

# Arts at St. John's

Enjoy These Arts and Music Events at St. John's in the Village,  
(Heated and ADA)  
220 West 11th Street

For all bookings or queries: email [admin@stjvny.org](mailto:admin@stjvny.org)  
or phone 212 243 6192.



**Sunday November 11, 11 am**  
**Fauré Requiem**

The First World War, in which over six thousand New Yorkers perished, ended at 11am on 11 November 1918. Exactly 100 years later to the minute, at 11am on Sunday 11 November 2018, those who made the supreme sacrifice are commemorated at a Solemn Requiem for the Fallen of WWI. Music by Gabriel Fauré (Requiem), who lost his own son in WWI. The fallen of the West Village are commemorated by name.

A reception follows.

**Saturday November 10, 7pm**  
**WWI Centenary Concert**  
**by Ember "Schola Cantorum on Hudson"**

Music includes Dan Forrest's *Requiem for the Living*, Joan Szymko's *Be It Therefore Resolved*, and Jake Runestad's *Live the Questions*. World premiere of a new work by Cheryl Engelhardt.

**Monday November 5, 6:15 pm**  
**Guy Fawkes Night**



*Gunpowder Plot* Evensong (plainsong) followed by the Lighting of the Fire and Burning of the Guy and sausage sizzle. The Guy Fawkes celebration is a symbol of the rejection of terrorism in all its forms. The 'Guy' which is burned now represents terrorism and all evil, not a historical person. Free but booking for catering purposes is essential.

**Monday November 12, 6:15 pm**  
**Launch of "The Early Eastern Orthodox Church"**  
**by Stephen Morris**

Evensong (plainsong) followed by readings by the author and book-signing. Discounted rates for copies purchased at the event. Free.

To view all twelve concerts, book-launches,  
workshops, jazz nights, and other arts events  
at St John's go to:  
[stjvny.org](http://stjvny.org) or pick up a brochure in the church  
(corner of W 11th St and Waverly Place).

## Kennedy:

### *Bobby's Last Crusade, Theatre At St. Clement's*

By Eric Uhfelder

*A play remembering the 1968 presidential campaign, how the country has changed and how it hasn't.*

Wandering several blocks west of Times Square to an old church might seem an odd place to find a tale about a presidential campaign fifty years on. But this choice of venue to host an escape from today's cynical political discord is inspired, recalling a time when leaders were not afraid to think boldly and morally.

The playwright and sole performer, David Arrow, who in certain light bears a striking resemblance to Robert Kennedy, developed this monologue soon after having performed the lead in Jack Holmes' acclaimed one-man play *RFK*.

The key difference between the two productions: *RFK* was a broad range of vignettes structured as tragedy; Arrow's vision focuses on the last three months of his 1968 campaign for the Democratic nomination for president as he emerged from his family's long shadows and found his voice. Arrow's inspiration: a response to the crassness of the 2016 Presidential campaign and the administration that followed in recalling the lost art of speech and ideas.

Arrow's play is all about the words: narratives describing various key moments, references to Bernard Shaw and Aeschylus, and snippets of Kennedy's speeches, revealing a timeless compassion and understanding one would be shocked and inspired to hear today.

*"We must recognize that this short life can neither be enabled or enriched by hatred or revenge... All the phrases which have meant so much to Americans—peace and progress, justice and compassion, leadership and idealism - often sound not like stirring reminders of our nation, but call forth the cynical laughter of our young. Not because they do not believe them, but because they do not think our leaders mean them."*

Eric Nightengales' direction merges a changing panoply of black-and-white images and newspaper headlines projected on the back of the stage with historical soundtracks that surrounded Kennedy's visits across the nation. He switches between spot and stage lighting to distinguish speeches from narra-

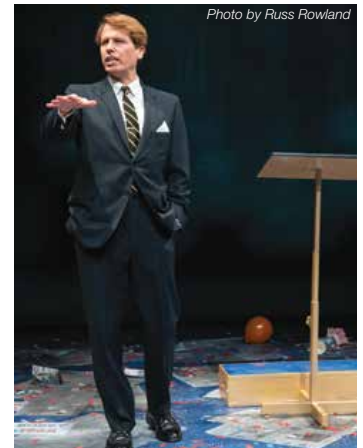


Photo by Russ Rowland

*"Often in the crowds, I see a lot of nuns. One of them, a Mother Superior, told me that she was praying to St. Jude for me. St. Jude is the patron saint of lost causes."*

—RFK

tive. The proscenium stage is framed by a collage of Kennedy placards. And he employs the tumbling letters of a railroad station departure board to indicate the various whistle stops Kennedy made as he crossed the country to his final stop in Los Angeles.

The intimacy of St. Clement's brings the audience right into the mix, from his stumps at various universities, a visit to an Indian reservation, to a black ghetto in Indianapolis where he announced to an unsuspecting crowd the assassination of Martin Luther King. Turns out, Indianapolis was the only city that didn't burn that night.

Arrow fails to consistently hold Bobby's heavy Boston twang. And a commitment to authenticity may have prevented him from more effectively modulating his voice at the expense of dramatic effect. But he delivers an impassioned performance, tracking deftly back and forth across the stage to help convey the various venues to which he takes the audience.

At the end of the 90-minute production, Edward Kennedy issues the most poignant, eloquent coda to the campaign and to his younger sibling's life: *"My brother need not be idealized or enlarged in death beyond what he was in life; to be remembered simply as a good and decent man, who saw wrong and tried to right it, saw suffering and tried to heal it, saw war and tried to stop it."*

*Kennedy: Bobby's Last Crusade opened November 8 at the Theatre at St. Clements, 423 West 46th Street, and runs through December 9th.*

### *Bleeker* continued from page 22

cupant has moved into Marc Jacobs' signature store. Not long before, his new townhouse on Bethune Street had been featured in *Architectural Digest*. What a fortuitous coincidence should he decide to sell.

The question now is, how long will landlords hold onto empty stores until they can rent them at the numbers to which they have become accustomed? Six months? A

year? Two? At some point it makes more sense to lower the rent and to seek tenants who are on-site operators, purveyors of unique merchandise, suppliers of recurring needs, and not only making a living doing what they love but being a part of the community. Sound familiar?

I know this is unlikely, but stranger things have happened, if only in movies, right? "Back to the Future?" Lead on!