



Young Boy Observing Picasso's Guernica, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid, Spain - Elliott ERWITT, 1995

Blood Wedding

by Federico
García Lorca

*in a translation by
Langston Hughes*

*concept by
Harlan Epstein*



A Folk Tragedy in Three Acts

Written by Spanish playwright Federico García Lorca, *Blood Wedding* was first produced as *Bodas de Sangre* in 1933. While Langston Hughes wrote his translation around 1937, it was not produced until 1992, sitting in archives for over 50 years.

In this document, I propose a production of Hughes' richly poetic translation at 26501 McBean Parkway, an empty, abandoned lot in modern Santa Clarita, on the ancestral land of the Tataviam tribe.



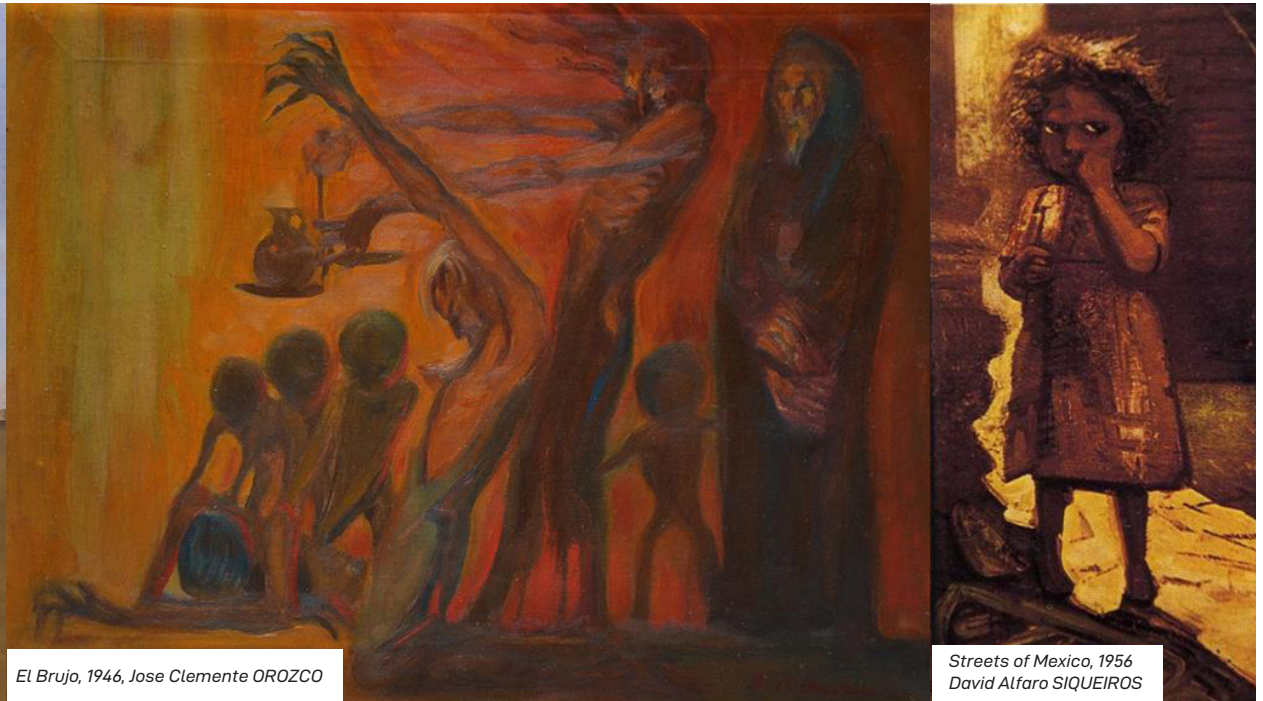
An unused space, yet still forbidden.

To its owners, someone being within this space is worse than it lying uninhabited and dying. Unmanicured, and hidden (badly) behind wire fence and green scrim, the space feels decrepit and ashamed, especially in contrast to the modern, sharp, metallic bus station looming pristinely behind it.

Blood Wedding is a play about loss, its effects, and the conspicuous emptinesses it leaves. It seems fitting, then, to produce such a play in a space defined as much by its vacancy as by its lack of life, with a fence that keeps people out, yet keeps nothing in.



Henry Ford Hospital, 1932, Frida KAHLO



El Brujo, 1946, Jose Clemente OROZCO

Streets of Mexico, 1956
David Alfaro SIQUEIROS



Peasant Mother, 1962, David Alfaro SIQUEIROS

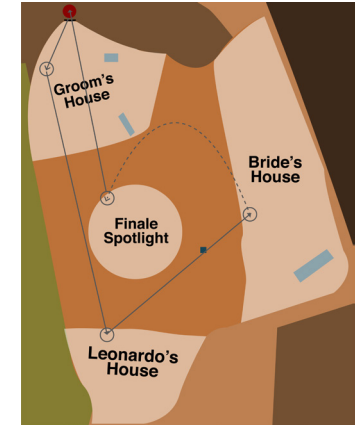


La Coiffure, 1906, Pablo PICASSO

Abandoned, but still haunted.

In this place, there is little joy. Small comforts, maybe, in the daytime, but always tinged with melancholy, fading in the sun like well-worn overalls.

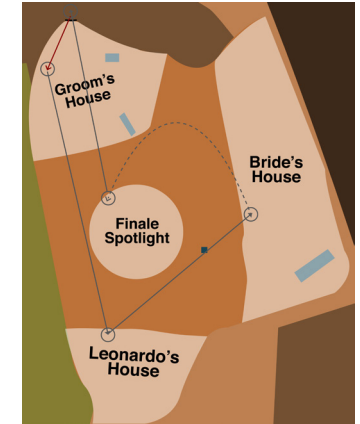
At night the space is darker, but needs no light to see. It is filled with a mystical tension, its inhabitants dusty shadows sailing through scattered moonlight. The intensity reflected in their eyes bespeaks an unknowable tragedy, both past and future, found and inherited.



PRE-SHOW

The audience begins on the outside of the fence, gathering around the entrance gate.

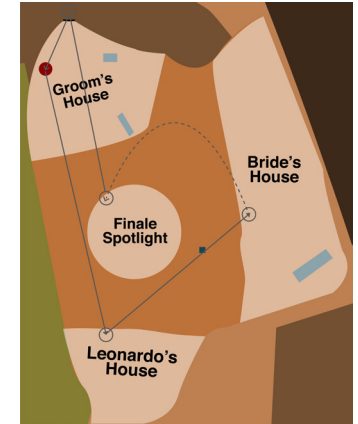
Death, as a beggar woman is the only actor outside of the site; She is begging silently.



ENTER

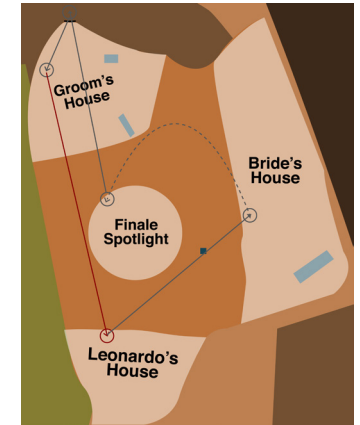
The Moon opens the gate, beckons the audience into the site, and leads them to the area where Scene 1 will be played.

The actors, sat motionless across the space in the places that they first appear, are not affected by the audience's entrance.



ONE

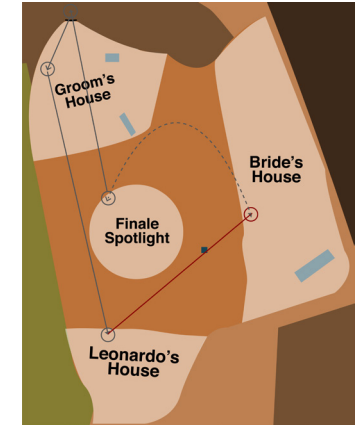
Once the audience is assembled, *the boy* enters, *the Mother* and *the Neighbor* come to life, and the three begin to play out Act 1, Scene 1.



TWO

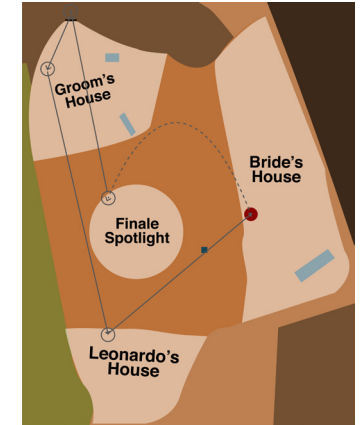
When the previous scene ends, the audience has their attention drawn to *Death, as a beggar woman*, who has been lingering behind them.

She is now carrying a crying baby and, singing a lullaby, leads them to the next scene, where *Leonardo's Wife* joins the song and takes the baby.



THREE

With Act 1, Scene 2 over, the next scene begins directly behind the audience, turning them around on their own. It is nearly sunset.

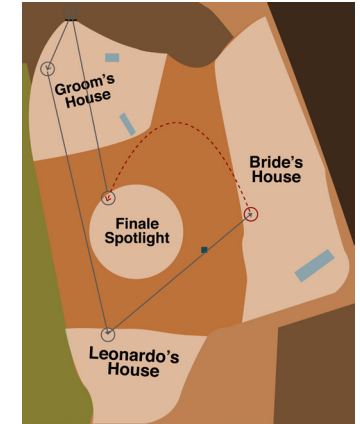


FOUR

Act 2, Scene 1 is in the same part of the site. It plays out as the entire site begins to be prepared for the wedding. When the scene ends, the next does not begin.

The audience is left alone, stranded.

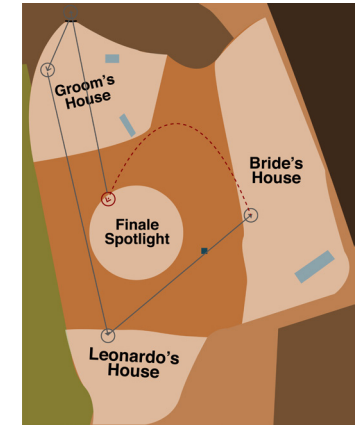
The port-a-potty door is opened for the audience: it is intermission.



FIVE

Stools are laid out across the site during the break. The audience sits as the party begins to happen around them, surrounding them in joy and and music.

Soon, the sun will have fully set.

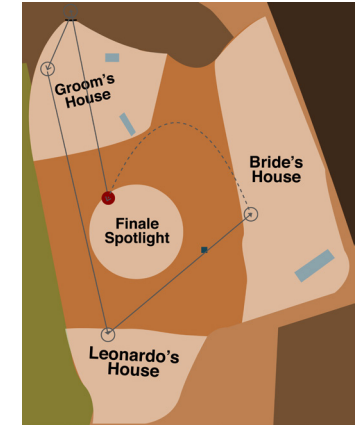


SIX

The sun has set.

Lit only by the floodlights of the bus terminal, a cold white light referred to as "the moon", the search party pursues the lovers with vitriol.

The audience members, spread out and alone, are now the trees that make up the woods.

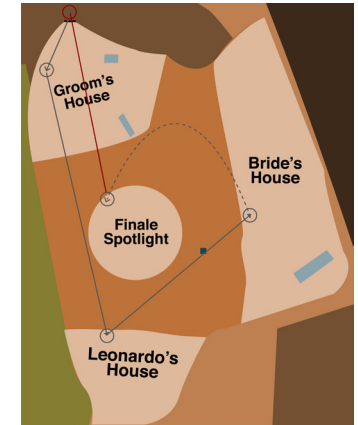


SEVEN

A spotlight in the center of the lot draws the audience to the site of the final scene.

Slowly, the scene drifts together, a growing cacophony of grief from the now-abandoned women of the town.

When the text ends, their grief continues.



EXIT

The Moon gets the audience's attention, and beckons them away, towards the gate. They exit the site, leaving the mourners still weeping in their spotlight. The Moon smiles, and closes the gate from inside.

Perhaps they expect something to happen at the end. It doesn't.