

**"A DECADE OF PERFORMANCES...NOT MADE IN JAPAN"**

*A LECTURE/PERFORMANCE BY ROGER SHIMOMURA*

*47TH INAUGURAL PRESENTATION IN THE CUSTOM OF RECOGNIZING  
DISTINGUISHED PROFESSORS UPON THEIR APPOINTMENT*

*SPENCER ART MUSEUM/UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS/LAWRENCE, KANSAS*



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## "A DECADE OF PERFORMANCES...NOT MADE IN JAPAN"

47th DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR INAUGURAL SPEECH  
SPENCER ART MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS, FEBRUARY 1, 1996:

### **PARTICIPANTS:**

Lecturer:	Roger Shimomura
Head Technician:	Joel Sanderson
Slide operator:	Sylvie Rueff
Singer:	Kelley Hunt
Kurogo:	Keiko Kira

**SLIDES, AUDIO, & LIVE:** Room is dark. Keiko (Fisherman), illuminated by low light, stands behind front podium (elevated), dressed in wading pants, raincoat, fingerless gloves, ski mask and hat. The podium is red and has the number 26 on it. She holds fishing pole and reels in, checks bait, then lets line out. People enter auditorium. Covering the walls are slides of Point no Point, Washington. Every 2-3 minutes, the slide changes to another slide of Point no Point. Sound of surf crashing & sea gulls in background. At last set of slides Roger enters stage opposite Keiko, turns on lamp and takes seat. Keiko steps down from podium, turns off light and exits with fishing pole. (She goes to slide room to change to kurogo). Sound of ocean & sea gulls fades.

**TEXT (begins):** It seriously started, in 1984, when I thought it would be nice to own a video camera in order to make my (Slide: Bill Dance) home video version of "Championship Fishing w/Bill Dance". But, instead of bass fishing on Lake Okeechobee, Florida, my version (Slide: Salmon & fishermen) would be about King Salmon fishing at Point no Point, Washington, an annual summer vacation spot for my children and me since 1978 (Slide: Out). Every morning we would arise at 5 a.m. to the smell of gasoline and fish, buy fresh bait, and head out in a small kicker boat, for the short ride to the point. There, depending on the direction of one of the swiftest and trickiest currents in Puget Sound, we would lower and work our baits through the fishery and assorted rip tides. After twice letting out 150' of line, then erratically reeling it in so that the bait would

imitate a crippled herring, it would be time to kick back to the point, for the current, with the speed of a river had, by then, carried our boat out to water that was too deep. Then every evening we would repeat this process till darkness fell and it was time to go back to the cabin. So in the summer of 1984, though it was a nuisance, I brought my video camera aboard every day in an attempt to capture some of these nicest moments of my summer. By the end of the week, I had taken many, many hours of footage of fishing techniques, sundry fishing tackle and even lessons on the proper way to cut bait.

Typically, like every new camera owner I spent the rest of the summer shooting lengthy footage of famous landmarks, favorite campsites, the *(VIDEO: Party at Bob & Fay Jones)* Pike Place Market, and dinner parties with old friends, who in the presence of a video camera, would be eager to make fools of themselves. Having gotten most of that out of my system, I returned to Lawrence in the fall and found myself reviving some old ideas from my days spent studying filmmaking as a graduate student at Syracuse University. Performance art *(VIDEO: Syracuse Performance)* was a regular two week segment of the basic design classes I was teaching as a Graduate Teaching Assistant in 1967-69, so the seeds for teaching this discipline, were planted early.

For part of my thesis requirement I wrote, directed and performed my first performance/lecture entitled "The Pop Culture and Andy Warhol". *(Slide: Black and white photo of me at the lecture)*. In presenting this survey of Pop Art, with an in-depth focus on Andy Warhol, I checked out almost every piece of audio visual equipment from media services and assembled a tongue-in-cheek interpretation of Andy Warhol *(Slide: Out)*. *(Video: Faux Warhol)* I forged a 16 film on Warhol, titling it "Back", claiming that I discovered the film, undocumented, in the New York Public Library. I fabricated an exclusive interview with Warhol, interviewing instead, one of my fellow graduate students in sculpture, with a 45 record of one of Warhol's famous parties, playing in the background supplying ambient party sounds complete with Viva and Ultra

Violet, all supplying the answers I needed to support my stance.

**AUDIO:** Syracuse Warhol interview.

**TEXT:** Everyone believed what they heard and learned more than they realized about Andy Warhol, but I learned something even more about Performance Art.

Following those two graduate years in upstate New York, my first teaching offer was as a faculty member in filmmaking at Wisconsin State University in Whitewater, Wisconsin, a job that I was to turn down in favor of the lowest paying job of the several offers that I was fortunate enough to receive.

During one of the early years at KU, when classes were taught on the top floor of Strong Hall, I used my position as Coordinator of the Freshman Foundation Program, to leverage my way into teaching basic 3D design. With video equipment as large as the early computers, I once again introduced performance art into my classes. (Slide: KU design class) But after offending several of my senior Design Department colleagues for projects that were deemed inappropriate for freshmen students, I was summarily returned to the Art Department and did not resurface with Performance Art for another 12 years

(Slide: Out).

So, upon returning to Lawrence from Seattle, in the fall of 1984, I was filled with a new sense of creative excitement with my new video equipment. During that fall I remember attending a faculty show opening at the Kansas Union Gallery and seeing, then Lawrence choreographer-dancer Marsha Paludan, with whom I was casually acquainted with at the time. I mentioned to her my interest in pursuing some ideas in video, that were similar in content to my paintings. We both felt that it might be worthwhile to experiment with

videotaping live performers in my studio (*Video: Marsha, Mary Lynn & Laura dancing*). Eventually Marsha began to bring 2 to 3 dancers over every Wednesday evening where they would dance and improvise while wearing kimonos and face masks. Eventually, the potential for serious work became apparent. Shortly thereafter I began asking friends to assist me in shooting short (*Video: Pearl Harbor piece*) vignettes of scenes from my grandmother's diaries, as represented in the painting series, called the "Diary Series", executed from 1980-83. At the time my theatrical interests were limited in exploring only, the implied events implicit both before and after the frozen moment or composition of the painting.

In November of 1984 I decided to have a coming out party by challenging myself to stage a short piece at the Kellas Gallery here in Lawrence, entitled "Toku's Dance" (*Video: Toku's Dance, low audio*). While the piece was virtually content-less, it did provide me with an opportunity to combine dance, choreography, music, lighting and props, along with the more mundane chores of organizing, publicizing, and schlepping, all requisite tasks for producing even a minor piece such as this.

With, perhaps, a premature sense of accomplishment and confidence, I accepted an invitation from the Music Department to collaborate with a composer in producing a short piece for the Symposium of Contemporary Music, in the University Theatre. I was recommended to Jim Stringer, then Director of Sound for Centron (Film) Corporation, to write a collaborative piece for what was to become the first act of the "Seven Kabuki Plays"

**AUDIO:** (Low volume, music from 7 Kabuki Plays)

**TEXT:** This 14 minute performance (*Slide: Act I, Superman*) depicted the events that occurred in my grandmother's life on Pearl Harbor Day, 1941, as described in her war time diary. I quote: "December 7, 1941: When I got back from

church today, I heard the dreamlike news that Japanese airplanes had bombed Hawaii. I was surprised beyond belief. (Slide: Act I, Grandma standing) I sat in front of the radio and listened to the news all day. It was said that this morning at 6 p.m. Japan declared war on the United States. Our future has become gloomy. I pray that God will stay with us." The previously described experiment on this theme turned out to be helpful in informing this rather elaborate effort. In this first performance attempt, I introduced the roles of stage attendants, (Slide: Act I, Grandma w/kurogos) dressed in black, known in Kabuki Theatre, as "Kurogo", performance assistants meant to be unseen during the performance (Slide: Out).

**LIVE:** Kurogo (Joel) clacks, once, while Kurogo (Keiko) runs down the aisle with a pitcher of ice water and a glass. Kurogo leaves them at podium with Roger, then quickly disappears as Joel clacks rapidly.

**TEXT :** When writing "Pearl Harbor Day", (Slide: Act I, Grandma w/blue radio) one self imposed requirement was to move the performance through a similar composition that existed in the corresponding Diary painting (Slide: Diary painting) executed around 4 years earlier. After the initial presentation at Crafton-Preyer, I decided to extend the idea into a full fledged theatre piece (Slide: Out).

**LIVE:** Keiko gives away storyboard of "Seven Kabuki Plays" to a member of the audience.

**TEXT:** Not aware, at the time, of how long this piece would ultimately become, I presented Act I and two additional acts at Washburn University 4 months later.

**AUDIO (KIMIKO'S VOICE):** "December 12, 1941: (Slide: Act II, S.M.behind screen) I spent all day at home. Starting from today we were permitted to withdraw \$100 from the bank. (Slide: Diary Painting) This was for our sustenance of life, we who are enemy to them. I deeply felt America's large heartedness in dealing with us".

**AUDIO KIMIKO'S VOICE:** "February 3, 1942: (Slide: Act III, Long walk) I finally decided to do my fingerprint registration since it had been hanging heavily on my mind. I went to the Post Office with Mrs. Sasaki. (Slide: Diary Painting) We finished the strict registration at 11 a.m. I feel that a heavy load has been taken off my mind" (Slide out)

**TEXT:** Approximately 6 months after the Topeka performance, two acts were added for a performance at Emporia State University.

**AUDIO: (KIMIKO'S VOICE):** "August 27, 1942 (Slide: Act IV, Kurogo pulling), "Storm, what a view! I have never seen such a dust storm. I stayed in my room and looked out the window (Slide: Diary Painting). It was so dark we were all afraid to move. Pessimistic words came out of everyone's mouth. We were sent to such a harsh place! (Slide: Out)"

**TEXT:** "May 21, 1942: (Slide: Act V, Bologna & wieners) Lunch today was wieners and\_once again for dinner it was bologna. I had a poor appetite". (Slide: Diary Painting) Finally, all seven acts were performed at Southwestern College in Winfield, Kansas almost two years after the initial showing at KU.

**AUDIO (KIMIKO'S VOICE):** "December 25, 1942: (Slide: Act VI, Xmas) The muddy ground was completely covered by the white snow. It was like a beautiful white cloth and a suitable sight for Christmas. (Slide: Diary Painting.) Radio emitted melodies of Christmas. We happily sat at our family table. At 9 p.m. Santa Claus appeared.(Slide: Out) For these moments I forgot where I was."

**TEXT:** Act VII (Slide: Act VII, Montage), was a summary of the previous 6 acts presented in montage fashion, which, (Slide: Untitled Painting) stylistically

resembled the new series of paintings that I was working on during that time  
(Slide out).

**AUDIO:** "Kabuki Plays" audio fades out

**TEXT:** In the early winter of 1985, I began to make plans to write my next performance piece. The idea of writing this piece during one continuous period of uninterrupted time, for some reason, interested me. Friends from Ogden, Utah, told me about the Trans-Siberian Railroad and how they have always wanted to take the 6,000 mile journey across the Soviet Union. The idea intrigued me. My friend David Katzman loaned me a book called the "Little Red Train". After reading this I knew that I had found my place to write my next performance.

*(NOTE: To be performed only if David or Sharyn is in audience:*

*LIVE: One loud clack (Joel). Kurogo comes to podium, takes book and returns it to David (or Sharyn))*

*TEXT: Now, 10 years later, I am finally returning this book to him with much appreciation and apologies for keeping it this long.*

**TEXT:** For seven days and nights, armed with audio tapes of music ranging from 1960's post bop jazz to Japanese rock and roll, a sketch book and a dozen yellow pads, I drafted piece after piece as I gazed at the passing landscapes of the Great Wall of China, Outer and Inner Mongolia, the Gobi Dessert, then, finally, a partially frozen Lake Baykal. From there the train swung westward and travelled through the entire distance of Siberia finally reaching Moscow a week later. By then, a total of 20 pieces were drafted and were to be polished during late evenings in Leningrad, and London.

A week after returning to America and after driving to Seattle for my annual summer trek, disaster struck. I left my locked van for 10 minutes as I ran inside a friend's house to see if he was ready for dinner. In that short time someone broke the window of my van and took my tote bag which was filled with two



checkbooks, \$2,000 in cash, a favorite ring, my Polaroid camera, my 35 mm Nikon camera, two portable tape recorders, approximately 100 Polaroids of the trip and over 300 slides, recently processed but unopened and unviewed in their boxes. After filing a police report I suddenly recalled that my script book was also in that bag, I had lost everything that I had written over the past two months! I immediately set about trying to recollect the contents of the scripts, and by the end of the summer I had recovered 18 of the 20 pieces. Two were lost forever. To this day, whenever I mention my trip around the world to my friends, they say, with the cruelest intentions in mind, "You went where?...prove it". (Slide: Soviet Pepsi bottle) "This is the only slide of a Polaroid that survives from the trip. I had sent it to my Mom while on the trip, then repossessed it that summer. (Slide out)

The "Trans-Siberian Excerpts" eventually became a suite of 9 pieces ranging from 4 to 15 minutes in length.

**LIVE:** Keiko gives away a storyboard of "Trans-Siberian Excerpts" to a member of the audience.

**TEXT:** At all of the performances the audience was kept out of the theater until it was time to begin. When the doors were open they were greeted by a room filled with fake smoke and the loud sound of a train running on tracks. Kurogos were situated all around the room simulating searchlights with their flashlights assisting people in finding their seats.

After everyone was seated, two performers dressed as Soviet guards (Slide: 2 Soviet guards) performed manual of arms before changing to costumes of Japanese (Slides: two male dancers) male comic dancers. This was followed by a film and performance piece entitled "Set me Free", (Slide: of "Set me Free"), a feminist statement about post-war Japanese women, "What Killed Grandma" (Slide: of G.M. & blood pressure"), was a video and performance dialogue that explored the events and objects, that might have contributed to

my grandmother's high blood pressure and (Slide: G.M. dead) ultimately her death. "Moon Seen as Exiles" (Slide: Marsha under umbrella), was a parody based upon an poem on the internment (Slide: "Rock-1") camp juxtaposed to another poem about the plight (Slide: "Cheeseburger rock-2") of season ticket holders to Jayhawk football games. "Junko's Song" (Slide: "Junko's Song") was a lip synch to a "cutesy" Japanese Pop song with visual references to symbolic objects and suicide. "Minidoka Girls" (Slides: "Minidoka Girls") a pantomime to an angry poem written by (Slide: Fire) one of the older internees, "Hymn" (Slide: "Hymn"), was meant to be a comment on war, sushi and the Hawaiian Japanese Americans veterans using objects that have been previously depicted in my paintings. The final and most difficult piece was called "3 Haiku" (Slide: "Blue"). This was a very complex performance for me to write. The Haikus, discovered among my grandmother's writings, were (Slide: Out): Number one: "This is the place where I bury the bones of my son who died in the war." Number two: "For twenty years I raised my son to make him an enemy of my country?" Number three: "Drafted by our enemy, my son learned the Japanese language." Dividing this poem into three parts, I could not make the images correspond to the words and flow with compounded meanings. I decided to reverse the lines and found the new order to be far more interesting in its implications. Therefore, the piece began with a suicide (Slide: Harakiri) followed by flowers being removed from the disemboweled belly. The same male figure made a transition to a kimonoed figure who slowly (Slide: Removing flowers) deflowers a plant, then turns into (Slide: Monk's walk) a disgraced monk that roams the countryside. Near the end of the piece, the figure finally transforms into an (Slide: Dancer) angry young male figure that devilishly dances to Japanese rock and roll music (Slide: Out).

During the time that the "Trans-Siberian Excerpts" were being performed, I accepted an invitation to write an outdoor performance piece for the annual outdoor Spring festival at Eastern Illinois University in 1987. Using video footage

of traditional Japanese festival dancing (Slide: Dance on Video) I asked Marsha Paludan to extrapolate certain dance movements that she (Slide: More Dance) translated as being typically Japanese. I instructed her to combine these movements to make a new "Japanese dance" (Slide out). Simultaneously, music for this dance was being written in collaboration with local musician/artist/hair stylist, Marty Olson.

**AUDIO:** Play audio tape of Funky Odori, low volume.

**TEXT :** Given only audio tapes of a sampling of Japanese festival dance music, Marty was instructed to maintain the melodic essence of this music but to funk the beat up, really good. Marsha was then instructed to teach this dance to Joe Reichlin and Kevin Crawford who were performing in the "Excerpts" at the time, both of whom were unfamiliar with any kind of Asian dance. Upon arriving at Eastern Illinois University, Marsha and the two dancers enticed festival participants, to join in learning this "Japanese" dance. (Slides: Festival #1) They did so, with hilarious results, the resulting dance (Slide: Festival #2) hardly resembling anything I had ever seen before (Slide: Out).

**AUDIO:** ("Funky Odori music out)

**TEXT:** The experience was reminiscent of telling a story to the person seated in front of you on a bus, and waiting to hear how accurately the story survives after passing through many people. The more serious intention of this piece was to make reference to how all ethnic traditions in this country, mutate as they are passed on from one generation to the next.

In 1989 I wrote and began to perform "California Sushi", another collection of short performance pieces. This program, featured KU graduate, Tony Allard, who currently teaches performance art at the Kansas City Art Institute.

**AUDIO:** Play "Haiku Rap" , one version completely. Then out.

**LIVE:** While "Haiku Rap" plays, Keiko gives away a storyboard of "California Sushi" to a member of the audience.

**TEXT :** This program began with a piece called "Make Rice, not War" (*VIDEO: "Make Rice not War"*). In strict stylized, military movements, to the "Stars and Stripes Forever" , Tony filled the rice cooker with raw rice and plastic soldiers. All through the performance the rice cooker could be heard cooking until the end of the program when the kurogo removes the lid and scoops out a generous portion of cooked rice and toy soldiers and places this mixture in a rice bowl for all to see as they exit the theatre.

**TEXT:** "Valeda Daze" was a piece (*VIDEO: "Valeda Daze"*) that referred to the white only clause that existed in the bylaws of the Greek system at my undergraduate alma mater, through the 1960's, forcing ethic groups to have their own segregated social organizations. Valeda was what the Japanese American girls called their group. As a subtext to "Valeda Daze" , I depicted myself at the age of 18, dancing the cha, cha to Frankie Avalon during my first year at the University of Washington, and then again, at the age of 50, still trying to relive those days, except now, ineptly dancing to the wrong music. On the video, the Asian American girl prefers to dance with the inflated Superman, but ends up emasculating him by pulling out his plug.

This act of emasculation was vociferously protested by (*Video of Doty Dancing*) Professor Carolyn Doty, who repeatedly stated her unique affection for the dancing skills of this oversized superhero.

"K.I.K.E." was a complex (*VIDEO: "K.I.K.E."*) word play piece that was inspired by an actual incident in Lawrence in the mid 70's. In a bar I was asked by a Jewish female acquaintance if I knew what a J.A.P. was. "Are you kidding?" , I said , at which point she said quickly, no. Not that. It's a Jewish American

Princess. Since that time I had read, seen and heard countless numbers of articles, TV shows and jokes regarding the Jewish American Princess phenomenon but have never heard one disclaimer as to why that acronym buzzed with such familiarity.

To make a very long and complex piece short this piece contends that Japanese American girls call each other the acronym "K.I.K.E.", standing for kinky, immature, kimono, empress. The first time I performed this piece was at the opening of my first show at the Bernice Steinbaum Gallery, in New York City. Prior to performing this piece I previewed it for Bernice and her partner Judy Krauss, both Jewish women. After seeing the piece, they both enthusiastically agreed that it should be seen at the opening. Following the performance of K.I.K.E., none of us were prepared for the emotional responses of several of the Jewish persons in attendance. The general sense was that the piece was fair, enlightening, and educational. In only one case was the response negative, and that directly resulted in the cancellation of an earlier sale.

"Tai-pan Cappy" was (*VIDEO: "Tai Pan Cappy"*) a video piece. The setting is in a bar in Japan where an English speaking interviewer asks questions to "Tai-pan Cappy", a veteran of many years living in Japan, but who is uninfluenced and unimpressed by Japanese culture. This is evidenced by the answers that Cappy gives to questions, such as his favorite singers, which, when answered in Katakana, a syllabary for Western words, is understood to even non Japanese speaking viewers as being American.

"He" was an (*VIDEO: "He"*) autobiographical piece where a blonde Japanese American girl relates to objects that have been assigned symbolic content in my paintings. As she holds each piece, the reader, recites a story that gives the historical background to each object thereby explaining why the object appears in the paintings.

The next piece was titled "Better Homes" (*VIDEO: "Better Homes"*). It is a popular misconception that the Japanese Americans who were interned in concentration camps accepted this injustice willingly and without protest. The lyrics recited in this piece were discovered among my late grandmother's writings. While behind barbed wire, deep into the night, the first generation Issei would gather and sing these lyrics to old Japanese folk melodies thereby dispelling this myth.

"Yellow no Same" was a (*VIDEO: "Yellow no Same"*) dialogue between slides and video, that attempted to educate the audience on how to distinguish between things Japanese and Chinese. The format for this piece was simple. For example, a video excerpt of Kabuki Theatre would appear on the left screen. A voice with a Japanese accent would identify the video by saying, "This is Kabuki Theatre". Then a slide image of "Chinese Opera" would appear on the right screen. A voice with a Chinese accent would say, "This is Chinese Opera". The video image on the left would change to a sign along with a voice in a Japanese accent who would say, "Chinese Opera is not Japanese". These distinctions would continue to be made back and forth and would cover such comparisons as Toshiro Mifune and Bruce Lee, Sushi and Dim Sum, Kimono and Chong Sum, long and short grain rice, etc.

The theme of "Yellow no Same" was frequently used in my paintings and prints. The converse expression, "Yellow all Same" was directly appropriated from a poem by poet Lawson Inada. Lawson pointed out that during the wartime relocation hysteria, zealous Chinese American restaurant operators, attempted to capitalize upon the closure of Japanese restaurants by advertising that their restaurants would continue to offer, "essentially", the same "yellow" cuisine.

**LIVE:** Kelko passes out Yellow no (all) Same buttons to audience.

**TEXT:** "Yellow all Same" was also a self deprecating term that represented

the Anglo America's point of view that all Asians looked and thought alike. The only positive usage of this term represented the coalescence of all Asian groups to form a larger, united, political presence that watched out for the best interests of all Asian people.

Around 1990 I heard my youngest daughter speak Japanese which she had been studying for a year. I remembering cringing, inside, when I heard the severity of her English accent, for she had no feeling for the native sound of the language because she had no contact with her immigrant great grandmother. This experience led me to the realization that the history of the Japanese Americans was, in effect, over. It was soon after this, while teaching performance art at Carleton College, in Northfield, Minnesota, I began writing a major piece entitled "The Last Sansei Story". (Slides: Making of "Sansei Story #1") This piece, in three acts, was an homage to the three (Slide: Making #2:) generations of Japanese Americans. Three (Slide: Making #3:) years later, with the assistance of a cast and crew of 21 people and with a remarkable (Slide: Making #4:) audio track developed by local composer and technician, Joel Sanderson, the piece was performed at Haskell Indian Junior College in the Spring of 1993 (Slide: Out).

**LIVE:** Keiko gives away storyboard of "Sansei Story" to member of the audience.

**TEXT:** "Sansei Story" lead off with a 14 minute prelude on my grandmother's (Slide: Port Arthur) written account of her part as a Red Cross Nurse in the famous Battle of Port Arthur during the Russian Japan War.

The first act, called the "Issei" or first generation, covered topics beginning with (Slide: Photo brides) the "immigration of the photo brides". Entries from my grandmother's early diaries inspired many of these initial segments. (Slide: Kerry clockhead)

**LIVE:** Kurogo (Keiko) passes out some cards to the audience.

**TEXT:** During many of the sub-portions of this act, (Slide: Out) kurogos darted in and out of the auditorium involved in activities ranging from performing a religious communion ceremony on one individual in the audience, to passing out cards with pictures of some of the 1,000 babies that my midwife grandmother delivered during her career. Most of this activity, by design, went unnoticed by the audience, providing special experiences for small groups of people.

**LIVE:** Kurogo (Keiko) passes out posters of "Campfire Diary".

**TEXT:** The second act, called the "Nisei" was a rewrite of the "7 Kabuki Plays". Most of the same (Slides: Campfire Diary, Superman) camp entries from my grandmother's diaries were reconfigured as a solo piece for Tony Allard. (Slide: Campfire Diary, Kabuki) This second act piece was also known as "Campfire Diary" and toured to 12 venues across the United States (Slide: Campfire Diary, Santa Claus) from 1993 through 1995. The third act recollected events and issues from my own life as a Sansei, or third generation Japanese American. (Slide: Cheerleader) This act covered such topics such as the "Model Minority Myth", (Slide: Superman) stereotypes of Asians created on TV and the movies, Asian American sororities, Japan bashing, (Slide: Hubcap) and finally ended with a reference to the paintings (Slide: Tammy Fay) that I was working on at the time called the "Return of the Yellow Peril" (Slide: Dwane), a tongue-in-cheek situation where America's (Slide: Burroughs) worst fears were realized as the Japan economy takes over this country (Slide: Cheng), starting with my friends in Lawrence, Kansas (Slide: Out).

One performance, in conjunction with the installation piece I did for the 42nd Street Art Project (Slide: "Yellow Potluck"), summer, 1994 was particularly enjoyable in designing. Only in New York could you successfully put out a request out for the combination of a Chinese Opera performer and contemporary performance artist. Within three hours I was put in contact with



Kwang Yu Fong who had exactly those qualifications. For the series of press openings, Kwang Yu, (Slide: Kwang Yu Fong) wearing Chinese Opera makeup and dressed in Western attire, danced to Chinese Opera music while handing out fortune cookies (Slide: Kwang Yu Fong #2) that said: "Fortune Cookies are not Japanese". To illustrate how dangerous it is to generalize and how we all have something to learn, Kwang Yu sharply pointed out to me that fortune cookies were not Chinese either. (Slide: Out)

My last performance, "Songs for a Rickshaw Boy", (Slide: Kelley) featuring singer Kelley Hunt, represented a 4 stage, progressively desperate attempt for this person to acculturate. This piece, like the installation and most recent paintings that I have executed, was meant to present the ironies, complexities, and limitations of bi-culturalism. (Slide: out)

**LIGHTING:** Incandescent lights are turned up all the way  
Joel turns on campfire spotlight and follows Kelley

**LIVE:** Kelley enters auditorium and sings. The kurogo, Keiko, follows closely behind her with a sack of groceries. As Kelley sings, she passes out contents of grocery bag to audience. These objects are: A loaf of Wonderbread, potatoes, cokes, apple pie, vanilla ice cream, wieners, hot dog buns, Campbell's ramen, teriyaki mix, Campbell's won ton soup, apples, and catsup and others. (Applause)

**LIGHTING:** Sylvie turn on front florescents too

**TEXT:** Roger gives microphone to Vice Chancellor Schulenburger who makes closing remarks.

**LIGHTING:** Sylvie turns all remaining lights on. Audience exits.

**THE END**

