

Mexico City's Spring 2016 Theatre Season

Timothy G. Compton

I saw a claim in Mexico City this year that it boasts the third-most theatre of any city in the world, behind only London and New York City. I could not track the methodology behind the claim (most theaters? most performances? most plays performed in a year? most spectators?), nor was I able to find who originally made the claim. Nevertheless, if true it would not surprise me, as Mexico City's theatre world continues to be vibrant, with hundreds of plays of many varieties performed every week. A diligent theater-goer can find plays every night of the week, while on Saturdays and Sundays, with planning and perseverance, one can see 3-4 per day. Additionally, theatre performances for school audiences happen every week day during much of the school year, and societally edgy theatre can be found all week long during the entire year very late at night. The quality of texts and performances varies wildly, but theatre abounds in Mexico's capital city, the name of which, by the way, thanks to President Enrique Peña Nieto, changed officially from "Distrito Federal" to "La Ciudad de México" in January. Indeed, a number of plays I saw this season poked fun at the name change. Spectators have to work hard to ascertain which plays are most worth seeing, and then they have to battle traffic and parking. Although a few plays charge Broadway prices (usually musicals brought from Broadway and rendered into Spanish), most are far more reasonably priced—less than \$10.00 (150 pesos) for top-notch, main stage plays at UNAM for general public, less than \$5.00 (75 pesos) for students and professors, and less than \$2.00 (30 pesos) on Thursdays for anyone. Independent theaters normally charge about double those prices, while others charge less or depend on donations. A financial study of how theaters stay afloat would be most welcome; most seem to survive as if by miracle.

One can always find performances of Shakespeare's plays in Mexico City, but the 400th anniversary of the Bard's death this year spawned an inor-

dinate number of Shakespeare performances. A four-hour version of *Hamlet* under the direction of Flavio González Mello, for example, sold out during my entire stay in the city. And beyond “standard” performances of his plays, there were other plays based on Shakespeare’s work, such as a pair of plays focusing on the Pyramus and Thisbe play within *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*. In general I found more classic plays or plays based on classics than usual this season, including several versions of *Faust*, a version of *Antigone* adapted and directed by David Gaitán, a play called *Agamemnon y Electra* written and directed by José Alberto Gallardo, a Lope de Vega play, and a trio of *entremeses* by Cervantes.

Current-day Mexico was also on display on stage, with its bevy of challenges, such as governmental corruption, disappearances, poverty, police abuse, sexual abuse, discrimination, immigration issues, homelessness, and family breakdown, but also showing Mexico’s resilience, diversity, genius, and beauty. Other plays hinted at Mexican realities, but could have taken place in many parts of the world. For me, seven plays stood out as the season’s most outstanding. Here follow my too-brief comments on each of those seven, in alphabetical order, after which I include far-too-brief comments on other notable plays.

Fractales

The text of this play by Alejandro Ricaño won the Premio Nacional de Dramaturgia “Víctor Hugo Rascón Banda” in 2011. It has been staged a number of times, but since at least 2012 a version directed by and with a set designed by Adrián Vázquez has been performed in many parts of Mexico. I saw this version as part of a series at the Centro Cultural Helénico called “Ciclo hecho en...,” which brings performances from different states of the Republic to be showcased in Mexico City. *Fractales* and another play represented Veracruz. This version of *Fractales* shares the brilliant technique of having multiple actors represent one character that I have reported on in two previous Ricaño plays —*Un hombre ajeno* and *El amor de las luciérnagas*. I was shocked to find that the play text actually calls for four actors and four actresses, but Ana Lucía Ramírez, Luna Beltrán, and Estefanía Ahumada played all the parts superbly, toggled seamlessly from narration to representation, and transformed instantaneously from one character to another as if by magic. The cast was phenomenal in its timing and chemistry, executing choreography that required precise movement as a trio, and sometimes having like facial, corporal, and emotional expression, while at other times

contrasting them. The use of three actresses to play the part of one character seemed particularly apropos given the title of the play, as the repetition of actresses served as a fractal itself. The costumes, designed by Lisette Barrios, enhanced the theme, as all three actresses wore dresses based on the same tonalities and angles and lengths, but with slight variations in placement of colors and cuts. The set also matched the play's title in its repetition of stacks of identical boxes, which the actresses arranged in different ways for different scenes. Ricaño's quirky humor came through in abundance. For example, Ana had a series of boyfriends, but each was named Jesús and each ironically did nothing to heal or redeem or save her. Ana's great aspiration in life was to be a bit actress in a major motion picture because, in accordance with her theory of fractals, she figured tiny roles actually gave the essence of movies. But when she auditioned for parts she had emotional blockages. The play tracked brilliantly backward in her life, showing a series of poor choices in relationships and eventually revealing the trauma of her parents' deaths and her new guardians' refusal or inability to help her cope. This was a hilarious, beautiful, clever, poignant exploration of the results of childhood trauma and loss.

La gente

Several years after its founding, Centro Cultural Carretera 45 continues to mature and produce significant theatre—4 or 5 plays a week most weeks. One such play was *La gente*, which Spaniard Juli Disla wrote and Bárbara Colio adapted to Mexico. Carretera 45 brought Jaime Pérez from Spain to direct and the result was an off-beat comic masterpiece dripping with irony, even though none of the play's characters laughed or even smiled. Actors hob-nobbed with audience members prior to the play and then they together entered the small theater in the round, with the result that spectators and actors sat side by side. The spectators practically became part of the play, and, although it did not happen in the performance I witnessed, the actors told me later that they have had to improvise when spectators got so involved that they intervened. This play used none of the traditional "llamadas," lowered no lights, featured no set, and had actors dressed like spectators sitting amongst them. An actor thanked us for coming to what he said was an important event that was so needed given the circumstances and lamented that not everyone who had been invited was there (although it was a packed house), to which another actor questioned the means of inviting participants and demanded an explanation. Several other actors got

involved, some objecting, others expressing support. A chubby participant had a knack for talking a long time with great enthusiasm without saying anything. The event's "director" asked his assistant to read minutes of the last meeting, which she did with great enthusiasm and clear hope that the event we were witnessing would accomplish great things. Except that the meeting accomplished nothing. Although they couldn't agree on objectives, participants proposed publications, manifestations, and even hunger strikes. Other participants actively blocked any progress or accused other participants or spectators of malfeasance in many shapes. (I was accused of being a mole, since I was taking notes, for example.) The chubby participant, played by Abraham Jurado, stole the show. After many impassioned interventions, proposing a hunger strike, insisting he would do it whether anyone else did or not, and then getting proposed to represent the group, he confessed he was at the wrong meeting and left. Another participant (played by Antonio Zúñiga) announced that he was leaving because everyone else in the room was a donkey, although his language was more pointed. And so it went. The play captured perfectly the frustrations that come with meetings of many kinds—I thought of myriad academic meetings, governmental meetings, etc. The brilliant text never did reveal the actual topic or context of the meeting—it remained deliciously vague, so as to apply widely. Spectators had the joy of laughing at the absurdity of meeting protocols and personalities, grateful for once to observe as outsiders rather than participate in it. On the other hand, the realism of the play suggested that getting anything done at any meeting is nothing short of miraculous.

La monarquía casi perfecta

This play, by Cutberto López, directed by Angélica Rogel and with a cast of Tizoc Arroyo and Raúl Adalid, has also had several runs in several theaters in recent years. Although its characters were a king and his fawning servant, and a literal throne was the main element of the set, the setting was NOT medieval, since the plot included airplanes and helicopters. In fact, the corruption and egotism and abuse of power and political machinations and paranoia and disregard for common people and violence all seemed very modern. The king and his servant both expertly used language to manipulate, confuse, hide the truth, and avoid responsibility. In what I consider the play's most outstanding scene, the servant served as the king's simultaneous interpreter at a news conference, hilariously putting what the king said into a variety of languages, first English, then Russian, then Japanese, and finally



La gente. Photo: Joseph Compton

Italian. Or at least he used language that used some words in those languages and then filled in the gaps with gibberish that sounded like those languages. Arroyo could not have been funnier in this role, all while the king earnestly spouted lies and false sincerity on multiple subjects. Although this play has been around several years, sections of it were either improvised or updated, as when the king's name appeared in the Panama Papers and he had to fast-talk his way out of being involved. Adalid was excellent as the king, and Arroyo's picaresque fawning shined. Sergio Robledo shared the stage with the two actors. On his accordion he played music he had composed and also provided sound effects. At the play's beginning, a blindfold was placed on him, as if to keep him from being an eyewitness, or perhaps he didn't want to have to witness such hypocrisy. The throne did indeed serve as a throne, but was moved around the stage and taken apart for different scenes—it served as a podium for a speech and as the pilot's seat in an airplane, for example. Although *La monarquía casi perfecta* was outstanding theatre and

great fun, upon reflection, spectators had to be a bit depressed over how well it mimicked circles of power in their world.

Sucedió en Polanco

The Polanco section of Mexico City houses a large Jewish population. *Sucedió en Polanco* bundled four short plays by three different contemporary Jewish playwrights, each of which highlighted Mexican Jewishness in some way. Six actors made up the casts. Alberto Lomnitz directed them in all four plays as well as in dramatized introductions to each play, while Edyta Rzuwuska designed a set that adapted from play to play. A handbill insert included information about historical types of Jews, eating customs, and cleansing rituals. In the first play, *La azotea*, by José Appo, a pair of non-Jewish *muchachas* (domestic workers) compared notes about the behaviors they found strange in their Jewish families as they hung laundry on the roof of their apartment building. They had insightful, charming observations and displayed fierce loyalty to their families; at one point they argued over whether the non-Orthodox family was really Jewish, and the corresponding *muchacha* defended her family's Jewishness vigorously. *El favorito*, by Jacobo Levy, featured all six members of the cast in a family meal to which a brother took a new girlfriend for scrutiny. The family spent much of the meal hilariously fighting over an heirloom bowl that several of them felt was rightfully theirs. The personalities were strong and the dialogue rich. In *La prueba*, by Hugo Yoffe, a mixed-religion couple (he Jewish, she Catholic) considered marriage after living together for a time. She wanted soon; he wanted later. She doctored a pregnancy test to read positive, which led to discussion of the issues of children of mixed-religion families. When he wouldn't budge, she confessed her ruse and cut off the relationship. In *La fuga*, by José Appo, when a husband came home from work his wife informed him of the horrendous day she had due to a leak in the upper wall of their kitchen. To her horror, the water stain miraculously formed the image of the Virgen of Guadalupe. Skeptical, he inspected, and had to agree. At first they questioned their faith, but then realized they were looking at a marketing bonanza, charging people to come see the miraculous image, selling holy water from the tap, etc. The actors took on very different roles from play to play. Gabriela Murray deserves special kudos for her hysterical performance in *La fuga*, and Ana González Bello was delightful in three very different roles. Sergio Bátiz, Sonia Couoh, Sergio Rued, and Hamlet Ramírez all acted flawlessly as well. All four plays had delightful dialogue, led to many laughs, and gave insight into the richness and variety of Jewishness in Mexico.

Una bestia en mi jardín

This play, written and directed by Valentina Sierra, may have been the play of the season, and hopefully it will find further runs beyond the short one it had at El Granero theater. It sold out during my entire stay in Mexico City and many people were turned away (including me my first week there). A production of the vibrant theatre company Puño de Tierra, this play for children focused on issues related to immigration and refugees. The young protagonist and his family lived on the train route from Central America to points north. They met and gave refuge and encouragement to many travelers. The protagonist even gave travelers special ants that he considered lucky. Bruno Salvador expertly gave life to the puppet-protagonist, which was usually life-sized, while the protagonist dreamed of himself in miniature. Fernando Bonilla beautifully embodied the beast—the dirty, run-down, exhausted but empathetic train dragging people north on its back. Malcolm Méndez showed remarkable enthusiasm, facial expressions, and versatility as he played several roles, acted as puppeteer, sang, played instruments, and even walked a tightrope. Yurief Nieves composed and performed original music for the play, with words for most of the songs written by Sierra (although Nieves co-wrote a pair and Bonilla co-wrote another). Four of the six actors played musical instruments, including wonderfully expressive original percussive instruments. Puppets designed by Haydeé Boetto, a long ladder representing train tracks, the train dragging a long cape to represent its cargo, tennis shoes on laundry lines representing the feet of immigrants, and a tightrope-walking scene made the play a visual delight. After the play, spectators could purchase a short story version of it with illustrations by children at a local school and a CD with all the play's music. In fact, the lobby was full of pictures drawn by children at the school—their drawings helped guide the company in the design of the Bestia for performances. This was outstanding theatre by any measure, but I feel extra-thrilled when I see first-rate children's theatre, as I hope it will develop and encourage spectators starting at young ages.

Venimos a ver a nuestros amigos ganar

David Jiménez Sánchez wrote and directed this play in the Foro del Dinosaurio of the Museo del Chopo, where the group Ocho Metros Cúbicos (8m³) was in artistic residence from April 21 to August 7. During this residence, the group performed three plays from its repertoire and planned to premiere a new play later. 8m³ first performed *Venimos a ver a nuestros*

amigos ganar in 2014 and then took it to various parts of Mexico. The play's text intertwined three stories related to discrimination. The first detailed the story of James F. Blake, the bus driver who had Rosa Parks arrested. The second focused on Peter Norman, the Australian silver medalist who supported Tommie Smith and John Carlos in their protest on the winner's podium of the 1968 Olympics. The third followed the efforts of scientists attempting to determine whether discrimination and aggressiveness are genetic. The texts of the first two story lines were factual and could have made up solid history lessons, except that they jumped from story to story, place to place, time period to time period, and interspersed representation with narration. The audience was taken on a brilliant ride to Montgomery, Memphis, Mexico City in 1968, Southern California, Australia, and so forth. And the way Aldo González and Raúl Villegas combined words with a riveting torrent of activities and attitudes elevated them to something far beyond a history class. Somehow the profound seriousness of discrimination was not lost when the actors deadpanned part of the play in suits, but in bare feet and pants rolled up to their knees, when they delivered lines while spinning multiple footballs on the ground as they described the athletic prowess of athletes, when they donned Ku Klux Klan robes, made puppets out of other KKK paraphernalia, then sang ridiculous Cri-Cri songs to lampoon the KKK, and when they danced in Blues Brothers garb. Indeed, their playfulness somehow hammered home the play's profound seriousness. González and Villegas delivered remarkable performances, extremely energetic but controlled, working in tandem with great precision, changing tones abruptly and effectively, and singing and dancing beautifully. Their acting in this play was at the top of the season's finest. Eduardo Villegas shared the stage with the pair during most of the play, and in fact was sitting on the stage prior to the play, observing spectators arrive. He wore overalls and a ridiculously long, obviously fake beard, but he played the guitar beautifully, and the music contributed greatly to the play. The company's name refers to its humble beginnings—the amount of space it had to put on their first play, and the set of *Venimos*, designed by Raúl Castillo, reflected a preference for minimalism. It consisted of pieces of wood, which suggested walls, a short section of a fence, a courtroom bar, and a coat tree. Most of these materials were physically linked together, and the actors reconfigured them between scenes, while audience members collaborated mentally in creating the illusion. Ultimately, the play called for decency in the way humans treat each other, regardless of genes. It brilliantly showed how following the law is

not enough, as illustrated in the case of Blake, and how sometimes acting honorably has a price, as illustrated in the case of Norman. This was theatre at its finest. It was another strong candidate for play of the season.

Wenses y Lala

Adrián Vázquez wrote and directed this two-person play and starred in it with Teté Espinoza. Almost always seated on a bench, the two stayed on the stage from the time the first spectator walked in until the last spectator left. Even prior to the play the pair created the personalities of their characters, as Lala looked audience members confidently in the eye, smiled at them, and nodded hellos, while Wenses looked mostly at his feet and shifted nervously. When the play started and he tried to speak, his first words were painful: “Pos...pos...pos yo no soy bueno para hablar.” That line took sev-



Venimos a ver a nuestros amigos ganar. Photo: Joseph Compton

eral minutes, as he stammered and stuttered and looked tremendously uncomfortable. “¡Yo sí!” responded Lala, who then spoke a blue streak. They announced that they were going to tell their story, but insisted on meeting audience members first. House lights went up and Lala took the lead in meeting five audience members by name and learning about them. Espinoza engaged each one beautifully with delightful improvisations. When one spectator asked her a question she was quick to point out that it was HER job to ask the questions. As the two then told their story, they occasionally referred to the audience members they had met, or spoke directly to one of them. Thus, each performance of this play is a unique experience, never to be repeated. The couple’s story started with happy childhood memories, then the memories of how their parents were taken from their houses in acts of violence on the same day, when they were just 9 and 11 years old. They hated the orphanage, so they escaped together and scratched out a business and lived together to survive. Their story included eventually falling in love, showing loyalty through tough times, Lala’s death, the death of their son, and many years later, Wenses’ death and their sweet reunion beyond the grave. The story was riveting, and from time to time the pair exited narration mode to represent events, sometimes keeping their own identities and sometimes taking on others. Even more powerful than the story was the relationship between the two. Their verbal tiffs were classic—the two would argue over some small point, become very heated, then conclude with the affection of couples who had known and loved each other for many years. When Wenses described a letter from the government asking his forgiveness for the injustices surrounding his son’s death, he put aside his resistance to talking and went on a long, spectacular diatribe against governmental hypocrisy, until Lala, with just one word, told him that it was enough. This was as beautiful a love story as I have seen in theatre, with brilliant, subtle acting, a compelling story, social commentary, resilience, and hope for the future. This also may have been the play of the year.

Sadly, my comments on ten other plays require brevity; each one featured truly noteworthy elements. I approach them in nearly alphabetical order.

Cuando todos pensaban que habíamos desaparecido consisted of texts written by its cast and was directed by Damián Cervantes in the El Milagro foro. The six actors, some from Spain and some from Mexico, told family stories related to dishes that they prepared during the play. The play very

effectively demonstrated how identity relates to family forebears and family recipes. Although monologues dominated, there was some dialogue, some flamenco singing and dancing, some infighting, some altars à la Day of the Dead, some socio-political commentary about disappearances and violence, and some cultural reflection on death. And unlike any play I've ever seen, at the end of the performance the actors shared their food with the audience. Delicious!

Last year I reported on Microteatro. Another establishment called Teatro en Corto has come into existence with the same basic idea: nine rooms, each with a different play starting every 30 minutes, running six times a night. Thus, spectators can see many in one night. I avoided some of the plays due to their base content or silliness (both can be found very easily in Mexican theatre), but found several high-quality productions dealing with issues of great importance to Mexico. *Desaparición forzada*, written and directed by Julio Geiger, took place in a small kitchen at a dining table. A husband and wife discussed the news from the newspaper regarding the September 2014 disappearance of 43 *normalista* students, a topic of burning passion in Mexico. The play became intensely personal when it turned to the way the couple's own daughter had disappeared. In just a few minutes this play registered amazing depths of feelings and tensions and doubts within a marriage. Nancy Ávila and León Michel acted beautifully, literally just inches from the spectators.



Desaparición Forzada. Photo: Joseph Compton

Te presento a Lucas, by Marcos Purroy and directed by Rodrigo Cache-ro, focused on a sister's visit to her brother to meet his love interest. She tried to maintain her cool as she found out that Lucas was a mannequin. It brought to play a focus on dysfunctional families, relationships, invented worlds, and mental illness. *Secreto a muerte*, written and directed by Rodrigo Koelliker, focused on a case from the US in which a 14-year old was accused of killing an 8-year old. Set in the visiting room of a jail, the teenager swore innocence to his heartsick mother, then when his attorney showed him the evidence, he confessed. These plays created well-drawn characters, raised important issues, and packed an emotional punch, each in just 20 minutes.

Fractura múltiple, written by Saremi Moreno and directed by Vladimir Garza, explored the physical and emotional damage suffered by performers in the course of their careers. A room outside the Carretera 45 performance space displayed documents created by performers about their injuries—photos, drawings, testimonials. Before entering, spectators were invited in as if they were going on a trip. The play itself, rather than present a story with a plot, offered testimonials accompanied by remarkable physical feats. Ana Karen Rojas and Vladimir Garza showed amazing strength, flexibility, and corporal control as they did a form of controlled gymnastics, she on ropes and he on chains. Christian Cortés ran on a wall by using a rope hanging from it. In another scene he taped photos to himself as he talked about his history and emotional baggage. Behind them a screen displayed information. At intermission spectators were treated to water and snacks, as if on a flight. This experimental play was visually rich and often poignant, although at least one spectator (me!) did not see how some of the elements fit together—perhaps they were intentionally fractured to match the play's theme.

Galileo, o la abolición del cielo was another offering from Puño de Tierra, this time with Brecht's text adapted by Fernando Bonilla. Bonilla also directed. It was first performed in the 2015 Cervantino festival and this season had a short run in the Plaza Ángel Salas in Chapultepec Park. The set, designed by Elizabeth Álvarez, had three levels—the ground in front of a wooden construct, a stage about 15 feet high on the construct, and a small stage about 4-5 feet higher, on the stage. Malcolm Méndez, Valentina Sierra, and Valerio Vásquez have worked together many times and had great acting chemistry between them in this play. They showed great versatility in acrobatics, juggling, clowning, changing tone, and puppeteering. The cast



Galileo. Photo: Joseph Compton

brought to life a variety of delightful puppets, including a religious character some 20 feet high and spectators of a play within the play. The play had delightful visual elements and offered limber and satirical dialogue. The piece pilloried government and Church officials and played upon the issue of science and religion and the idea that old ideas sometimes need to be abandoned for new ones. Leonardo Soqui composed music that the actors performed live, including a hilarious jazzy version of Ave Maria.

Camila Villegas and Alberto Lomnitz collaborated on two plays this season. She wrote and he directed *La ciénaga de las garzas*, a heart-wrenching portrayal of how the culture of violence and disappearances in Mexico affects those left behind. In it, the daughter of a young mother and father was about to start kindergarten. This time of excitement, especially since the family had recently moved to a new, naturally beautiful area, was tempered because the wife's brother had disappeared. She ended up emotionally paralyzed, unable to let her little one go to school for fear that she might also disappear. Lomnitz designed the set, which included an evocative swamp with the suggestion of a human figure hidden in it. Valentina Rivera, the actor who played the child, could not have been more adorable and played the part well, while Teté Espinoza and Harif Ovalle played the adults superbly, including singing wistful, original songs by Leonardo Soqui and acting as puppeteers for four gorgeous variations on herons designed by Lomnitz, his daughter Alejandra, and Gerardo Ballester.

Lomnitz and Villegas co-wrote a children's musical called *Lluvia de alegrías*. In the play, a 5-year old found herself home alone during the day as her mother took on employment. With the help of a friend and an imaginary dog, she overcame her fears of the garbage monster in the adjacent landfill. The attractive set had walls that served as shadow puppet screens and bricks that would shift to allow mice puppet appearances, while the costumes also shined. The music by Leonardo Soqui was delightful as well, with Daniela Luján in the protagonist role. Children in the audience were on the edge of their seats.

Made in Mexico claimed a history of more than 1000 performances. Audiences went wild as TV actors Juan Ferrara and Laura Flores stepped onto the stage, as often happens in commercial theatre. The original text by Argentine playwright Nelly Fernández Tiscornia had been adapted to Mexico by Manuel González Gil, who also directed the play, and Rafael Inclán, who starred in it. In the play, the sister and brother-in-law of the main character returned to Mexico after over 30 years in the U.S. The protagonist and his



La Ciénaga. Photo: Joseph Compton

wife and the couple from the US grappled with their identity and their home country. The sister now adored the UD and despised Mexico. The brother-in-law continued to love Mexico, but recognized the economic opportunities in the US. He arranged for a job for the protagonist in the US, but the latter and his wife decided to stay in Mexico despite all its challenges. The play, with its sappy music, lively protagonist, and feel-good ending, framed some of the central issues that Mexicans face. I thought the performances were fine, but the audience gave the cast a standing ovation, perhaps a reflection of the locals' adoration of their television heroes.

Finally, Mexico's deaf theatre company, *Seña y Verbo*, continues to produce excellent theatre. I saw *Música para los ojos*, written and directed by Sergio Bátiz, with brilliant acting by Roberto de Loera, Eduardo Domínguez, and Lupe Vergara. A children's play, it featured four pieces of classical

music. The actors, dressed in tuxedos as if they were part of an orchestra, conjured up/acted out an underwater scene for one piece of music, a pastoral scene for another, and space scenes for the others. The incredibly expressive actors created a visual feast. Unfortunately, due to my schedule, I missed a performance of the company's newest play, *El gato vagabundo*, which is reportedly the first play in Mexico written primarily by deaf playwrights. (De Loera and Domínguez wrote it with the collaboration of the company's director, Alberto Lomnitz, who is hearing.) It also marks Mexico's first play performed entirely in Mexican Sign Language, necessitating the use of Spanish subtitles.

The vastness and variety of Mexico City's theatre continue to astound me. Creativity and quality abound. It also has a social role, documenting and commenting on current events and values in the city and in the entire country. The spring 2016 theatre season merits its place in a long line of outstanding seasons in Mexico's capital city.

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