

International



The Devil plays all the best tunes....

During January I returned to my favourite corner of the world, a small fishing village in the far North East part of Majorca. I was totally unaware that my quiet tourist-free haven, amidst sea, sand and mountain was to be transformed into a community fuelled fiesta with burning fires and dancing devils on every street corner.

Calvacades of horses performed whilst the entire village danced to the tune dedicated to St Anton. This was played out of every door, bar, and church, ceaselessly, for three days and nights – If PRS were to pursue the royalties on behalf of the composer he would be the richest person in all Spain. The devils dance was sheer elegance. At each street

corner the musicians followed the devils playing the St Anton tune. The devils danced with each other and members of the village brave enough to enter their dancing circle took them on.

The sense of community and spirit was utterly uplifting and more than breath-taking. A better cure for sufferers of depressive illnesses would be hard to find, you simply could not possess any form of blues in the heart of this communal pleasure zone. The sense of belonging, the generosity, fraternity and engagement of the Spanish people during this time is exemplary – you would never believe that so many of the Spanish are suffering an enormous economic crisis - with many people out of work or without money to eat or pay the rent.

I have not experienced such a sense of exhilaration since watching the Queen's Jubilee on our Art Director, Tim Epps's, brilliant Dutch barge. And, in spite of returning to our snow covered shores, I am remaining firmly in that little corner of the world, drenched in the community



Sculpture © Karl-Heinz Boehm

WELL-KNOWN, SUCCESSFUL, MAJORCA SEAFOOD RESTAURANT

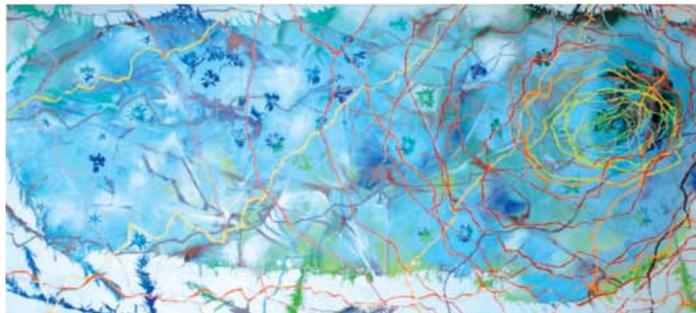
FOR SALE / RENT

- Spectacular location in a fishing village by Majorca's National Park area.
- Situated between mountains, sandy beaches and a well-served marina
- First-class condition, self contained flat and established clientele
- Proprietors retiring after 24 years.
- Ideal for: Income, investment purposes, families wishing to relocate or even cookery schools

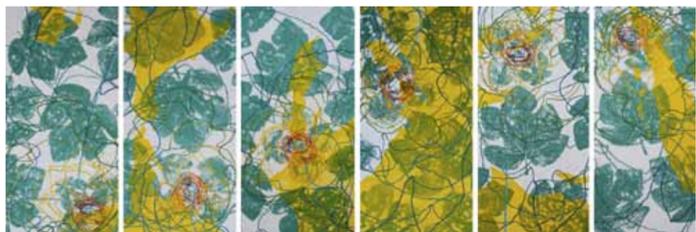
For further details: contact Liz Davies on: +34 (0)7653 687 358. Or admin@hatricks.co.uk



International



Paintings © Natasha Hall



spirit and of course the Hierbas. (Strong medicine. Many campo herbs to secret family recipes steeped in alcohol. Said to be a cure for any illness or dullness of spirit).

The San Antoni Festival, as it is known, is celebrated throughout Spain on or around 17 January. San Antonio Abad, or Saint Anthony the Great, is the patron saint of animals and also of the Balearic Islands. The celebrations include bonfires, parades of devils and horses and lots of food and drink and most towns hold special church services where children can bring their pets to be blessed in honour of the patron saint.

The Mallorcan *dimoni* (devil) springs from the belief in earth spirits who, with the arrival of Christianity, take on the form of devils. The *dimoni* represents the most basic instincts, the bestial and the repressed. *Dimonis* have also participated in folk dances since the Middle Ages in Mallorca. *Dimonis* are also present in records of other religious festivities and state functions dating back to the 15th century gaining importance as the cult of St Antoni develops to the present day. *Dimoni* groups have sprung up through Mallorca and Catalonia throughout the years and locals spend months preparing for their big night out. Rehearsals are much needed to build up the strength required to dance throughout the days and nights, dressed in the full devil's costumes. Groups are linked to others throughout the island and in Catalonia

networks villages help each other set up their own *dimoni* festivals. But, don't take my word for it – give yourself a pick me up next January, take part in one of the world's most natural highs. It is completely addictive and you won't come down for some time.

Artists In Mallorca

There are so many artists on the Island, as there are everywhere in the world. During my stay, my friend the cellist Liz Davies was giving cello lessons to a local artist's two children. Her name is Natasha Hall. This is how she describes her paintings: Natasha's paintings explore trace memories of Landscape using research carried out from maps, journal articles and contemporary science.

The pale blue painting shown here is entitled *Melting Moments: Images of the Engadin*, (Acrylic on Canvas 183 x 51 cm). 'The series of paintings entitled *Anthropology* are art as interpretation, identified by precise geographical locations and signifying the world's most deadly earthquakes. The geography of jeopardy, with hazards from the heavens and tectonic risk, bestow visual meaning to the power of location'. For more information visit www.natasha-hall.com

Liz's Davies friend, and I would like to think of him as mine too, is Karl-Heinz Boehm who created *The Blue Ray*. It is a copper work of more than 500 items variations of installation and lighting 180 x 200cm. www.karlheinzboehm.npage.es

I am booking for next year, and no, you will have to find your own place and piece of peace. The name of my favourite fishing village won't be revealed here. Go ask a *dimoni*. The devil has all the best tunes and I am still dancing to them! KH

Gunning the throttle

Max Feldman continues his quest to quench his thirst in Barbados



Photograph © Max Feldman

There is only one kind of Beer in Barbados. It's called Banks and it's awful. This is not a fact that prevented me from drinking my own liquid bodyweight in it whilst I was over there this month. Considering that I was away in a tropical paradise it might be fair to question why I felt such a need to remind my liver exactly who was running this show.

It is certainly true that nearly everything about where I was staying was lovely, but there was one exception that could turn the Dali Lama into Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*: The hotel had an almost 24/7 live steel drum band.

You might think that is minor complaint, but trust me if you are trapped in a small hotel with a steel drum band playing an endless loop of George Michael's *Careless Whisper* eventually suicide by enforced liver failure will not only seem acceptable, but the only option. At around the seven thousandth repeat of that song I called a friend in order to give him warning over my incoming psychotic breakdown. I had however forgotten the cardinal rule of a holiday in the Caribbean; if you mention it to your friends who are stuck back in England, they will begin planning your death. So rather than sympathy I began to get endless messages of the varied lyrics to *Careless Whisper*. At this point I made an informed, conscious decision to get drunk and stay drunk for as long as possible.

I am lucky enough to look younger than I am, whilst this is nice bartenders are all convinced that I am fifteen and at

this point, not being served was not an option that I cared to consider. Luckily however karma was on my side and soon the urge to run naked through the hotel screaming George Michael lyrics (thankfully this is not an urge that I am often troubled by) was washed away by the awful, awful beer.

The holiday eventually worked itself out nicely; some members of the cast of *Made In Chelsea* were there who were surprisingly nice. They did give me a strange look though when I asked them if they liked the music. This heightened my paranoia and resulted in a horrific suspicion that the steel drums were only in my head.

There is something about all inclusive hotels which are primarily used by British people that remind me of sanatoriums. The majority of the day is spent shuffling slowly round the same building and asking people if they're feeling all right. Besides this unnerving connection, it is quite hard to have a bad time in this kind of environment. However, I did give it my best shot when I decided that renting a jet ski would be just the thing to round off the holiday. Suffice it to say I can only offer the advice that if you've never ridden one before, 'gun the throttle to full (85mph) and hope for the best' is not a good opening gambit.

When you're waiting for your flight back to England with every single muscle aching, a two week hangover and the riff to *Careless Whisper* endlessly circling round your head, you are going to want another holiday.