MIKE KELLEY PERFORMS



THURS.
APRIL 30

8:30 P.M.

What you're about to see is a window into the earliest performances of Mike Kelley. It is fitting to show this work at Artists Space, as the alternative space network was very important to my generation's development. To me personally, as well as Mike, because there was an opportunity for us to exhibit our works in an experimental context that welcomed forms which were just beginning to be accepted into the art world. Also, because this space was directed by Helene Winer, who later opened Metro Pictures Gallery, which was very important to Mike's career and later mine, and of course to many other artists in New York at large. Besides exhibiting at Artists Space, I later co-curated a show here with Gary Simmons and was on the board for a few years. It's great to see Artists Space surviving and thriving and remaining a vital part of New York.

I'd like to explain a little bit about the context, as well as the mysterious origins of this tape and the circuitous route it has taken to this evening's NY premiere.

I'd like to go back to 1976, when I first met Mike in a time of metamorphosis that could only happen at a place like CalArts. Mike was destroying old drawings and would soon be making his legendary torturous and absurd birdhouses in the wood shop. I was narrating handmade ½-inch reel-to-reel videotapes with painted props and dolls. We immediately hit it off and began working together.

Mike had come to California Institute of the Arts from the University of Michigan, with a degree in art and literature, arriving with his friend Jim Shaw, with whom he had the band Destroy All Monsters.

In the endless summer sunshine, CalArts was a wonderful fog of conceptual art, including such luminaries as David Askevold, John Baldessari, Michael Asher, Ellen Phelan, John Mandel, Jonathan Borofsky, Susan Rothenberg, and Judy Pfaff. I even got to study with John Cage. The Philip Glass Ensemble came through playing *North Star*. Doug Huebler had a radio class in which Mike and I wrote, recorded, and broadcast a radio piece based on our ex-Catholic roots, *Heathens in Limbo*. Mike and I had started a project called The Poetics. We would do anything: soundtracks, performance, dance, comedy, and recorded sort of proto-punkish music that would clear the room when played. In that iteration of the group, I was the singer and Mike was the drummer. He loved to drum, often entering a trance-like bliss as he "beat the traps." We wrote songs together and separately. While making music, we worked with an incredible group: Mitchell Syrop, Bill Stobaugh, John Miller, Mark Maydell, and many others over the years.

The crucible of CalArts hatched a phenomenal group of artists, including Ericka Beckman, Jim Shaw, James Casebere, Donald Bird, Jonathan Lasker, Sue and Mark Williams, Christopher Williams, Stephen Prina, Melody Davis, Nina Salerno, Diane Buckler, and Mitchell Syrop.

Coffee-drinking, chain-smoking Laurie Anderson, who was working on her first album, held a sound/performance class. Mike and I produced a performance piece for it with Don Kruger titled *The Pole Dance*, which involved computer drum-machine music and elaborately choreographed moves involving many mop poles. These everyday objects became imbued with traumatic, sonic, and psychic effect. We also designed fantastical objects that would be produced 20 years in the future and travel the world—but that's another story.

Inspired by Pop artists and a conceptual take on popular culture, we nevertheless felt, as youth does, that those artistic solutions weren't enough. For artists of our generation, popular culture and societal institutions were there to be deconstructed, rocks to be lifted as a means of exposing the ugly truth below. This may sound a little dramatic, but keep in mind this was youth in the time of punk. We weren't satisfied with the graphic surface approach of Pop and were pleased to explore subcultural systems, spelunking through lo-fi territories via conspiracy mythos, repressed memories, UFO culture—the fringe which slowly migrated into the mainstream culture of today.

In his exploration of a suburban American underground populated by malcontents, angels, and ghouls masquerading as pillars of the community and authority figures, Mike was determined to mock and destroy what he found to be ludicrous constructs of small-town minds.

He was fascinated by figures such as Iggy Pop, MC5, Sun Ra, the Dadaists, R. Crumb, the Hairy Who, Jim Nutt, and proto-punk bands like Suicide and The Screamers, whom we used to see at the Whisky a Go Go. Checking out the local music around LA and New York, Mike often compared our band favorably to whoever we saw. He saw the potential for us to be the best. There we disagreed, as I considered us the worst band in the world. Iterations of The Poetics existed as a collaborative effort on and off until Mike passed away. But back to the early years.

In 1979, I moved in with Mike in West Hollywood. At that time Mike was focusing on live performance, although he was also producing incredible objects, drawings, photos, and paintings. His work seemed to be held together by a series of mysterious scripts that ran through his mind at all times. When he performed these psychodramas around LA, audiences were absolutely spellbound. With the voice of a medium, Mike navigated a world turned inside out with polymorphic perverse humor and astonishing schizoid logic. At the center was always a form of poetic research that illuminated Americana via cathartic performance and text. To accomplish this, he made things to populate and illustrate his altered states that became anthropomorphized and performed through simple gestures. These objects existed in multiple worlds, as props that were also exhibited as sculptures.

As young artists do, we had a loose-knit group of friends who helped each other make work. He would perform cameos in my work, and I'd help Mike whenever he needed a human prop, a stooge, or a bell to be rung. I remember once Mike persuaded me to drive a cat from my house in the desert down to LACE Gallery for a performance. But as soon as I went about thirty feet in the car, the beast went completely berserk, attacking me, and lacerating my arms and legs. Bloodied, I reached him on the phone explaining the cat had stage fright.

I had the great pleasure of being in a number of these early Kelley performances—not only to experience his great intelligence, humor, and crazed free association, but also to watch the mesmerizing effect his performances had on the audience.

Many of you are familiar with the drawings and objects he left behind from that era. In a strange way they exist in two world phantoms of the magic he created live. But now you have the chance to see the energy and dynamism that were at the center of that work.

Another digression.

Concurrently, I was making videotapes and sending them around to exhibitions, so naturally I suggested to Mike that we make recordings of some of his early performances.

For some unknown reason, he was quite resistant to seeing himself as he performed. Which is strange, because he didn't mind photography or audio recordings, but somehow the combination of the two in video put him off.

He would say, "They're meant to be seen live." I even brought equipment to a couple of performances—which was a major effort in those days—and he resisted. I knew this work was unique and, in many ways, indescribable and should be preserved and shared.

What you're about to see is the only known moving-image documentation of the first five years of Kelley's performance work and, in many ways, the foundation of what was to come later. Even though I made the tape, I never saw it myself until after his death, some thirty years after the recording.

So how was this document made? Why has it not been shown up to this point, twelve years after his death? It is something of a missing link within all these wonderful exhibitions celebrating the genius of Mike Kelley.

The tale continues.

In 1979, when we were living together, I was contacted by Tony Conrad, who had seen one of my videos in Buffalo and was then teaching at UCSD in San Diego. You have to imagine: this was before the Internet, and communication was different then. I think he found me through John Baldessari. In any case, I ended up visiting his class in San Diego to show my work. Tony asked me to be in a film he was shooting, and of course I suggested that he should invite my roommate, who was a very unique performer. One thing led to another, and soon we were dressed in military garb as struggling soldiers, filming on the side of the highway at sunrise for Tony's notorious army movie, *Beholden to Victory*. Tony became a close friend of Mike's.

Fast-forward a few years later: at Tony's invitation, we were all at Hallwalls in Buffalo rehearsing for three of Mike's performances. Hallwalls was a legendary alternative space in Buffalo, founded by a group including Charles Clough, Robert Longo, Diane Bertolo, Nancy Dwyer, Larry Lundy, Cindy Sherman, and Michael Zwack, and traditionally they recorded all of the performances in their space. I mentioned the documentation dilemma privately to Tony in advance, and we came up with a secret plan to make this video. We set up the camera in the back of the space, focused it, taped over the red recording light—and secretly pressed the record button.

—Tony Oursler

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Performance views, *The Monitor and the Merrimac*, Hallwalls, Buffalo, New York, April 30, 1981. Images courtesy of Hallwalls.









Beat This Drum of Reversal

Jay Sanders
Stella Cilman

"It takes a lot of courage to be up here," Mike Kelley utters at the beginning of *The Monitor and the Merrimac*. He is standing amidst a field of rubble with artist friends serving as stagehands—a collection of objects and people to be activated as props. The performance, along with *The Big Tent* and *My Space*, was documented at Hallwalls in Buffalo on April 30, 1981, with Kelley's friends and collaborators Tony Oursler and Tony Conrad also appearing in the work. The video contains all three pieces, performed in succession without pause or intermission. A break occurs only when the props are lightly rearranged, or the audience's chairs are reconfigured to open up the stage. Like a bowling ball ceaselessly rolling forward, Kelley embarks on a tangent of word association and object play, continuously twisting, undoing, and reversing his own linguistic formulations in real time.

The entry point to the performance is one of seemingly preexisting disarray. Action begins where it has already been occurring. His props—bottles, sticks, cardboard tubes, and fabric—have a disposable quality and form a rough tableau to be utilized throughout the performance. Flexible and unadorned, these objects become receptacles for mutable meaning, empty and ripe for projection, like words. Through a process of naming, Kelley develops shifting subject–object relationships, and the meanings of words and things change over time. The succession of gestures and configurations visible in the included photographs offers glimpses of this continuous transformation. His extensive scripts, a selection of which are reproduced here, combine passages of language with drawings, diagrams, and notations, revealing the intricate structures underlying performances that seem so spontaneous and unruly. The performances appear as successive acts, but they also spatialize and embody the density, surreality, and absurdity of modern prose. Words are repeated and married to disparate actions, detaching them from fixed definitions and forcing the viewer to focus on the here and now. Kelley's perpetual attempts to locate himself through language, both physically and geographically, suggest a fractured human consciousness: "in displaced time so goes my sense of placement."

Like many performance artists of his generation, Kelley was resistant to documentation, and this footage was never publicly screened during his lifetime. As Tony Oursler recalls: "Unfortunately, many of Mike's early performances are documented only in photo and script form, if at all. He refused to allow them to be filmed, stating that they should exist only in the moment. As far as I know, there are only two videos of these early pieces: *The Monitor and the Merrimac*, *The Big Tent*, and *My Space* at Hallwalls in Buffalo, and the rehearsal for *Plato's Cave, Rothko's Chapel, Lincoln's Profile*, 1986, shot at Artists Space in New York."

Along with the original documentation residing in Hallwalls' video archive, a VHS copy was privately held by Tony Conrad, who had first invited Kelley to Buffalo. Over the years, a few close friends came to know of the tape and saw it in Tony's company.

The recording is certainly of its time, shot in black and white under difficult lighting conditions, with passages nearly swallowed by darkness. Figures and objects sometimes dissolve into the surrounding space as the camera struggles to register the action. Yet despite these limitations, the performance is revelatory. Its restless intelligence, rigorous construction, and strange humor emerge with extraordinary force. The tape offers a rare encounter with a form of performance largely intended to disappear, and an artistic practice whose significance remains insufficiently understood.

In a career-spanning interview with fellow artist John Miller in 1992, Kelley explains the genesis of his performances:

> I started building things that were demonstrational sculptures, and that's how the performances developed. The earliest performances were just groups of demonstrations of objects; by talking about them, their meanings changed. If you talked about them this way they meant this, and if you talked about them that way they meant that. It totally denied the whole notion of primary structure. Then they started becoming subsumed by the language and that's how the long performances developed where the language became the controlling factor and meanings changed by virtue of the change in language over time.[1]

Kelley identifies Michael Smith, Stuart Sherman, Julia Heyward, Guy de Cointet, Vito Acconci, and Matt Mullican among his artistic influences. Reflecting as well on Pat Oleszko and the Cockettes, he explains:

> I was familiar with that really low stuff, and with the traditional tactics of the counterculture: to use the worst and trashiest stuff that the main culture abhors. At the same time, I didn't like the ghettoization of that. I wanted my work, maybe it was my school-bookish side, to be hard to swallow even if it was low, that it wouldn't be fun. It probably comes from my Catholic upbringing: everything has to be painful.

Kelley also describes his peculiar position within the history of performance:

> I'm sort of lost in the midzone… That's why I think I got written out of performance-art history because the people on the one end, who are in favor of a kind of agitprop or ritual-based performance, didn't like them and people on the other side, the kind of East Village stand-up aesthetic, didn't like them either. So I got stuck in this weird middle group—the kind of late-structuralist performance people. They're just gone, they're written out of history.

The artists Kelley cites belonged to a remarkably diverse field of experimental performance that emerged during the 1970s, forging singular new forms that challenged the conventions of visual art, theater, dance, music, and literature. In New York, a constellation of artists developed highly idiosyncratic forms of performance, often within the cheap and abundant loft spaces of downtown Manhattan. Stuart Sherman constructed intricate tabletop spectacles from everyday objects and toys, producing enigmatic sequences of actions and visual puns. Michael Smith mined the banalities of American television, entertainment, and social behavior through his hapless alter ego *Mike*. Others combined language, music, props, and shifting personae, or explored the instability of identity and meaning through elaborate theatrical constructions. These artists shared no single aesthetic or ideology, but their practices frequently transformed ordinary or degraded cultural material into something strange and unfamiliar.

Much of this work was meticulously structured yet appeared chaotic or improvised, combining intellectual rigor with deliberate crudity or amateurism. Objects assumed the roles of characters, language became physical material, and the artist's own persona was subjected to continual manipulation. As the Whitney Museum's 2013 exhibition *Rituals of Rented Island: Object Theater, Loft Performance, and the New Psychodrama—Manhattan, 1970–1980* explored, much of this history remains fragmentary, surviving through photographs, scripts, ephemera, and the recollections of those who were present. These performances often defied the conventions of both theater and visual art, and many were conceived as singular events rather than works to be repeated or preserved. Kelley's performances emerged from this unruly milieu, and the strategies he developed—the collision of incompatible cultural forms, the shifting relationship between language and objects, and the excavation of psychological and social meaning from degraded material—would continue to animate his work across media for decades.

Many paths through this history have led to Artists Space. In 1974, Edit deAk and Walter Robinson organized *PersonA*, a watershed series of performances that included Laurie Anderson, Adrian Piper, Scott Burton, and Jack Smith. Michael Smith performed here in 1976, as did Julia Heyward the following year. Ericka Beckman's early films were screened at Artists Space in 1977, while Ralston Farina performed early in the organization's history and was the subject of a retrospective in 2025. These are only a few of the many points at which the history of experimental performance intersects with Artists Space's own.

In 1986, Kelley presented his final major performance, *Plato's Cave, Rothko's Chapel, Lincoln's Profile*, at Artists Space's former West Broadway location. The operatic work featured monologues performed with actress Molly Cleator and music by Sonic Youth. The performance survives through iconic black-and-white photographs by Paula Court and an audio recording released on CD, while the larger project is documented in an artist's book published by Artists Space and New City Editions in 1986. Like the Hallwalls performance, it remains known principally through its surviving traces, revealing an extraordinary collision of language, music, theatricality, and cultural reference.

A major inspiration for the format of the present event is *A Fantastic World Superimposed on Reality*, the two-day experimental music festival Kelley curated with Mark Beasley for the Performa Biennial in New York in 2009. The program brought together artists spanning Fluxus, No-Wave, proto-punk, and minimalist

traditions, underscoring Kelley's acute interest in the avant-garde and its influence on his own practice. The remarkable list of participating artists—including Tony Conrad, Joan La Barbara, Arto Lindsay, Shelley Hirsch, John Zorn, Christian Marclay, and Alison Knowles—captures a particular constellation of affinities. It also suggests how an artist's understanding of history might differ from a curator's. Rather than attempting a comprehensive account of a movement or period, Kelley assembled a gathering reflecting his own interests, relationships, and sense of artistic kinship. Its idiosyncrasies are part of what makes it so compelling: a portrait of a particular artistic world, seen through Kelley's eyes.

Drum of Reversal takes Kelley's performance documentation as its catalyst but opens outward toward an intergenerational group of artists, critics, and scholars whose practices share affinities with his, whether in spirit, form, or sensibility. Organized in close collaboration with Mary Clare Stevens and the Mike Kelley Foundation For The Arts, the program brings together performances, screenings, talks, and music, culminating in a special edition of Abasement, Artists Space's ongoing experimental music series. The Hallwalls recording, screened publicly only once before, at Moderna Museet in Stockholm in 2025, makes its United States premiere at Artists Space forty-five years after the original performance.

This program is not intended as a reconstruction of Kelley's artistic world, nor as a definitive account of his influence. It could have been assembled in countless other ways, drawing upon different artists, histories, and relationships. Like Kelley's 2009 festival, this gathering is a reflection of its own time and place, a particular constellation of artists and affinities in 2026. The histories it invokes remain open, continually reshaped by the artists who encounter them and the new relationships that form around their work. This is one possible gathering, at one particular moment, among many others that might be imagined.

1. Mike Kelley, interviewed by John Miller in *Mike Kelley*, ed. William S. Bartman et al. (New York: ART Press, 1992), 9

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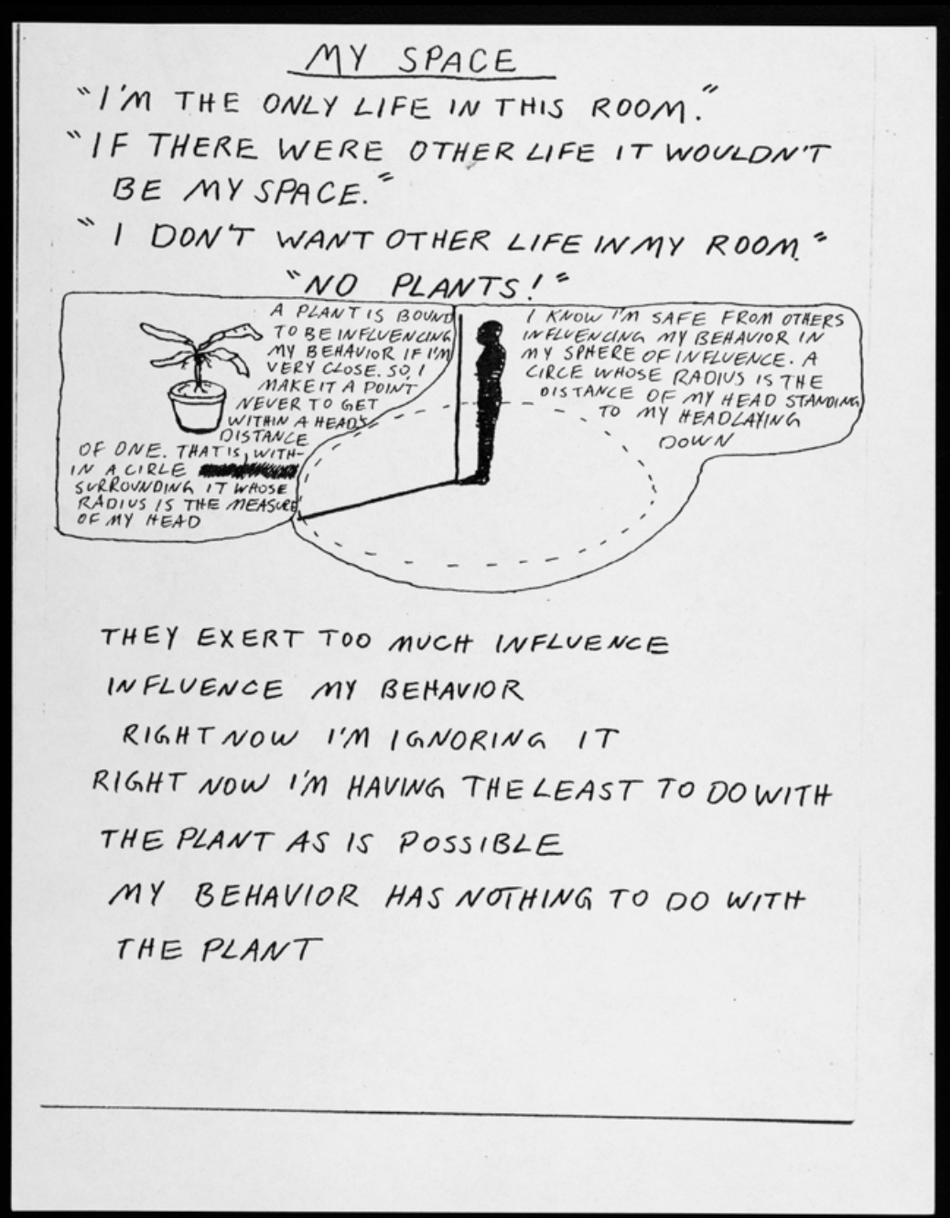
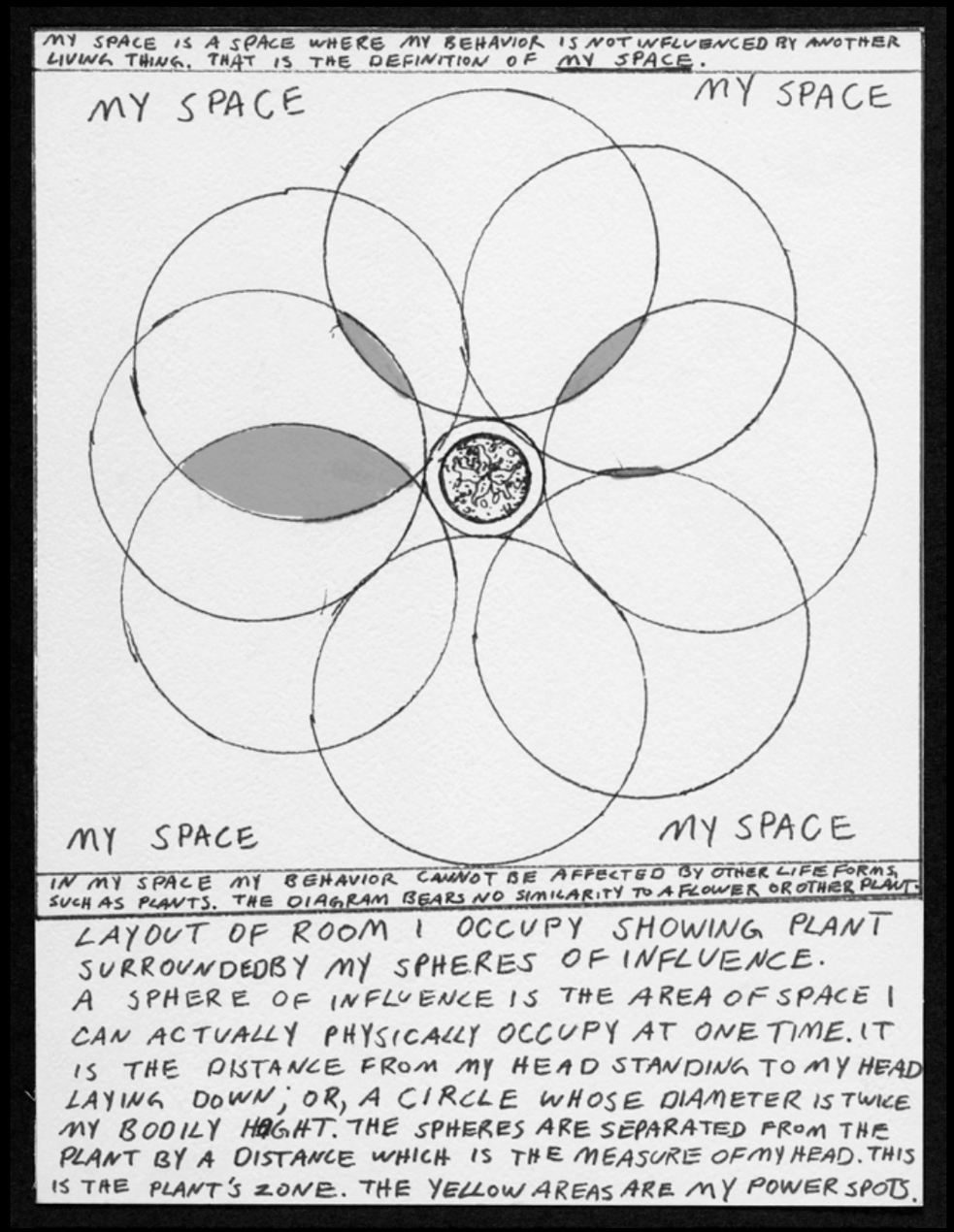
Photocopy of "My Space" drawing, undated.

My Space, 1978. Ink on board, 10 × 8 inches.

Mike Kelley, letter to Ericka Beckman, undated.





Ericka,

I really appreciated your letter. It came at a time when I was having a lot of self-doubt and anxiety about my work. I had just gotten this awful review in *Images and Issues* magazine, which compared me to a monkey painting next to Stella. Not that I care about that so much since I think monkey paintings are more interesting than Stella's, but it just pointed out the fact of how difficult it is to communicate. This person obviously couldn't get past the fact that I use language. So, she pigeonholed me as an actor and not a good one; the rest of it, the context and the structure, was lost. I shouldn't complain since I've gotten a lot of good criticism by people who seem to understand what I'm trying to do. The fact is, I'm getting tired of performing. When I only perform each piece one time it makes more sense. It was the final point that brought a whole period of thought and activity to life, then let it die. Now, with touring and so much pre-thought, the sense seems to have gone. I don't know if I want to tour around and be a performance artist. Once I've done it, it's enough for me—the stuff is dead. Let people look at the leftovers and reconstruct it themselves, like putting flesh on the bone of a dead man. I don't think I like the life of going and constantly putting flesh back on the bone of dead work. It gets too removed; it's why I don't videotape my work. I don't want to see myself. I don't want to know what I look like while I'm doing it. That's not the point. It's an interior thing. What you said about not seeing your audience struck home. What I think is that you probably don't want to see your audience. They don't have anything to give you. I only care about that small audience of people, like you, Tony Conrad, Tony Oursler, and the other people who I respect, who <u>can</u> have a dialogue with you. And not just an art dialogue, but a dialogue of interest.

I see a lot of similarity between our work. When you showed me the footage from *Out Of Hand* and explained some of the thought processes behind it, I was shocked at how similar they were to mine. That is pretty rare.

I feel the same way as you. I've always been attracted to allegory and symbolism, but my feeling of discontent with them as historically dead has ended. They are not dead to me, but very much alive. The way I see it allegory and symbolism are so much a part of the way the mind functions they can never die. I am proud of my connections with them. Sometimes I feel like I'd rather live in the 19th century. The emptiness of modern art really disturbs me. I'm a romantic at heart. I may strip it apart and analyze it but it's still there.

I have been talking with Tony Conrad, and I might be going to Buffalo in April or May to do a performance and I want to come to New York, too. So far, I haven't been able to find a place in New York to perform, but coals are still in the fire. I won't be doing this piece you saw the beginnings of here, but an old one, *The Monitor and the Merrimac*. If I come, could I stay at your place?

Again, thanks for your nice letter and I do hope to see you soon.

Love, <u>Mike</u>

P.S. Did you see Tony Conrad's army movie?

Christopher Williams

I think the first time I saw Mike perform wasn't actually a public performance, at least not in the conventional sense. It was at CalArts, in either 1976 or 1977. I should preface this by saying that when I came to CalArts, there was the beginning of a real Midwestern feeling, an aesthetic developing that felt like the Midwest. Jim Shaw was there, Mike Kelley was there, Stephen Prina was there.

My first studio at CalArts shared a wall with Mike's. I was an undergraduate, and he didn't speak to me. He would go into his studio, and I would hear the strangest assortment of sounds that I couldn't identify. They sounded like squeak toys, actually. It was part percussion and part these squeak toys. I remember one day getting a look inside, and he had a grid on the wall and a kind of spiderweb with plastic squeak toys hanging all over it. He would go in there and improvise with them. I don't know whatever became of that. As an undergraduate, I was looking at the graduate students, trying to get a sense of the direction things were going in. I was curious.

But the first time I saw Mike perform—or not perform—was in John Baldessari's seminar. I think it was probably 1976. It was a graduate seminar, held in the evening, with a full bar at the back of the classroom. The first half hour or forty-five minutes consisted of having drinks and chips, milling around and talking, almost like a party. Then one or two students would make a presentation. I remember a student who had worked with Art & Language presenting his work without interruption or questions from the other students. I was an undergraduate in a graduate seminar, so I was kind of an eavesdropper, just hanging out in the back. This student had adopted a very condescending, pretentious relationship to how his work addressed the public. It felt very British and out of place at CalArts.

Then I remember this other guy standing up in the middle of the room and delivering what seems, in retrospect, like a twenty-minute structural, critical analysis of not just that student's work, but his presentation and entire mode of address. I was astonished because I'd never heard anyone, let alone a fellow student, who was so articulate and had developed such a critical position toward what I would now call the inflationary language surrounding art. He had a passionate distaste for pretentiousness and condescension. That's the first time I remember him performing. And then he sat down. Of course, I knew it was the guy I shared a wall with.

I saw a bunch of things after that, in studios and classrooms, that I can't give a title or date to. I remember what looked like jam sessions or improvisational performances with cardboard and plastic tubes, with students I knew and didn't know playing with Mike. It wasn't a band yet, but it was some kind of musical experience. The first performance I remember really being a performance was about occupying a space with a potted plant. I can't remember the title. It was about the struggle for power within a domestic architectural space, a kind of psychological and sociological experiment involving his struggle with this plant.

But the one where the idea of the demonstration object really came into play was called *Perspectaphone*. There was a table filled with props and objects that Mike would put through their paces. It became clear that his idea was to work against the stability of an object's identity. He would take an object and make it mean as many different things as he could, taking it through different registers—the poetic, the historical, the political—and showing how malleable meaning was. Those performances had a didactic structure. They were about demonstration, about teaching, which is interesting in relation to his earlier activities in the classroom with that British student. But they were also funny as hell. There's a portion of one performance that deals with the idea of the light cone and the meat cone. Do you know this? This stuff is just hilarious. And Mr. Rogers comes into this a bit. Children's television seems to be part of it.

I think up until that point a performance might have been a collection of short pieces, and I'm not sure how they were titled. Mike made great posters, but somebody would say something was happening in such-and-such a room, and you'd go see it. Or it would happen in the Bijou, the movie theater, which you've probably heard about. He also worked with another artist named Donald Krieger, who was very interesting. But *Perspectaphone* was the first time it became clear that it was about the relationship between language and the object, and that the object was primarily there as a device to discuss the relationship of representation and language to power.

In retrospect, I can say that I saw that developing, but this is only in retrospect. When it was happening, I was making sense of it in relation to a lot of performance art at the time that was becoming more narrative and language-based. There was a West Coast performance artist named John White who was also an interesting figure for Mike. He used language, diagrams, and demonstration in his work.

My strongest memory of a performance as a whole, cohesive object—the moment when it really came together as a program, as something fully realized, part of a bigger project—was in the early 1980s, probably 1980 or 1981: *Meditation on a Can of Vernors*. It's ostensibly a discussion of a can of ginger ale and its label, which has a kind of leprechaun, gnome-like, fallen royal figure winking at the person buying the soda pop.

A lot of these things happened at places like LACE (Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions) and FAR (Foundation for Art Resources). I think *Meditation on a Can of Vernors* was at LACE. Mike did a lot of work there, but this was in somebody's loft, and I remember it was extremely hot. I don't know whether it was summer or just an overheated loft. My memory is that there were fewer objects and props. It wasn't as prop-heavy, or the props weren't as obviously sculptural or constructed specifically for the performance. What I remember is the language.

I believe the performance was over an hour—an hour and a half, or an hour and forty-five minutes. It was Mike delivering a monologue almost the entire time, from memory, although there may have been texts littered around the performance area. The text departs from the subject, or goes into it and then leaves the can of Vernors behind. At one point, it becomes a discussion of the

presentation of the performance itself, a very self-reflexive text. I remember it having a chant-like form, with repetition built into it. There were a few key images. I remember very clearly the three-legged king and the two-legged queen. The three-legged king was a stool in the space. The two-legged queen was some variation of the stool, although I don't know if she was actually represented. I also remember: "A pan is not a flower pot. A row of tires is not a fence." Phrases like that would be repeated throughout the event.

The ostensible umbrella subject was a rant against power, and power as a manifestation of representation that we invest in. He was demonstrating how, by messing with representation, you were messing with power itself. I believe Reagan was president at the time, and we hadn't seen anything quite like that in our lifetimes. It was a terrible time politically.

But the takeaway for me, what I would really want to say, is that I realized I was in the presence of a major writer. Mike as an artist, Mike as a sculptor, Mike as a performer—all of that is fine. But at that point he was writing in such a beautifully complex way. It dealt with critical theory, it was pure poetry, it was Beat poetry, it was rock and roll. He referred to the New Novelists in France, to Michel Butor and Robbe-Grillet. He talked about art history, about Max Ernst and his representation of royalty and power. It was nearly encyclopedic. It would be wonderful if you could republish that text.

It was so different from anything else anybody was doing. Laurie Anderson was doing language-based, music-based performances. And there was always percussion in Mike's performances. I think there was a drum in *Meditation on a Can of Vernors*. There was always the presence of rock and the emergence of punk. It was so literary, but it also avoided all the things he hated in that other student's work. It referred to literature, the history of painting, pop culture, but the mode of address was not condescending. And it was so hypnotic.

I remember him standing on a crate, even though the subject was a stool, and the crate wobbling. I have this image of a wobbly Mike. People have mentioned how nervous he would get; he would make himself sick before performing these things. There's a Jean Rouch film called *Les maîtres fous* (*The Mad Masters*). There was a *Mad Masters* kind of quality to it, although to say he was possessed would be a bit wrong. Another artist who was very close to Mike in my thinking at the time was Matt Mullican. Matt's early performances were also done on the West Coast, in some of the same venues as Mike's. His monologues, I believe, were stream-of-consciousness and had to do with hypnotism. That endless stream of language was something they both shared.

The thing about *The Monitor and the Merrimac* is that it's maybe the purest one I can remember in terms of the simplicity of the physical props. They were very modest, but as I remember it, the performance was so diagrammatic. If memory serves, it sticks closer to its subject than many of the other performances. On the surface, it deals more directly with Americana and American history, specifically the Civil War. But the ideas animating it are not purely American or drawn solely from

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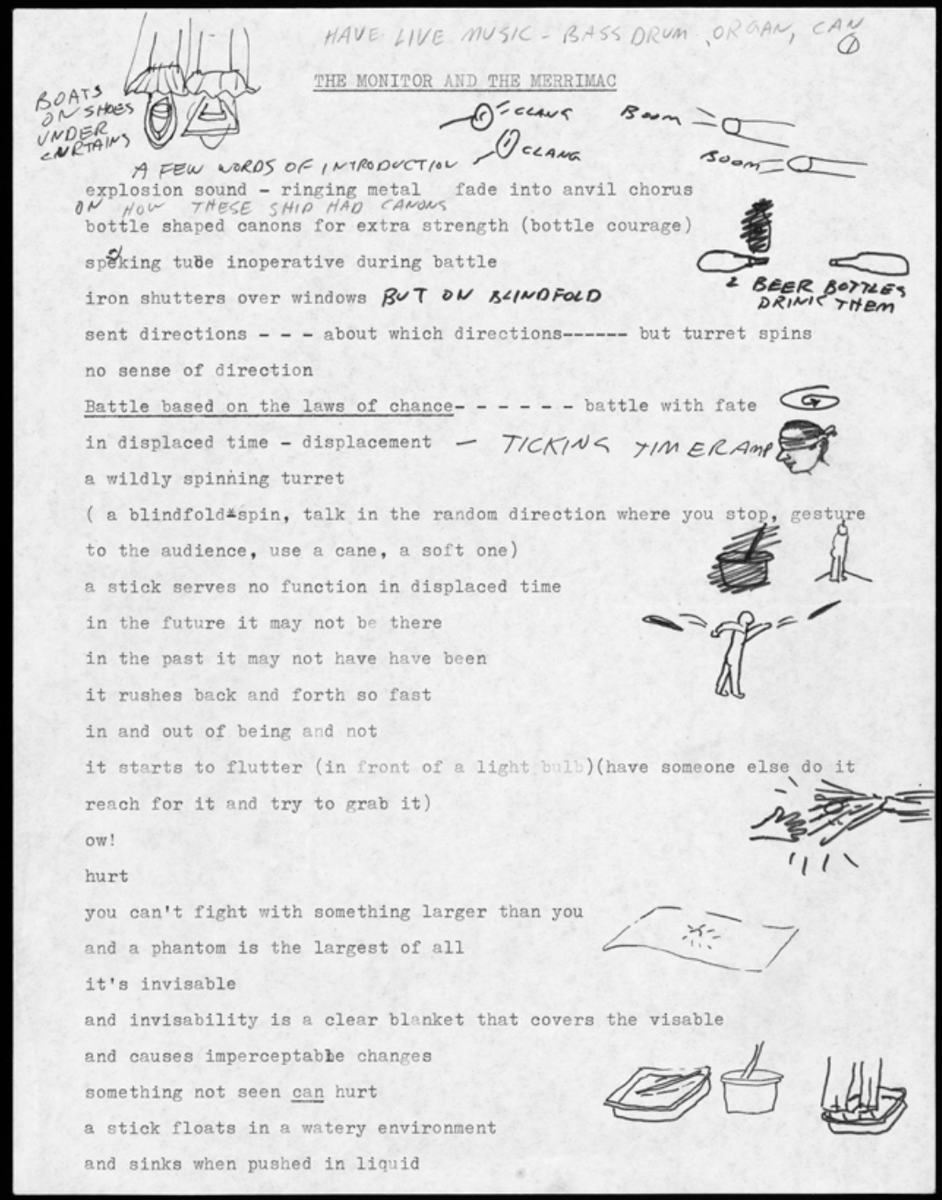
Annotated typescripts for *The Monitor and the Merrimac*, undated, pp. 1 and 4 of 7.



HAVE LIVE MUSIC - BASS DRUM, ORGAN, CAN

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC

BOATS ON SHORES UNDER CURTAINS

CLANG Boom

CLANG Boom

A FEW WORDS OF INTRODUCTION

explosion sound - ringing metal fade into anvil chorus

ON HOW THESE SHIP HAD CANONS

bottle shaped canons for extra strength (bottle courage)

2 BEER BOTTLES DRINK THEM

speking tube inoperative during battle

iron shutters over windows BUT ON BLINDFOLD

sent directions - - - about which directions------ but turret spins

no sense of direction

Battle based on the laws of chance- - - - - - battle with fate

in displaced time - displacement — TICKING TIMER AMP

a wildly spinning turret

(a blindfold spin, talk in the random direction where you stop, gesture

to the audience, use a cane, a soft one)

a stick serves no function in displaced time

in the future it may not be there

in the past it may not have have been

it rushes back and forth so fast

in and out of being and not

it starts to flutter (in front of a light bulb)(have someone else do it

reach for it and try to grab it)

ow!

hurt

you can't fight with something larger than you

and a phantom is the largest of all

it's invisable

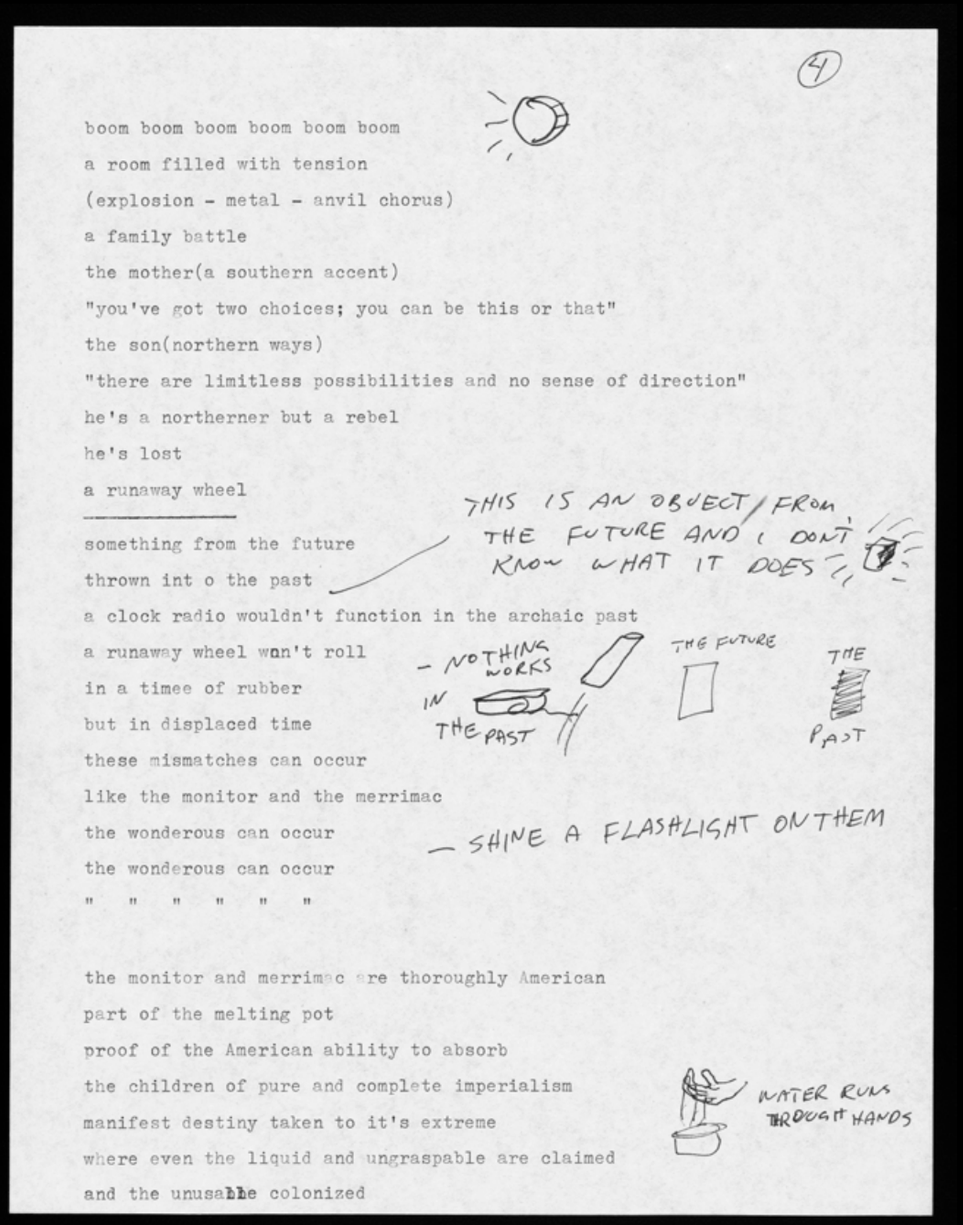
and invisability is a clear blanket that covers the visable

and causes imperceptable changes

something not seen can hurt

a stick floats in a watery environment

and sinks when pushed in liquid



U.S. history. They're also drawn from art history.

I remember it as being quite beautiful in its manageability. I think it was much shorter than *Meditation*, but its structure was easily representable on a barroom napkin. It had a clear structure. By the time you get to *Meditation on a Can of Vernors*, rather than being diagrammatic, it has this all-encompassing, encyclopedic feeling. And that quality translates into later performances like *The Sublime* and *Plato's Cave*, and the great one at MOCA.

One other thing about *Meditation*: I remember when Mike started to move away from performance and invest in being a sculptural artist, in making "gallery work," I felt like something terribly good was being left behind. I really can't overstate how much I think the text for that one work deserves a real place in the sun. It's truly an index to the complexity of Mike's thought, and so early on.

At the same time I was seeing these performances, I was also going to see music. I remember a clear relationship between Pere Ubu, David Thomas's band, and what Mike and Jim Shaw were doing. David Lynch was starting to show his films around that time, too. There was a real Midwestern sensibility. The music was super important. Everyone talks about Iggy Pop, but I know that Pere Ubu was really important. And the reason I thought of them is that they're a more literary band.

David Kulik

In 1981, Tony Conrad arranged to bring Mike Kelley to Buffalo for a performance at Hallwalls. As the Performance Curator of that season, I provided logistical support and documented the event on video, as we normally did. I only learned years later that Mike generally didn't want his performances recorded, but I don't recall any pushback at the time. Maybe the Tonys (Conrad and Oursler) talked him into it. Anyway, I'm glad we all get to see his performance. It was really extraordinary—certainly a high point of the year for me. I hope the video, rudimentary as it is, manages to convey some of the intensity Mike brought to the room.

Johanna Went

I met Mike Kelley in a club not a gallery. We frequented some of the same haunts, The Anti-Club Al's Bar, The Brave Dog, and LACE, a gallery/performance space that presented work and music that expressed an onslaught of angst in line with punk culture. Mike showed at LACE along with other LA artists Georganne Deen, Robert Williams, Mark Gash, Liz Young, and Paul McCarthy and punk bands often played there. Jack Marquette booked the Brave Dog, The Anti-Club, and The Theoretical, and also had outrageous parties at his loft where Marnie Weber's band The Party Boys played. That was our connection, the scene where art and music collided. The few extended conversations that I had with Mike were mostly about music, noise bands and Detroit. He told me about the Detroit band Destroy all Monsters that he and Jim Shaw were in. I was a fan of his art and he seemed to follow my work. Mike enjoyed the music of Z'ev, the percussionist who accompanied me in my early shows. In the late '90s Z'ev and I opened as Deep Sleep for Ann Magnuson who was backed by Super Session, a band with Mike on drums at the West Hollywood club Luna Park.

The other day I brought up Mike's name to a young artist and she said "He designed the Sonic Youth album with the toy cover." I think Mike would have laughed to be described in that way.

Claudia Gould

Hallwalls 1983: I invited Mike Kelley to make a solo exhibition about his recent *The Sublime* project when I was the curator there. I really wanted him to create a performance for us. He was reluctant because he did not particularly like doing live performances so we managed to pair it with an evening film screening with Ericka Beckman and a talk by Mike, with the caveat that if he felt like it, he would perform. We showed Ericka's film *You the Better*, which had a game structure and a very catchy tune. Mike got up to read and he had invited Ericka to participate.

He had this huge stick, maybe the handle of a broom or something like that—it sounded like a whip across the floor. He was reading his poetry in that screeching, harrowing voice of his, which was frightening to witness. He would thrash the floor with the stick, and Ericka would jump on command. It was very much *"do what I say, say what I do."* He was up there, sweaty, lean, with his long greasy hair, lashing the floor with this stick, reading while she jumped. There was something almost like hopscotch about it, similar to her film with a very distinct beat to the ground and Ericka would JUMP.

It was quasi-violent, but not scatological. There was real sexual tension, the play of power and control, with Ericka responding to his commands. I remember that image so vividly: Mike howling, thrashing the floor with the stick, and Ericka jumping. It's a performance I think about all the time, it is radical to this day.

Dorit Cypis

Mike was a friend and MFA colleague at CalArts in 1976. Although I was a year ahead, we shared several classes and developed alongside one another. His quirky drawings, props, and performances always surprised and engaged my attention, especially his facility with poetics to set an emotional tone, often both obscured and compelling.

I have a vague memory of helping him present a performance at an informal studio location with fewer than 20 folks attending, maybe in 1978, or '79. Mike held the attention of a growing group of young artists and arts culture professionals. I recall that Rosamund Felsen, his soon-to-be first gallerist, was there. I was gob smacked by Mike nonchalantly appearing under a giant rubber organ, maybe stomach or liver that fit over his body. His head, arms, and legs poked out from built-in holes. Mike pranced around the room amongst us loudly, voicing repeated phrases that set a tone but not clear meaning. He became an external organ that was essentially also within his body. I felt a dislocation of my own internal organs as if turning inside out, as if needing to vomit or expel something I could not assimilate. Is it possible that Mike changed organ costumes to one or more other organs? I seem to remember this, but am I projecting my own ongoing GI discomfort, parallel to Mike's brilliant expressions of disaffection?

In 1979, I was given the non-profit arts organization Foundation for Art Resources, FAR, and asked to direct its course—sort of like being handed a newborn that is not your own. That first year was an amazing ongoing "performance," which included hosting *The Poltergeist*, a collaboration between artists David Askevold and Mike Kelley—with photography, video, performance and music. Mike deeply respected David's work bringing together altered states of being. They jived well. I have a vague memory of what happened—maybe because everything was altered. Mike performed with props and music. His close colleagues Tony Oursler and Jim Shaw participated, I think. It was a wild rant, loud musical screams, messy, uninhibited, a flash, now gone.

John Miller

It's funny because Mike had a fairly substantial, and, in terms of recognition, unsuccessful run as a performance artist. There was the L.A. publication *High Performance* at the time, and there was a whole dance/text movement associated with it, and they weren't really interested in Mike and Mike wasn't really interested in them. Who he liked was Stuart Sherman. Maybe what the connection to Mike was was that his performances had props that then later would become artworks when he started showing in galleries. He was interested in these syntactic relationships and also shifting them over the course of the performance, and in that way he was interested in duration and memory. So he liked to work with syllogisms and he also really looked to Gertrude Stein and he liked that Stein would say one statement in a text, and then further on, when the reader has more or less forgotten about it, she would say the opposite. So there was a contradiction built in and he liked that idea of that contradiction because it was sort of asking what is logic and how does our frame of reference create meaning within a certain situation. Also Giorgio de Chirico wrote two books. Mike knew them and I think, along with Raymond Roussel, they really influenced the way he constructed his texts.

I definitely saw *My Space* at LACE. It's funny Mike was always interested in local bar scenes and trends in LA, and he liked tiki bars a lot, partly because they were going out of fashion. But then they were being replaced with what Mike called "fern bars." So he developed this whole trope about plants encroaching on his space and antagonism toward the plants.

Thinking about Mike's performance scripts, there's one couplet that still sticks with me and I'm not sure what performance it's from: "A beehive looking down, growth is what you see. A beehive from the side, associated industry."

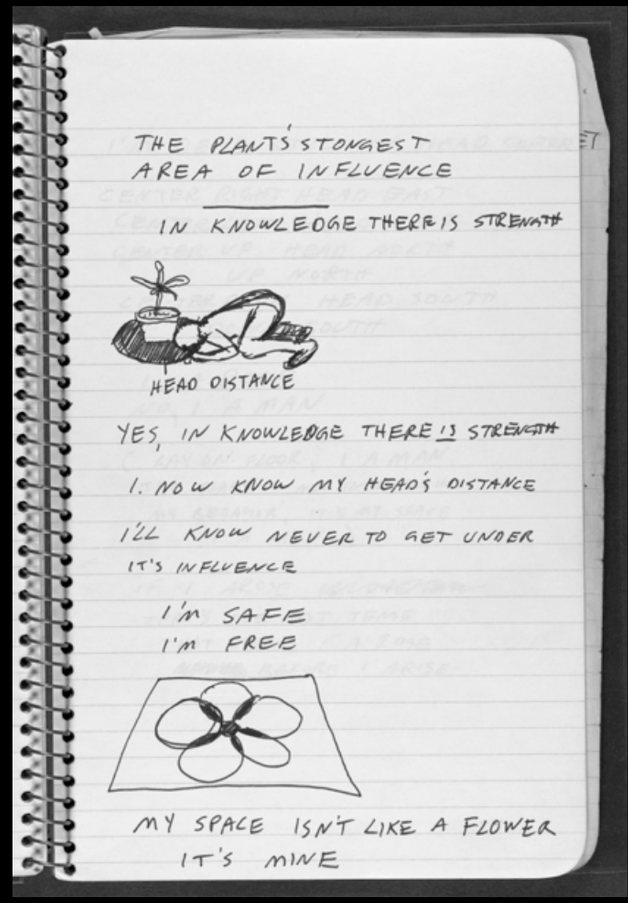
Following pages

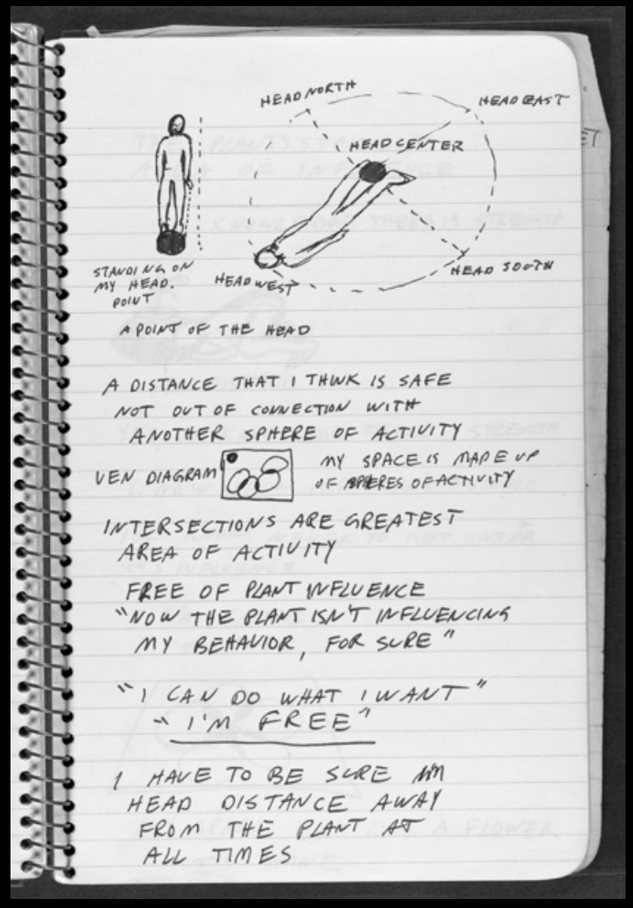
A page from one of Mike Kelley's notebooks, undated

A page from one of Mike Kelley's notebooks, undated

Notes and sketches for *The Big Tent*, undated

Performance view, *Plato's Cave, Rothko's Chapel, Lincoln's Profile*, Artists Space, New York, December 5, 1986. Mike Kelley with Molly Cleator and Sonic Youth. Photos by Paula Court. Image courtesy of Artists Space.





A POINT OF THE HEAD

A DISTANCE THAT I THINK IS SAFE
NOT OUT OF CONNECTION WITH
ANOTHER SPHERE OF ACTIVITY

VEN DIAGRAM MY SPACE IS MADE UP OF SPHERES OF ACTIVITY

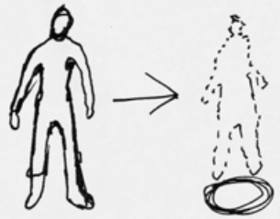
INTERSECTIONS ARE GREATEST
AREA OF ACTIVITY

FREE OF PLANT INFLUENCE
"NOW THE PLANT ISN'T INFLUENCING
MY BEHAVIOR, FOR SURE"

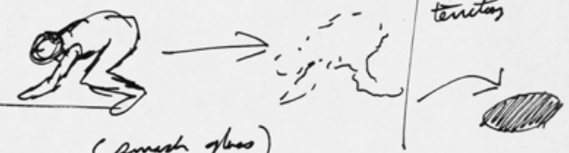
"I CAN DO WHAT I WANT"
"I'M FREE"

I HAVE TO BE SURE I'M
HEAD DISTANCE AWAY
FROM THE PLANT AT
ALL TIMES

"I'M GOING TO BE STANDING RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW"



DOING THIS RIGHT HERE
RIGHT NOW



YOU SHUT UP

(smash glass)

That was the coffee pot my mother gave us at our wedding

no, that was my project I've been working on for 5 years

no, that was the object that was the center of my life

no, that was the urn with my father's ashes

no, that was the kernel of my existence

no, you put a rent in the fabric of time

no, the machine which controls the rising and setting of the sun

(go in tent)

no, the center of the universe

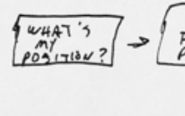
no, that which is unattainable

no, a pole - which rises up into Heaven

which I'm moving up

up and up and up . . . — — — — and no - it's

but hell — feedback







Carole Ann Klonarides

I first met Mike Kelley in 1980 when Michael Smith invited me to see Mike Kelley perform at the Kitchen. If memory serves, Michael and I were evolving from friends into a couple, and I was meeting the many artists he had met over the years, teaching and performing in the States and internationally. I think they met when Michael was a guest teacher in Michigan, and that's when they became members of a mutual admiration society. Most people who met Mike wanted to join that club, but few got in. I didn't remember the title of the Kitchen performance and had to look it up online. I believe it was *The Parasite Lily*. With its use of haiku-like text and dumb props, it was, for me, of the same ilk as Richard Foreman's Ontological-Hysteric Theater but rawer and punk-ugly. Afterward, Mike was full of energy (and full of liquor) and did a different private performance for Michael and me where he acted out the television show *The Newlywed Game*—taking on all the parts: the husband, the wife, and the MC. He exaggerated the absurdity of the questions posed, which were full of sexual innuendo. I laughed hysterically, and Mike made a strong first impression. He was a new kind of performance artist with the intensity and smarts I could tell would speak to a generation.

Shortly after that, Bill Komoski, an artist friend and East Village neighbor, asked me to help with an art exhibition at The Mudd Club, where I was working. The curator was John Miller, and the show was titled *Beware of the Dog: Work from Artists in the Cave Canem Book Project*. To my surprise, the show included black ink drawings by Mike and one was titled *Plato's Cave*. This is when I discovered Mike was also a really good artist in all media, not just a performance artist, and I was beginning to understand where he was coming from.

Okay, so I am leading up to the performance at Artists Space. By then, Michael and I had moved into a duplex in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, true neighborhood trailblazers. We had a Pacer we used to shuttle people across the bridge because taxis wouldn't come and the LL train didn't run at night. When Mike came to town, he stayed with us or in Michael's studio in Little Italy. We were very excited about the Artists Space performance; both of us had a long-term working relationship with the institution, and our friend Claudia Gould (along with artist Joseph Nechvatel and Harvestworks' Carol Parkinson) planned to record it for their project Tellus Audio Cassette Magazine. When Mike had his first solo show at Metro, we had a hilarious dinner at a Mexican restaurant on Houston Street with Tony Oursler, Constance DeJong, and all of Sonic Youth. Mike got us kicked out before we got food, because he was screaming "fuck you" in different American dialects (the result of my asking if he had a Detroit accent). Given that it was a reunion of sorts, Michael and I decided to have a party at our home after the performance.

I had never witnessed Mike before a performance, and to say he was nervous is an understatement. I got nervous too and started to think the party might be a mistake, given the state he was in, and it was also really a cold

December night. All of this led me to forget most of the specifics of the performance, except that a lot of suitcases were involved, Sonic Youth played loud, and that it was a once-in-a-lifetime event—Mike was in his prime, Sonic Youth was too, and Molly Cleator was a delightful surprise, a mirror of Mike's antics. The party was a success, too—very loud, lots of laughing, and thank God, Mike didn't get us kicked out of our Italian neighborhood.

Dan Walworth

I was involved in videotaping the rehearsal of *Plato's Cave*. It was a two-camera shoot. I think the format was Betacam or maybe one camera was Betacam and one ¾". My recollection is that one camera failed to record and the only angle we got was the wide shot. Some sort of raised stage and props were set up in the center of the space, kind of facing the West Broadway entrance. Later, it was very crowded. Valerie and Susan were in charge of logistics and it was Valerie's connection to Mike that brought him there. I have a vague memory of Thurston mentioning that there wasn't much rehearsal. I helped attach a wireless mic to Mike's bare chest with a whole lot of adhesive tape. I got the sense that it was as much costume as vocal support.

Following pages

Performance views, *Plato's Cave, Rothko's Chapel, Lincoln's Profile*, Artists Space, New York, December 5, 1986. Mike Kelley with Molly Cleator and Sonic Youth. Photos by Paula Court. Images courtesy of Artists Space.







Kim Gordon

Unfortunately, I never saw the performances [at Hallwalls]. But Sonic Youth got to perform a live soundtrack to his *Plato's Cave, Rothko's Chapel, Lincoln's Profile* piece at Artists Space. I don't recall there being much direction on Mike's part. It really could have been a dream that I conjured up. I feel like we ran through it a couple times and then just did the performance the next day. It's one of those things where I wish I could go back and relive it, because I couldn't watch it while being in it.

Lee Ranaldo

In early December of 1986, Sonic Youth found ourselves onstage with Mike Kelley and others for the performance of Mike's piece *Plato's Cave, Rothko's Chapel, Lincoln's Profile*. Kim had become friends with Mike during her high school (or art school?) days in California; the rest of us had met him, casually, on early trips out west. I remember the abstract nature of the performance and the somewhat disjointed, absurdist-theatrical dialogues between Mike and the other performer, with our sounds coming and going throughout the evening. It felt quite theoretical (from the title on out) and yet highly personal. But what I most recall was how easily Mike took on inviting this still-relatively-young and untested band to participate in what must have been for him a significant early NYC performance. He had no doubt that we could supply the noisy backdrop he needed.

We'd had a few occasions in our early years when certain people put faith in us that was beyond our then-underground reputation. Steve Shelley had only recently joined the band the year before, and we'd spent most of 1986 touring our album *EVOL* and playing with Mike Watt's fIREHOSE on our autumn Flaming Telepaths tour, criss-crossing the northeast as the leaves changed and Hallowe'en hovered in the air. We came off that tour and a few days later were onstage at Artists Space, the old West Broadway location, which was close to my place. We'd never done any performance quite this theatrical, and it gave us a chance to play abstractly and stretch out without the formality

of presenting 'songs.' Mike was happier the weirder we got, so we happily obliged! We were mostly rather darkly lit, which also helped us feel free to make whatever sounds ('music') we wanted. Mike had specific ideas of what sort of effect he wanted from us in certain parts of the piece, and together we worked in the few rehearsals we had toward fulfilling his expectations. There was one section where he asked us to repeat the riff from 'Train Kept a-Rolling' as long as we could, and other sections where we were free to invent our racket on the fly.

We met off and on after that, mostly in California. He was a real supporter of the band and what we were doing. He graciously lent us the images from his piece *Ahh... Youth!* (1991) that we used on the cover of our *Dirty* album shortly after he'd created it. The piece had 8 portraits—7 of the stuffed animals he was using in a lot of works at the time, and one rather awkward photo of himself, long hair tucked behind his ears, shirt buttoned up to the neck, bad skin and all. It became one of our most iconic album covers. People just love the sock puppet on the cover, and we'd be sent many homemade versions of him over the years.

Mike was celebrated at Performa 2009 in New York City with a number of events, including his crazy/wonderful *Extracurricular Activity Projective Reconstruction #32*, and also at the Judson Church. It was quite profound to be inside the legendary Judson space, where so many important performances had been held, and the evening was joyfully circus-like in nature, featuring (costumed, paper mache) horses, strippers, basketball and other tableaux based on old high school yearbook photos that Mike had found, set to a raucous score for live musicians. It was a monumental evening, not without its darker side.

Mike also showcased his ties to and interest in experimental and noise music, resulting in two nights of performances titled *A Fantastic World Superimposed on Reality: A Select History of Experimental Music*, at the old Gramercy Theatre, which he co-organized with Mark Beasley, and which I took part in. On the opening night, together with others from the world of the downtown and international experimental music community, I performed versions of Steve Reich's *Pendulum Music*, Karlheinz Stockhausen's *IT*, and a piece by composer Luciano Chesa for 16 reconstructed Intonarumori, noise instruments built in the early 20th century by Italian Futurist Luigi Russolo. These performances were meant as antecedents to the rest of the proceedings, which showcased a variety of 20th century developments and responses to the idea of improvised or 'noise' music, and included a solo performance by Arto Lindsay, harsh-noise masters Hijokaidan from Japan, and two of Mike's own projects: Destroy All Monsters (with Tony Oursler and Jim Shaw) and Extended Organ (with Paul McCarthy, Joe Potts, and Tom Recchion). But perhaps the most startling and personally influential performance I heard across those two evenings was Rodney Graham's *Lobbing Potatoes at a Gong* (1969), which was, most thrillingly, exactly what the title suggests. Mike himself performed the piece (Leah and I would restage the piece at an all-night event we held in Paris a few years later), and it was clearly harder than it looked to hit the gong from across the stage. Mike sat on a stool with a basket full of potatoes beside him, and the tension with each toss—would he hit his target and make a great crashing sound, or not?—was pretty fierce. The first few throws missed their mark, but finally one connected and the theater filled with a great crashing metallic thunder. The crowd was mesmerized by this simplistic event, and held their collected breaths with each attempt.

Mike and I also had a conversation about noise music and the nature and conception of such musics of 'unorganized (or seemingly so) sound', moderated by Mark Beasley, that was included in that year's Performa catalog, covering our own groups—Destroy All Monsters and Sonic Youth—but ranging far and wide, discussing Boyd Rice, John Duncan, The Screamers and the LAFMS (Los Angeles Free Music Society), John Cage, The Boredoms, The Poetics, and other iterations of so-called 'noise music' (while the term was often used to bad-mouth experimentalists, we used it as a badge of honor and positivity). As I said during that conversation, the two evenings by Mike and Mark in NYC that year functioned as a kind of diary of the various musics that had influenced or been important to Mike.

Valerie Smith

Like so many things that happened at Artists Space at that time, artists came to *us* with their ideas. Mike had a sketch of an idea he wanted to try out, and we said, "go for it!" We encouraged things to happen.

The single image that comes up for me is Molly Cleator straddling a log, or some long phallic object on a tilted stage that descended into the audience, with anguish, rage, and sexual tension ricocheting between her and Mike. Molly was a doll battered about by Mike's heightened bile, which Sonic Youth augmented. But the sound and words weren't important and Rothko, Plato and Lincoln had nothing to do with it. It was Mike's and Molly's perfectly matched performance that was riveting and seduced me into working with him again. Mike was direct, driven, and difficult. I admired him for it. He said things few artists dared to address then.

Matt Mullican

I first met Mike with Ericka Beckman in LA. Mike and I were performing in one of her films—some kind of relay race with outfits, typical Beckman. The first thing I saw of Mike's art was at a gallery on La Cienaga—maybe in the late 1970s, early '80s. He was there at the show, and to get inside the space you had to bend down. He was really into people bending down, being subservient to the art and the situation. The whole thing was very much a performance. He was such a character and he performed that character as an artist. That is something I share with him. The core of my work, like his, is performance, although that's not what most people see.

At Artists Space, I remember being backstage with Val, watching from the side. You really got the sense that everything was in his performance and it did all the things that he wanted his work to do. In [performance] he could do the stuff that his objects alone could not. I can remember the volume, the volume was tremendous. It was like rockstar stuff. He might as well have been on stage at Woodstock, some kind of festival, a concert. You felt it. I remember Laurie Anderson was there and she was really taken by it, too. It was a surprise to all of us, because we had seen the gallery shows already, but this transcended those. It was like the stripped down version of his artwork, and he rode that horse beautifully. It was so emotionally convincing, because there was nothing in the way. He's such a pissed off artist. But, all of his issues with the art world and with being an artist didn't apply here. He was the work, so there were no issues with representation. It was like opera. It moved seamlessly. I really thought he should just take this on the road. He didn't really have to do anything else.

But his career took off, and then it was a matter of trying to accommodate that. I don't think he expected that kind of success, in a weird way. Because *Monkey Island* was all about Manhattan, and he's not on Monkey Island. He's an outsider. He actually loved not being the star, although he was so competitive. But he was happiest when he could just work, and not worry about his stature or money. Those [performance] pieces reveal everything about him as an artist. It's like a lack of clothing, a lack of pretense. He's basically communicating with the audience directly; he's not making an environment for the audience to walk through. And so it doesn't have all of that second guessing, and the paranoia, and wondering whether or not the work is going to be accepted. He's demonstrating his ideas 1:1.

Drum of Reversal

TWO DAYS ON MIKE KELLEY

Sunday, November 15
3–7pm

Featuring the US Premiere of documentation of three performances by Mike Kelley at Hallwalls, Buffalo, NY, 1981: *The Monitor and the Merrimac*, *The Big Tent*, *My Space*

Performances, talks, videos, music, and zines by:
Felix Bernstein
Paul Chan
Richard Hawkins
Julia Heyward
Marc Kokopeli
Jennifer Krasinski
Maggie Lee
Danny McDonald
Aki Sasamoto
Nicole-Antonia Spagnola
SoiL Thorton

Abasement
Monday, November 16
7pm–Midnight

Paul McCarthy / Alex Stevens / Rick Potts / John Wiese
Sailor Beware
Tom Thayer
Untitled Noise Night
DJ Flakka and DJ Janusz
Visuals by Vampÿrates

Drum of Reversal is generously supported by the Mike Kelly Foundation for the Arts.

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Design: Eric Wrenn Office, New York

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Front and back cover: Poster for performance of *The Monitor and the Merrimac*, *The Big Tent*, and *My Space* at Hallwalls, Buffalo, New York, April 30, 1981. Courtesy Mike Kelley Foundation for the Arts: Mike Kelley collection, MKFA-01, Exhibition ephemera, 1972–2022.

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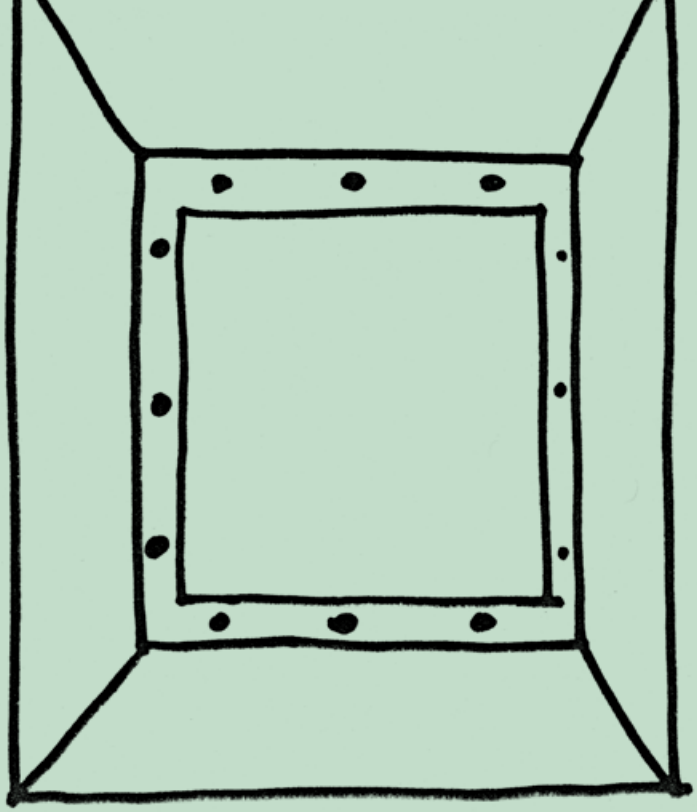
Sharon & Michael Taxter
Rob Teeters
Yuki Terase
Emily Wei Rales
Kristina Wong Foster





THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC
THE BIG TENT
MY SPACE

HALLWALLS

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