, \$8 under twelve.

KRYSZTOF KNITTEL & JOHN KING: HEART PIECE

Heiner Müller. A Double Opera. Poland/US collaboration. The Kitchen. Oct 20-23 (Wed-Sat) at 8pm, \$20. Post-performance discussion: Oct 21.

PERFORMANCE ART MINIFEST

Sho Kazakura, Seiji Shimoda, Mamiko Kawabata, Kazuhiro Nishijia, Smelly. Japan Society, 333 E 47th St., 832-1155. Oct 15 & 16 at 8pm. \$12.



Theater isn't popular. It isn't TV. It isn't what it used to be. Theater isn't "New Forms" *The Seagull by Anton Chekhov. Treplev, a frustrated slacker, bitches about the lack of new forms in the theater. At the turn of the century, being moody was celebrated and, if Treplev were a modern man, he'd have MTV, Taco Bell and Zoloff to cheer him during his creative ennui. Nobody wants "New Forms" They say that they do, but they don't. It's a nice idea: New forms to challenge. And to terrorize and to beguile. No thank you. More musicals, one-person shows, body stockings, select-a-concept-Shakespeare, titles with dirty words, sitcoms incognito. Those are what new forms aren't. People want to see something new, until they see it. It's like that Twilight Zone episode where the guy wants to be left alone and he survives a nuclear war and he gets his wish and he doesn't want to be alone anymore. John DeVore

IMPOSSIBLE THEATER

An author who had written only one play, which he would allow to be performed on only one occasion in what in his opinion was the best theater in the world and, likewise, only directed by, in his opinion, the best director and acted by the best actors in the world, had installed himself, before the curtain rose on the first night, in a seat in the gallery that was best suited to his purpose but was invisible to the audience, had sighted his machine gun, specially constructed for the purpose by the Swiss firm of Vetterli, and after the curtain had risen, had put a bullet through the head of every member of the audience who had, in his opinion, laughed in the wrong place. At the end of the performance only those members of the audience whom he had shot, and who were therefore dead, remained seated in the theater. The actors and the theater manager had not allowed themselves to be disturbed for a moment by the self-willed author and the events he had perpetrated. from: THE VOICE IMITATOR by Thomas Bernhard translated by KJ Northcott

EMERGENCY is a production of the Ugly Duckling Presse.
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