

Mayan text and music by South African composer Kevin Volans. November 4 through 7 at 8:30, Dancespace Project at St. Mark's Church, Second Avenue and 10th Street. 674-8194. (Zimmer)

KASUO OHNO: He's 86, an astonishingly epuene performer, and he's coming to town with his son Yoshio Ohno and their production of *Ka Cho Fu Getsu* (Flowers-Birds-Wind-Moon), a Butoh work inspired by the process through which a particular tree becomes a particular violin, November 5 and 6 at 8, November 7 at 3, Japan Society's Lila Acheson Wallace Auditorium, 333 East 47th Street. 752-3015. (Zimmer)

ON THE WATERFRONT: Marsha Bowers's site-specific work for the Red Hook piers is Dancing in the Streets's next free extravaganza. Performers include hoofeer Hank Smith, Wiggles of the Rock Steady Crew, members of Bowers's company, students from nearby P.S. 15, and local senior citizens. Percussionist/composer David Pleasant worked with John Gromada on a sound installation for a warehouse on the 150-year-old Beard Street Pier; Red Hook Arts is the collaborating producer. Free shuttle buses available from Brooklyn and Manhattan. November 6 and 7 at 2, Pier 41, 204/207 Van Dyke Street, Brooklyn. 989-6830. (Zimmer)

Film

MADAME SATAN: Cecil B. DeMille's lone musical, released by MGM in 1930, is a deco extravaganza in which the Roaring Twenties (symbolized by a jazz-baby party in a luxury dirigible) goes down in flames over Central Park. November 6, American Museum of the Moving Image, Thirty-Fifth Avenue at 36th Street, Astoria. 718-784-0077. (Hoberman)

THE PUPPETMASTER: Neither documentary nor fiction, this latest by Hou Hsiao-Hsien is pure cinema—dramatizing the life of Taiwan's most famous puppeteer with a wholly original, magisterially orchestrated combination of staged scenes, recorded performances, and filmed reminiscences. The camera placement is as precise as the images are beautiful; the poignance as restrained as the editing is advanced. November 9, Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, 708-9480. (Hoberman)

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS: The most pungent evocation of New York show biz before *The King of Comedy* stars Burt Lancaster as a hard-nosed gossip columnist. Also: Lancaster as an evangelical preacher in the nearly as cynical *Elmer Gantry*. November 3 and 4, Thalia, 250 West 95th Street, 316-4962. (Hoberman)

'TUTTO FELLINI!': It's the complete text. *La Strada* is followed on Monday by the vividly inchoate *Variety Lights* (1950); next Wednesday brings that small masterpiece *The White Shiek* (1951). Through December 21, Film Forum, 209 West Houston Street, 727-8110. (Hoberman)

THE WAR ROOM: Ace spinning wheel James Carville and cute lil' sidekick George Stephanopoulos star in this entertaining, if overly compliant cinema vérité account of the Clinton campaign—with Bush handler Mary Matalin adding a pinch of spice in the Holly Hunter role. It's way too lite, but there are moments. Through November 16, Film Forum, 209 West Houston Street, 727-8110. (Hoberman)

Music

CONCRETE BLONDE: This could be your last chance to catch L.A.'s favorite garage angels, since leader Johnette Napolitano has announced the launch of a solo career. The singer-bassist's part shaman and part showman: Liza Minnelli, channeling Jim Morrison. November 4, the Academy, 234 West

43rd Street, 249-8870. (McDonnell)

HALF JAPANESE: After 18 years of inspired dissonance, Jad Fair and Half Japanese are the very essence of atavistic auto-rock: off-kilter, childlike vocals, out-of-tune guitar, melodies that scratch like fingernails on a chalkboard, and lyrics of wide-eyed honesty and arresting naiveté. The band gets a big send-off before they head out on tour with Nirvana, their best hope yet at achieving the status their rockumentary promised *The Band That Would Be King*. With Pitchblende. November 4, Knitting Factory, 47 East Houston Street, 219-3055. (Rubin)

ANDREW HILL: An elusive and idiosyncratic artist, Hill made an immediate splash in the '60s with a series of Blue Note albums, including classics with Eric Dolphy and Booker Ervin. The pianist and composer orders his music with a highly rhythmic, powerfully focused sense of linearity; this quartet appearance with Greg Osby is too rare to pass up. Through November 7, the Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Avenue South, at 11th Street, 255-4037. (Giddins)

JACOB'S ROOM: Several years in the making, Morton Subotnick's new high-tech chamber opera puts you inside the guilt-ridden mind of a Holocaust survivor. As Joan La Barbara sings onstage, Tom Buckner is also heard but not seen, his voice ventriloquized throughout the space by Subotnick's historic electronic wizardry. Directed by Herbert Blau and with Erika Duke-Kirkpatrick on cello, this looks to be the synth-meister's most exciting premiere since *The Key to Songs*. November 4 through 7 at 8, the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, 255-5793. (Gann)

HANK JONES: If he isn't flat out the finest living jazz pianist, he's certainly a high-ranking contender, a deceptively accomplished artist who combines intense rhythmic drive with a glittering surface polish and deep ideas. When it's autumn in New York, Hank Jones is a defining element. Through November 7, Tavern on the Green, Central Park West at 67th Street, 873-3200. (Giddins)

TARA KEY: Her Les Paul slung low off her hips and distortion pedal squished beneath her bightops, Key's been kicking up the top layer of Antietam's noise for years now. Her recent solo debut, *Bourbon County*, finds her alternately laying back and feeding back. November 5, Pyramid, 101 Avenue A, at 7th Street. (McDonnell)

LITTLE JACK MELODY & HIS YOUNG TURKS: This utterly charming, neo-Weimar cabaret from Denton, Texas, intersperses Melody's maudlin rumbas, polkas, and waltzes with Beethoven, Sondheim, and Sinatra covers. The trick's in the big-oompah arranging of horns, percussion, and harmonium to resuscitate that ever-popular fiddling-while-Rome-burns feel. November 3, Downtime, 251 West 30th Street, 695-3373; November 4, CBGB Gallery, 313 Bowery, 677-0455. (Gehr)

MARY LOU LORD: Lord's a Bostonian brat who gets a little help from her yearned-after West Coast friends—"they all moved to Seattle or L.A."—on her debut *Kill Rock Stars* seven-inch. In true Modern Lovers style, she underpins romantic glee with a dark burr of electric guitar, nursing a love hangover with an ice-pack amp. She writes the dream songs that Evan and Juliana dream they can write. November 4 at midnight, CBGB Gallery, 313 Bowery, 677-0455. (McDonnell)

KATE & ANNA MCGARRIGLE: Tart as the grandaunts they'll be before you know it, these deeply unsentimental Canadian folksingers still hold my attention every time I get a glimpse of them. They know who they are—moderately well-known artists who do well enough to stay close to home when they can—and they're proud of it. November 3 at 7:30 and 10:30, Bottom Line, 15 West 4th Street. 228-7880. (Christgau)

SONNY ROLLINS: No doubt about it, this is the most eagerly awaited jazz event of the year, a tradition that occupies a nearly mystical level of exaltation that has little to do with anything else in music, including the master's own albums—although he has a good new one, *Old Flames*, with Tommy Flanagan, who will appear onstage with him and Terence Blanchard. November 4 at 8, Carnegie Hall, 57th Street and Seventh Avenue, 247-7800. (Giddins)

Photo

'THE NEW BAUHAUS/SCHOOL OF DESIGN IN CHICAGO': The profound influence of László Moholy-Nagy extended well beyond the dispersal of the original Bauhaus crew, furthered primarily by his teachings at these Chicago design schools between 1937 and 1944. Moholy's angular abstractions—fusing Constructivism, Surrealism, and Dada in one tough, graceful vision—steal this excellent show of vintage prints. His associate, György Kepes, and three lesser-known Americans emulate the master with varying degrees of success, subverting the illusion of photographic truth with fancifully fabricated images that continue to look Modern with a capital M. Through November 5, Banning + Associates, 138 West 18th Street, 206-0499. (Aletti)

'UP IN SMOKE': The photos in this clever, engaging show—chosen and arranged by collector Barbara Jakobson and private dealer Keith de Lellis from a vast range of 20th-century work—are all about smoking. Noel Coward smokes, Frida Kahlo smokes, Marlon Brando smokes (while shaving shirtless, in a pale golden 1955 Avedon I would kill for)—but it's not the celebrities that make this party glitter, it's the smartness of the selection, mixing fashion, advertising, and fine-art photographers in wonderfully apt juxtaposition (note the Ritts and Sander pairing). And don't miss the surprising Frank Stella smoke studies: black squiggles like ephemeral slashes of paint. Through November 4, Knoedler & Company, 19 East 70th Street, 794-0550. (Aletti)

Theater

CARELESS LOVE: A new play by frequent Obie winner Len Jenkin, whose work is the theater-poetry equivalent of junk sculpture, ought to be a major event. This piece, his first to be seen in New York in several years, involves a mad plastic surgeon, an intercontinental car chase, and the Christian Video Network, along with other typically Jenkinite phenomena. Among the familiar Jenkin collaborators reunited for the occasion are set designer John Arnone, Tony winner for *Tommy*, and actor Rocco Sisto. November 4 through December 5, Soho Rep, 46 Walker Street, 334-0962. (Feingold)

SON OF AN ENGINEER: David Green-span's new play, the first in a trilogy, is also the first mainstage production in the brand-new cultural complex called Here. Not yet reviewed, it's the story—insofar as a Green-span play has a story—of a young man who returns home to find his family replaced by a '50s sitcom family. Just one of those Green-spanish things that could happen to any of us. November 3 through 21, Here, 145 Sixth Avenue, at Spring Street, 647-0202. (Feingold)

Video

MIKE KELLEY: Since he no longer does live performance, these tapes have the quality of relics. Don't miss the early *The Banana Man* (November 11) and the "Plato's Cave" section of *Sir Drone* by Raymond Pettibon (November 18), which documents Kelley performing at Artists Space with Sonic Youth. This series is in conjunction with Kelley's retro at the Whitney. November 4, 11, and 18 at 7 and 8, the Knitting Factory, 47 East Houston Street, 219-3006. (Taubin)

BRUCE NAUMAN: Give some time to his video installation in the downstairs gallery, even though it looks like a throwaway. The 15 minutes I spent lounging next to the monitors in the rough-hewn but comfortable chair provided by the artist, watching a man ride a horse and listening to an almost indistinguishable conversation about paint or something, was oddly blissful. The piece runs on a familiar irony—framing the wide-open spaces on a video screen—but factor in that Nauman's success as an artist has bought him a piece of those spaces and you'll get to a higher level. Also on view: video work by Matthew Barney, Marcel Odenbach, Shigeo Kubota, and Pierrick Sorin. Through November 20, Barbara Gladstone Gallery, 99 Greene Street, 431-3334. (Taubin)

Words

EVA HOFFMAN: In her shimmering memoir, *Lost in Translation*, Hoffman conjured a Poland of memory cast in dreams—she had left her home in Kraków unwillingly at 13. Now, in *Exit Into History*, she returns to a Middle Europe unyoked from Communism into dislocating, boundary-slipping modernity. Her antennae twitching at multiculti ironies, Hoffman translates the new world disorder. November 3 at 7:30, Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st Street, 580-7800. (Stone)

CHARLAYNE HUNTER-GAULT: "I could see in the eyes and on the faces of the Black skycaps and porters, maids and janitors, not the shiftless, diffident, 'niggah, naggah, rag-gah, taggah,' but...prideful brightness. ... *Our time has come.*" Hunter-Gault is 19 and the year is 1961 when she opposes Southern law, risks violence, and becomes the first black woman to attend the University of Georgia. She reads from her lucid and faithfully recaptured memoir, *In My Place*, November 3, at 6:30, Great Hall, Cooper Union, 7th Street and Third Avenue, 353-4195. (Stone)

TED SOLOTAROFF: "There it was, the skin of distinction, topping off his shaft like a pink velvet toque. As if doffing its cap, it bobbed down, then up. She just stared. It looked completely different, this quivery creature, with the skin over its glans like the cover on a canary cage."—from Robin Rogers's "The Pagan Phallus." Solotaroff hosts an evening of reading from the brimming anthology he's edited, *Writing Our Way Home*, which tweaks the eagerness and awkwardness in the hyphenation: Jewish and American. November 8 at 7:30, Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st Street, 580-7800. (Stone)

WILLIAM VOLLMAN/RICHARD GROSSMAN: The "butterfly boy" of Vollman's latest novel, *Butterfield Stories*, survives childhood abuse but can't shake his tropism toward sorrow and pain. Seemingly safe suburban America proves a hell, while on Cambodia's killing fields he finds a faithful fellow traveler, who happens to be a hooker. Joining the bill is Grossman, another spiritual offspring of William Burroughs who harrows his own private underground of murder and sadism in a first novel, *The Alphabet Man*. November 8 at 7, the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, 255-5793. Vollman solos November 9 at 7, Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th Street, 477-5271. (Stone)

WORKMEN'S CIRCLE BOOKFAIR AND CONCERT: Such a bargain you can hardly believe. Thousands of Yiddish, Hebrew, and English books on sale at \$2 or less each. And even Yiddish greeting cards in case you know of a *simcha* that requires a *mazel tov* or a *shanda* that cries out for a word of *rochmanis*. The fair culminates at 6 with the rollicking strains of Yiddish ethno-pop, rocked out in all its ecstasy by everybody's favorite klezmer/world-beat band, the Klezmatics. November 3 from noon, the Jewish Book Center, 45 East 33rd Street, 889-6800 ext. 285. (Solomon)