

**To launch a special issue of [soanyway.org](http://soanyway.org), an afternoon of talks, readings and conversations on and around the work of avant-garde writer and scholar Richard Kostelanetz.**

Co-organised by and with contributions from: David Berridge (VerySmallKitchen), Michael Butterworth (Corridor8), Rachel Lois Clapham (Open Dialogues), and Derek Horton ([Soanyway.org](http://Soanyway.org)). There will be a series of readings from Richard Kostelanetz's *On Innovative Performance(s)*; a fascinating thirty year collection of Kostelanetz's typed notes-cards from the 1960-1980 New York performance art scene. The presentation explores Kostelanetz as chief chronicler, enthusiast and performance Neanderthal.



M R I C C H H A A E R L D  
B K U O T S T T E E R L W A O N R E T T H Z

*Vito Acconci Claims (private loft, 93 Grand Street). I'd not seen any of Vito's new performance pieces-at least not since the deep breathing at N.Y.U a year and one-half ago, which I liked more in contextual retrospect than I did then. Always 'experimenting with himself' so to speak, he sets up a situation hazardous, initially to himself, whose results compromise the piece. For example, he had the Post Office forward his mail to the Museum of Modern Art, where he had to go and pick it up. Or he does the same exercise (such as jumping on and off a stool) for a fixed period of time every day. Or he burns the hair off his chest. The term 'body art' might be appropriate, because what happens to his body is now the content. 'Conceptual Art' is really a more accurate epithet. For Claims Vito sat at the bottom of a stairway with a collection of long poles. Blindfolded, he assigned himself the job of protecting his territory - the bottom of the stairway- from intruders. A close-circuit camera was trained on him, and the results were immediately broadcast 'live' on a TV monitor upstairs, as well as recorded on videotape. Thus, his voice could be heard not only through the door leading downstairs but also over the electronic playback system. He did this for a full four hours, constantly mumbling to himself that he had to protect his territory; but nothing else 'happened' or changed in the course of the performance. The audience never numbered more than a dozen people, most of whom were (like me) his friends. (September 1971)*

Excerpt *On Innovative Performance(s) : Three Decades of Recollections on Alternative Theater* Richard Kostelanetz, Hardback by McFarland & Company 1994