



## **'Barcelona via Madrid: Revisiting the Past and Propheying the Future'**

A review by Maria Delgado

---

Published in

*Western European Stages*

Vol. 17, no. 3 (Fall 2005) pp. 115-22.

ISSN: 1050-1991.

Available for download from  
Maria Delgado's website  
([www.mariadelgado.co.uk](http://www.mariadelgado.co.uk))  
with friendly permission of the publisher

Martin E. Segal Theatre Center,  
The Graduate Center of the  
City University of New York.

*For private, non-commercial-use only.*

## Barcelona via Madrid: Revisiting the Past and Propheying the Future

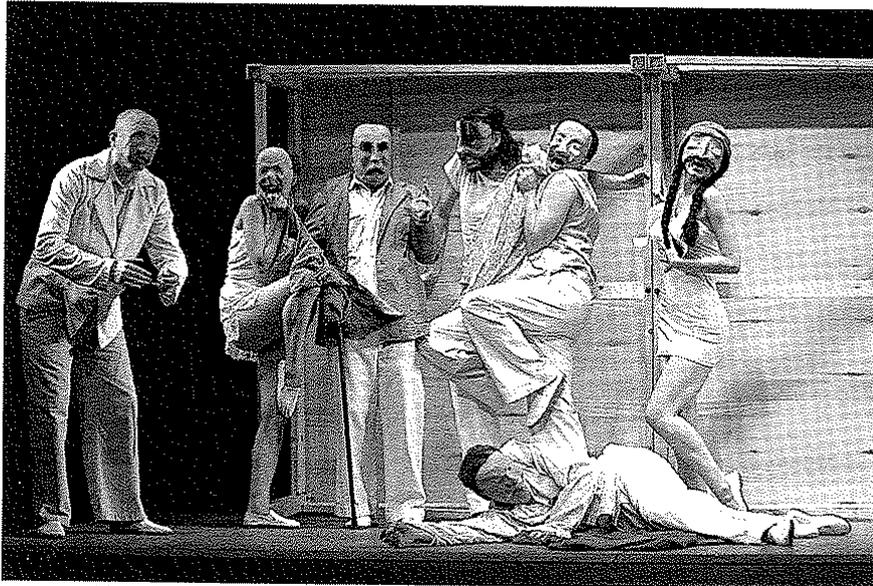
Maria M. Delgado

Els Joglars have a busy year ahead. The veteran Catalan company are now well into their forties, but you'd be hard pressed to tell. *El retablo de las maravillas* (*The Marvelous Puppet Show*), their witty, corrosive take on contemporary consumerism filtered through Cervantes *entremes*, or interludes, enjoyed an extensive tour in 2003-04 [see *WES* 16.2, 49-58]. This fall, Alcalá de Henares' Teatro Salón de Cervantes sees the opening of a contemplation of Cervantes's *Don Quixote* as celebrations marking the four-hundredth year of publication continue in full swing. *Un lugar en Manhattan* (*Somewhere in Manhattan*) speculates on what remains of Cervantes's eponymous knight in our modern world. Could we recognize the merits or virtues of such a figure if he were to reappear, or would we simply hold up and exhibit the vices for public consumption? The show reaches Barcelona in January, playing at the Lliure, which hosted *El retablo de las maravillas*, and Henares' Teatro are increasingly demonstrating themselves key investors in Catalonia's theatrical infrastructure.

The Romea, however, have also chosen to "get in on the act" so to speak, co-producing and opening their autumn season with the company's return to *La torna*, the production that almost three decades previously placed the company firmly on the international map following the arrest and imprisonment of Boadella. While the country was

still negotiating the transition to democracy, the company presented a stylized staging of events leading up to the garroting of a supposed Polish petty criminal, Heinz Chez, at Tarragona Prison on March 2, 1974. The execution failed to garner much attention as it took place on the same date that the Catalan anarchist Salvador Puig Antich was similarly executed at Barcelona prison. Indeed, as Boadella has subsequently articulated, the events served to associate political activism with criminal activity in the public consciousness during the dying days of the regime. Two months and forty performances after opening in September 1977, the production was then closed down and banned by the military authorities. Boadella was subsequently arrested and imprisoned for insulting the armed forces.

The arrest of Boadella and other members of the company resulted in gestures of solidarity across Spain with a general strike organized by the theatre industry pushing for freedom of expression and the lifting of censorship regulations. Boadella was able to escape from the Clínic prison hospital where he was then being held, seeking temporary exile in Perpignan with two other members of the company while the remainder of the ensemble was condemned to two years imprisonment. They were released, but the embarrassment of imprisoning a theatre company served to draw international atten-



The police investigate the murder of the civil guard in *La torna de La torna*.

Photo: David Ruano

ion to the fledgling democracy threatened by a military regime still functioning within the draconian rules of Francoism that was to stage an attempted coup but three years later.

*La torna de La torna*, however, provides more than a "restaging" of the 1977 piece. The narrative thrust remains in place with the exploration of the enigma of the supposed Heinz Chez, orphaned as a child during World War II and then relocated to a German camp. After his release he learned to survive on the streets and wandered across Europe until being captured by the Spanish authorities after shooting a Civil Guard in Catalonia in the early 1970s. Snippets of information piece together fragments of his time in Spain and his struggles to make sense of a judicial system that failed to take into consideration his poor Spanish or provide him with adequate representation. Recent investigations by Raúl M. Riebenbauer have clarified that Chez was actually an East German named Georg Welzel, married with three children, and that this information was known to the military authorities who chose to ignore and then conceal it through a closed trial, as a way of avoiding the involvement of international parties. While Riebenbauer's information is not alluded to during the production, it frames the program; press materials and accompanying exhibition and provides a powerful reminder of Francoism's construction of "truths" that the democratic era has progressively dismantled.

Boadella's decision to restage the piece (co-directed with Lluís Elias) with graduating acting students from Barcelona's Institut del Teatre in Barcelona, functions not only as a homage to the 1977 production, but is also a means for a new generation of theatre-makers to engage with the physical languages of the company that provided such a corrosive commentary on the machinations of the military under Franco. Co-produced with Focus, *La torna de La torna* reframes the original piece within a geriatric facility where, thirty years on, a retired army general, Prieto, involved in the original trial, learns that the company is proposing to remount the show, and vents his spleen as he recalls the events of 1977. He and his accomplices are now themselves imprisoned in a home where their powerlessness is made ever more evident. Prieto and his contemporaries spin around in their wheelchairs, totter precariously and ruminate pompously on the demise of values in the society in which they now find themselves. In near-constant battle with a forthright nurse who switches off their military band music

and confiscates their alcohol flasks, these are aged remnants of a bygone age. The ring-leading Colonel Prieto (played by Romea regular Miquel Gelabert, one of two established professionals joining the student cast), who is responsible for issuing the order to have Chez killed, is a bitter, cantankerous figure. Trapped in a past that he can no longer control, paranoid about the *còmicos* laughing at him and mocking the good name of the military, he stands as a potent symbol of *la España vieja* that mounted the 1981 coup against the elected government in a bid to halt the brave new direction Spain was taking.

Indeed the Civil Guard comes in for acerbic treatment in the show, with one particular corporal's embellishments seen to weave dangerous fictions that result in the brutal death of a confused foreigner. The photo-fit set-up of Chez is brutally funny, featuring a traumatized, trigger-happy Guard willing to name anybody as the culprit of the murder of his colleague in the hope of securing a conviction. The seven students conjure a range of characters, from witnesses to the crime to fellow prisoners, bureaucrats, Civil Guards and nursing staff. Boadella's calico uniforms at once suggest the martial arts and serve to further position the piece within the context of experimental mime that first engendered it. Props are symbolic, evoked through carved pieces of wood, twisted plywood, paper and card. Boadella's stage space is open, with versatile tables creating a scaffold, walls, a courtroom, a bar, a prison cell, and a cramped office. The action moves swiftly forward creating a momentum that leads to a bitter and brutal ending of drunken colonels deliberating in their furtive court without a consideration of the implications of their actions.

While the performance vocabularies reliant on mime and symbolic gestural movement appear trapped in the 1970s—physical theatre, including Els Joglars' work in this area has developed considerably over the past thirty years—the production resounds in the aftermath of our 9/11 world where scapegoats must often be found and justice seen to be dispensed. The use of a linguistic register that moves from Castilian to Catalan is still all too rare, but refreshingly welcome in a city where performance habitually negotiates many visual registers but only Catalan or Castilian when it comes to verbal language. This is caustic satire, vehemently anti-death penalty and openly provocative. What surprises is not that the authorities reacted so furiously to it in 1977, but that Boadella didn't anticipate the



Civil Guards conceived as loud birds in Els Joglars's *La torna de La torna*.  
Photo: David Ruano

impact it might have. Minor controversy even seems to have surrounded this revival with members of the original company questioning Boadella's attributed authorship of the piece. Certainly the show's reputation was decisively shaped by the events surrounding Boadella's arrest and imprisonment in a country led precariously by an insecure Prime Minister with the extreme right leaning heavily on his shoulder. What *La torna de La torna* demonstrates however, is the evolution of a company who have consistently developed their performance vocabularies in response to the social, political and cultural events of the day.

While *La torna* returned after a 28-year gap, the Romea's 2004-05 season closed earlier in the summer with two pieces having potent afterlives following earlier incarnations. Josep Galindo replaced Sergi Belbel as director of Romea regulars in Thomas Vinterberg and Mogens Rukov's *Festen*, perhaps the "McTheatre" product of choice among the discerning theatergoer. Prior to that one of the Romea's gems of recent years crept back into the repertoire for a brief run. Xavier Albertí's mesmerizing production of Thomas Bernhard's novel, *Mestres Antics (Old Masters)*, has been seen by over 14,000 spectators since it first opened at the Romea on September 9, 2003. While the extensive tour negotiated both Catalan and Castilian permutations, here the Catalan version is presented in Albertí's lithe adaptation. *Mestres Antics* is a contemplation of sorts of Bernhard's home city, Vienna. But this comment on the city's traditions, heritage and history is no ordinary love letter, but rather a bile-filled rant where Bernhard articulates his resentment of

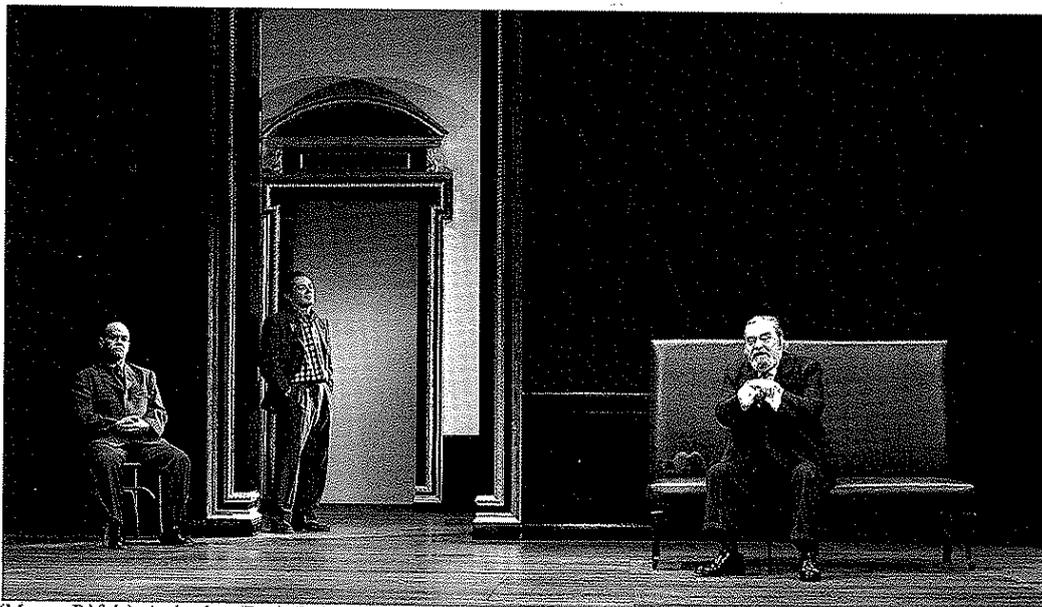
the city's grand aspirations, scratching at the gilded veneer to expose the hypocrisy beneath. The location is the Bordone room of Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum where an established music critic, Reger (Charles Canut), wanders in every other day, as he has done for the past thirty-six years, to look at Tintoretto's "Man with the White Beard." Reger has a bleak view of the world, despairing of everything from the city's icky toilets and restaurants to Beethoven and Mahler (dismissed as two in a long list of mediocre composers). He ruminates, confesses and pontificates to his audience of two: Irrsigler (Mingo Ràfols), the long-time security guard who watches over the room with an earnest sense of duty and pride, and the arid philosopher Atzbacher (Boris Ruiz) who comments on the proceedings with wry detachment. Reger doesn't have much time for humanity, disdaining its low aspirations and its misguided sense of importance. Irrsigler has gained his respect because he watches over the bench on which he sits and contemplates the Tintoretto. Art cannot save or console. Its rhetoric may be self-perpetuating and dangerously alluring, but it can't fool Reger. This grand centre of the old imperial pre-World War I world offers no solace, merely institutionalized relics. Indeed, few old masters escape his mordant reprimands.

The production evidently engages with a tradition of cultural shopping where ten minutes at a cultural temple provides satisfaction for those on the grand tour of European museums. The location may well be Vienna, but Albertí's production ensures that its pan-European significance is not lost on Catalan audiences. Albertí sculpts the action to resemble a

moving tableau. Quim Roy's imposing set provides high doors with carved facades that stare out at us, evoking the hallowed splendor of the Kunsthistorisches Museum. Ràfol's Irrsigler and Ruiz's Atzbacher are often framed within the door, pictorial figures enacting a living montage. The green sofa is Reger's throne where he regally sits and surveys his kingdom. Canut's Reger is like a statue come to life, immaculately attired in an impeccably cut three-piece charcoal grey suit with handkerchief in pocket, pristine walking stick in hand and gold cufflinks that glisten and twinkle across the stage. At times he resembles a giant cat about to pounce on its prey, at times he is an old man waiting for death to claim him. The stillness and silence that punctuates what he says proves devastatingly powerful.

Reger's bitter anger is positioned within the tragedy of his wife's death that hovers over the proceedings, alluded to in ways that display Reger's pervasive pain and inability to come to terms with her absence. Ràfol's captures well the stoic resilience of Irrsigler but also provides delightful doubling as an enthusiastic Englishman abroad in short trousers and diamond socks. Ruiz is a conspiratorial, ironic Atzbacher, confiding in the audience but ready to listen to his friend whenever his allegiances need to shift. The interplay between the three performers is deftly understated and further evidence of the quality work that these Romea regulars are consistently producing.

After the glittering jewels of last year's high-profile Grec, this year's annual festival proved a decidedly thin affair. Beyond Krystian Lupa's *Brothers Karamazov* and Christopher Marthaler's *Els Deu Manaments*, the international was pretty much non-existent, with the really exciting new Catalan work tucked imaginatively into the Lliure's new 2005-06 season. Lorca continued to show the force of his presence over the contemporary Spanish theatre landscape with a staging of *Yerma* directed by Rafel Duran at the outdoor Grec, but it was across town at the Tivoli where more imaginative engagements with the Grenadine poet and dramatist's output were taking place. Here Francisco Suárez brought his theatrical reworking of Lorca's *Romancero gitano* (*Gypsy Ballads*) to Barcelona almost ten months after its opening at Madrid's Español theatre. The action evolves on a pale, lunar, dreamlike space where Lorca (Florencio Campos) is evoked through prayers and the flame of a lamp is lit as the production opens. His dance frames nine poems (of the eighteen in the collection) presented in ten scenes, watched over by the moon (Claudia Faci) and her shadow (Daniel Doña), who hover on a balcony above the action, descending to participate or comment as the narrative of the poem demands. These are two puppeteers of sorts, agents who watch over the mortals from on high, and the choreography created by Gabriel Carrascal for each picks up on the feminine associations of the lunar and the darker, more aggressively masculine pres-



Irrsigler (Mingo Ràfols), Atzbacher (Boris Ruiz) and Reger (Carles Canut) in Xavier Alberti's production of Thomas Bernhard's *Mestres Antics* (*Old Masters*) at the Romea theatre, Barcelona. Photo: David Ruano

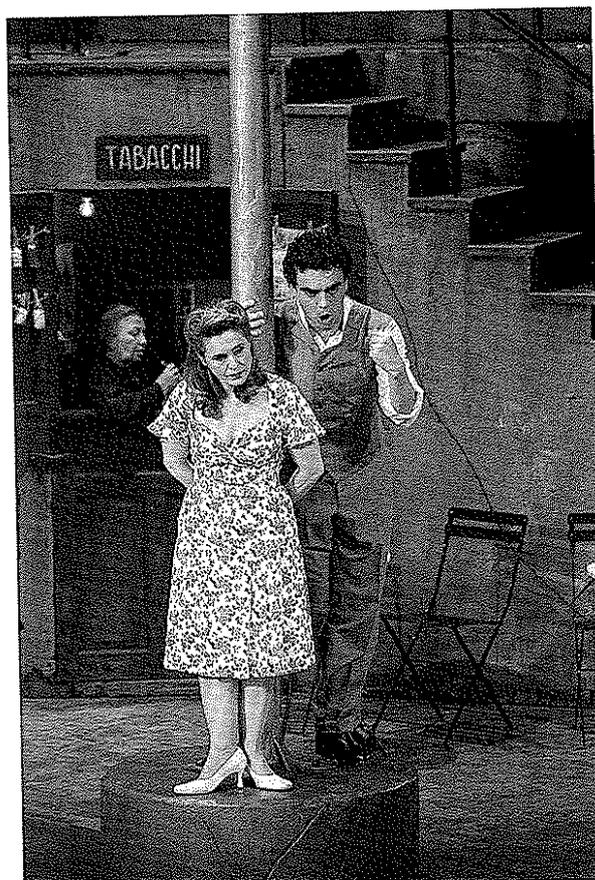
ence of her shadow. She wears a white bustle and cropped dress, with modish high boots and her hair clamped back in vampish mode. His black uniform has something of the drum major about it, and his wily presence haunts the tortured poet in a range of persistent ways. The production is both episodic and fluid, with the poet providing a veritable link to the nine poems featured. Soledad Montoya (Inge Martín), in ruffled white dress wearing a crown of roses, perhaps the poet's most emblematic embodiment of freedom, is here kissed by Campo's Federico as he gives way to his creation. Antofito el Camborio (José Maya) folds into the Ballad of the Civil Guard where life and art are bound together in the crucifixion of Federico.

Suárez and his team eschew the folkloric in favor of a starker approach that fuses the austerity and ritual of Greek tragedy with the vocal and physical discourses of flamenco. Suárez and his co-adaptor Rubén Cano provide a structure that allows the poems to resonate within a conceptual framework that draws both on the iconography of his poetry and more contemporary dance registers. The four-strong band of Los Cachapines provide the live music from behind a screen while three singers, Aurola Losada, Simón Román and Juan de Pura, articulate the language of the poems in the manner of the Greek chorus. The early twenty-something cast brings a dynamic energy to the production and while the early appearance of Federico from a blinding light at the back of the stage may suggest a eulogy to Lorca, the adaptation is both a celebration of the versatility of his poetic language and a fusion of flamenco and contemporary dance.

Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'amore* takes a wide variety of treatments. Jude Kelly chose to set her laborious 2002 English National Opera production within an imposing fascist Italy while Stephen Medcalf's reading for English Touring Opera the mid-1990s shifted the action to a hick outback Australian town in the middle of nowhere. Now Mario Gas's sparkling production for Barcelona's Gran Teatre del Liceu shifts the action to a post-war Italy recovering from the specters of fascism and the ravages of combat. This is small-town rural Italy, delightfully evoked in Marcelo Grande's set. While the nods to neo-realism are evident, this is a more self-consciously nostalgic recreation of a lost world that may have only ever existed in the dream-factory of celluloid. Grande's symmetrical set juggles two levels linked by well-worn staircases, where locals wander around with baskets of produce and

children scamper in the warm sun, evoked by Quico Gutiérrez's temperate lighting. Rolando Villazón provides an endearing Nemorino, swinging around lampposts as he bemoans Adina's lack of interest in him. His large eyes dart across the stage in search of his beloved and stare soulfully at the audience, which is quickly seduced by this local lad, his lost boy looks and his evident charms. Mario Bayo's Adina is a fitting object of his affections: flirtatious, conspiratorial and despairing of Nemorino's longing glances and furtive sighs.

The soldiers, led by Jean-Luc Chaignaud's imposing Belcore, march through the aisle with a veritable sense of purpose, waking up the sleepy town as they announce their arrival. Belcore's flowers are picked up by Adina, who is visibly impressed by his grand uniform and arresting demeanor. Villazón's impish Nemorino cleans the stairs while keeping an eye on Belcore and Adina. He climbs the lamppost in desperation as Adina says she'll marry Belcore, tumbling to the floor at the



Maria Bayo (Adina) and Rolando Villazón (Nemorino) in Mario Gas's production of *L'Elisir d'Amore* at the Gran Teatre del Liceu Barcelona  
Photo: David Ruano

end of Act I.

Perhaps most admirable is the detail of the choral work and the sense of a community conjured by Gas and his artistic team. From the window of the tobacconist, a stout, elderly matriarch knits patiently while watching Villazón's Nemorino endearingly court Bayo's Adina. The community watches, waits, and gets on with its daily affairs as Nemorino pursues Adina. It is this effective grounding within the wider context of village life that really lifts Gas's production. The doors and windows open like pop-up books to reveal locals wondering what's going on, or conducting their business in the public domain. Act II opens with the community sitting around a group of tables to eat enormous bowls of spaghetti served from giant cauldrons. Dulcamara's arriving on a motorbike that's seen better days, with attached passenger seat, is greeted with awe and wonder by the assembled crowds. Bruno Praticò's Dulcamara is both crafty and jovial, with a wide coat that hides an array of secrets and a shifty eye for how to make a quick buck. His is an ebullient presence with a twinkling eye and a multitude of pockets full of potions, lotions and prescriptions.

Villazón's Nemorino moves from euphoria to desperation with effortless ease. Peeling oranges, saluting the locals, practicing his marching and counting his money, he darts around the stage like an agile dancer and sweeps us away with his endearing energy. Under the twinkling street lights and rows of bright fairy lights illuminating the square at night Nemorino pours out his heart in "Una furtiva lagrima" and receives a five-minute ovation that prompts a second rendition of the aria and further applause from across the auditorium (including the orchestra). This is a lyric tenor to watch making his Liceu debut with a Nemorino that looks likely to become his signature role.

Gas weaves the various strands together with unforced skill in the production's final scenes. Villazón's Nemorino swings from the bottom of the lamppost with unadulterated joy as Bayo's Adina confesses that she loves him. Belcore turns his attention to Adina's companion Giannetta (Cristina Obregón) using the same trick with the flowers that temporarily wooed Adina. Dulcamara hands out potions to the audience through the aisles, even managing to reach the conductor, Daniele Callegari. Adina and Nemorino hold hands with evident fervor, and the rest of the town join in the celebrations with the urgency of a community who loves a good

party. This is a production that sparkles and fizzles. Callegari keeps the pace brisk and light, and Gas orchestrates the action with charming deftness. Gas's work has never been seen in the UK or US, and yet his reputation within lyric opera and musical theatre in Spain is formidable. This is a production any major company worth their salt should take a look at.

While Mario Gas was for many decades an indelible part of Barcelona's landscape, his move to Madrid as Artistic Director of the Teatro Real suggests bold new times ahead for a theatre that had fallen into a predictable run of rather turgid productions of modern Spanish classics. While Ángel Facio's production of *Romance de lobos* (*Ballad of Wolves*) [see *WES* 17.2, 59-60], failed to ignite the play with the kind of visceral energy that Lavelli brought to his celebrated 1992 reading, Gas's dynamic lighting provided illuminated pockets of action on Paco Azorín's giant metallic set. The 2004-05 season juggled domestic iconoclasts (Carles Santos' *La meua filla sóc jo*) and American mavericks (Robert Wilson's *Temptation of St. Anthony*) as well as European auteurs (Deborah Warner's star-studded *Julius Caesar*). 2005-06 already looks to continue the trend with La Zaranda opening with *Homenaje a los malditos* (*Homage to the Damned*) and a lively international programming strand including Bosnian composer Goran Bregovic—filmmaker Emir Kusturica's regular collaborator—with an adaptation of Bizet's *Carmen* and Jerome Savary's *La Vie d'Artiste*.

In Barcelona too the Lliure and Romea 2005-06 programs demonstrate a healthy balance of home-grown products and visiting international (co-)productions. At the Romea, veteran actor Josep Maria Pou makes his directorial debut with his own translation of Albee's *The Goat or Who is Sylvia?* (November 21-February 26). Juan Mayorga's acclaimed *Hamelin* comes to the city following its acclaimed Madrid run (13 March 13-April 23), and Argentines Daniel Veronese and Javier Daulte present adaptations of Ernesto Sábato's *El túnel* and a new play *La felicitat* (*Happiness*) respectively (April 24-May 28 and June 26-July 30). While artistic director Calixto Bieito's own work seems a conspicuous omission from the new Romea season, Álex Rigola's *Ricard 3r* (*Richard III*) forms one of the centerpiece productions of the new Lliure season. The programming is tremendously exciting, with Thomas Ostermeier, Anatoli Vassiliev, Jan Lauwers, Romeo Castellucci and Sidi Larbi

Cherkaoui presenting work alongside Cesc Gelabert, Rodrigo García, Roger Bernat, Boadella and Joglars and Lluís Pasqual. In a couple of years Àlex Rigola has turned the Lluire from a venue trying to find a sense of purpose to one of Europe's most exciting venues, with a young loyal audience and a real engagement with the politics and identity of the city of which it forms such a crucial part.

Both Barcelona and Madrid shared a hit last season, a new play that emerged from the Teatre Nacional de Catalunya's "Proyecto T-6" playwrighting incentive, providing a home-grown success that looks set to become a modern classic. *El método Grönholm* (*The Grunholm Method*) has already made into a film by Argentine filmmaker Marcelo Piñeyro, with various European productions allegedly in the pipeline for 2006-07. Could this be the *Art* of the new century? Sergi Belbel's fluid Barcelona production has returned after a summer recess [see *WES* 17, 5-6] but Tamzin Townsend's Madrid production, touring through the summer, is now back at the Marquina theatre, and just as sparkling as when it opened a year ago.

The play is a contained, compact 90-minute drama that brings four candidates together in the final stages of a job interview for a senior position at a multinational company, Dekia. As they wait to be called in for interview, it dawns on all four that this selection process will not take the habitual format. They are obliged to literally fight it out in a series of exercises devised to test their competency and ability to work under pressure. The winner takes the gilded prize of the much-coveted job; the other three are destined to go away demoralized and empty-handed. Galcerán's Spanish-language version resets the play in Madrid, shifts a few jokes—moving the butt from the Japanese to the Catalans—and renames the characters: the determined, thick-skinned Ferran is now Fernando; the jovial Enric is now Enrique; the fragile Carles is now Carlos and the ambitious Mercè now Mercedes.

The productions couldn't be more different. The office provided by Belbel's designer Paco Azorín offers a stylish Miró-infused environment with a giant eye painting staring down at the four "contestants." The nod to Yazmina Reza's *Art* is plainly evident in a stage environment where imitation Le Corbusier chairs offered an image of the seductive attraction of corporate culture. Gabriel Carrascal's design for the Marquina offers a more anonymous and less alluring environment. This is a

grimmer space of anonymous beige plaster, orange sofas, red chairs and supermarket music that seeps, ghostlike, from the enclosing walls. Whereas Belbel chose to provide a dynamic pace with Jordi Boixaderas's Ferran entering on a high and remaining dangerously wired for the whole evening, Carlos Hipólito gives a more ominous reading of Fernando. This Fernando is an ordinary-looking chap, slight, able to slip unawares, pleasant enough when you first meet him if a little loose-lipped. There is less of the overt bravado or volatility of Boixaderas, but then gradually, as the stakes are raised, he emerges to stalk the stage in a genuinely frightening manner. Cristina Marcos's Mercedes may be less alluring than Roser Batalla's Mercè, emerging as someone who's always in a rush and never quite manages to look as together as she hopes, but this is soon shown to be an act. For the softly spoken Marcos is a Venus fly trap, a softer, more maternal figure with endearing blonde ringlets who hits home when she has to and metamorphoses into a devastating indictment of corporal culture's ruthless search for absolute perfection and unquestioning loyalty. Jorge Roelas's Enrique may not be quite as cuddly as Lluís Soler's Enric but his energy and enthusiasm offers a veritable antidote to Hipólito's poisoned-tongued Carlos and Eleazar Ortíz's fragile-looking Carlos. Ortíz is the only new performer to have jointed the company replacing Jorge Bosch in the role of the most obviously vulnerable member of the quartet.

As with Belbel, Townsend allows the production to build to its shocking climax without overtly announcing the plot's twists and turns. In Hipólito she has a lynchpin who turns from affability to menace in the flick of an eye. Snatches of fear and vulnerability appear without giving the game away. At once boyish and priggish, he oscillates from the camp to the cantankerous with effortless versatility. He is both a lost boy and a classroom bully, and his spats with Marcos's Mercedes are fired by a dangerous sexual tension. This Fernando strives to impress as a way of avoiding fading into the surrounding décor. Townsend choreographs some brutally funny moments: as with the role play exercise, when all don the outfits of a bishop, a clown, a bullfighter and policeman to try and argue their way to be given the only life jacket in a plane that's about to meet with disaster. The dialogue owes much to Mamet and the rapid-fire delivery moves the production along briskly. While I had noted echoes of Sartre's *Huis Clos* as well as Reza's

and Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross* when I saw Barcelona production, here the most resonance seemed to be Pinter. From the drab surroundings to the menace of the ordinary, this is a thing that confirms the personal as political and

locates torture very firmly within the workplace that has usurped the home. Both the Madrid production and the Barcelona staging, returning to the Poliorama, look set to run into 2006.



Jorge Roelas's Enrique peruses the written demands while Cristina Marcos's Mercedes, Carlos Hipólito's Fernando and Eleazar Ortiz's Carlos look on in Jordi Galcerán's *El método Grönholm* at the Marquina theatre, Madrid.  
Photo: Marquina Theatre