BACK STAGE

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ALSO AT THE DUPLEX LAST WEEK, I CAUGHT Bronwyn Rucker's solo show. Miss Rucker is what has come to be known as a performance artist, a genre I have some difficulties with on occasion. I cannot see the connection, for instance, between. Karen Findlay's unspeakable on-stage grotesqueries and Lily Tomlin's sheer brilliance, yet both are called performance artists. But as I can't think of a better term for what Miss Rucker does so well, I'll let it pass.

Her theme show is almost a cabaret opera (she even uses comic leitmotifs to carry a theme), cut with mini-monologues. It's a highly personal vision, and wryly amusing at times in an intellectual sense. It's fraught with significant socio-political and economic commentary, and if she's striving to become, as she says, the archetypal modern Bohemian woman, I'd say she's well on her way. A challenging show, and quite fascinating on its own terms, it's nevertheless what I'd call "limited access." Not everybody is going to get it, or even wants to get it.

What Bronwyn Rucker does is fine, and what she has to say is often even finer. And as she's very good at what she's trying to do, I can't really criticize her act. But I can't help feeling, as I do with many performance artists, that if she really wants to get her message across, she will have to become more accessible to a public which simply doesn't have the attention span or theatrical experience to follow an act like this.