



DIAMANDA GALÁS: *Plague Mass* was the vengeful shriek of a terrorist in mourning. Her new *Vena Cava* explores the relationship between clinical depression and AIDS dementia with the usual Galás intensity, while it's also a more intimate and personal piece, set in the void of hospital white-out.

Galás will augment her multi-octave vocal instrument with electronics and sampled sound to chart internal landscapes from tranquility to terror.

February 19, 21, 23, 26, 28, March 1, 4, 6, and 8 at 8:30, the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, 255-5793. (Carr)

VOICE CHOICES

Acts

ERIK BOGGIAN: At long last, the man looks inside his own daily existence for a character, and behold, a gold mine. Enough with photorealistic impersonations of figures he either hates because they're blithely voracious or fears because they're so marginal. Boggian has never been more honest or funny than revealing the trials and pleasing torments of enduring marriage. Watch him dig in, reading pieces of his personal journal and evolving his new work-in-progress—its title, *Notes From Underground*, stolen from the masterwork on writing self-scrutiny. February 18 to 23 and February 25 to March 1, P.S. 122, 150 First Avenue, at 9th Street, 477-5288. (Stone)

THE MINSTREL SHOW: Choreographer Donald Byrd has created a marvelous rendition of the historical minstrel show, revealing, through dance sequences and stand-up thick, the racism in the black types projected, but also the extraordinary sexiness and vigor in the gestures and sketches. This show is a great example of how to hate with the kind of freedom that doesn't smother erupting joy. No piety, no revisionism. Also satirizing racist stereotypes, Judith Jackson presents *The Nigger's Café*, both performed February 22 and 23, Aaron Davis Hall, City College, Convent Avenue and 135th Street, 650-6900. (Stone)

Art

IK-JOONG KANG: Thousands of Kang's three-inch-square canvases—painted, col-

ored, or assemblaged with cross-cultural streams-of-consciousness and notations of anything and everything—are mounted on three large cubes, and accompanied by the sounds of an English-Korean language lesson. Through April 12, the Queens Museum of Art, New York City Building, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens. 718-592-9700. (Levia)

WILLIAM WEGMAN: Not many retrospectives can make viewers laugh and think at the same time. But then, not many artists have canine collaborators. Full of silly sight gags, false equivalents, wry inversions, and sweet misspellings, Wegman's sketches and photos since the '70s do. In his hands, Conceptualism went infantile. And doggy: all the hilarious indignities visited on Man Ray and on Ray's agile successors (three dogs on a sofa contort themselves into a parodistic Bacon triptych) are here. Wegman's paintings of the '80s (such as *Migratory Architecture* or *Major Mixing*) creep up on you more slowly. Through April 19, the Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Avenue, at 75th Street, 570-3633. (Levin)

JEFFREY WISNEWSKI: A new gallery opens with an installation that's an enormous heap of rubble. Not just any old heap of rubble, it's 36 tons of wood chips that up until a couple of weeks ago was a perfectly nice house in Briarcliff Manor. Destined for removal by the state because of a highway, the piece carries an imploded contest of political and environmental madness. The artist spent a year negotiating for it. Through March 21, Nordanstad-Skarstedt Gallery, 49 Greene Street, 276-1747. (Levin)