

g performances I've seen  
 om you've probably not  
 y will...  
 he wonderfully cheesy *The*  
 ck flick *Walking and*  
 erine Keener.  
 e-tempered painter Mark  
 o be seen in *Cold Comfort*  
 so desperate to "become"  
 et local idiot.  
 oke.  
 Lincoln Center Theater's  
 d's *Arcadia*, and soon to be  
 Jenny Dundas in *Arcadia*.  
 Leigh's play *Ecstasy*.  
 ing's Ewan McGregor.  
 as "The Ugly Guy" in  
 Spybey — the next Judy  
 blonde with a tough, baby  
 rd Linklater's *Suburbia*.  
 Moll Flanders and the  
 el Baby.  
 rising in *The Usual Suspects* —  
 ball, and yet, you can't take  
 ngels and Insects. (And every-  
 )  
 in *Devil in a Blue Dress*.  
 Johansson in the enchant-  
 uly whacked in *The Usual*  
 e what he and madman/  
 e up with in *The Funeral*.  
 Franco Zeffirelli's *Jane Eyre*.  
 Cillo's *Box of Moonlight*.  
 an (*Heat*) — the best thing in  
 ck full of impressive young  
 ying Kaiser Soze-esque turn  
 er-whore lapdancer in *Atom*

feel a tenement apartment. It is a portal that con-  
 stantly unfolds from the grim layer of the apartment  
 to a glittering surreal stage that seems to become a  
 butterfly's cocoon. And very much like a cocoon, it  
 all **must** be destroyed in the end. Mark has told me,  
 "Over time, you see spatial themes and formulas  
 developing from performance to performance,  
 though they may be totally dissimilar in content and  
 spirit. Even certain experimental pieces utilize very  
 old hat tricks to manipulate the audience. The  
 nature of creating something to serve this orbiting  
 sphere of many creative processes (acting, directing,  
 lighting, costuming, and music) is collaborative and  
 uncontrollable until their collision at a given time."  
 Mark Tambella likes to use throwaways to create his  
 stage art. Using throwaways to create something that  
 will be destroyed is to use something already  
 destroyed, already forgotten, and to reanimate it. This  
 way of working has the added feature of bringing the  
 whole conspicuously wasteful culture we live in onto  
 the stage. Surprisingly, the visual impression is one  
 of sacred abundance and transformation. Look for *The*  
*Snowman's Serenade*, the upcoming work of Charles  
 Allcroft with stage art by Mark Tambella at the La  
 Mama Theater this summer.

— Roberto Juarez



FOR STAGE SET: MARK TAMBELLA



LINDA HILL

When the curtain rises on writer/performer Linda Hill, the metaphoric veil we call normal awareness goes with it. She makes stories to trance you into unconscious learning. And you in the audience, slipping into her process, think you're just having a good time, enjoying her uncanny mimicry, trickster wit, and Feminine insights; well, you are, but later... you realize her characters entered your bloodstream. And you know where that leads.

Miracles she can work, like fusing the style of pre-eminent American Hypnotherapist, Milton Erickson with the late Queen of Country Western Humor, Minnie Pearl. *Comic Sorcery*.

Some of Hill's channeled and observed personae spoke up in her most recent performance, *The Dinner Party*, an excerpt from *Too Many Clothes*, (her sold-out one woman show that ran in February at The Kitchen). For parallel parody, she played the parts of six women (and guests) at a fictional benefit for the Homeless to a crowd of 250 patrons of the arts at an actual benefit for The Kitchen. That takes balls. She used a single scarf to differentiate the characters. That takes magic.

ANNEY BONNEY: So how DO you do that, Linda?

LINDA HILL: I don't need a waterfall behind me to make you feel wet. I imagine the details of each character completely, not just the brand of clothes they're wearing: Labels for Less, Armani, Isaac Mizrahi... but every aspect. I know the color, the weave of the fabric, the country where it was manufactured. I feel the texture of the material under my fingernails. I see them so clearly I can let the picture in my mind come out of my skin.

AB: Did the irreality of the situation inspire you?

LH: The job of the Tribal Fool is to tell the awkward truth when the rest of the tribe would prefer a tactile silence.

— Anney Bonney

— Susan Shacter

"BOMB"