

EL MUNDO
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A BEAUTIFUL AND STYLIZED CIRCUS

By JAVIER VILLÁN / MADRID

Even though the conductor-narrator (a kind of august who puts the show together) calls himself a man of the theater and show-business essence, this wonderful circus exhibition cannot be described with strictly theatrical criteria. There is a family story of rare lyricism, of lost and recovered childhood, of fog and of ships anchored in the streets of a village; and there is a far, very far away sea, 300 kilometers away, whose waves - when in wrath - gush into the houses, balconies and gardens of that village and there were a grandmother and a house and many children. Stories that could have been taken out of Garcia Marquez' magic realism, even when the village is located in the plains of the Po. The acrobatics, the spectacular acts of the aerial cloth, the no less fantastic act of the elastic bed, the trampoline... have nothing to do with the narrative magic referred to previously, but rather with the refined and stylized tradition of the circus. And this is what captivates the eyes. Nebbia is an essentially visual show.

On the other hand, there is the fog, populated with abstract ghosts. The fog is, in the stage subconscious, the true character of the memories. Everything might just be a dream, and that manifestation of memory and of the subconscious is

what draws it toward a theatrical structure; a wonderful dream whose frontiers with the reality we are incapable of discerning; or a reality that rides freely into the territory of dreams and the subconscious.

In Nebbia, according to the narrator and his companions - a sort of choir merged with the tradition of the clown -, everything is a matter of memory, evocation, and narrative lyricism. But it does not result into concrete theatrical material, because that is not the intention of its creators, and it is neither the essence of the show.

Nebbia is a circus divested of violence, in the trail of Cirque du Soleil, of course with less flamboyance and less pretensions: those that fit on a conventional stage; gauzes, tutus, irony, a bit of very slight parody. Acrobatics, elasticity and geometry of bodies, miracles of body curves converted into straight lines and angles, and the mysteries of the fog in the background.