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ALEX ALEXANDER

## Patrick Scully and Ric Oquita:

### *Nebel and Neblina*

(Patrick's Cabaret,

January 31 - February 8, 1997)

*Editor's note: 1) The editor has no idea what the subtitle means. 2) ptc humbly thanks the author for the compliment in Paragraph One. 3) The editor has been dismayed at the apparent reluctance by the contributing population to take her up on her offer to submit "exploratory or alternative" modes of writing about live art. Therefore, with gratitude we present (drum roll, please):*

## Unexpurgated from "The Sea Is A Cruel Mistress: Memoirs 1993-97"

Aaaaargh! Help me, Lord...said I'd do an article for *performance twincities* (a damn good-looking publication), about a performance/installation created by Patrick Scully and Ric Oquita, *Nebel and Neblina*. Patrick's Cabaret had been closed down by the Fire Marshall ... not up to code. Yet another example of good fortune coming out of what appears to be a setback ... 'cuz then, the Cabaret received tons of press, local artists held numerous benefits, and the Cabaret and Patrick were given much well-deserved community support.

But, back to ME! How, by all that is holy, do reviewers do their jobs? Sure, I can always write about MOI. Anything else, forget it, 'cuz articulation, and especially any sorta linear thought process ... Whoa! Ha! Indeed, I'm doin' good using words like "gee," "man-oh-man," "wow," "yikes," and "great work." "Dang! now

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THAT reeeally resonates" means I was deeply touched and/or inspired. Usually, I simply make noises: "OOO-OOO," "Blech," "Mmmhuhumm," "ngNGngng," or a long "aieeee." Although, perhaps it is simply the inability to put into words the truth of that which the Dietary favors. Say what???

Okay. So, the "N"-words mean "fog" in German and Spanish, respectively. Paddy (can't help myself calling him that 'cuz I love him 'n like to tease him) 'n Ric made fog for the cozy group of the 20 of us allowed in at a time (felt like a good party), had us build a house of cards (my fingers were too fat), and then gave us scripts we had to share, leading us on a "journey" thru' the labyrinth of the 107-year-old building. Following the mild, pure script (the complete entertainment was loaded with metaphor and symbolism operating on at least four or five levels of consciousness), we moved in convivial clusters up, down, an' in 'n out. "Thus the superior man discriminates between high and low." Ahem! What made it ever so interesting to ME is the incredibly vivid dream I had that night, triggered by the performance, I bet. Horses (w/o names heh heh). Picasso versions of giant powerful dead steeds lying upside-down in brownish-red mud. Castrated; their organs, resembling large leather ottomans, flung

haphazardly about. Actually, there is nothing nonsensical here, considering the number of phallic images gently and, to me, blurrily incorporated in the performance (with bodies attached to them, unless I missed something, which is highly likely, since I often overlook the obvious, focusing instead on the floor or a hangnail wherever I may be), using film projected onto the water sitting in a half-filled bathtub, dark windowpanes outside, the steam rising from teakettles rowdily boiling away on the gas range in the kitchen (Patrick had lived in the space for many years), a mini-geyser emanating from a garden hose in the backyard (this is February man, talk about cold ... icydicey) and, even the roof of a neighboring garage. Fog, mirrors, fire, darkness and light were all used to obscure and reveal meaning; the interactive, self-guided tour felt like a misty reverie. "est" would say we were all "showing-up" as "ourselves." YES! I admit to being suckered in by my search for a way to SUCCESS; only now I choose to be just another garden-variety human bean; much easier ....

Opening the show, Patrick demonstrated for us how it is possible for two opposing elements to combine, creating a new, third element. This hopeful message, reminding one of the endless possibilities life has to offer each of us, was demonstrated throughout the mercifully short event,

exploring the uses of different terminology. Let me clarify what I mean by "short." Speaking only for MOI, too many productions are waaay too long for my lacey brain and/or my good ... I can only absorb so much before shutting down and wishing I were anywhere but there. My philosophy is leave 'em wanting more, as well as to use *whatever is at hand*. Most likely the result of being impatient, old, and crabby. The beautiful work, *Nebel and Neblina*, that Mr. Oquita and Mr. Scully offered us combined talent, ingenuity, and thoughtfulness, as well as including MY top priorities: recycling through the use of what's right at hand, and a keen sense of timing, which kept me engaged.

AFFIRMATION!!! ... Gotta go get some fishies to stare at for however long it takes to get me to emotionally return to La Mer, my beloved; however, before I do I'd best write about N&N as I said I would. Hope these recollections are as interesting to future readers as they are to Joe, the Yale divinity student down the hall from me. Doubt if the fact that he's mentally ill matters. So many of us are these days and I don't mean that in a bad way either. Like my obsession with the fishies that live in the sea ....

—Alex Alexander