

Williams on bass, and Billy Higgins on drums, swing real hard. 10 p.m., 11:30 p.m., and 1 a.m. **\$12** **\$6**. No credit cards. **Y V**

FUTURE CULT



Ann Hampton Callaway's at the Plaza; get her to do "Blame It On My Youth."

VISIONES. 125 MacDougal St. (673-5576) A comfortable room that offers sound from fusion to far out. Shows 9:30 and 11:30 p.m. **\$3-\$5**. **\$15**. AE, M, V. **Y X V**

THE WEST END CAFE. 2911 Broadway, bet. 113th and 114th sts. (666-9160) Solid jazz in a solid setting with the occasional superstar. 9 p.m., 10:30 p.m., and midnight. **\$6**. **\$7.50** MC, V. AE. **Y X V**

ZINNO. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182) THU-7 THU-14: Pianist Kirk Lightsey and bassist Cecil McBee put some mean spins on the traditional cocktail-duo fare. Music starts at 7 p.m. **\$ none**. **\$10** bar; **\$15** table. AE, M, V. **Y X V**

ROCK/POP CLUBS

THE BITTER END. 147 Bleecker St. (673-7030) Tryout space for young rockers desperately seeking fame and/or a contract. Fri-Sat 8 p.m., 10 p.m., midnight, and 1:30 a.m. Sun-Thu 8 p.m., 9 p.m., 10:30 p.m., and midnight. **\$5** **\$2** drinks. No credit cards. **Y X V**

THE BOTTOM LINE. 15 W. 4th St. (228-6300) Industry showcase club. Beginning THU-7 MON-11: Marsha Malamet and the Renos Foundation present "Renos: A Reunion for AIDS." Featured performers include Barbara Cook, Marvin Hamlisch, Marilyn Sokol, Janis Ian, Phoebe Snow, Jimmy Webb, and Peter Allen. **\$50-\$100**. TUE-12: '60s folk rockers John Stewart and Brewer and Shipley reprise their glory days. Fri-Sat 8:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. Mon, Wed, and Thu 8 p.m. and 11 p.m. **\$11-\$15.50**. No credit cards. **Y V**

THE CAT CLUB. 76 E. 13th St., bet. Broadway and Fourth aves. (505-0090) Looks like a movie set from the '30s; plush room art decoed to the max with a big dance floor. Every Sunday night brings the New York Swing Dance Society to cut a rug to the big band sounds of yesteryear. SUN-10: The Harlem Blues and Jazz Band. 8 p.m. **\$8**.

CBGR. 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052) Dank and dark and the birthplace of punk. The original graffiti is still on the walls. Tue-Thu music begins at 9:30; Fri-Sat at 10:30. **\$5-\$10**. No credit cards. **Y V**

DRUMS. 333 E. 60th St. (308-2333) Newly opened club with promising bills in an unusual

part of town. SAT-9: "I Love the Things You Do to Me," from their *Live Free or Die* album, is climbing up the college radio charts. TUES-12: Full Circle, New Age. WED-13: Sleazebag nonpareil Morton Downey Jr. brings his pimply, cretinous show and audience. Bring a gas mask (for the stench) and ax (to thin out the crowd). 9 p.m. Music usually starts at 11 p.m.; call first. **\$10** (**\$13.50** for Morton Downey Jr.). AE, DC. **Y**

EAGLE TAVERN. 14th St. at Ninth Ave. (924-0275) Pleasant down-home atmosphere in an unpretentious room. Irish music Fri, Sat, Mon 9 p.m. and Bluegrass Sun 4-7:30 p.m. **\$5**. No credit cards. **Y X**

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS. 157 Bleecker St. (473-9870) Entry-level showcase club for dreamers and hopefuls. Music starts nightly at 9 p.m. **\$ varies**. **\$2** drinks. **Y X V**

LONE STAR CAFE. Fifth Ave. and 13th St. (242-1664) There's a giant lizard on the roof, and the stage is in the wrong place, but its the lone spot in town for a guaranteed funky time. THU-7: Asbury night: Jersey shore rockers the Hubcaps and Red House put some sand in your shoes. FRI-8: Rockabilly raver Robert Gordon brings a touch of class to the greasy '50s hangers-on. Plus G. C. Dangerous. SAT-9: Country rockers Asleep at the Wheel, and Deanna Bogart. SUN-10: Eddie Adcock and Talk of the Town, plus Akira Satake Band. MON-11: TUE-12: Blues guitar maniac Buddy Guy and harp master Junior Wells team up again for the smoking, funky Chicago blues that made fans of Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck 25 years ago. Mon-Thu 9:15 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. Fri-Sat music from 9:30 p.m.-3:30 a.m. Sun 8:15 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. **\$3-\$20**. **\$2** drinks. **Y X V**

SIBERIA. 804 Washington St. (463-7845) Hot new club offers nightly music for the hip downtown rock crowd. THU-7: Kazu with Bill Frissell, Greg Cohen, and Dougie Bowne. FRI-8: Big-voiced Debora Iyall, former lead singer of Romeo Void, makes a New York debut. SAT-9: Fresh from a cameo in *Bright Lights*, Big City Zette takes to the stage and unveils his pipes. WED-13: Dough Boys, the Mentors, All (formerly the Descendents). THU-14: Off-kilter guitar player Marc Ribot and the Rootless Cosmopolitans. **\$5-\$6**; Fri-Sat **\$10** after 11 p.m. **Y**

SPEAKEASY. 107 MacDougal St. (598-9670) Walk through a falafel joint to the room in back and catch folk musicians of all types. 8:30 p.m. and 11 p.m. **\$ varies**. V, MC, AE. **Y X**

SWEETWATERS. 170 Amsterdam Ave. (873-4100) THU-7 SAT-9: R&B smoothies Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes. Beginning THU-14: Blue Magic. 9 p.m. and midnight. **\$20**. **\$10**. **Y X V**

TRAMPS. 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077) Blues meets college-radio rock with occasional doses of downtown New York and Irish music. Sun-Mon 9 p.m. Tue-Sat 9:30; additional show at midnight. Fri-Sat **\$5-\$10**. **\$2** drinks. No credit cards. **Y X**

CABARET

ALGONQUIN. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800) With its orange lamps and oak paneling, the Algonquin offers perhaps the last bastion of traditional cabaret gentility. THU-7 THU-14: Singer-pianist

Steve Ross specializes in devil-may-care Cole Porter-Noel Cowardish standards. 9:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m. Closed Sun and Mon. **\$15** Wed-Thu. **\$20** Fri-Sat. **\$15**. Every Sun dinner with singer-pianist Buck Borcholtz. 5:30-10:30 p.m. **Y X V**

THE BALLROOM. 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005) The relatively large, well-placed stage allows this upscale cabaret to present the most theatrically ambitious singers and comedians in town. TUES-6 SAT-9: Satirist Jim Morris does his uncanny impersonation of President Reagan holding a press conference. 9 p.m. THU-7 SAT-9: Singer Mary-Cleere Hagan. 11 p.m. TUE-12 SAT-16: Author, singer and WNEW deejay Jonathan Schwartz. 9 p.m. nightly with additional shows Thu-Sat 11 p.m. **\$15**. **\$2** drinks. **Y X V**

CAFE CARLYLE. In the Carlyle Hotel, 76th St. and Madison Ave. (570-7189) The last citadel of hotel cabaret elegance. Every Tue-Sat: The one and only Bobby Short, longtime master of this room. 10 p.m. and midnight. **\$30**. **\$ none**. Also: in the Belmans Bar, Tue-Sat from 9:45 on, you can have drinks and listen to the superb Barbara Carroll on piano. **\$5**. **\$ none**. **Y X V**

DANNY'S SKYLIGHT ROOM. At the Grand Sea Palace, 346 W. 46th St. (265-8133) **\$12**. **\$10**. Every Wed-Sun: pianist, singer Danny Apolinar in the piano lounge. 9 p.m. **Y X V**

DON'T TELL MAMA. 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788) Go through the piano bar in front to the show room in the back for singers and comedians with a theatrical bent. Singer Amy Coleman's evening of Beatles songs, which plays every Wednesday at 10 p.m., is a highlight among the club's regulars. **\$7-\$10**. **\$2** drinks. **Y X V**

ENCORE ENCORE. 318 W. 45th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (489-6100) A pretty room in the theater district in the process of changing entertainment policy from bigger names to piano music. Call for schedule. **Y X V**

JAN WALLMAN'S. 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930) This tiny but comfortable club features a core of regulars with occasional guest headliners. Of note this week: THU-8: Singer Steven Davis with accompanist extraordinaire Buddy Barnes. 9 and 11 p.m. **\$10** **\$8**. **Y X V**

MICHAEL'S PUB. 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272) Recently expanded, it retains an English-pub intimacy as the room of choice for jazz-pop singers. TUE-7 SAT-9: The great R&B singer Ruth Brown, fresh from her delightful cameo in *Hairspray*. Beginning TUE-12: The excellent actress-chanteuse Julie Wilson, who sings of love and life as someone who knows, returns with a program of Jule Styne tunes, accompanied as ever by the nimble William Roy. Tue-Sat 9:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. **\$** Tue-Thu **\$10**; Fri-Sat **\$15**. **\$2** drinks. **Y**

PANACHE ENCORE. 318 W. 45th St. (489-6357) Music and comedy revues every night of the week. A separate room that you enter through Encore Encore. **\$7-\$12**. **\$8** **Y X V**

PLAZA HOTEL. 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (546-5330) THU-7 THU-14: Ann Hampton Callaway plays piano and sings gorgeously. Tues-Sat 10 p.m.-12:30 a.m. **\$ none**. **\$ none**. **Y X V**



DANCE

European Angst vs. American Cool
CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

by Joan Acocella

The two big issues in dance in the last few years—the two things there have been the most think-pieces about—are 1) what's going to happen with ballet? and 2) why are European and American dance so different, and how do we feel about that? The first question is the hard one, and we'll put it off for a cou-

ple of weeks, until New York City Ballet and American Ballet Theater begin their spring seasons. For now, Europe vs. America.

Ever since the early '50s, when Merce Cunningham and George Balanchine were finally settled with their own companies, avant-garde dance in America has been a formalist enterprise, staking its meanings not on mimodrama (fist in the air = peasants unite; arms open wide = "oh, what a nice big prairie," etc.), but on the mere shape of the movement: how it deploys itself in space, how it unfolds itself in time.

As I say, this has been the avant-garde, and for a while only the rest of the avant-garde liked it. (It was actually a tradition at Cunningham concerts that the audience trickled out the door continually.) But eventually the older, more expressionist choreographers died or went home. By the '70s, the formalists had taken over, and they have led American dance ever since. This is a point that needs to be stressed. Dance never suffered the same loss of faith in abstraction that occurred in the visual arts. As in painting, there has been some "return to content,"—people making dances about getting their periods and

what their parents were like—but this hasn't lasted. Aside from Martha Graham, who is 93 years old, and some young people in the East Village who like to do things with Batman capes and Barbie dolls, al-

There have been danced *Hamlets* and *Eugene Onegin*s, *Miss Julies* and *Three Sisters*. Lest modern French philosophy go unchoreographed, Maurice Béjart has made ballets based on *Huis clos* and *La Condition humaine*. For the Paris Opera Ballet, Nureyev created a *Washington Square*, based on Henry James. At the Berlin Opera Ballet, Valéry Panov did *The Idiot* and *War and Peace*—a duo that would have pretty much have won him the literary ambition award had Roland Petit not weighed in with a ballet based on *Remembrance of Things Past*.

When not drawn from big novels, these dances still have big themes, the favorite being history, specifically modern history, with its parade of violence, despair, and anomie. This is the sole subject of Pina Bausch, the 47-year-old German who at this moment is the most influential choreographer in Europe. And as that fact should suggest, apocalyptic ballet is not confined to the opera-house rear guard. Bausch and her cohort do it differently from Béjart and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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DANCE

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Nureyev, but they all do it. If you flip through the photographs in any given issue of *ballett International*, the German magazine that covers the European dance scene, you will experience something like a ride through hell: horrid little clowns sticking out wet, pink tongues at us, people in hospital gowns shivering in mud-smeared rooms, women in their underwear wandering through fields of phallic cacti.

Sex is almost always part of the picture. Indeed, one of the things that Americans find most surprising about this work is the obsession with sexual repression. Here is a description, from another dance journal, of a new work by Hans van Manen, one of Holland's leading choreographers.

"Six rather frustrated and doomed couples dance out their repressions and aggressions by pushing and pulling each other. One couple stands out: Wolfgang Stollwitzer, a bundle of raw energy that rages in his body, finally exploding in spasms and jerks, and

Keil, who watches him coolly before yielding to his desires. From this develops a fierce fight that leaves them both losers, with Stollwitzer perishing finally on the floor, a heap of shaking and quivering twitches."

When we were kids, we were told that the Europeans were way ahead of us in sex. What happened? These people seem to be reading their Freud for the first time. Their treatment of the ballet classics is in the same vein. They are constantly dickering with the plots so that we'll realize what that nutcracker really stands for, and they lay all this in front of us with an air of triumphant discovery.

No one as yet has plausibly explained why this should be happening—why, in the global village, there should be this huge divide of taste, with European looking to us so naive and we looking to them, as in turn we often do, so cold

and shallow. One possibility is that these two kinds of dance are not created for parallel audiences. It may be, in other words, that American formalist dance is made for an artier audience, and that arty audiences also go for it in Europe. (Cunningham sells out in Paris.) Likewise, European sex-and-angoisse ballet may be made largely for middle-class professionals—who also favor it here. (The brownstone crowd seems well represented at Pina Bausch's New York seasons.)

But insofar as there is an actual artistic disagreement between the two dance cultures, it certainly has to do, in part, with differing experiences of two world wars. In the loss of old-world culture after World War I, Europe had more at stake than we. Also, we didn't lose either war. Needless to say, Germany in particular has some things to work out and it is no surprise that

the bleakest work comes from Germany.

In any case, if you want to see the difference with your own eyes, call up the box office (718-636-4100) at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Mark Morris, this country's most talented young formalist, will be performing there with his group May 17-22. Then, a month later (June 27-July 10), Pina Bausch arrives with her Tanztheater Wuppertal. They will kick off their season with *Viktor*, in which, the brochure enthusiastically announces,

"Towering walls of earth surround the stage. An anonymous figure shovels earth onto the dancers below. An armless woman smiles hideously at the audience. In this, Pina Bausch's most brilliant and nerve-shattering work to date, eroticism and sex, sadness and aggression, are embodied in a world of frightening chaos."

Sounds like the real McCoy.

DANCE
Around Town

COMING UP

OH! CANADA!



James Kudelka choreographed his first ballet at age 14. He left his first company, the mostly classical National Ballet of Canada, seven years ago, and now, at 31, choreographs full-time for Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, which comes to the Brooklyn Academy of Music on April 12.

They bring two new Kudelka works: *Le Sacre du Printemps*, to Stravinsky's powerful score ("I did it for the challenge, more than anything else," the choreographer states), and *La Salle des Pas Perdus* (*The Waiting Room*), to Brahms. (Also on the two BAM programs will be David Bintley's *Consort Lessons* and Bronislava Nijinska's *Les Noces*.) The Brahms is a dance in four movements that looks like the outtakes from an evening-length work—it's sur-

prisingly academic. What about a full-length ballet? Kudelka states, "I'd like to do a full-length, but I'm questioning the formal structures. After all, what does a character like a gypsy mean to us in 1988?" Furthermore, his company is in transition right now: "There's a swing toward classicism, but I feel I must protect the modern sensibility. Anyone smart enough wouldn't want to dance just ballet—that's so subservient." Still, Kudelka is part of that swing; he's that rare young choreographer who understands the physics of pointe-work and uses a classical vocabulary—with a contemporary twist. Early on, the *New York Times*' Anna Kisselgoff hailed him as the "Harold Pinter of ballet." Kudelka explains: "I think it's because my dances have gaps that the mind fills in. I'm not sure it's as true as it used to be. I think she [Kisselgoff] went into shock when I did *Dracula* because it wasn't subtle—bare breasts and *Dracula*'s bare bum. She hasn't mentioned Pinter since."

Laura A. Jacobs

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Brooklyn Academy of Music, April 12-17 (718-636-4190).

City Center. 131 W. 55th St. THU-7 SAT-9, WED-13 THU-14: 8 p.m., SUN-10: 3 and 7:30 p.m. TUE-12: 7 p.m. (246-8989) **\$15-\$40**.

JOEL HALL. Theatrical dance troupe from Chicago. Joyce Theater. 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800) THU-7 FRI-8: 8 p.m. SAT-9: 2, 8 p.m. SUN-10: 2, 7:30 p.m.