

---

# Theater in Review

submerged in loud bustle, despite superb acting by Ofelia Gonzalez as the Mother — her voice has the timbre of a cello — and vibrant performances by Adriana Sananes as the Bride and Maria Jose Alvarez as the abandoned wife.

So, then, one version. García Lorca's is better. But it would be a mistake to miss any chance to see this great play in any form. Repertorio Español presents it in Spanish, with simultaneous translation. (Try to use just one earphone; you *should* hear at times the cadences of García Lorca's voice, when it is allowed to break through.) **D. J. R. BRUCKNER**

---

## **Blood Wedding**

*Gramercy Arts  
138 East 27th Street  
Manhattan*

---

By Federico García Lorca; original music by Nicolás Uribe; English translation by Felipe Gorostiza; director, René Buch; production designer, Robert Weber Federico; assistant director, Virginia Rambal; movements, Adolfo Vazquez. Presented by Repertorio Español, Gilberto Zaldivar, producer; Mr. Buch, artistic director.

WITH: Maria Jose Alvarez, Martin Balma-  
ceda, Ricardo Barber, Patricio Calderon,  
Irma Bello, Mateo Gomez, Rolando Gomez,  
Ofelia Gonzalez, Henry Leyva, Ana Margari-  
ta Martinez-Casado, Alexia Murray, Jimmy  
Navarro, Marilyn Sanabria, Adriana San-  
anes, Rene Sanchez, Matt Schmitz, Ana Soler  
and Lilia Veiga.

Federico García Lorca's "Bodas de Sangre" ("Blood Wedding") is inexhaustible. The play's primal power, its tumult of ambiguities, even its melodramatic qualities, offer enormous temptations. The response of René Buch, in the production he directs at Repertorio Español, could be seen as daring collaboration with the playwright. Or it may be not-very-original sin.

First Mr. Buch takes from Act 3 the Old Beggar Woman, who is Death, turns her into a man and has him deliver a sinister prologue. This specter then dominates every act, and at the end it is not the cries of the two rival suitors killing each other off-stage that shatter the theater, but a front-stage scream from this grimacing spook (which incidentally robs the Mother's cry in the play's last two lines of its anguish). Next, where García Lorca asks only for a couple of violins to play briefly, Mr. Buch has four kettle drums on stage, ceaselessly booming like Balkan mortars. Finally, he speeds up the action and dialogue and expunges some of the visual and verbal symbolism of the original. All this makes for more realism, to be sure; it's hard to mistake a blow on the head for anything else.

García Lorca's text is filled with hypnotic lyrics and lullabies and with silences that punctuate the poetic rhythm of the play. A couple of shrewd Spanish directors have called "Blood Wedding" an opera in which the language is the music, producing at the end a terrifying thrill, like that of the neat incisions made by the "little knives" of the suitors.

Here much of that internal music is