MOBIUS EVENTS

354 CONGRESS STREET BOSTON (FORT POINT) (617) 542-7416

a new space for experimental work in the performing and media arts

MOBIUS is dedicated to sponsoring and developing experimental work in the performing and media arts - performance art/theater, sound/music, movement/dance, video/film, mixed media and installations.

MOBIUS Events (The Newsletter) is expanding. In addition to statements by the artists who will be appearing at Mobius, we welcome general statements, critical essays, manifestoes and declarations of passion. The first of these, Boston Primitives by Marcie Begleiter, appears on page 4. What do you care about? Let us know. There's never a surplus of vision.

WORKS-IN-PROGRESS

Presented by the members of Mobius Theater

Friday, February 17; Saturday, February 18 at 8:00 p.m.

Tickets: $3.00

THE CRUX OF THE BISCUIT
Mario-Erik Paoli

There are two new pieces I've been working on, "The Crux of the Biscuit (A Video Play)", and "The Daughters of Lot (A Live Play)". Both are a continuing exploration of "Theater of Images", a compositional style very much like music composition and painting, in space, a landscape of images, objects-subjects, characters, gestures, actions, lights, found sound and composed sounds. Taking existing material and deconstructing it - a kind of collaging or sculpting of all material at hand from life or artifice. The piece that I hope will be in a presentable form, "The Crux of the Biscuit" for video, runs about 15 minutes. So the compositional elements extend to editing, video effects, image processing and computer-assisted video images. It will be done with Subterranean Video, a collaborative of postmodern experimental television based at BF/VF. It is a sort of dream or nightmare deconstructive play, very influenced by Artaud's The Theater and Its Double, Freudian psychology and Fuller's metaphysics.

CALENDAR

WORKS-IN-PROGRESS
Presented by the members of Mobius Theater
Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17 and 18
8:00 p.m.

ONE PULLS PIVOTS AT THE TIP OF THE TONGUE
Music performance by Bill Seaman
Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24 and 25
8:00 p.m.

PLAYABOUT
Presented by Mobius Theater
Thursdays through Saturdays, March 1 - March 17
8:00 p.m.

WORKS-IN-PROGRESS

OBVIOUS OBSTRUCTIONS
Dan Lang

"Obvious Obstructions" is an attempt to bridge the gap between memory and desire, the past and future, reality and television. The format is a multi-monitor set-up on which prerecorded material is timed to coincide with live action. There are various obstructions to the execution and comprehension of this piece, all of them obvious; physical and temporal obstructions, both easily overcome, are two examples.

At the center of the text is the issue of conformity and art. At the perimeter is the way in which theatrical issues of time, space and meaning have translated in my personal life. The development of the work will focus on multimedia technique, staging and text.
IN preparing for You're Just Like Your Mother (working title), to be presented by MOBIUS Theater later this year, we are looking at various maternal legacies. Three legacies that came to our minds are compulsive behavior (a particular favorite of mine that Mom handed down to me, baggage (emotional or otherwise), and those little voices in your head that bang against your brain when you're riding the subway pretending to be reading.

Attempting to visualize these behaviors made us totally compulsive in organizing our thoughts. We were obsessed with questions like "Is compulsive behavior compulsive because it just has to be done or is it compulsive because it has to be perfect?" "How is our behavior affected by all those little voices in our heads?" I mean is it the magic or the moonlight?

For "Inside Out" we pooled our various ideas and came up with the task of having all our internals become externals, thus creating, literally, plastic bags full of all the baggage you carry around with you hanging on us. We also have the idea of taking various objects that symbolize elements of compulsive behavior and suspending them from the ceiling, on strings, tied at different lengths just out of the actors' reach. A tape recorder will be turned on and off through the work, to see how we are affected in action by the voices on the tapes. The tapes may include everything from Glamour Magazine Do's and Don'ts to parental rules of behavior. The ideas came out of 2 or 3 work sessions with just a tape recorder.

At this point, we are just beginning to work with the baggage and the objects, so we are not sure exactly how the piece will all fall together. The ideas came out of 2 or 3 work sessions with just a tape recorder.

If anyone has any particular favourite legacies that Mother may have left to them, sans apple pie, please feel free to leave them in the suggestion book at MOBIUS after the performance. For example, I know that I will be forever grateful to my mother for providing me with the compulsion for clean underwear. When I was a child, she drilled into me the wise proverb, "Never go out without clean underwear - what if you got into an accident and had to go to the hospital!"

Thanks Mom - and while I'm at it, I'll clean my ears before the doctor comes too!
MOBIUS EVENTS

ONE PULLS PIVOTS AT THE TIP OF THE TONGUE

Music Performance by Bill Seaman

Friday, February 24; Saturday, February 25 at 8:00 p.m.

Tickets: $5.00

Dance music / rhythm machines / the rhythm of machines / the rhythm of fragmentation through repetition / drones / the speed of information - acceleration / pulse / machine movement / body translations / dysfunction into function / alternate functions / displacement / appropriation / a collision of networks / interpenetrating fields of signification / the mapping of one system onto another / where things fall together - apart / codes / ciphers / puns / language plays / phonetics / voice as instrument / intonation / the fabrication of paradox / swift contradiction / oscillating meaning / relaxation through work / the work of dance / this tragic mechanistic ... / ironic humor / black humor / the record ritual / top 40 religions / koans / the order of passion / the entire spectrum of fidelity / architectures / the transparency of drama / old movies / TV / abbreviation / compression of information / song as housing / Pataphysics / specific noise


PLAYABOUT

Presented by Mobius Theater

March 1 - March 17

Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:00 p.m.

Tickets: $5.00

In early January we began working on Playabout, a new piece by S.D. Leydenberg. Jude Aronstein, David Miller and Maya Silverthorne will be performing it, and I'll be directing it. A portion of the piece will be presented in the "Works-in-Progress" performance on the 17th and 18th of February.

Right now it is difficult to predict the shape it will take. Playabout is a work that isolates and examines the elements of performance. Language, actions and plot are explored by the actors using source material from radios, TVs and objects. The piece compares scripted and rehearsed material with real time and improvised work. It also includes discussion of the performance as it is happening, as well as discussion of general issues of performance. The audience will probably cue some sections of the piece, and provide some of the material that the performers will work with (objects, texts, ?).

S.D. Leydenberg wrote the piece in response to Rauschenberg's white paintings, as an attempt to create a similar "hypersensitive surface in a performance context. The performance will reflect aspects of the immediate; the space, the people in it - audience and performers, and the materials. Clearly, the piece relates to and incorporates a lot of the work Mobius has been engaged in over the past few years. In fact, it is really an opportunity to make a performance about performance, and examine the questions we are pursuing in Mobius workshops.

Rauschenberg said, "Painting relates to both art and life. I try to act in the gap between the two."

Marilyn Arsem
If it falls to me to write the introduction or the complete manifesto of the resurgence of primitivism in art, called neoprimitivism by some or mod-primitivism by others, I shall begin by speaking to the dream person that lives in the waking consciousness.

We are on the road to becoming our own creations. We will resemble the machines that have become the heart of our homes and workplaces; the "I" as a well-oiled instrument doing the work that is encouraged by the surrounding morass.

The children of wonder are replaced by the adults of high responsibility. "Three's Company" has been running for seven years. The repetition of phrase and action is comforting and lulls us into a state of acceptance.

We are close to losing the drumbeats of our hearts. I stifle the pounding lest someone hear and turn towards me. I pound fiercely and silently. Secretly. Harsh rhythms that resound of the new steel towers and old soft brick.

The towers of steel vibrate and sing. They hover over us like parents withholding entrance into their height and depth. So the orphaned children of art and poverty congregate on the street and make playthings of all they find there. They take the places of the witches and wise men of yore. They take up residence in the new forests, downtown.

The witches, the shamans and the mad have been the real audience of vision for art. Today the seers are looking to the trash. To the leftovers of the street the spawned us but is long dead. We constantly witness that death and the daily rebirth of what is unfamiliar and clean. Black. Black is running in the streets, from the hair of the young dyed in the act of becoming, to the leather on every torn back.

Boston will be known for neoprimitivism. What better place than the land of the Plymouth Rock? We will create new events around the Plymouth Rock, to encourage and celebrate our new adventurers. This primitivism is becoming apparent in the attitude of the young and disenfranchised. Their chant grows loud and in the telling there is the magic of incarnation.

The primitive is the necessary. Stripped bare necessities. But everything works in conjunction with our hotly technical age. We are given the power to transform the violence of primitive confrontations into modern creations. A society of farmers not fighters.

We are being drawn into the void, a space left by the absence of meaningful connections. The street serves as the modern coliseum. A gaming arena where we careen off one another while we gather anything of fleeting value. All is cast back onto the streets in a new form. Seekers, given nothing, become givers. There is an environment of huge black boxes just waiting to be filled.

(Marcie Begleiter is a Boston area painter and theater designer. Her reading of "Boston Primitives" was one of the 24 Discrete Events presented at Mobius last fall.)