## Trave EUROPE

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## The fires that cleanse

Playful and pyrotechnic, Fallas sets a city alight with deafening frenzy

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VALENCIA - Fallas is not for the faint of heart. Or the easily startled. When we arrived in Valencia a few days before the climax of Spain's most outrageous festival, Valencianos were set-

exploded inches away: "It's tradition."

ting off firecrackers with wild abandon, "Don't worry," a Fallas veteran reasured us when a small "netando"

Things would get only more bombastic. A few firecrackers tossed by small children cannot hold a Roman candle to daily choreographed explosions at City Hall, fire-spewing devils parading down darkened streets, or the premeditated arson that sends dozens of city squares up in synchronized flames.

Spain always forces us to jettison our routines and stretch our comfort zone as we embrace an 11 p.m. dinner hour followed by live music into the early morning. But Fallas takes that to an extreme. Here's a diary of how, to borrow the subtitle of the classic "Dr. Strangelove," we "learned to stop worrying and love the bomb."

March 18, 2 p.m. A madcap spectacle Fallas makes a mockery of the calendar with the days beginning around noon and ending around dawn. At midafternoon

we joined the throngs milling from square to square to see the elaborate sculptured scenes - sweet ones for children and bigger, bawdier ones for adults - erected at every crossroads.

The origins of the Fallas festival are vague but seem to lie in the 18th century VALENCIA, Page M4

