

# Trueta



Àngels Aymar

*Translated by* Dr Montserrat Roser i Puig

**Trueta**

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*Àngels Aymar*

Translated by Dr Montserrat Roser i Puig

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Josep Trueta  
(1897-1977) in  
the 1930s,  
probably shortly  
after arriving in  
the UK.

# Introduction

There are times when an individual can make a significant change to a whole community. Josep Trueta i Raspall (Barcelona 1897–1977) was one of those rare few who managed to make a difference to two: the Spanish (more specifically the Catalan) until the Spanish Civil War, and the British, from the time he reached London as a consultant in 1939 until he went back to Catalonia in 1976. For his pioneering research in the treatment of war wounds (the Trueta Method) and the study of the double renal blood circulation (the Trueta Shunt) he obtained a professorship in Oxford, a nomination for the Nobel prize in the 1950s and several honours in Barcelona (many of them posthumous). However, he has not been as widely remembered as one would have expected either in Catalonia or in the UK. In this context, Àngels Aymar's play *Trueta* has been praised as an important reminder of the contribution made by this devoted surgeon to both the world of medicine and to the spirit of Catalonia. The translation of *Trueta* into English is intended to bring back to the readers the life of a man who, during his many years as an exile, also made a valuable contribution to the British community.<sup>1</sup>

Àngels Aymar's *Trueta* – a sensitive recreation of the key moments in the life of the orthopaedic surgeon Josep Trueta i Raspall – premiered at the Teatre Nacional de Catalunya in Barcelona on 30th January 2009.<sup>2</sup> Aymar, born in Barcelona in 1958, is one of the playwrights of the 4th edition (2006–2009) of the T6 project organised by the Teatre Nacional de Catalunya which employs six resident authors to write two plays each over a period of 3 years and gives the authors free choice of topic and style.<sup>3</sup> But the TNC, as its name implies, stands for the Catalan Establishment in terms of Theatre and Aymar's play has been seen as a good fit to its remit of fostering Catalan culture, playing as it does an important role in piecing together modern Catalan self-identity.<sup>4</sup> As Aymar declared:



When I decided to write a play for the TNC it was very clear to me that I wanted to pay homage to a universal Catalan man or woman and, looking through the names, his came to me. Now I know a lot more about the doctor, surgeon, researcher, and learned gentleman who was twice proposed for the Nobel prize and who always spoke about Catalonia. I know a lot more about his virtues and weaknesses and, especially, I have understood why, as a young girl, I could not keep my eyes off him. (Aymar Dossier 9)

En proposar-me escriure una obra per al TNC tenia clar que volia retre homenatge a una catalana o a un català universal; i, tot revisant alguns noms, em va venir al cap el seu. Ara sé molt més sobre el metge, el cirurgià, l'investigador, l'home culte i afable que va ser dues vegades candidat al premi Nobel, i que sempre parlava de Catalunya. Sé molt més sobre les seves virtuts i les seves febleses i, sobretot, he entès per què de petita no podia deixar de mirar-lo. (Aymar Dossier 9)

Indeed, not only did Aymar exploit her personal fascination of Dr Josep Trueta and benefited from his daughters' help in order to reconstruct their family past, but she 'also researched his life and work from memoirs, interviews, biographies and some 600 letters from the doctor's personal correspondence (Doncel 1), spending a full year researching the life and work of Josep Trueta before starting to write a play which has been tagged as a '*biopic*', which is what the documentary drama genre is called' (Bruna 41).

Despite that, however, Aymar claims that what she intended was 'not to put together a chronology but to use a paint stroke approach and also enclose real documents (including Trueta's recorded voice)' (Aymar Tall 3). In this respect, it soon becomes clear that Aymar has made a personal selection of the episodes she judged most relevant in the life and work of Josep Trueta and developed them according to her own view of the eminent Catalan surgeon. She chooses to start the play with the finding of his medical vocation and abandonment of his artistic career, and from here onwards, the play follows both the personal and the professional events of Trueta's life.<sup>5</sup>

The work is divided somewhat conventionally into three parts placed in roughly chronological order. The first covering 1924 to 1938 is set in Barcelona but the second, which covers 1938 to 1943, alternates its settings between London and Oxford in the sense that those in Oxford represent the actual time of the action, while those in London are flash-backs; and finally, there is an epilogue set in Barcelona at the time of Amèlia's death in 1975.

The first part of *Trueta* is directly anchored in Catalan culture by its setting in Barcelona and by the insertion of historical events like, for instance, a brief discussion of the tragic accident that cost the great *Modernista* architect Antoni Gaudí his life in June 1926; several exchanges deploring the life of the exploited Andalusian workers in Barcelona and the growing unrest amongst the population in general; numerous allusions to the cruelty of the civil war through the specific instance of two brothers who have been injured fighting against each other and references to the surgeon's family and to himself.

It is also through carefully selected events that Aymar describes not only the basic principles of the surgeon's revolutionary technique, now known as 'the Trueta method'<sup>6</sup> developed by him while treating war injuries during the Spanish Civil War, but also the controversies and impact that it subsequently generated. Likewise, this fragmentary portrayal shows how, because of the positive results produced by the treatment, Trueta attracted the attention of the British surgeon Miss Josephine Collier and, pressured by the ever-deteriorating situation in Barcelona, was lured out of Spain in 1938. The play then follows the years he spent working as a British Government health consultant, first in London and later in Oxford, through the Second World War and the work that he did in Britain where he remained until 1967.

By showing Trueta survive a considerable number of personal, political and professional ordeals, Aymar's main character (known in the play through the familiar diminutive of Pep) comes across as a caring, religiously-minded, tender man, full of integrity and so totally devoted to his work that

he even reaches the point of neglecting his own family. Aymar achieves this through the very effective use of direct testimonial evidence, such as extracts from personal letters read out off stage by Pep (or by his wife Amèlia); the projection of family pictures (tracing the births of their children) and recorded radio broadcasts, etc., as well as of highly evocative music reflecting and emphasising the protagonist's moods at critical times.<sup>7</sup>

The story itself is of personal and political significance and the play gives the audience a multilevel biography as it deals with an international itinerary: a civil war, a European war, a family in exile, a return to the beloved homeland, a professional task, a scientific vocation and the inner need to serve and to teach (Soler-Durall 1/4). But in addition, *Trueta* is also an educational play in that it brings to the Catalan public of today the story of one of their national icons, for Trueta, like many other scientists and intellectuals of his time was forced into exile precisely because of his democratic and Catalanist (i.e. Catalan nationalist) ideas. As Gomis explains:

Dr Trueta was a cornerstone in orthopaedics and fracture treatments during the second half of the 20th century. But he was also point of reference in the defence of democratic values and Catalan thought. In the dark years of Franco's dictatorship, from exile in Oxford and an influential position, he denounced day after day, indefatigably, the social and cultural mistreatment suffered in Catalonia. (Gomis)

El Doctor Trueta fou una referència en la traumatologia i l'ortopèdia a la segona meitat del segle XX. Però també ho fou per a la defensa dels valors democràtics i del pensament catalanista. En els foscos anys de la dictadura de Franco, des de l'exili d'Oxford, des d'una atalaia influent i privilegiada, va denunciar dia rere dia, infatigable, el maltractament social i cultural que patia Catalunya. (Gomis)

It can be argued therefore, that looking at Josep Trueta as one of the big names of Catalan medical culture (others being Duran-Reynals, Trias Pujol, Pi i Sunyer, Folch i Pi, Oriol Anguera, Mira López and Duràn Jordà), gives the Catalan

public, as Soler Durall states, ‘the universal dimension of the Catalan archetype we so eagerly seek to find ourselves as an ideal country, the existence of which is sometimes doubted and other times totally denied’ (Soler-Durall 2/4). But, as Aymar has mentioned, because of the professional success achieved by Trueta, the story of this universal Catalan ‘has provided me [and we could extend this to mean all Catalans] with the material to take an in-depth look at the Spanish Civil War from a medical perspective’ (Doncel 1). In this respect, the medium of theatre is particularly apt. In fact, according to Massip:

Àngels Aymar is the only playwright of today who has had the courage to roam around the mined territory of historic memory and managed to bring it to the stage without hang ups. (Massip)

Àngels Aymar és l'única dramaturga d'avui que ha tingut el valor de transitar el terreny minat de la memòria històrica i dur-la a escena sense complexos. (Massip)

Aymar's play can also be seen as presenting the contribution made by Trueta and other exiles to the survival of their ideals. This is often transmitted through the testimonial extracts (off voices and letter extracts), many of which can be directly traced to the surgeon's autobiography. A good example of this can be found when Pep's off voice declares with conviction his duty to the Catalan nation and the need to represent it while in the UK because, he says, ‘As an individual and in my own individuality, I have felt that being there I represented myself and all of you as well’ – an assertion which reflects fully the view expressed in the section called ‘Síntesi del meu pensament en deixar Catalunya’ [Synthesis of my thoughts when leaving Catalonia] of his autobiography *Fragments d'una vida*, where he explains that:

Many of us, be it future scientists or artisans or artists, carried a desire of personal self-improvement which also included a social element. Despite being considered different as citizens and

having different habits from the Spaniards, we believed that through our work we would achieve the recognition of our existence as a people and that the characteristics described by the best Castilian writers –Pidal, Ganivet, Madariaga, Sánchez Albornoz, Américo Castro and others– characteristics partly represented by the Castilian language called Spanish since the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, were not applicable to the Catalans. (Trueta 1978 191-92)

Molts de nosaltres, tant els futurs científics com els artistes o artesans, dúiem un desig de superació personal que comportava també un contingut social. Malgrat que ens consideressin ciutadans d'una altra mena i amb costums diferents dels espanyols, creïem que pel nostre treball arribaríem a assolir el reconeixement que encara existíem com a poble i que les característiques descrites pels millors escriptors castellans –Pidal, Ganivet, Madariaga, Sánchez Albornoz, Américo Castro i altres–, unes característiques que en part se sintetitzen en l'idioma castellà, anomenat espanyol d'ençà de la dictadura de Primo de Rivera, no són atribuïbles als catalans. (Trueta 1978 191-92)

This wider socio-political picture is developed and reflected upon in Aymar's play through her choice of characters (fourteen in total). As stated by Bruna:

Besides the doctor, played by Pep Munné, there are five characters 'each of them representing one of the collectives that were touched by Trueta's presence', says Elena Fortuny (Amèlia, Trueta's spouse). She is the family. Roser Batalla plays two roles: one is unnamed, and reminds us of the nuns and nurses who worked with him; the other is inspired by Miss Collier, a surgeon who played an important part in Trueta's life. 'She was fascinated by his persona and the way he understood his vocation, and she fought against everything in order to get the doctor, threatened with death in Spain and on the run in France, thin and emaciated, to go and work in Britain', Aymar explains. (Bruna 41)

A més a més del metge, que interpreta Pep Munné, hi ha cinc personatges "que representen cada un dels col·lectius que han quedat tocats per l'existència de Trueta", diu Elena Fortuny (Amèlia, esposa de Trueta). Ella és la família. Roser Batalla fa dos papers: un no té nom, i recorda totes les monges i

infermeres que van treballar amb ell; l'altre està inspirat en Miss Collier, una cirurgiana que va tenir molt a veure en la vida de Trueta. "Estava fascinada per la seva persona i la manera d'entendre la vocació, i va lluitar contra tot perquè el doctor, amenaçat de mort a Espanya i fugit a França, prim i desnodrit, anés a treballar a Anglaterra", explica Aymar. (Bruna 41)

But more specifically in the second part of the play set in the UK, this is done through the five main characters based on real people: Pep, Amèlia, Miss Collier (referred to as the Miss), Salvador and the Reporter (inspired by an unnamed photographer mentioned by Trueta in his biography who was supposed to have taken his best portraits). No matter how we interpret them, it is through their dialogues and actions that Trueta's struggles within both the Catalan and the British social and professional contexts and the complex and changing political circumstances in which he had to work are sensitively portrayed.

Indeed, the Miss (the British surgeon Miss Josephine D. Collier), for instance, is mentioned in the first part of the play in the dialogue between Pep and his assistant Nun when the latter comments on Miss Collier's earlier visit to the hospital. She is described, incidentally, not only as having arrived in Barcelona with the latest consignment of international sanitary supplies, but also as being able to speak some Catalan – a highly significant detail, especially when in real life she spoke Castilian.<sup>8</sup> Not only does this character become the actual link between the first part of the play and what is to follow, given that she is the one who organises Trueta's short visit to the UK, which ends up becoming a 29-year stay, but through her Aymar also gives the audience a glimpse into the workings of the British health and intelligence systems during and after the Second World War.

On the other hand, in introducing the character of Salvador (based on the Republican diplomat and writer Salvador de Madariaga), Aymar brings to the fore the conflicting stance of Spanish and Catalan republicanism. In this sense Trueta is presented as

A man who, like Pau Casals, never had a quiver in his voice when the time came to testify in favour of Catalan identity around the world in spite of the pressure imposed upon him by Spanish diplomacy and the reticence of some of his close friends, such as Madariaga himself. (Massip)

Un home que, com Pau Casals, no li tremolà la veu per donar testimoni de catalanitat arreu del món, malgrat les pressions de la diplomàcia espanyola i la reticència de bons amics com el mateix Madariaga. (Massip)

Indeed, Salvador de Madariaga (Spain 1888 – Switzerland 1978) was a

[W]riter, diplomat, and historian, noted for his service at the League of Nations and for his prolific writing as a journalist in English, German, and French, as well as Spanish. In 1921 he joined the Secretariat of the League of Nations at Geneva as a press member and the following year was appointed head of its disarmament section. From 1928 to 1931 he was professor of Spanish studies at the University of Oxford. After the Spanish monarchy fell in 1931, the Spanish republic appointed him ambassador to the United States (1931) and then to France (1932–34), and he was Spain's permanent delegate to the League of Nations from 1931 to 1936. When the Spanish Civil War broke out in July 1936, Madariaga — “equally distant from both sides,” as he wrote at the time — resigned and left for England. (Ocaña)<sup>1</sup>

Once in Britain, he became an active militant pro-European integration and in 1947 he was a key contributor to the Liberal Oxford Manifesto, the key points of which included in its section IV a description of the conditions required prior to the abolition of war and the achievement of world peace. That section asked specifically for:

- a) Loyal adherence to a world organisation of all nations, great and small, under the same law and equity, and with power to enforce strict observance of all international obligations freely entered into;
- b) Respect for the right of every nation to enjoy the essential human liberties;

- c) Respect for the language, faith, laws and customs of national minorities;
- d) The free exchange of ideas, news, goods and services between nations, as well as freedom of travel within and between all countries, unhampered by censorship, protective trade barriers and exchange regulations;
- e) The development of the backward areas of the world, with the collaboration of their inhabitants, in their true interests and in the interests of the world at large. (Madariaga)<sup>9</sup>

However, as clearly portrayed by Aymar in *Trueta*, even though the two friends shared their concerns for the situation of Spain and their desire for democracy, Madariaga would not extend his Europeanism to the point of understanding the need for Catalan national identity to be recognised as different to that of the rest of the Spaniards or his friend's zeal in preserving the Catalan language. It is in this respect that Aymar emphasises how Madariaga and Trueta 'saw things very differently, but were united by a very close friendship' (Bruna 41) and how Salvador and Pep are shown joking over their differences of opinion, specifically when talking about Trueta's writing in 1941 and publication in 1946 of *The Spirit of Catalonia* and Madariaga's writings as well. Other issues mentioned which met with Madariaga's disapproval are: the broadcasting of a programme on Catalan literature and music by the BBC in which Trueta was involved and Trueta's political role as prospective president of the Catalan Council in London.

The character of the reporter on the other hand, serves a markedly different purpose in Aymar's play as he has been devised to fill in information voids and to give the audience the public exposure that Trueta was denied in his day. The playwright, in fact stated that 'Pep Planas, the reporter, is the historical gaze: he represents those reporters who roam around the world gathering information and testifying to what is going on, so that it doesn't get lost' (Bruna 41). As with Miss Collier, in the first part of the play, the reporter is present but has no direct contribution to the action other than that of collecting his dead father's possessions and making frequent appearances to



take the photographs that will appear on screen. It is not until the second part that he becomes proactive as someone who, of his own volition and at high personal cost, undertakes the project of putting together a program documenting the work of Catalan exiles, having already visited key personalities in France and Germany and at this stage concluding his research by gathering all the details on Trueta's contribution much to the anguish of the Miss who suspects him of being a spy.<sup>10</sup>

Aymar thus singles out events which she regards as needing either recognition (like the appearance in the press of Trueta's achievements) and the award of Doctor Honoris Causa at the University of Oxford in 1943 or clarification (like the fact that Trueta, who appeared in the famous photograph that accompanied the announcement in the press of Chain and Florey's discovery of antibiotics, was not involved in their research and only happened to be the man who injected the mice in the final trial). These events will follow the surgeon's life until the time when Pep and Amèlia decide to return to Catalonia at which point the story is poignantly but succinctly brought to a close in the play's epilogue, set in Barcelona some years later. At the end of his life, Aymar portrays Trueta as bitterly disappointed – an attitude that can be justified by the fact that:

In Barcelona, and in Spain, his name was proscribed in the press by the successive Francoist regimes. It was not until 1969 that he was given the Virgili prize by the Royal Academy of Medicine in Barcelona, and November 1976 that he was awarded the Doctorate Honoris Causa by the Autonomous University of Barcelona — the same University which had offered him a Chair in 1935 and which he had turned down because he wanted to visit some foreign surgical universities before becoming an academic. (Biografia Dossier 18)

A Barcelona, a Espanya, el seu nom va ser proscribit a la premsa per ordre dels successius governs franquistes. Fins l'any 1969 no se li va atorgar el premi Virgili, de la Societat de Cirurgia de Barcelona. El 1970 el van designar Acadèmic d'Honor de la Reial Acadèmia de Medicina de Barcelona. I fins el novembre de 1976 no va ser nomenat doctor Honoris Causa de la UAB, la mateixa

universitat que el 1935 li havia ofert una càtedra a la qual Trueta va renunciar de moment perquè tenia el propòsit de visitar abans algunes institucions quirúrgiques universitàries estrangeres. (Biografia Dossier 18)

Indeed, by the time Trueta returned to Catalonia he had already demonstrated his talents but he was denied the Research environment he had hoped for (Gomis) and 'his work failed to win the recognition it had abroad' and 'He died alone and ignored' (Doncel 1). Trueta's profound sadness — a disappointment that would have been compounded by the fact that for almost 30 years Trueta had been a relentless ambassador of Catalan culture in exile and, ultimately, his country let him down. This is displayed by Aymar at the close of the play, in the short final section set in Barcelona in 1975, where his sadness extends to an even greater feeling of displacement. In effect, a work such as Aymar's *Trueta* serves to fill in the gaps in the population's knowledge of their own culture and, in a sense, vindicates the importance of figures who, like Trueta, are a constitutive part of contemporary Catalan identity. In fact, as Massip states, Aymar

Researches one of the key figures of last century's medicine, Josep Trueta, who, on his return from exile when the dictator died, experienced the disappointment of finding himself in a devastated country and faced with the fallacy of a Transition which, despite the recognition of his innovative surgical and orthopaedic methods, did not allow him to set up the Research Institute that he had proposed. (Massip 43)

Ara indaga en una figura cabdal de la medicina del segle passat, Josep Trueta, que, en tornar de l'exili amb la mort del dictador, va experimentar la decepció de trobar-se un país desarborat i amb la fal·làcia d'una Transició que, malgrat els reconeixements pels seus innovadors mètodes de cirurgia i traumatologia, no li va permetre l'Institut de Recerca que havia proposat. (Massip 43)

And that neglect must have been particularly painful for Trueta because, even though he had always longed to go back to Barcelona, he 'loved England and England loved him' and in

the UK he had found 'what he expected: facilities and understanding for his scientific work' (Soler-Durall 2/4). But the reasons for this neglect cannot be disassociated from politics for, as Massip reminds us:

There can only be two reasons to explain the lack of knowledge of such a key character in medical science and in the democratic spirit of the XXth century: the forced exile imposed by Franco's victorious *Coup d'état* and the lack of care in Catalonia towards preserving its basic cultural referents – typical of a country emasculated by 300 years of subordination to a belligerent State strongly opposed to its culture. (Massip 43)

Aquest desconeixement d'un personatge clau per a la ciència mèdica i l'esperit democràtic del segle XX només té dos motius: l'exili obligat que va suposar la victòria colpista de Franco i la deixadesa de Catalunya envers els seus referents bàsics, pròpia d'un país emasculat per 300 anys de subordinació a un Estat bel ligerant contra la cultura d'aquest tros de món. (Massip 43)<sup>11</sup>

In fact, according to [Pep Munné], (the actor who played Trueta in Aymar's work), if Trueta didn't obtain the Nobel prize, it was not because he did not deserve it but because 'he didn't have a country to back him up' (Doncel 1) and, somehow, there is still an unresolved conscience issue which the Catalan Government, through the TNC and through Àngels Aymar, needs and wants to redress. It is in this respect, in the role played by the play as a public apology and acknowledgement of Trueta's worth as an icon of Catalan culture, that Aymar's work has been most welcome, because, as Bruna reports:

Josep Trueta, one of the most important figures of the XXth Century: Scientist, convinced Catalanist, who was an essential doctor during the Spanish Civil War, the Second World War and the Vietnam War, will now be finally known by new generations (Bruna 41).

Josep Trueta, una de les figures més importants del segle XX, científic, catalanista convençut, que va ser metge imprescindible a les guerres civil, mundial i del Vietnam, serà finalment conegut per les noves generacions. (Bruna 41)

And, according to Company, this public acknowledgement is enhanced not only by its historical value but also by its relevance to the present for, as he says:

The play is a homage to this universal Catalan with whom the author and director coincided in her childhood, but it is also an emotional journey through a black historical period which we need to keep in our present in order to ensure that it stays forever in the past. In moments such as today (when crisis is threatening us with hardship, hardship with intolerance and intolerance with aggression or maybe even worse), in which wars, even if far away on the map, are once again bringing down our hopes for evolution, it becomes necessary and opportune to bring on stage a documentary such as *Trueta*, to remind us of what we have been and what we may become. (Company I)

L'obra és un homenatge a aquest català universal, amb qui l'autora i directora va arribar a coincidir durant la seva infància, però també un repàs emocionant d'un període històric negre que hem de tenir present perquè mai deixi de ser només passat. En uns moments com els que vivim, en els quals la crisi amenaça amb l'escassetat, i l'escassetat amb la intolerància i la intolerància amb l'agressivitat o una cosa pitjor, en què les guerres, tot i que encara lluny al mapa, tornen a ensorrar les esperances d'evolucionar, resulta necessari i oportú fer pujar als escenaris un documental que, com *Trueta*, ens recorda qui hem estat i qui podríem ser. (Company I)

In this respect, and significantly, Aymar sees that type of difficulty as one which is still very much alive today when she states that 'Reading their letters one realises that the situation between Castellians and Catalans has not changed at all and this gives reality a sad dimension' (Bruna 41).

From another perspective, the January 2009 scenography of the play seems to have evoked the right type of imagery and was commended for the simplicity, austerity, suggestive and evocative nature of the single stage, designed by Sebastià Brosa and for its stylised portrayal of *Trueta* amongst the wounded, but fighting his own "war against war" in a way that 'gets us subliminally into [Catalan] history and it is a valid support for

the different situations that take place' (Soler-Durall 2/4). In Massip's words, it is

An accurate and elegant *mise en scène*, with the staging of a city torn apart by bombs, supported by the projection of expressive audio-visual documents [which is] an absolutely essential historical and human vindication! (Massip 43)

Una posada en escena elegant i acurada, amb una escenografia de ciutat esventrada per les bombes que es recolza amb la projecció d'expressius documents audiovisuals. Una reivindicació històrica i humana absolutament imprescindible! (Massip 43)

However, because of its biographical nature and the theatrical techniques used by Aymar, some spectators may feel that *Trueta* does not quite reflect their own personal selection of key events in the surgeon's life or that the generalised use of realistic details falls apart when issues such as the ageing of the characters over the years, seem to have been forgotten.<sup>12</sup> One has to admit that the play is a linear piece and that because of this it could be seen as conservative and mainstream as:

Linearity and clear narrative structures have been associated with conventional or 'mainstream' theatre. Politically they have been associated with totalitarianism or, on the softer side, simple conservatism. The performance invited by linearity (as either actor or citizen) is one of 'following the line'. Whether this be dictated by tradition, a political party or a playwright. (Kozel 258)

And we must not forget that this is a play written under the auspices of the Teatre Nacional de Catalunya and that it has been intended, as Aymar declared, 'for the young, so that they learn to appreciate the state of peace and democracy in which we live today'.<sup>13</sup> As Diamond says:

Performances [may be seen] as cultural practices that conservatively reinscribe or passionately reinvent the ideas, symbols, and gestures that shape social life. Such reinscriptions or reinventions are, inevitably, negotiations with regimes of power. [...] Thus while a performance embeds traces of other performances, it

also produces experiences whose interpretation only partly depends on previous experience. This creates the terminology 're' in discussions of performance, as in reembody, reinscribe, reconfigure, resignify. 'Re' acknowledges the pre-existing discursive field, the repetition –and the desire to repeat– within the performative present[...]. (Diamond 67)

Nonetheless, we can say that in *Trueta* Aymar deploys great effort in presenting the surgeon's personal, professional and political dilemmas and convincingly shows us 'a serious man, not devoid of frequent flashes of humour, but [with a] formal attitude [which] was an expression of his inner life, centred in transcendent projects'; a man who 'was elegant and contented in his gestural expression', 'a vocational teacher', 'a high level communicator' (Soler-Durall 2/4) and a devoted Catalan. In the words of Munné, the play 'shows the people of today a great Catalan personality' (Munné Tall 2) and it is in this sense that we could reach the conclusion that, by writing a play like this under the auspices of the Teatre Nacional de Catalunya, Aymar's work is in agreement with Diamond's view that performance is intrinsically related to political power and that 'Viewing performance within a complex matrix of power, serving diverse cultural desires, encourages a permeable understanding of history and change' (Diamond 67).

## About the Translation

As the initial purpose of this edition is the diffusion of Catalan culture, by common agreement between the playwright and the translator it was decided that, given the high relevance of the dynamics of multilingualism in the play, the translation was not going to attempt a transculturalisation. In the event of a performance of the play, the director will need to take a stance with regard to this issue and act accordingly.

Amelia, Pep and the Nun always speak in Catalan unless they find themselves in specific circumstances. For instance, private conversations between Pep and Salvador take place in Spanish and those between the Miss and Salvador in English but when these characters are in public Pep and Salvador speak Catalan and Spanish respectively and the Miss speaks broken Catalan.

In the play Aymar refrains from introducing any National soldiers but concentrates instead in portraying the inner disagreements of the Republicans thus showing that both diversity in ideas and bilingualism were present amongst the revolutionaries as much as they were amongst the civilian population. The youngster, representing the immigrant Andalusian working family, does not understand Catalan and speaks Spanish with an Andalusian accent and Don Salvador, who is Spanish but understands Catalan, always speaks in cultured Castilian Spanish.

The translation assumes that the characters are speaking Catalan all the time. However, when the language of communication of any character changes from his or her native language into another one, this will be noted in the stage directions. In this respect, Salvador's spoken English is better than Pep's and the latter's improves as the play progresses while the Miss' Catalan has a strong British accent and remains the same throughout.

In the translation Castilian has been translated as Spanish and punctuation has been adapted to British conventions.

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## Footnotes

- <sup>1</sup> For a detailed biographical summary of Trueta's life in Spanish, see <http://www.historiadelamedicina.org/trueta.html>
- <sup>2</sup> For information on the aims and objectives of the Teatre Nacional de Catalunya (TNC for short), see <http://www.tnc.cat/ca/presentacio-tnc> and <http://www.tnc.cat/ca/projecte-artistic-tnc>. For the play's technical details, see <http://www.tnc.cat/ca/trueta-fitxa-artistica>. The play's length was 1 hr and 30 mins.
- <sup>3</sup> The others are Eva Hibèrnia, Albert Mestres, Pau Miró, Mercè Sarrias and Jordi Silva.
- <sup>4</sup> Soler-Durall declares: 'I think it would be very good to see theatrical pieces like this one beginning a series to familiarise and get to know by the public the outstanding figures like Trueta and the mentioned others as well as others coming from different fields as Bartra himself, Pere Calders, etc. etc. A high mission and absolutely adequate for the Teatre Nacional de Catalunya. This line of action would induce reflection on ourselves and at last the young would get to know and get fond of who we are. Just as Trueta surely would approve.' (Soler-Durall 3/4)
- <sup>5</sup> There is, for instance, a highly poignant scene representing the death of their newly born son and a reminder of the ever-present pain produced by the event in the burning memorial candle that stays on stage for the rest of the play.
- <sup>6</sup> This involved immediate surgical intervention; the cleaning and extirpation of the wound; and the drainage and immobilisation of the affected limb in a plaster cast (Biografia Dossier 16).
- <sup>7</sup> Especially effective are the quintessentially Catalan 'Cant dels ocells' by Pau Casal's, some of Robert Gerhard's pieces, and several of Trueta's favourite operas and waltzes. Robert Gerhard was also a Catalan exile and one of Trueta's friends who lived in Cambridge. Aymar's intention in using Gerhard's compositions was to vindicate the figure of this highly accomplished musician who, like Trueta, is hardly known in Catalonia outside specialised music circles.
- <sup>8</sup> Aymar explains that she made her speak Catalan to differentiate her from the character of Salvador.
- <sup>9</sup> In the play, as staged last January, Josep Costa, took the role of Salvador de Madariaga. 'As a member of the European Union of Federalists, [Madariaga] took a prominent role in the founding in 1949 of the College of Europe in Bruges.[...] He became a vocal opponent of the Francisco Franco regime and did not return to Spain until April 1976, following Franco's death the previous November.' (Ocaña 1)
- <sup>10</sup> Aymar explains this attitude was included in the play to emphasise the suspicion brought about by the war and as a contrast to Trueta's hospitality, which he offered unreservedly to any Catalan.

- <sup>11</sup> *Trueta's* run was relatively short (between 30th January and 22 February 2009), but the reduced ticket price (from 10 to 17 Euros) helped make the work available to a fairly wide theatre audience.
- <sup>12</sup> For instance, Soler-Durall identifies 'the university [sic] life at Oxford and his professorship there' as something lacking in the play and believes that the 'man of science perhaps [has been] more emphasised than the medical cure [he developed]' and notices that the actors do not get older as time goes by. (Soler-Durall 2/4)
- <sup>13</sup> 'Per a la gent jove. Perquè aprengui a apreciar l'estat de pau i democràcia que vivim ara' (Aymar Tàll 1)

*In memory of Dr Josep Trueta i Raspall.*

*To all those who dedicate their lives to save others.*

*To my father, Jaume Aymar Montón.*

*To my godfather, the anaesthetist Dionís Montón Raspall, Pep Trueta's godson.*

*My most grateful thanks to Amèlia, Montserrat and Julia Trueta and Mercè Viñas.*

*En memòria del doctor Josep Trueta i Raspall*

*A totes les persones que dediquen les seves vides a salvar les dels  
altres*

*Al meu pare Jaume Aymar Montón*

*Al meu padrí, l'anestèsista Dionís Montón Raspall, fillol d'en  
Pep Trueta*

*El meu agraïment a les filles del doctor Trueta: Amèlia,  
Montserrat i Júlia i a la seva neboda Mercè Viñas*

# Characters

**Pep** (Doctor Josep Trueta)

**Amèlia** (his wife)

**Father** (Trueta's)

**Male Nurse**

**Male Nurse 2**

**Nun**

**Teacher** (inspired by Dr Corachan)

**Youngster** (patient)

**Soldier**

**Revolutionary**

**Bearded revolutionary**

**Reporter**

**Miss** (inspired by the British surgeon Miss Josephine Collier)

**Salvador** (inspired by Salvador de Madariaga)

All photographs and film footage shown during the performance as well as the voice-off of Dr Trueta were kindly provided by his daughters. In the play Pep is the fictitious character and the voice-offs are the recordings of Dr Trueta's real voice.

A single, panoramic space. On either side the actors get dressed in full view of the audience.

The costumes, lights, scenography and all the objects that appear in the projections are in black and white.

# Personatges

**Pep** (doctor Josep Trueta)

**Amèlia** (Amèlia Llacuna, la seva dona)

**Pacient**

**Infermer**

**Infermer 2**

**Monja**

**Mestre** (inspirat en el doctor Corachan)

**Noi** (pacient)

**Soldat**

**Revolucionari**

**Revolucionari de la barba**

**Reporter**

**Miss** (inspirat en la cirurgiana anglesa Miss Collier)

**Salvador** (inspirat en Salvador de Madariaga)

Totes les fotografies i les filmacions que es van projectar en el muntatge, així com les veus en off del doctor Trueta, van estar cedides per les seves filles.

Un únic espai, panoràmic. A banda i banda, els actors es canvien a vista.

El vestuari, la llum, l'escenografia i tot el material que apareix en les projeccions són en blanc i negre.

# Part One

## (1924-1939)

**Voice-off of Dr Trueta:** When I was eighteen I told my father that I wanted to be a painter and he said: “That is fine, my son. If as a painter you turn out to be any good, you’ll earn a living, have a family and will be able to have a good life. But if you are mediocre, you will end up painting walls. Why don’t you go to University and get a qualification?” I did so and on the first day I held the scalpel to do a dissection I felt as if I was working on a sculpture.

*Sound of nature. Light on Pep who is holding a stethoscope. He puts it on. We hear the beating of his heart. Amelia comes out (dressed in a tennis outfit and holding a racket), walks past him and looks at him with curiosity. When Pep sees her, his heart beat quickens. He takes off the stethoscope in a rush with such clumsiness that one of the buttons in his shirt comes off. She picks it up from the floor. They look at each other. Silence. Amelia gives him the button and leaves smiling. Pep looks at her transfixed and finally runs after her. Waltz music. They dance.*

*Projection of the photograph of the eldest daughter of the Trueta marriage, Meli (1924).*

*Projection of the photograph of their second child, Rafaló.*

*Pep and Amelia stop dancing and contemplate the full picture: Dr Trueta with Meli and Rafaló, one in each arm. They leave the scene.*

*The Male Nurse, Male Nurse 2 and the Nun organise the space where the hospital scenes will take place (a screen, a trolley with the medical*

# Primera Part

## (1924-1939)

**Veu en off de Pep:** Al divuit anys li vaig dir al meu pare que volia ser pintor i em va dir: «Molt bé, si ets pintor i vals et guanyaràs la vida, tindràs una família i podràs tranquil·lament obrir-te camí. Però si ets un pintor mediocre, hauràs d'acabar pintant parets. Per què no vas a la universitat i et treus un títol?» Li vaig fer cas, i el primer dia que vaig agafar un bisturí per dissecar, em va semblar que feia escultura.

*So de natura. Llum sobre Pep, que té un estetoscopi entre les mans. Se'l posa a les orelles. Sentim el batec del seu cor. Surt Amèlia vestida de tennis i amb una raqueta, passa pel seu davant i el mira encuriosida. Quan Pep la veu el cor se li accelera. Es precipita a treure's l'aparell de les orelles amb tan poca traça, que s'arrenca un botó de la camisa i l'hi cau a terra. Ella el cull. Es miren. Amèlia li dona el botó i se'n va somrient. Pep la mira embadalit. Finalment corre a trobar-la.*

*Música de vals. Ballen.*

*Projecció de la foto de la primera filla del matrimoni Trueta, Meli (1924).*

*Projecció de la foto del segon fill, Rafaló.*

*Pep i Amèlia deixen de ballar i contemplen la imatge de la foto completa: el doctor Trueta amb Meli i Rafaló, un a cada braç. Surten d'escena.*

*L'infermer, l'infermer 2 i la monja, organitzen l'espai on tindran lloc les escenes de l'hospital (un paravent, un carretó amb els estris i un llit)*



*instruments and a bed) while we hear the voice of Dr Trueta.*

**Voice-off of Dr Trueta:** Dear Amelia, tonight I am on call at the Hospital de la Santa Creu.<sup>1</sup> Everyday I marvel at the beauty of these arches, these stones that have memories. Today there isn't much work. Everything is quiet. While I write to you I can see the moon through the window and think that maybe you are looking at it too.

*Through the screen's curtain we see the Nun leaving some medical notes at the foot of the bed where a patient lies. She takes the patient's temperature. Pep goes towards the hospital while putting on a surgeon's gown and the Nun comes out to meet him.*

**Nun:** Good morning, Doctor, did you know that Gaudí, the architect, has just been admitted?

**Pep:** What is the matter with him?

**Nun:** He was run over by a tram. He has concussion and several fractures. They are already seeing to him.

*Pep takes the patient's notes and checks them.*

**Nun:** Did you know that initially they didn't identify him?

**Pep:** Where are they planning to place him?

**Nun:** In the general ward, I suspect.

**Pep:** No, no. It has to be a place where he can receive visitors. As soon as they find out, the place will be seething with people.

**Nun:** Should we place him in the VIP section?

**Pep:** Is the patient with the prosthesis not there?

**Nun:** Yes, doctor, and the old gipsy loves it there!

**Pep:** Then someone will have to tell him that his time is up, he is already well enough to be moved on.

**Nun:** Yes, Sir, I'll make the change immediately.

**Pep:** Could you, please, tell my intern that I'll finish with this patient and that I'll be right over?

*mentre s'escolta la veu en off de Pep.*

**Veu en off de Pep:** Benvolguda Amèlia, aquesta nit em toca guàrdia a l'hospital de la Santa Creu. Em quedo bocabadat cada dia contemplant aquests arcs, aquestes pedres que tenen memòria. No hi ha gaire feina avui. Tot està tranquil. Mentre t'escric veig la lluna per la finestra i penso que tu, potser també l'estàs mirant.

*A través de la cortina del paravent, veiem la monja que deixa un historial clínic als peus del llit on jeu el pacient. Li pren la temperatura. Pep va cap a l'hospital posant-se una bata de metge i la monja surt a rebre'l.*

**Monja:** Bon dia, doctor, ja sap que han ingressat Gaudí, l'arquitecte.

**Pep:** Què li ha passat?

**Monja:** L'ha atropellat un tramvia. Té commoció cerebral i vàries fractures, ja l'estan atenent.

*Pep agafa l'historial del pacient i el revisa.*

**Monja:** Sap que en un principi no l'havíem identificat?

**Pep:** On el pensen allitar?

**Monja:** A la sala general suposo.

**Pep:** No, no, haurà de ser en algun altre lloc que permeti rebre visites. Així que se sàpiga, això s'omplirà de gent.

**Monja:** El portem al departament dels «distingits»?

**Pep:** No hi tenim el pacient de la pròtesi?

**Monja:** Sí, doctor, i miri que li agrada estar allà al vell gitano!

**Pep:** Doncs li haurà de fer saber que se li ha acabat, ara ja està en prou bones condicions per fer el trasllat.

**Monja:** Molt bé, ara mateix faré el canvi.

**Pep:** Podrà avisar el meu intern que acabo la visita amb aquest noi i hi vaig?

Nun: Yes, of course.

Pep: Oh! Sister...

Nun: Yes, doctor?

Pep: Our human ancestor walked for many years on all fours, but one day he stood up. *He straightens the Nun's back.* And *Homo Erectus* emerged!

*The Nun mumbles and leaves, mumbling.*

Nun: Erectus, Erectus...

*Pep goes behind the curtain.*

Pep: Where are you from young man?

Youngster: *Replying with breathing difficulties in Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* Sorry?

Pep: *In Spanish.* Where are you from?

Youngster: *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* From Almeria, Sir. From Cuevas de Vera.

Pep: *In Spanish.* I need to ask you a few questions for your medical notes.

Youngster: *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* I heard them saying that I suffered from Po's disease.

Pep: *In Spanish.* Pott's disease. Yes... It's possible.

Youngster: *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* And what is that, Sir?

Pep: *In Spanish.* Tuberculosis of the spine.

Youngster: *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* It sounds horrible.

Pep: *In Spanish.* Do not worry. We are here to cure you.

Youngster: *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* It's just that two of my brothers died of a nasty illness, you know, and I don't want to die yet.

Pep: *In Spanish.* I don't like anyone dying and you are my patient,

**Monja:** D'acord.

**Pep:** Ah! I germana...

**Monja:** Sí, doctor?

**Pep:** El prehome va caminar molt temps a quatre potes, però un bon dia es va aixecar (*li col·loca l'esquena recta a la monja*) i va aparèixer «l'homo erectus»!

*La monja marxa rondinant.*

**Monja:** Erectus, erectus...

*Pep entra darrere la cortina.*

**Pep:** D'on ets, noi?

**Noi:** ¿Cómo?

**Pep:** ¿De dónde eres?

**Noi:** De Almería, señó, de Cuevas de Vera.

**Pep:** Necesito hacerte algunas preguntas para confeccionar tu historial clínico.

**Noi:** He oído que desían que sufro el mal de «Po».

**Pep:** De Pott, sí... Puede ser...

**Noi:** ¿Y eso que es, señó?

**Pep:** Tuberculosis de la espina dorsal.

**Noi:** Suena mu malamente.

**Pep:** Tú no te preocupes, que nosotros estamos aquí para curarte.

**Noi:** Es que dos de mis hermanos murieron de una mala enfermedadá, sabe usted, y yo aún no querría morí.

so you won't ruin my reputation, will you?

**Youngster:** *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* Me? No, Sir.

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* You can call me Dr Trueta. That's my name.

**Youngster:** *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* Tru... what?

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* Trueta. But Doctor will do. How many brothers do you have?

**Youngster:** *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* Nine, Sir, Doctor Tru...

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* And do your parents work?

**Youngster:** *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* Well, my father, sometimes.

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* What did you eat yesterday, for instance?

**Youngster:** *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* Yesterday... Yesterday... mmmm... a grilled herring.

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* Oh! That's nice!

**Youngster:** *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* But it wasn't all for me, you know!

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* It wasn't?

**Youngster:** *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* My father hangs it from the ceiling with a string. We each get a piece of bread and lick the herring so the bread tastes better.

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* I see...

**Youngster:** *In Spanish with an Andalusian accent.* But we are not allowed to bite, eh? If we do, my dad beats us.

**Nun:** *Coming in.* Doctor, could you spare a moment?

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* I'll be right back my boy. Start thinking what you would like to have for lunch. *To the Nun.* This boy is undernourished and they pass on the illnesses from one brother to another with a herring...

**Pep:** Pues a mi no me gusta que se me muera nadie y tu eres mi paciente, así que no me vas hacer quedar mal, ¿verdad?

**Noi:** ¿Yo? No, señó...

**Pep:** Puedes llamarme doctor Trueta, este es mi nombre.

**Noi:** Tru... ¿qué?

**Pep:** Trueta. Pero con doctor es suficiente. ¿Cuántos hermanos sois?

**Noi:** Nueve seño doctor Tru...

**Pep:** ¿Tus padres tienen trabajo?

**Noi:** Bueno, a vece, mi padre.

**Pep:** Que comiste ayer, por ejemplo.

**Noi:** Pues ayé... ayé... un arenque asao.

**Pep:** Vaya, ique rico!

**Noi:** Pero no fue pa mi solo ino se vaya a pensá!

**Pep:** Ah, ¿no?

**Noi:** Mi padre lo cuerga del techo con una cuerda. Cada uno tenemos un pedaso pan y vamo pasando lo labio por el arenque pa que sepa mejó.

**Pep:** Entiendo...

**Noi:** Pero no podemos mordelo, eh? Sino mi viejo no atiza.

**Monja, *entrant*:** Doctor, pot venir un moment?

**Pep:** En seguida vuelvo contigo, chico, mientras tanto ve pensando en qué te gustaría que te trajeran para comer. (*A la monja:*) Aquest noi està desnodrit i es passen les malalties d'un germà a l'altre amb una arengada...

**Monja:** Com diu doctor?

**Nun:** What did you say, Sir?

**Pep:** ...It doesn't surprise me that people from the South come up to work here if they are reduced to such levels of poverty... What's up?

*Waltz. The Nun takes away the trolley bed. In the space representing their Barcelona flat Amelia is playing, following the shadow of her child whose reflection appears and disappears upon the wall, while we hear the child's laughter. Pep looks at them from afar. The Male Nurse crosses the back of the scene pushing a trolley bed. Under the sheet one can see the shape of a small child. The Teacher waits for him behind the screen. The Nun comes to fetch Pep. Amelia continues playing with her son while in the hospital they desperately try to save the child's life. 1931.*

*The sound of the child's laughter turns into cries of pain. The mother covers her ears so as not to hear him. The image of the child disappears. Silence. Pep comes out from behind the curtain with a defeated attitude and walks forward with a lost stare. As he comes forward, his wife gets up and looks around. She sees the Teacher leave, distressed, and the Male Nurse takes the trolley away.*

**Amelia:** Nooooooooooooo!

*She runs and intercepts him. She cries and howls over the body of her dead son. Pep remains still. Amelia sees him, breaks loose from the Nun's arms and walks towards him.*

**Amelia:** What have you done Pep? What have you done to our son? So many doctors and you haven't been able to save his life? Not your teacher, nor your father, not you... He was just a baby... with those curls... my little child... our poor little son... Why? Tell me, Pep, why?... You have killed him, you have killed him!...

*Pep bends down and embraces her. They both cry inconsolably. The Nun crosses the scene with a lit candle. Pep and Amelia slowly leave the stage. The Nun places the candle on a freestanding candle holder and leaves. The scene becomes dark with only the light of the candle which will burn on*

**Pep:** ...No m'estranya que del sud vinguin cap aquí si estem arribant a aquests graus de pobresa... Què hi ha de nou?

*Vals. La monja s'emporta el llit. En l'espai que correspon al pis de Barcelona, Amèlia juga a perseguir la imatge del seu fill que apareix i desapareix de la pantalla, mentre sentim els riures del nen. Pep se'ls mira des de la distància. L'infermer creua pel fons de l'escenari amb un llit, sota el llençol es dibuixa el cos d'un nen petit. El mestre l'espera darrere el paravent. La monja va a buscar Pep. Amèlia segueix jugant amb el seu fill, mentre a l'hospital intenten amb fruïció, salvar la vida del nen (1931).*

*Els riures de la criatura es confonen amb els seus crits de dolor. La mare es tapa les orelles per no sentir-lo. La imatge del nen desapareix. Silenci. Pep surt de darrere la cortina amb actitud de vençut i camina amb la mirada perduda fins on és la seva dona, que jeu a terra amb les mans encara a les orelles. Mentre ell avança, ella es va incorporant i contempla el seu voltant. Veu com el mestre se'n va afligit i l'infermer s'emporta el llit.*

**Amèlia:** Nooooooooooooo!

*Corre i l'atura. Plora i brama sobre el cos del seu fill mort. La monja la va a buscar i aconsegueix apartar-la. Pep segueix immòbil. Amèlia el veu, es desfà dels braços de la monja i avança cap a ell.*

**Amèlia:** Què heu fet Pep? Què li heu fet al nostre fill? Tants metges i no li heu pogut salvar la vida?! Ni el teu mestre, ni el teu pare, ni tu... Era tan petit... amb els seus rínxols...el meu fillet... el nostre pobre fill... *(Es deixa caure lliscant pel cos d'ell.)* Per què? Per què, Pep, digues, per què?... *(L'hi colpeja amb ràbia les cames i els peus.)* Me l'heu matat, me l'heu matat, me l'heu matat...

*Pep s'ajup i l'abraça. Tots dos ploren amb desconsol. La monja creua l'escenari amb un ciri encès. Pep i Amèlia s'incorporen i surten a poc a poc d'escena. La monja deixa el ciri sobre un canelobre de peu i se'n va. L'escenari queda tot fosc, només resta la llum de la flama que cremarà*



*stage for the rest of the first part of the play. Silence.*

*From the distance we hear the sound of the opera Parsifal. The light comes back on. The Male Nurse comes in with an X-ray in his hand and gives it to the Nun, who is coming to meet him from the other side. They leave in opposite directions and the Nun comes back in with Pep and Amelia, dressed in evening party clothes.*

**Pep:** There is no need for you to come, Amelia. You can stay until the end of the opera.

**Amelia:** I'd rather come with you. *Amelia helps him take off his dinner jacket.*

**Nun:** *She gives him the X-ray.* He is a foundry worker. A machine caught his hand.

**Pep:** The first thing is to clean the wound well with soap and water.

**Nun:** Water and...

**Pep:** Yes, yes, listen carefully to what I tell you: soap and water. Afterwards we'll remove all the damaged cells and stitch up the hand. We need to find a way not to have to amputate the whole thing. After that we'll immobilise it with plaster.

*Projection of a real operation where Dr Trueta is amputating a patient's finger. On the other side of the curtain, Pep and the Nun reproduce the same movements in the projection. Amelia, with her back to the audience, looks at the screen. When the projection ends, the light comes on in the hospital.*

**Pep:** *Lowering his mask.* Now we won't touch anything for three weeks.

**Nun:** Three weeks? What about the daily treatments?

**Pep:** There won't be any. *He takes off his gloves.* Bandages stick to the wounds and with the pus and the dried blood they open up again. No other treatment, the plaster will absorb the bacteria.

*al llarg de tota la primera part. Silenci.*

*De lluny ens arriba la música de l'òpera Parsifal. Torna la llum. L'infermer entra amb una radiografia i l'hi dona a la monja que el ve a trobar des de l'altre costat. Marxen en direccions oposades i la monja torna a entrar amb Pep i Amèlia, que van vestits de nit.*

**Pep:** No cal que vinguis, Amèlia, queda't fins al final de l'òpera.

**Amèlia:** Prefereixo acompanyar-te.

*Amèlia l'ajuda a treure's la jaqueta del frac.*

**Monja, li dona una radiografia:** És un obrer de la metal·lúrgia, una màquina li ha atrapat la mà.

**Pep:** El primer que farem és netejar bé la ferida amb aigua i sabó...

**Monja:** Amb aigua i...

**Pep:** Sí, sí, escolti bé el que li dic: aigua i sabó. Llavors eliminarem totes les cèl·lules destruïdes i suturarem la mà. Hem d'aconseguir no haver d'amputar-l'hi tota. Després, la immobilitzarem amb escaiola.

*Projecció d'una operació real, en què el doctor Trueta amputa el dit d'una mà. A l'altre costat de la cortina, Pep i la monja reproduïxen els mateixos moviments de la intervenció.*

*Amèlia, d'esquena al públic, mira la pantalla. Quan la projecció acaba, llum a l'hospital.*

**Pep, es tira avall el tapaboques:** Ara no ho tocarem fins d'aquí a tres setmanes.

**Monja:** Tres setmanes? I les neteges diàries?

**Pep:** No n'hi haurà. *(Es treu el guants.)* Les benes s'enganxen a les ferides i amb el pus i la sang seca es tornen a obrir. Res de cures, el guix absorbirà els bacteris.

**Nun:** It will get infected! And with due respect, doctor, I think it is too risky. We should open a window into the plaster in order to keep an eye on the wound.

**Pep:** *He puts the Nun's hands into a praying position.* There will be an out-and-out battle against infection in there and the patient will get a temperature, but don't get alarmed. Everything will be alright.

**Nun:** I hope so. Holy Mother of God, when the other doctors find out!

**Pep:** I also hope so, sister. Don't forget to watch him every hour. When we take the plaster cast off, the wound will have healed.

**Nun:** But that's impossible doctor!

**Pep:** Pray sister. Pray, so it becomes possible.

**Nun:** God Almighty. Something like this has never been done before!

**Pep:** One needs to take risks, sister. And by the way, *(he lowers the tone of his voice)* even though as human beings we go for the law of minimum effort, your nose will soon reach your knees.

*The Nun straightens up and leaves in a strop.*

**Nun:** *Mumbling.* Risks... risks...

**Amelia:** *Bringing Pep his coat.* You really enjoy torturing her, don't you? Poor woman. And she is so patient. Go on, let's go home. *She helps him out of his gown.* Telling her that the wound will close by itself... What a thing to say!

**Pep:** Well, I really hope so...

**Amelia:** Were you being serious?

**Pep:** ... It is the first time I put it into practice.

**Amelia:** And you won't know if you have been successful for twenty-one days?

**Monja:** S'infectarà! Amb tots el respectes doctor, ho trobo massa agosarat. Hauríem d'obrir una finestreta al guix per anar observant la ferida.

**Pep,** *li agafa les mans a la monja en posició de resar:* Hi haurà una batalla campal contra la infecció allà dintre i el pacient tindrà febre, però vostè no s'alarmi. Tot anirà bé.

**Monja:** Això espero. Verge Santa, quan ho sàpiguen els altres metges!

**Pep:** Jo també ho espero, germana... No deixi d'observar-lo cada hora, quan traiem el guix, la ferida haurà cicatritzat.

**Monja:** Això és impossible, doctor!

**Pep:** Resi germana, resi perquè sigui possible.

**Monja:** Déu meu Senyor, no s'ha vist mai una cura d'aquesta mena!

**Pep:** S'ha de ser agosarat germana. I... per cert... (*abaixa la veu*) encara que com a éssers humans minimitzem els esforços, a vostè aviat el nas li tocarà al genoll.

*La monja redreça l'esquena i se'n va ofesa.*

**Monja:** Agosarat... agosarat...

**Amèlia,** *que ajuda Pep a posar-se la jaqueta del frac:* Com t'agrada fer-li la guitza, pobreta, amb la paciència que té. Au, anem a casa. Mira que dir-li que la ferida es tancarà sola...

**Pep:** Espero que sigui així...

**Amèlia:** Ho deies de debò?

**Pep:** ... És la primera vegada que ho poso en pràctica.

**Amèlia:** I fins d'aquí a vint-i-un dies no sabràs si te n'has sortit?

**Pep:** El més important és que no li haurem de fer cures diàries, el pacient no sentirà cap dolor! T'imagines quina millora representarà per al malalt?

**Pep:** The most important thing is that we won't have to give him any daily treatment. The patient won't suffer any pain! Can you imagine the huge difference that it will make to his welfare?

**Amelia:** You are incredible, Pep!

**Pep:** Next time I'll have to make a few changes... The excision of the wound...

*They leave the scene. Music by Robert Gerhard. The Reporter comes in and waits, pacing impatiently in the hospital. He sees the Nun who is followed by the Male Nurse. The Nun places her hand on his shoulder and shakes her head. The Male Nurse gives him a small case and a tripod. They leave him alone.*

*The Reporter puts his arms around the case and cries. At the same time Amelia hangs up her daughters' laundry. Coinciding with the hanging of each item, there appears on the screen the projection of the photo of each of the three girls with their names written below: Meli, Montserrat and Julia. The Reporter opens the case and takes out a camera. Simultaneously, Pep draws a sketch of bone sections on a blackboard. Amelia goes to him. Pep writes the name of his dead son on the blackboard; looks at Amelia and leaves without a word. She traces the name of her dear son with her finger and cries against the blackboard. The images of the girls disappear and there only remains an empty frame with the name of Rafaló on the screen.*

*Amelia leaves the scene.*

*Sound of whistle and a train in motion. Music of the opera Tannhäuser mixed with patriotic German shouting. Images of soldiers on a stage, singing with their right arms up in the air. The Reporter hangs his camera round his neck, takes the suitcase and leaves.*

*Germany (1933). Amelia comes running in with distressed breathing. Pep sees her, runs to meet her and puts his hand on her shoulder to stop her. She suddenly turns around and, finding herself right in front of him, shouts out loud.*

**Pep:** Amelia!

*She recognises him and hugs him.*

**Amèlia:** Ets increïble Pep!

**Pep:** La pròxima vegada hauré de fer alguns canvis... l'excisió de la ferida...

*Surten d'escena. Música de Robert Gerhard. Entra el reporter i espera passejant amb impaciència per l'hospital. Veu venir a la monja seguida de l'infermer. La monja li posa la mà a l'espatlla i nega amb el cap. L'infermer li dona les pertinences del seu pare, una petita maleta i un trípode. El deixen sol.*

*El reporter abraça la maleta i plora. Al mateix temps, Amèlia estén roba de les seves filles. Coincidint amb cada peça, apareix a la pantalla la fotografia de cadascuna d'elles, amb el seu nom escrit a sota: Meli, Montserrat i Júlia. El reporter obre la maleta i treu una màquina de fer fotografies. Simultàniament, Pep dibuixa en una pissarra esquemes de parts dels ossos. Amèlia el va a trobar. Pep escriu amb el guix el nom del seu fill mort, mira Amèlia amb retret i sense dir res, se'n va. Ella ressegueix el nom del nen amb el dit i plora contra la pissarra. Les imatges de les nens desapareixen i, a la pantalla, només queda un requadre buit amb el nom de Rafaló.*

*Amèlia surt d'escena.*

*Un xiulet i el so d'un tren que es posa en marxa. Música de l'òpera Tannhäuser barrejada amb crits patriòtics en alemany. Imatges d'un escenari amb soldats cantant amb el braç alçat. El reporter es penja la màquina de fer fotografies al coll, agafa la maleta i se'n va.*

*Alemanya (1933). Amèlia corre i respira agitada. Pep la veu, va al seu encontre i li posa la mà a l'espatlla per aturar-la. Ella es gira de cop i, al trobar-se la cara d'ell, llença un crit.*

**Pep:** Amèlia!

*Ella el reconeix i l'abraça*

**Amèlia,** parla amb la veu entre tallada: Oh, Pep! Oh, Pep!

**Amelia:** *Speaking in a broken voice.* Oh, Pep! Pep!

**Pep:** What is the matter, Amelia?

**Amelia:** I was window... window-shopping... I wanted to buy a souvenir to take back to... to the girls...

**Pep:** Calm down, calm down.

**Amelia:** He wanted to reach a parked lorry and five men wearing a swastika on their arm... and a blond young man...

**Pep:** Breathe in, darling, breathe in...

**Amelia:** He wanted to reach the parked lorry, to hide from the others I suspect, but they caught him and... Oh! Pep, they gave him such a beating, there, in front of me, poor man...

**Pep:** But what about you. Did they hurt you?

*Amelia shakes her head.*

**Amelia:** Then one of them saw me and started shouting "Juden, Juden." *Voice-off of the same words in German.*

**Pep:** Jewish? You?

**Amelia:** And I shouted back: "ich bin Spanier!" *Off of the same words in German.*

**Pep:** Lucky you reacted quickly!

**Amelia:** I ran away fast, but I had the feeling that I was being followed and got very scared. I don't know how I managed to find the hotel!

**Pep:** The heel of your shoe is broken.

**Amelia:** Yes, and they were new shoes... I told you at the opera in Cologne that all that fanaticism wasn't any good. All those soldiers on stage waving flags with their arm like that, shouting "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!"

**Pep:** But in the last few days we haven't seen anything odd in the streets.

**Pep:** Què et passa, Amèlia?

**Amèlia:** Mirava... mirava els aparadors de les botigues... volia comprar algun record per... per portar a les nenes...

**Pep:** Calma't, calma't.

**Amèlia:** Hi havia un camió parat i cinc individus amb la creu gammada al braç i ... un noi ros...

**Pep:** Respira, dona, respira...

**Amèlia:** ... Ell volia arribar fins aquell camió aparcad, per amagar-se dels altres, suposo, però l'han anat a trobar i... Oh!, Pep, quina pallissa li han clavats, allà, al meu davant, pobre noi...

**Pep:** Però a tu, t'han fet mal?

*Amèlia fa que no amb el cap.*

**Amèlia:** Llavors un d'ells m'ha vist a mi i ha començat a cridar: «Juden juden.»

**Pep:** Jueva? A tu?

**Amèlia:** I jo li he dit cridant: «Ich bin Spanier, ich bin Spanier!»

**Pep:** Encara com has reaccionat!

**Amèlia:** I he fugit corrents, però tenia la sensació que em perseguien i m'he espantat molt. No sé ni com he trobat l'hotel!

**Pep:** Se t'ha trencat el taló de la sabata.

**Amèlia:** Sí, i eren les noves... Ja t'ho vaig dir a l'òpera de Colònia que tant fanatisme no podia ser bo.

**Pep:** Però aquests dies no ens hem trobat amb res estrany pel carrer.

**Amèlia:** Hagués hagut d'acompanyar-te a l'hospital... No volia veure traumàtics i al final, mira... Pobre noi... i la gent que ho veia no han fet res per aturar-los!



**Amelia:** I should have come with you to the hospital... I didn't want to see injured people and in the end look... Poor young man... and those who saw it didn't do anything to stop them!

**Pep:** Where was it?

**Amelia:** There, in that street where we saw a... Oh no! Don't even dream of it, I am not letting you go there.

**Pep:** But he may need help...

**Amelia:** You can't afford to get into trouble.

**Pep:** Do you mean that wide street that looks like an avenue?

**Amelia:** You have already finished your work here, haven't you?

**Pep:** Yes, I have already visited the hospital and spoken to the doctor...

**Amelia:** Then let's get away!

**Voice-off of a radio broadcaster:** *In Spanish.* "Despite the rumours circulating around the city today, the popular Olympics will be solemnly inaugurated tomorrow. I have personally come out of headquarters where the authorities have officially accepted their respective responsibilities. Ignore any news about the supposed occupation by rebel forces."

*Sound of a shot. Silence. Another shot. More shots...*

*Pep runs to the hospital.*

**Nun:** How did you manage to get here, doctor?

**Pep:** I don't know it myself. At Diagonal Avenue there was a shootout. Balmes Street was deadly quiet and I walked up as fast as I could.

**Nun:** God Almighty!

**Pep:** By the looks of it, I was faster than the bullets. And how are things going here?

**Nun:** More casualties by the minute.

**Pep:** On ha passat?

**Amèlia:** Allà, a aquell carrer que vàrem veure un... Ah, no! Ni parlar-ne, Pep, no t'hi deixaré anar!

**Pep:** Però pot necessitar ajuda...

**Amèlia:** Només faltaria que ara et fiquessis en un embolic.

**Pep:** Vols dir aquell carrer ample que sembla una avinguda?

**Amèlia:** Tu has acabat la teva feina, oi?

**Pep:** Sí, ja he visitat l'hospital i he parlat amb el doctor....

**Amèlia:** Doncs toquem el dos d'aquí!

**Off de la veu d'un locutor per la ràdio:** A pesar de los rumores que circulan por la ciudad, mañana será inaugurada solemnemente la Olimpiada Popular. Yo mismo acabo de salir de capitanía, donde las autoridades han aceptado las insignias de honor. No hagan caso de las noticias referentes a ocupaciones por parte de las fuerzas rebeldes.

*Se sent un tret. Silenci. Després un altre. Més trets...*

*Pep corre a l'hospital.*

**Monja:** Com s'ho ha fet per arribar, doctor?

**Pep:** Ni jo mateix ho sé. A la Diagonal hi havia un tiroteig, el carrer Balmes estava desert i he tirar amunt a tot gas.

**Monja:** Déu meu senyor!

**Pep:** Es veu que he anat més ràpid que les bales. I aquí, com tenim la situació?

**Monja:** Els ferits augmenten per moments.

**Pep:** Qui ha atès aquesta ferida?

**Monja:** No ho sé doctor, estem desbordats.

**Pep:** Who has dealt with this wound?

**Nun:** I don't know, Sir, we are totally overstretched.

**Pep:** That is no excuse for doing a bad job. A firearm wound is not the same as a normal wound. The injury is just the opposite. It is not the skin that gets damaged. There is the explosive effect of the bullet's impact and the damage is produced on the inside. Look, can you see? They have only cleaned the surface and stitched it back. If the treatment is not carried out properly the patient may die. Do you understand?

**Nun:** Yes, Sir.

**Pep:** So, get moving. Go on. Every wound needs to be opened up, cleaned up and left open.

**Nun:** Open?

**Pep:** Tell them to do it that way. I'll keep checking on them.  
Sister!

*The Nun straightens her back.*

**Nun:** Yes, Sir?

**Pep:** What's that smell?

**Nun:** I don't know. I haven't had time to smell around.

**Pep:** Keeping all your senses on the alert is part of the observing process.

**Nun:** Yes, Sir. *She leaves.*

**Soldier:** It hurts, it hurts here...

**Pep:** I'll take care of it right now. Let's see... Say ah!

**Soldier:** Ahhhhhh!

**Pep:** You smell of ether and... What have you been drinking?

**Soldier:** They told us that the Republic was in danger and that we had to go out to save it. They gave us brandy...

**Pep:** Brandy with ether...

**Pep:** Això no és raó perquè la feina no es faci ben feta. Una ferida d'arma de foc no és el mateix que un traumatisme corrent. La lesió és just a la inversa, no és la pell la que queda més malmesa, hi ha un efecte explosiu per la velocitat amb què impacta la bala i la destrossa es produeix a dintre. Miri, ho veu? Han fet una neteja superficial i han cosit. El pacient pot morir si la cura no es fa ben feta, ho ha entès bé?

**Monja:** Sí, doctor.

**Pep:** Doncs vagi, vagi. Cada ferida s'ha d'obrir, netejar del tot i deixar-la oberta.

**Monja:** Oberta?

**Pep:** Que ho facin així, jo ja ho aniré supervisant. Germana!

*La monja redreça l'esquena.*

**Monja:** Digueu?

**Pep:** Què és aquesta olor?

**Monja:** No ho sé doctor, no he tingut temps d'olorar.

**Pep:** Mantenir tots els sentits desperts forma part de l'observació.

**Monja:** Sí, doctor... (*Surt.*)

**Soldat:** Em fa mal, em fa mal aquí...

**Pep:** Ara, ara me n'ocupo. A veure? Digues «A».

**Soldat:** AAAAAAAAAA

**Pep:** Fas olor d'èter i... ¿Què has begut?

**Soldat:** Ens han dit que la República estava en perill i que havíem de sortir a salvar-la. Ens han donat conyac...

**Pep:** Conyac amb èter...

**Soldier:** They tricked us.

**Pep:** They have drugged you! Which military unit do you come from?

**Soldier:** From Pedralbes.

*The Nun comes in.*

**Nun:** Doctor, you are needed in the operating theatre. It is a military officer with a serious stomach wound. *She shows him the medical notes.* He is the brother of a soldier who died this morning in an operation. They were one on either side of the conflict...

**Pep:** *Outraged.* But what is all this nonsense! What is the point of fratricidal confrontation?

*Amelia comes in.*

**Pep:** What are you doing here?

*She gesticulates asking them to come out from behind the curtain.*

**Amelia:** Hello Pep, sister. We can't waste any time. They are making revolutionary checks in all hospitals.

*The Nun makes the sign of the cross.*

**Nun:** Oh my God! Will they take us or will they kill us right here?

**Pep:** Neither. I'm going to the Health Workers' Union. Take this soldier with you and make sure they see to him immediately.

**Nun:** Yes, Sir.

*The Male Nurse comes in to help the Nun push away the trolley with the soldier. Amelia and Pep speak to each other but we don't hear what they say.*

**Pep:** Sister! Wait a minute.

*The Nun comes back.*

**Pep:** You have to be brave, sister... *Pep leaves.*

**Nun:** What is the matter?

**Amelia:** The mother superior has already authorised it. Now

**Soldat:** Ens han enganyat.

**Pep:** Us han drogat! De quin quartel véns, noi?

**Soldat:** De Pedralbes.

*Entra la monja.*

**Monja:** Doctor, el reclamen a quiròfan. Es tracta d'un oficial de l'exèrcit amb una greu ferida al ventre. *(Li ensenya l'informe mèdic.)* És el germà d'un soldat que ha mort ara mentre l'operàvem. Estaven en bàndols contraris...

**Pep, indignat:** Però què és aquesta estupidesa! Quin sentit té aquest enfrontament fratricida!?

*Entra Amèlia.*

**Pep:** Amèlia, què hi fas tu aquí?

**Amèlia:** Hola, Pep. Germana. No podem perdre temps. Estan passant controls revolucionaris pels hospitals.

**Monja, se senya:** Déu meu, se'ns emportaran o ens mataran aquí mateix?

**Pep:** Ni una cosa ni l'altra. Ara mateix me'n vaig a parlar amb el Sindicat Sanitari. Emporti's aquest soldat i que l'atenguin immediatament.

**Monja:** Sí doctor.

*Entra l'infermer pes ajudar la monja a emportar-se el llit amb el Soldat.*

*Amèlia i Pep parlen però no sentim el que es diuen.*

**Pep:** Germana! Espera.

*La monja torna.*

**Pep:** Ha de ser valenta germana... *(Pep surt.)*

**Monja:** ¿Què passa?

**Amèlia:** La mare superiora ja ha donat el seu consentiment. Només falta vostè.

there's only you to go.

**Nun:** Me? What do you mean?

*Amelia takes the nun by the arm and they walk away.*

**Amelia:** These days we all do things that would have been unthinkable in other circumstances.

**Nun:** *Whispering.* I am not brave, doctor... I am not...

**Amelia:** We have to prevent them from identifying you. *She leads the Nun so she sits on a linen chest. Then she pulls out some make up from inside her bag and leaves it on the nun's lap.* I can imagine what this means to you. You need to be strong.

**Nun:** Is there no other solution? *Amelia shakes her head.* I am not scared of blood, you know? As a young girl I was the one to chop off the rabbits' heads because my mother couldn't cope with blood and got nauseous. When we slaughtered the pig, the village butcher came to the house and I helped him and if my brothers or sisters got injured, I was the one who healed them... I was good at it... I never thought that we would see as many human atrocities as nowadays, but it is my job and... But this for me is...

*The Nun cries in silence. Amelia watches her with respect but with some impatience. The Nun pushes aside her veil so that Amelia can help her unbutton her habit.*

*Parallel, alternate scenes on either side of the stage.*

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* They have told us that this hospital employs nuns.

**Pep:** Then you have the wrong information.

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* I never get the wrong information!

**Pep:** Maybe there has been a confusion with the location, because this is a clinic.

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* Clinic, hospital... You have injured people here, don't you?

**Monja:** Jo? Què vol dir?

*Amèlia agafa la monja pel braç mentre caminen.*

**Amèlia:** Aquests dies tots estem fent coses que en altres moments foren impensables...

**Monja:** en veu baixa: No en sóc de valenta, doctor... No en sóc....

**Amèlia:** Hem d'evitar que les identifiquin. *(Acompanya la monja a seure sobre un bagul. Després va traient de dins la seva bossa estris de maquillar i els deixa a la falda de la monja.)* Imagino el que significa per a vostè, però ha de fer el cor fort.

**Monja:** No hi ha cap altra solució? *(Amèlia nega amb el cap.)* A mi la sang no m'espanta, sap? De petita era jo qui tallava el coll dels conills perquè a la mare li feia angúnia i es marejava amb la sang. Quan matàvem el porc venia el carnisser del poble i jo era qui l'ajudava, i si els meus germans es feien mal, era jo qui els curava... Tenia traça... Mai m'hagués pensat que veuríem tantes destrosses humanes com en aquests dies, però és la meva feina i... Però això, això per a mi és...

*La monja plora en silenci. Amèlia la mira respectuosa, però amb certa impaciència. La monja aparta el vel de l'esquena perquè Amèlia pugui començar a descordar-l'hi l'hàbit.*

*Escenes alternes a banda i banda de l'escenari.*

**Revolucionari:** Nos han dicho que en este hospital trabajan monjas.

**Pep:** Doncs us han informat malament.

**Revolucionari:** A mí no me informan mal!

**Pep:** Potser hi ha una confusió amb el centre, perquè això és una clínica.

**Revolucionari:** Clínica, hospital... Tenéis heridos ¿no?



Pep: Unfortunately we do...

Revolutionary: *In Spanish*. And who are you, anyway?

Pep: One of the managers in this clinic.

Revolutionary: *In Spanish*. What's your name?

Pep: I am Doctor Trueta.

Revolutionary: *In Spanish*. I see, I see. I have heard about you...

*The Male Nurse comes in with a uniform for the Nun. He gives it to Amelia and takes the Nun's habit.*

Nun: *Stopping him*. No, please, don't burn it...

Male Nurse 2: We have no choice...

Nun: *She cries and holds her gown tight*. It is a sacrilege, a sacrilege...

Amelia: Hide it in there. *She points at the linen chest*.

Male Nurse 2: Mrs Trueta, this is reckless, if they catch us...

Amelia: Please do what I tell you.

Male Nurse 2: But...

Amelia: *To the Nun*. You need to pull yourself together, if you keep crying you'll spoil the makeup.

Revolutionary: *In Spanish*. How many nuns do you have working here?

Pep: *Outraged*. Here we only employ qualified nurses.

Revolutionary: *In Spanish*. Do not play games with me, doctor.

My men are going to search this hospital right now. If they find a single nun, you will be the one to pay for it.

Pep: If you like, I can come along with you.

Revolutionary: *In Spanish*. Let's go, then.

Pep: We can start upstairs.

Revolutionary: *In Spanish*. What's in there?

**Pep:** Per desgràcia...

**Revolucionari:** ¿Y tú quién eres?

**Pep:** Un dels responsables de la clínica.

**Revolucionari:** Tu nombre.

**Pep:** Sóc el doctor Trueta.

**Revolucionari:** Vaya, vaya, he oído hablar de ti...

*L'infermer entra amb un uniforme per a la monja, el dóna a Amèlia i s'emporta l'hàbit.*

**Monja, l'atura:** No, per favor, no ho el cremeu, no el cremeu si us plau...

**Infermer:** No hi ha més remei...

**Monja, plora i abraça les seva sotana:** És un sacrilegi, un sacrilegi...

**Amèlia:** Amagui-l aquí dins (*indica el bagul.*)

**Infermer:** Senyora Trueta, és una imprudència, si ens descobreixen...

**Amèlia:** Faci el que l'hi dic, per favor.

**Infermer:** Però...

**Amèlia, a la Monja:** S'ha de sobreposar, si segueix plorant farà malbé el maquillatge.

**Revolucionari:** ¿Cuántas monjas tenéis trabajando aquí?

**Pep, irat:** Aquí només treballen infermeres titulades.

**Revolucionari:** Conmigo no se juega, doctor. Ahora mis hombres registrarán el hospital este y si encuentran a una sola monja, usted será el primero en pagarlo.

**Pep:** Si vol, el puc acompanyar jo mateix.

**Revolucionari:** Vamos.

**Pep:** Podem començar pel pis de dalt.

**Revolucionari:** ¿Qué hay allí?

**Pep:** Nothing. We use it as a changing room for the doctors.

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* Then I want to see it.

**Pep:** But the nurses are upstairs...

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish. Pointing his gun at him.* Get out of the way!

*Sound of radio music. The Male Nurse is trying to make the Nun, who is already in a nurse's uniform, dance. Amelia realises that she has hidden a crucifix in her sleeve. She takes it and puts it into the linen chest. Then she helps the Male Nurse hold the body of the Nun, who looks like a deflated dummy. The three of them dance and she cries but tries to smile, making a strange grimace. Pep and the Revolutionary enter. As soon as he sees them, the Male Nurse quickly turns off the radio.*

**Male Nurse:** *To Pep, as if they had just been caught out.* Sorry doctor... I just asked the head nurse if she would marry me and when she said yes...

**Pep:** *Playing along.* Congratulations Doctor, head nurse...

**Nun:** *In a very quiet voice.* Thank you Doctor.

*The Revolutionary rests his foot on the linen chest and the Nun almost faints. Amelia and the Male Nurse hold her up one on each arm.*

**Pep:** This 'gentleman' would like to see the credentials of the nurses of the Health Workers' Union and of the Workers' National Commission (CNT).

**Male Nurse:** Of course..., of course. I actually have them in this file... I was on my way to the archive when...

**Pep:** Here you are. *He gives the file to the Revolutionary. Silence.*

**Revolutionary:** *Without opening it, throws the file on the floor.<sup>2</sup> In Spanish.* I won't forget your name Tru-e-ta. We will see each other again, no doubt.

*He leaves. They all give a sigh of relief. The Nun runs to the linen chest, opens it and gives her gown to the Male Nurse.*

**Pep:** Res... Ho fem servir de vestidor per als metges.

**Revolucionari:** Pues quiero verlo.

**Pep:** Però les infermeres són dalt...

**Revolucionari:** *l'amenaça amb l'arma:* ¡Apártate!

*Sona una música des de la ràdio. L'infermer intenta fer ballar a la monja, que ja va vestida d'infermera. Amèlia s'adona que amaga una creu dins el puny, la hi pren i la deixa dins el bagul. Després ajuda l'infermer a sostenir el cos de la monja que sembla un ninot desinflat. Ballen tots tres i ella plora, però fa esforços per somriure i se li dibuixa a la cara una ganyota estranya.*

*Entren en Pep i el revolucionari. En veure'ls, l'infermer s'afanya a apagar la radio.*

**Infermer,** *a Pep, com si els baguessin enxampat:* Em sap greu doctor... Li acabo de demanar a l' infermera en cap si es vol casar amb mi i en dir-me que sí...

**Pep** *els segueix el joc:* Felicitats, doctor, infermera en cap...

**Monja,** *amb un fil de veu:* Gràcies, doctor.

*El revolucionari posa el peu sobre el bagul i la monja és a punt de defallir. Amèlia i l'infermer la subjecten, un per cada braç.*

**Pep:** Aquest «senyor» voldria veure les titulacions de les infermeres del Sindicat de Sanitat de la CNT.

**Infermer:** Sí... sí, precisament les tinc en aquesta carpeta... l'anava a arxivar quan...

**Pep:** Aquí té. *(Les dóna al revolucionari. Silenci.)*

**Revolucionari,** *sense obrir-la, llença la carpeta a terra:* Me he quedado con tu nombre, Tru-e-ta. Volveremos a vernos, no lo dudes.

*Se'n va. Tots respiren alleugerits. La monja corre fins el bagul, l'obre i li dóna a l'Infermer la sotana.*

**Nun:** Burn it! Burn it!

*She hides her face into her hands. They leave her alone. Sound of bells. On the screen there appears a huge crucifix. The Nun tries to get rid of the last traces of makeup from her face. She gives out a painful shout and prostrates herself on the floor before the cross.*

*A blue bulb hangs from the ceiling in the flat. Pep and Amelia are sitting on some chairs. Pep is at a typewriter writing with one finger and Amelia is sewing. Sound of a siren.*

**Amelia:** *Stands up.* Again?

**Pep:** We'll stay here.

**Amelia:** Are you sure? And if this is a real one?

**Pep:** We have already gone down to the shelter six times. They only do it to break our spirit.

*Pause.*

**Amelia:** *She keeps talking in order to keep her fear at bay. It's amazing the things that people take down to the shelters with them. Did you see the woman who was carrying a corset in her hand? Pause, listening to see if the planes are approaching. Earlier today I went to the baker's in the Gothic Quarter to see if I could find some bread. There is nothing. There is nothing left. The whole building has disappeared. That area is really sinister; walking along the streets is so frightening. Sound of machine guns. Amelia closes her eyes and recoils. Pep continues typing as if nothing had happened. Amelia keeps stitching. Her voice trembles...* All the shop windows are covered in cardboard as are the windows in all the houses... It is as if it wasn't our city any more. All so dark...

*More machine-gun noises. Suddenly, Pep gets up.*

**Pep:** I need to get back to the hospital.

**Amelia:** Now? *She stops him.* But you have been away from home for three days and you only got back a few hours ago. Stay for

**Monja:** Crema-la! Crema-la!

*Amaga la cara entre les mans. La deixen sola. So descontrolat de campanes. En la pantalla apareix un gran crucifix. La monja intenta esborrar els rastres del maquillatge de la seva cara. Deixa anar un crit de dolor i es postra davant la creu, estesa a terra.*

*Una bombeta blava penja del sostre del pis. Pep i Amèlia asseguts en unes cadires. Ell escriu a màquina amb un dit, ella cus.*

*Sona una sirena.*

**Amèlia, s'aixeca:** Una altra vegada?

**Pep:** No ens mourem d'aquí.

**Amèlia:** Vols dir, Pep? I si aquesta fos de veritat?

**Pep:** Ja hem baixat sis vegades al refugi. Només ho fan per desmoralitzar-nos.

*Pausa.*

**Amèlia segueix parlant per distreure la por:** Mira que la gent baixa objectes ben estrafolaris als refugis. T'has fixat en aquella dona que portava una cotilla a la ma? (*Pausa, pendent de si es senten avions.*) Avui he anat fins al forn del barri gòtic per si trobava pa, però ja no hi és. No en queda res. L'edifici sencer ha desaparegut. Aquell barri està sinistre, anar pel carrer fa por. (*S'escolten trets de metralladora. Amèlia tanca els ulls i s'encongeix. Pep segueix escrivint com si res.*) Amèlia continua cosint. La veu l'hi tremola...) Tots els aparadors tapats amb paper i les finestres de les cases... És com si no fos la nostra ciutat. Tanta foscor...

*Més metralladores. Pep s'aixeca d'una revolada.*

**Pep:** Hauré de tornar a l'hospital.

**Amèlia:** Ara?! (*L'atura.*) Però si feia tres dies que no passaves per casa i només fa unes hores que has arribat! Queda't aquesta nit, per favor. No vull que ens quedem soles. Tot això és terrible, Pep, terrible... (*L'abraça.*)

the night, please. Please don't leave us alone. All of this is terrible, Pep, it's terrible. *She embraces him.*

**Pep:** Pack your cases. You and the girls are leaving for France tomorrow.

*Music by Mendelssohn.*

*Projection of the photograph of an operation performed by Dr Trueta on a patient with a war wound on his leg.*

*On the stage, the Male Nurse 2 has placed an extra screen near the one that was there before and a small stool between them. He and the Male Nurse go in and out with trolleys and the Nun and Pep go round looking after the injured. There is no light in the hospital and the Nun turns on a torch so Pep can continue working. Amelia collects the washing from the line; puts it into a suitcase and leaves. The projection ends. Pep sits on the stool, his eyes closed. The Male Nurse brings him a coffee and puts his hand on his shoulder to wake him up. The music stops together with the sound of bombs and planes. The hospital light returns. Pep and the Nun treat an injured man.*

**Nun:** The corridor is filled with the dead and the wounded. This one they thought was dead. It was lucky that an English doctor noticed that he was still breathing.

**Pep:** What English Doctor?

**Nun:** The one who arrived with the medical supplies.

**Pep:** We need plenty of that! *Pep checks the injured man.* Scissors.

**Nun:** Poor man, he was found by some children who were playing amongst the debris.

**Pep:** I asked for the scissors.

**Nun:** Sorry Sir!

**Pep:** Once this one is done, we should make sure that you get some sleep.

**Nun:** They say that he survived thanks to the pipes burst by the bombs. The children got the fright of their lives when they saw

**Pep:** Prepara les maletes, tu i les nenes heu demarxar demà mateix cap a França.

*Música de Mendelsbón.*

*Projecció d'una operació feta pel doctor Trueta a un pacient amb ferida de guerra a la cama.*

*En escena, l'infermer 2 ha col·locat un altre paravent a prop del que ja hi havia i un petit tamboret entre tots dos. Ell i l'altre infermer, entren i surten portant llits i la monja i Pep, van i venen atenent els ferits. No hi ha llum a l'hospital i la monja encén una llanterna perquè Pep pugui seguir treballant. Amèlia recull la roba estesa, la guarda dins la maleta i se'n va. S'acaba la projecció. Pep seu al tamboret, se li tanquen els ulls. L'infermer li porta un cafè i li posa la mà a l'espatlla per despertar-lo. S'atura la música amb el so de bombes i avions. Torna la llum. Pep i la monja atenen un ferit.*

**Monja:** El passadís està col·lapsat de vius i morts. Aquest l'havien donat per mort, sort que una doctora anglesa ha advertit que encara respirava.

**Pep:** Quina doctora anglesa?

**Monja:** Una que ha arribat amb material sanitari.

**Pep:** Ens fa molta falta! (*Pep revisa el ferit.*) Tisores.

**Monja:** Pobre home, l'han trobat uns nens que jugaven entre un munt de runa.

**Pep:** Li he demanat les tisores.

**Monja:** Ai, sí! Perdoni, doctor.

**Pep:** Serà millor que quan acabem vagi a dormir unes hores.

**Monja:** Diuen que ha sobreviscut gràcies a l'aigua de les canonades rebentades per les bombes. Les criatures s'han portat un bon ensurt quan han vist el seu cap sortir per sota una biga. Sembla talment mort.



his head sticking out from under a beam. He really looks dead.

**Pep:** But he is alive.

**Nun:** I'll have a sleep if you do too.

**Pep:** I've already had forty winks.

**Nun:** The English Miss says that she wants to see you. She is very interested in your way of treating the injuries.

**Pep:** But I don't speak a word of English. Scalpel.

**Nun:** But she speaks in broken Catalan, with a British accent.

**Pep:** Does she?

**Nun:** You meant pincers, didn't you Sir? If you promise me that after this patient you will go for a rest, I promise you that I'll walk upright for a week.

**Pep:** It is wrong for a nun to tell lies.

**Nun:** Two days, I am sure I can manage two days.

**Pep:** Triangular needle.

**Nun:** What a mess!

**Pep:** It's the compressed liquid bombs. Pull here, sister. This way... They are so powerful that the buildings collapse at once as if they didn't weigh anything. And they leave an expansive wave that levels everything in its wake. Place your hand here...

**Nun:** Did all his clothes get torn off?

**Pep:** After that there is the return wave, which multiplies its effect and levels it all to the ground with violence. Press hard here...

**Nun:** But how can human beings invent such a thing?

*The Revolutionary enters.*

**Pep:** What are you doing here? This is a restricted zone for doctors.

**Revolutionary:** *Pointing his gun at his chin. In Spanish.* I go

**Pep:** Doncs és viu.

**Monja:** Aniré a dormir, si vostè també hi va.

**Pep:** Jo ja he fet un cop de cap.

**Monja:** La Miss aquesta anglesa el vol veure, està molt encuriosida amb la seva manera de curar les ferides.

**Pep:** Doncs jo no parlo ni una paraula d'anglès. Bisturí.

**Monja:** Però ella parla un català mastegat, amb accent britànic.

**Pep:** Què diu ara!?

**Monja:** Ha volgut dir pines, oi doctor? Si em promet que després d'aquest pacient anirà a dormir, jo li prometo que caminaré dreta tota la setmana.

**Pep:** No està bé que una monja digui mentides.

**Monja:** Dos dies, dos dies segur que ho podré fer.

**Pep:** Agulla triangular.

**Monja:** Quina carnisseria!

**Pep:** Són les bombes d'aire líquid comprimit. Estiri d'aquí germana. Així... Són tan potents que els edificis sencers s'enfonsen com si no pesessin res i deixen una ona expansiva que escombra tot el que troba al seu pas. Posi la mà aquí...

**Monja:** I li ha arrencat tota la roba?

**Pep:** Després ve l'ona de retorn que multiplica el seu efecte i arrasa amb virulència. Premi amb força...

**Monja:** Però com ha pogut l'ésser humà inventar una cosa així?

*Entra el revolucionari*

**Pep:** Què hi fa vostè aquí? Aquesta zona és restringida als metges.

**Revolucionari:** Yo entro donde me da la gana! He venido a llevármela.

wherever I like! I have come for her.

**Nun:** For me?

*He pushes the Nun violently from behind the screen and she falls on the floor. The Revolutionary points his gun at her.*

**Pep:** Why? What has she done?

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* She bumped off the brother of one of the officers.

**Nun:** *In a panic.* How can you say that?

**Pep:** That is impossible.

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* Ask her why the injection she gave him was infected.

**Nun:** Holy Mother of God!

**Pep:** You cannot take her. We have an operation in a minute and without her I can't perform it. I can guarantee you that she is not a fascist.

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* And what about you? Who can guarantee that you are not one yourself?

**Pep:** I am a doctor. I do not belong to any political party. I only try to save lives. And she is my nurse. If she didn't think like me, we wouldn't be working together.

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* Does she receive orders from you, then?

**Pep:** That's right.

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* Then you will also have to come with us. Move it!

*Pep resists and the Revolutionary points the gun at the Nun, who shouts.*

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* If you don't do what you are told, I'll shoot.

**Monja:** A mi?

*Empeny de mala manera la monja a fora del paravent i la fa caure a terra. El revolucionari l'apunta amb una pistola.*

**Pep:** Per què? Què ha fet?

**Revolucionari:** Se ha cargao al hermano de uno de los capitostes, tú mismo.

**Monja, presa pel pànic:** Però que diu ara?!

**Pep:** Eso es imposible.

**Revolucionari:** Pregúntale por qué estaba infectada la inyección que le puso.

**Monja:** Verge Santíssima!

**Pep:** No te la pots endur. Tenim una operació d'aquí a un moment i sense ella no la puc fer. Jo garanteixo que no és una feixista.

**Revolucionari:** ¿Y tú, quien nos garantiza que no lo seas tú?

**Pep:** Jo sóc metge. No pertanyo a cap partit polític, només intento salvar vides. I ella és la meva infermera, si no pensés igual que jo, no treballaria amb mi.

**Revolucionari:** Entonces, ¿recibe tus órdenes?

**Pep:** Exactamente.

**Revolucionari:** Pues tú también tendrás que acompañarnos. ¡Andando!

*Pep es resisteix i el revolucionari apropa l'arma al cap de la monja, que deixa anar un crit.*

**Revolucionari:** Si no obedeces apretaré el gatillo.

**Pep:** Molt bé, molt bé, però deixa'ns almenys acabar de curar aquest pacient.

**Pep:** Fine, fine, but at least let us finish with this patient.

*The Bearded Revolutionary enters.*

**Bearded Revolutionary:** *In Catalan.* What's going on?

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* These are the nurse and the doctor who ordered the injection.

**Bearded Revolutionary:** This one? *He gets closer.* I know him. I can vouch for him.

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* But I have been ordered to take them. They have to go to trial.

**Bearded Revolutionary:** *In Catalan.* Do you remember me, doctor?

*Pep doubts.*

**Pep:** *Exaggerating.* Of course I do!

**Bearded Revolutionary:** *In Catalan.* If it hadn't been for you...

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* Let him tell the story if his memory is so good. You may have got the wrong one. In their gowns all quacks look the same.

**Pep:** *Rushing to talk.* He was run over by a lorry and his leg, from the knee downwards was crushed. The injury was really serious; the bones had fractured and the blood circulation to the foot was severely impeded. In order to avoid gangrene, we needed to amputate the leg straight away.

*The Revolutionary pokes the legs of the other, who is looking at Trueta straight in the eye as he talks, with the end of his weapon. The nun gives out anguished sighs.*

**Pep:** But as I prodded him, a trickle of blood came out and that decided me to proceed with a cure; plaster-cast him, hang the leg from the bed and wait forty-eight hours longer. It was successful and this is why he still walks on both his feet.

*Silence.*

*Entra el revolucionari de la barba.*

**Revolucionari de la barba:** Què passa aquí?

**Revolucionari:** Estos son la enfermera y el médico que le ordenó que le pusiera la inyección.

**Revolucionari de la barba:** ¿Aquest? (*Se li acosta.*) El conec. Jo responc per ell.

**Revolucionari:** Pero tengo órdenes de llevármelos. Tienen que someterse a juicio.

**Revolucionari de la barba:** ¿Se'n recorda de mi doctor?

*Pep dubte.*

**Pep exagera:** Sí, sí, és clar!

**Revolucionari de la barba:** Si no arriba a ser per vostè...

**Revolucionari:** Que nos lo cuente él si tiene tan buena memoria. No vaya a ser que te hayas confundido, con la bata todos los matasanos se parecen...

**Pep es precipita a parlar:** El va atropellar un camió i li va aixafar una cama del genoll en avall. La ferida era molt gran, els ossos estaven fracturats i la circulació de la sang cap al peu era difícil. Havia d'amputar immediatament per evitar la gangrena...

*El revolucionari mira Trueta de fit a fit mentre parla.*

*Sentim els petits gemecs de la monja.*

**Pep:** ... Però en punxar-lo va sortir un fil de sang i això em va fer decidir a fer una cura, enguixar-lo, penjar-li la cama al llit i esperar quaranta-vuit hores més. Va sortir bé i per això encara camina amb totes dues cames.

*Silenci.*

**Revolucionari de la barba:** Vámonos de aquí.

**Bearded Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* Let's go!

**Revolutionary:** *In Spanish.* But...

**Bearded Revolutionary.** *In Spanish.* Let's go!

*They leave. Pep helps the Nun get up.*

**Nun:** *Shaking.* Lucky that you recognised him, Sir. For a moment  
I thought....

**Pep:** I had no idea of who he was, sister.

*The Nun covers her mouth with her hand in amazement. The light fades away.*

**Voice-off of a man speaking on the phone:** 'If you move to Madrid, Trueta, they will forgive you because they need surgeons. But if you stay in Barcelona, when Franco takes the city, and there is no doubt that he will, they will kill you.' *The line goes dead.*

*The Nun helps Pep put on his coat, hat, gloves and scarf. They shake hands. The Nun gives him a brief but effusive hug. Pep puts on his scarf, gloves and hat.*

**Revolutionary:** *From afar. In Spanish.* Trueta, come out! *Banging.*  
Come out or we'll knock the door down!

*Pep takes a suitcase and starts walking while, simultaneously, we see Amelia on the phone.*

**Amelia:** I don't understand why they have kicked us out of the house! The girls, poor things, behaved themselves beautifully. Again suitcases, new faces, strange beds... Can you hear me? All of a sudden that woman came in and said that we were using too much milk, that we took too much sugar, that we read too much in the evenings and used too much electricity... The little one said: Mummy, don't worry, the day I have a house I'll invite you and won't kick you out ever again!... What?... Yes, very sweet. I am losing you... Can you hear me?... How are you? Are you getting enough rest?... I am a

**Revolucionari:** Pero...

**Revolucionari de la barba:** ¡Vámonos!

*Surten. Pep ajuda la monja a incorporar-se.*

**Monja, tremolant:** Sort que l'ha reconegut, doctor, per un moment he pensat...

**Pep:** No sé qui era germana, no sé qui dimonis era.

*La monja es tapa la boca amb la mà. La llum es fon.*

**Off de veu d'home que parla per telèfon:** Si s'instal·la a Madrid, Trueta, el perdonaran perquè necessiten cirugians. Però si es queda a Barcelona, quan entri Franco, i hi entrarà no ho dubti, l'afusellaran... *(La línia es talla.)*

*La monja ajuda Pep a posar-se l'abric. Encaixen les mans per acomiadar-se i ella li dóna una abraçada breu i efusiva. Surt. Pep es posa la bufanda, els guants i el barret.*

**Revolucionari, des de lluny:** ¡Salga, Trueta! ¡Salga! *(Cops.)* ¡Sino abre la puerta la echaremos abajo!

*Pep agafa la maleta i comença a caminar, a l'hora que veiem a Amèlia parlant per telèfon.*

**Amèlia:** Encara no sé per què ens ha fumut fora de la casa! Les nenes, pobretes, es portaven la mar de bé. Una altra vegada maletes, cares noves, canvi de llit... Em sents?... Em sents bé?... Tot d'una ahir, la dona aquella ens diu que gastàvem massa llet, que ens posàvem massa sucre, que a la nit llegíem i gastàvem massa electricitat... La petita m'ha dit: Mareta, no t'apuris, quan jo tingui casa et convidaré i no et treuré mai més!... Què?... Sí, molt dolça. Et perdo... Em sents tu?... Com estàs Pep? Ja descansas prou?... Estic amb els nervis a punt di explotar! Tu quan vindràs? Que si vindràs aviat? Pep, Pep!?



right bundle of nerves at the moment! When are you coming back, Pep? Are you coming back soon? Pep, Pep? *Amelia, frustrated, bangs down the receiver on to the phone.*

*Cello music played by Pau Casals. It is night time and on the screen it is snowing. Amelia is holding a soup bowl and a ladle; she serves soup to imaginary people who are crossing the border.*

**Amelia:** Have you seen a tall man, pale blue eyes, hair like... And you, do you happen to have seen Dr Trueta by any chance?... Does anyone know anything? He is a doctor, Trueta, have you seen him? *Suddenly, in the distance she sees Pep, walking exhausted. It starts snowing more heavily. The wind starts blowing and from the dark the figure of the Miss appears. She is wearing a mackintosh, a hat and round glasses and looks severe and mysterious. She stops in front of Amelia barring her passage. She speaks in broken Catalan throughout the scene.* You cannot take him; can't you see that he is exhausted? He has lost I don't know how many kilos... he needs to sleep, build himself back up... it is almost three years since he last saw his daughters...

**Miss:** It will only be for a few days. We need his experience. With the war threatening...

**Amelia:** He has already come back from one war! He doesn't want to hear any more sirens, or bombs, or look after any more wounded! Don't you understand that he needs to rest?

**Miss:** It is only a matter of having a few discussions with those responsible for passive defence, who would be in charge...

**Amelia:** Look. First I had to leave my daughters in France, then I got ill, I had to rest and instead I have been tooting and froing all the time. I have hardly seen my husband and now, after all this journey, now that we can finally be together, you come along wanting to take him away. Please let me get through.

**Miss:** Just a fortnight. A couple of talks...

**Amelia:** Do you have any idea of the type of hell these children have

*(Impotent, colpeja l' auricular contra el telèfon. Música de violoncel interpretada per Pau Casals. És de nit i neva a la pantalla. Amèlia, amb una cassola i un cullerot entre les mans, reparteix sopa a gent imaginària que creua la frontera.)*

**Amèlia:** Han vist un home alt, amb els ulls clars, els cabells... I vostè, no ha pas vist el doctor Josep Trueta?... Algú en sap alguna cosa? És metge, Trueta, l'han vist? *(Veu en la distància en Pep que camina abatut. La neu cau amb més força. Comença a bufar el vent i per entre la fosca, apareix la figura de la Miss. Porta una gavardina, barret i ulleres rodones, té un aspecte sever i misteriós. Es posa davant d'Amèlia per interferint-li el pas. Amb la mirada perduda en la distància.)* No se'l pot endur, no veu que està exhaust? Ha perdut no sé quants quilos... necessita dormir i refer-se... fa gairebé tres anys que no veu les seves filles...

**Miss parla amb accent anglès:** Només seran uns dies. Ens cal la seva experiència. Amb l'amenaça de guerra...

**Amèlia:** Ell ja ve d'una guerra! No vol sentir més sirenes, ni més bombes, ni atendre més ferits! Que no ho entén que el que necessita és descansar?

**Miss:** Només es tracta que tingui unes converses amb els responsables de la defensa passiva, que serien els qui...

**Amèlia:** Miri, primer vaig haver de deixar les nenes a França, després em vaig posar malalta, havia de fer repòs, he anat amunt i avall, el meu marit gairebé no l'he vist i ara, després de tot aquest periple, ara que per fi podem estar tots junts, arriba vostè i se'l vol emportar! Deixi'm passar.

**Miss:** Quinze dies, un parell de conferències...

**Amèlia:** Sap en quin infern han viscut aquestes criatures? Cada dia veien com altres nenes rebien cartes on els deien que el pare, la mare o el germà havien mort. Menjaven llet i patates

been through? Every day they saw the other girls get letters telling them that their father, their mother or their brother was dead. The lived on milk and potatoes and dozed standing up waiting in an endless queue until they heard their names called out on the register before they could go to sleep...

**Miss:** I can give you my word that they will have everything they need, please Mrs Trueta...

**Amelia:** I am saying no, don't you understand? Why are you so persistent?

**Miss:** Because I have seen your husband work. I was struck by the kind tone with which he talked to patients, by his amazing humanity. *Overcome by emotion.* He smiled at them before they went into theatre and told them a joke so that they lost their fear. I observed him; followed him around the hospital. He treated the interns, nurses and every member of staff with the same high respect and knew how to listen to them. He told them how important it was to talk to the patient, to know exactly what was going on and thus be able to determine his line of research. I have never met a surgeon like him... *Changing her tone.* This is why, Mrs Trueta, I beg you to give it some thought. Without your agreement he will not come to Britain. Please think not only about how much pain it could save our injured but also about the number of lives he will be able to save.

**Amelia:** I am ever so sorry, but I believe my husband has already done enough for others and I don't mind if you think that I am being selfish. Right now I can assure you that the only thing that matters to me is to have my husband all to myself. If you please... *She indicates that she wants to move forward.*

**Miss:** So why don't you accompany him to London?

**Amelia:** Me?

**Miss:** We can put you both up in a hotel, the doctor will be able to rest, you will eat well and will be together.

i s'adormien dretes esperant en una llarga fila fins a sentir els seus noms, mentre passaven llista abans d'anar-se'n a dormir...

**Miss:** Li dono la meua paraula que no els faltará res, per favor, senyora Trueta...

**Amèlia:** Li estic dient que no, que no ho entén? Per què insisteix tant?

**Miss:** Perquè jo he vist treballar el seu marit. Vaig quedar impressionada pel to afable amb que parlava als pacients, per la seva desbordant humanitat. (*Amb emoció.*) Els somreia abans d'entrar a quiròfan i els explicava algun acudit perquè perdessin la por. Jo l'observava, el seguia per tot l'hospital. Tractava estudiants, infermeres i a tot el personal amb el mateix respecte i els sabia escoltar. Els deia que era molt important parlar amb el malalt, saber ben bé el que li passa per poder determinar les línies d'investigació. No he conegut mai un cirurgià com ell... (*Canvia el to.*) Per això insisteixo, senyora Trueta, i li suplico que ho consideri. Sense el consentiment de vostè, el doctor no voldrà venir a Anglaterra. Pensi no només amb quants patiments podria estalviar als nostres, sinó també en quantes vides humanes podrà tornar a salvar.

**Amèlia:** Em sap molt de greu, però considero que el meu marit ja ha fet prou pels altres i tant se me'n dóna si pensa que sóc una egoista. En aquest moment li asseguro que l'únic que vull és tenir el meu marit només per a mi. Si em vol fer el favor... (*Li indica que vol passar.*)

**Miss:** Doncs per què no l'acompanya a Londres?

**Amèlia:** Jo?

**Miss:** Els allotjarem en un hotel, el doctor podrà descansar, menjaran bé i estaran junts.

*Pause.*

**Miss:** It is not good for a wife to be away from her husband. How long is it since you were alone with him at last?

**Amelia:** *In a very quiet tone, as she walks.* A long time...

**Miss:** He will need you to give him support.

**Amelia:** He doesn't have a passport...

**Miss:** He won't be needing a visa. I'll see to it.

**Amelia:** And the girls...?

**Miss:** You have my word.

*Amelia runs to meet Pep while the music of a waltz plays.*

*Pausa.*

**Miss:** No és bo que una esposa estigui lluny del seu marit. Quan temps fa que no estan sols?

**Amèlia,** *amb la veu apagada mentre camina:* Molt...

**Miss:** Ell necessitarà que li faci costat.

**Amèlia:** No té passaport...

**Miss:** No li caldrà ni visat. Jo me n'ocuparé.

**Amèlia:** I les nenes...?

**Miss:** Té la meva paraula.

*Amèlia que corre a trobar-se amb en Pep mentre sona el vals.*

## Part Two

### (1938-1943)

*England (1938-1943). From the stage the candle holder and all the elements that made up the hospital disappear. The scenes that take place in the garden in Oxford represent the present; those which take place in other locations represent the past.*

**Voice-off of Dr Trueta:** ‘... Arriving in England and finding oneself totally unprotected, in an atmosphere totally different to one’s own, not only temperamentally and climatically, but also humanely... I believe that we, the Catalans in particular, have a basis to our culture quite similar to the English (apart from the fact that our blood gets to boiling point faster, it is Mediterranean, we carry more hours of sunshine from our ancestral times within our natures than they do), I believe that our past as seafarers and traders makes us more adaptable, and I have asked myself many times why it was that they accepted me. Why did they open their doors to me from the first day as if I was one of them?’

*London. A hotel room. Pep is reading a letter looking disappointed and preoccupied. He hears Amelia approaching and puts the letter away in his pocket. He then puts on his earphones, which are connected to the gramophone. He repeats the sentences in the recording in broken English. He has a piece of string in his hands and keeps making surgical knots on it.*

**Pep:** I’m — sorry; you — are — not — allowed — to — come — in...

**Amelia:** *Entering.* Poor girl, she is so scared that she sleeps with

## Segona Part (1938-1943)

*Anglaterra (1938-1943). Desapareixen de l'escenari el canelobre i tots els elements que conformaven l'hospital. Les escenes que tenen lloc al jardí d'Oxford representen el moment present. Totes les escenes que passen en la resta d'espais, corresponen al passat.*

**Off amb la veu del doctor Trueta:** ... Arribar a Anglaterra i trobar-te completament desprotegit, amb un ambient totalment diferent del teu, no solament temperamental i climàtic, sinó també humà... Crec que nosaltres, particularment els catalans, tenim una base en el nostre passat bastant semblant a l'anglesa (a part que la nostra sang bull més de pressa, és mediterrània, que portem més hores de sol a dintre nostre que ells des d'èpoques ancestrals), crec que el nostre passat de mariners i comerciants ens fa adaptables, i moltes vegades m'he preguntat per què em varen acceptar a mi? Per què varen donar-me la porta d'entrada des del primer dia, com si fos un d'ells...

*Londres. L'habitació d'un hotel. Pep llegeix una carta amb posat de desànim i preocupació. Sent que Amèlia s'acosta i es guarda la carta a la butxaca, després es posa uns auriculars a les orelles connectats a un gramòfon. Té una corda entre les mans i va fent nusos de cirurgià.*

**Pep:** I'm sorry; you are not allowed to come in...

**Amèlia, entrant:** Pobra filla meva, té tanta por que dorm amb el cap completament tapat. M'ha explicat que un dia va



her head totally covered up. She was telling me that one day she saw how someone pulled out the eyes of a live pig. Can you imagine the shock? It seems the French say that if the animal is sacrificed without the eyes the meat tastes better. What an atrocity! Now she cannot get the screaming of that pig out of her head... Pep!

*He nods as if he had been following the conversation.*

Pep: Do — you — have — passport?

Amelia: Yes, yes... I am sure that you haven't heard anything I said.

*Pep nods again.*

Amelia: I'll need to take a couple of aspirin because I have neuralgia in this eye again. *She feels carefully around her right eye.*

Pep! *She touches his arm.*

Pep: Yes?

Amelia: *Vocalising.* Can you listen to me for a minute?

Pep: But I am studying! *He pulls off his headphones.* What do you want?

Amelia: Where is the letter from Venezuela? I'd like to know what it says.

Pep: Things are not very hopeful.

Amelia: But were they not very pleased there?

Pep: They were before, but now the situation has changed. *He puts the earphones back on.* This — is — not — my — suitcase.

Amelia: Pep! *She touches his arm again.*

Pep: This is not a good time. There aren't any vacancies for foreign doctors. I would have to revalidate my qualifications and do a full year of tropical pathology. What a set up!

Amelia: So what are we going to do?

Pep: *In broken English.* I don't know. *Amelia unplugs the earphones.*

veure com li treien els ulls a un porc de viu en viu. T'imagines quin impacte? Es veu que els francesos diuen que si es sacrifica l'animal sense ulls la carn surt més bona. Quina bestiesa! Ara no es pot treure del cap els crits d'aquell porc... Pep!

*Ell assenteix com si hagués estat al cas.*

**Pep:** Do you have passport?

**Amèlia:** Yes, yes... Segur que no has sentit res del que t'he dit.

*Pep torna a asseverar.*

**Amèlia:** M'hauré de prendre un parell d'aspirines perquè torno a tenir neuràlgia en aquest ull. *(Palpa amb suavitat el voltant de l'ull dret.)* Pep! *(Li toca el braç.)*

**Pep:** Digues...

**Amèlia,** *vocalitzant:* Pots estar un moment per mi?

**Pep:** Estic estudiant, dona! *(Es treu els auriculars.)* Què vols?

**Amèlia:** On és la carta de Veneçuela? Vull saber què diu.

**Pep:** Les perspectives no són gaire engrescadores.

**Amèlia:** Però no n'estaven tan contents ells?

**Pep:** Abans, ara es veu que la situació ha canviat. *(Es torna a posar els auriculars.)* This is not my suitcase.

**Amèlia:** Pep! *(Li torna a tocar el braç.)*

**Pep:** Que no és bon moment, que no hi ha disposició per rebre metges estrangers. Hauria de revalidar el títol i fer un any complet de patologia tropical. Ja veus quin panorama!

**Amèlia:** I què farem?

**Pep:** I don't know. *(Amèlia desendolla els auriculars.)*

**Pep:** Amèlia!

**Pep:** Amelia!

*She looks at him questioningly.*

**Pep:** *Resigned.* Go on.

**Amelia:** No. You say what you want to do.

**Pep:** I can't decide yet. Do you want to go?

**Amelia:** What about you?

**Pep:** Your eldest daughter says that she doesn't want us to go,  
that the people here need me more.

**Amelia:** And what does she know? She is only a girl.

**Pep:** A very clever girl.

**Amelia:** Soon bombs will start falling over London. Is this what  
you want for our daughters?

**Pep:** Does this mean that you want to go, then?

**Amelia:** No!

**Pep:** Can you make up your mind, please?

**Amelia:** I don't know, I don't know. Caracas is so far away...

**Pep:** Indeed!

**Amelia:** But I don't like London at all.

**Pep:** What would I do in Venezuela? What kind of doctor would  
I be there? Do you realise that it would mean starting from  
scratch again?

**Amelia:** Here you don't have validated qualifications or a work  
permit either. Nothing at all, and we are broke! For how long  
do you think that they will cover your expenses? For every  
step you take, you need a blooming stamp from the police  
station!

**Pep:** But they came looking for me. That is the greatest differ-  
ence. They think highly of me; they invite me to give talks  
and they are getting things sorted so I can work in a hospital.

*Ella el mira interrogant.*

**Pep**, *resignat*: Va, digues.

**Amèlia**: No, digues tu, què penses fer?

**Pep**: No ho tinc decidit encara. Tu hi vols anar?

**Amèlia**: I tu?

**Pep**: La teva filla gran m'ha dit que no hi anem, que la gent d'aquí em necessitaran més.

**Amèlia**: I ella què sap, és una nena.

**Pep**: Una nena molt llesta.

**Amèlia**: Aviat començaran a caure bombes sobre Londres, és això el que vols per a les nostres filles?

**Pep**: Així què, hi vols anar?

**Amèlia**: No!

**Pep**: En què quedem?

**Amèlia**: No ho sé, no ho sé! Caracas està tan lluny...

**Pep**: Llunyíssim!

**Amèlia**: Però Londres no m'agrada gens!

**Pep**: I què hi faria jo a Veneçuela? Quina mena de metge seria allà? Ja has pensat que hauria de començar de zero?

**Amèlia**: Aquí tampoc no tens títol de metge convalidat, ni permís de treball, ni res de res i estem sense ni cinc! Fins quan et penses que et pagaran les despeses? Per fer un pas has d'anar a comissaria a demanar permís, sempre has d'estar pendent que et posin un maleït segell!

**Pep**: Però aquí m'han vingut a buscar. Aquesta és la gran diferència. Em consideren, em conviden a donar conferències i m'ho estan arreglant perquè pugui treballar a l'hospital.

**Amelia:** This is what they say, Pep. They also said that we would only be here for a fortnight and you saw what happened. And what do you say about the three months it took for them to bring the girls over? Now they need you because they see the war round the corner, but you are not British, and for them... *She cries...* for them you will always be an honorary foreigner.

**Pep:** Please don't cry.

**Amelia:** It is just that when I see you pacing up and down, tying and untying knots...

**Pep:** You know that I need to keep my fingers agile.

**Amelia:** ... without being able to operate, without knowing when we will be able to go back home...

**Pep:** The current situation cannot last long... Soon they'll get rid of Franco, Mussolini, Hitler and all their lot.

**Amelia:** Soon, soon. No one knows when soon will be. In this country it rains all the time; everything is grey, it is cold and...

**Pep:** ... they speak English, drive on the left...

**Amelia:** Don't make fun of me...

**Pep:** We will get through it, Amelia. You'll see...

*She cries on his chest, he consoles her, worried. Oxford.*

**Voice-off of Dr Trueta:** 'I went to Oxford on a visit, I got back and then they invited me to spend three weeks there with my family and we fell in love with Oxford in the summer. In winter it is a bit different; those of you who have been there know; the tendency towards humidity and fog, the wind, the rain... and very occasionally there is one day of sunshine! That day is marvellous because it is then when you reap the harvest you planted in the bad ones. That way we lived for twenty-nine years, which went by like in a flash.'

*There appears a space with green grass, which had been covered up until now. In all the scenes that take place in the garden, from time to time the*

**Amèlia:** Això és el que t'han dit. També deien que només ens hi estaríem quinze dies i ja ho has vist. Han trigat tres mesos a portar les nenes fins aquí. Ara et necessiten perquè es veuen la guerra a sobre, però tu no ets britànic, i per a ells... (*somica...*) per a ells sempre seràs un estranger honorari.

**Pep:** Va, dona, no ploris.

**Amèlia:** És que quan et veig passejant amunt i avall, fent nusos amb aquesta corda...

**Pep:** Ja saps que he de fer treballar els dits.

**Amèlia:** ... sense poder operar, sense saber quan podrem tornar a casa...

**Pep:** Aquesta situació no pot durar... Aviat acabaran amb els Francos, els Mussolinis i els Hitlers!

**Amèlia:** Aviat, aviat! Aviat no és cap dia. En aquest país sempre plou, tot és gris, fa fred i...

**Pep:** ... parlen anglès, condueixen per l'esquerra...

**Amèlia:** No te'n riguis...

**Pep:** Ens en sortirem, dona, ja ho veuràs...

*Ella plora sobre el seu pit, ell la consola preocupat.*

*Oxford.*

**Off del doctor Trueta:** Vaig anar a visitar Oxford, vaig tornar i després em varen fer una invitació per anar a passar-hi tres setmanes amb la família, i varem quedar encantats d'Oxford a l'estiu. A l'hivern és una mica diferent, els que hi heu estat ho sabeu, la tendència a la humitat i la boira, el vent, la pluja... i un dia excepcional fa sol! Aquell dia és una cosa meravellosa, perquè aquell dia aprofites del fruit dels patiments de tot aquest temps... Així varem viure nosaltres vint-i-nou anys, que han passat com una volada.

*Apareix un espai amb gespa verda, que fins ara estava coberta. En totes les escenes que passen al jardí, de tan en tan els personatges miraran al*

*characters will look up to the sky with concern. Amelia and the Reporter enter.*

**Amelia:** It was a terrible experience. There were hundreds of thousands of people arriving, but in order to get into the country we did not have to queue at all; we were not asked for any papers, the Miss sorted it all out. They wanted my husband and everything was made easy. You can't imagine how embarrassing it was, overtaking all those people... They followed me with their eyes, in the same way that you look at those who are privileged.

*The Miss comes in wearing a military uniform.*

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan throughout the scene.* Where shall I leave this?

**Amelia:** Leave them here, please.

*The Miss opens up a sheet full of green apples on the grass.*

**Reporter:** How wonderful!

**Miss:** Would you like one?

*Amelia stops him before he can take it.*

**Amelia:** And you, Miss, don't you want one?

**Miss:** I don't eat in between meals.

**Amelia:** *Looks at the Miss disapprovingly. To the Reporter.* They are a bit sharp to be eaten just like that. I use them for pies and preserves and we keep them all winter in a loft; they keep very well in the cold.

*Amelia sits on the ground and sorts out the apples, putting them into a basket. The Reporter gets his camera ready on the tripod.*

**Reporter:** It is hard to imagine, with the weather being so good...

**Amelia:** Oh! Here the weather is crazy! It has been raining solidly for two weeks and now we get this sunshine. You can't imagine how difficult it is for me to get used to this climate. When we got to Oxford for the first time it was in the middle of

*cel amb certa inquietud. Entren Amèlia i el reporter.*

**Amèlia:** Va ser una experiència terrible. Hi havia centenars de milers de persones que fugien, però per entrar al país nosaltres no vàrem haver de fer cap cua, no ens varen demanar cap paper, la Miss ho havia arreglat tot. Volien el meu marit i tot varen ser facilitats. No es pot imaginar com em vaig sentir d'incòmoda, mentre passava al davant de tota aquella gent... Ens seguien amb els ulls, igual com es mira algú quan té un privilegi.

*Entra la Miss vestida amb uniforme militar.*

**Miss:** On vol que ho deixi?

**Amèlia:** Aquí mateix, gràcies.

*La Miss estén sobre la gespa un llençol ple de pomes verdes.*

**Reporter:** Quin goig!

**Miss n'agafa una i l'ofereix al reporter:** En vol una?

*Abans que ell l'agafi, Amèlia l'atura.*

**Amèlia:** I a vostè no li ve de gust, Miss?

**Miss:** Jo no menjo entre hores.

**Amèlia mira la Miss amb reprovació. Al reporter:** Són una mica àcides per menjar-les així. En faig pastissos i compota i les guardem tot l'hivern en un altell, amb el fred es conserven la mar de bé.

*Amèlia seu a terra, va destriant les pomes i algunes les posa dins el cistell. El reporter instal·la la màquina de fer fotos sobre el trípode.*

**Reporter:** Ningú no ho diria amb el dia tan esplèndid que fa...

**Amèlia:** Oh, aquí el temps és boig! Ara feia dues setmanes que no parava de ploure i avui aquest sol! No sap el que em costa acostumar-me a aquest clima. Quan varem arribar a Oxford era ple hivern i feia un fred que pelava, oi Miss?



winter and it was really cold. Do you remember, Miss?

**Miss:** I like the cold.

**Amelia:** I don't! The first night the girls kicked out the hot water bottle while asleep and in the morning we found it on the floor, absolutely frozen.

**Reporter:** Where are they today?

**Amelia:** The eldest one is at a friend's house and the two little ones are spending the weekend with some friends with whom we shared a house in the past. They have girls of the same ages and they are celebrating the birthday of one of them.

**Reporter:** So, you have three girls?

*Amelia nods.*

**Reporter:** Your husband must be in seventh heaven with so many women!

**Amelia:** *Smiling politely.* Do you mind if I go on sorting out the apples?

**Reporter:** Oh! Please, carry on as if I wasn't here.

*Pause.*

**Miss:** Which countries did you visit before coming to England?

**Reporter:** France and Germany.

**Amelia:** Oh! I have terrible memories of Germany...

**Miss:** *To the Reporter, with suspicion.* And do you visit families everywhere for your documentary?

**Reporter:** *Uncomfortable.* Yes only Catalan exiles, though. *To Amelia.* I intend to gather as much documentation as possible so that there is good evidence of all that you have had to go through in the last few years.

**Amelia:** Is that so?... Very good...

**Miss:** Have you been commissioned by the newspaper?

**Miss:** A mi m'agrada el fred.

**Amèlia:** A mi gens! La primera nit, les nenes li va donar un cop de peu a la bossa d'aigua calenta mentre dormien i al matí la van trobat a terra, completament congelada.

**Reporter:** On són avui?

**Amèlia:** La gran és a casa d'una companya del college i les dues petites passen el cap de setmana amb uns amics, els que vivien abans amb nosaltres a l'altra casa. També tenen nenes de la seva edat i celebren l'aniversari d'una d'elles.

**Reporter:** Així que tenen tres nenes?

*Amèlia assenteix.*

**Reporter:** El seu marit deu estar encantat amb tanta dona!

**Amèlia fuig d'estudi:** Li va bé si continuo triant les pomes?

**Reporter:** Vostè faci, faci, com si jo no hi fos.

*Pausa.*

**Miss:** A quins països ha estat abans de venir a Anglaterra?

**Reporter:** Vaig viure un parell d'anys a Alemanya...

**Amèlia:** En tinc un record pèssim d'Alemanya...

**Reporter:** ...Després he voltat per aquí i per allà... sobretot per França i...

**Miss amb malfiança:** A tot arreu visita famílies per al seu reportatge?

**Reporter, incòmode:** Sí... només a on hi ha exiliats catalans. (*A Amèlia*) La meva intenció és reunir el màxim de documentació possible perquè quedi constància del que han viscut en aquests anys.

**Amèlia:** Ah sí?... Està molt bé...

**Miss:** L'hi ha encarregat el diari aquesta feina?

**Reporter:** *Annoyed by the tone of the interrogation.* No, I do this of my own accord. *To Amelia.* It is a kind of homage to my father.

**Amelia:** I also lost my mother at an early age and had to take care of my father and three brothers. I understand that feeling that you were describing earlier... And when your father died, was it then that you decided to become a reporter like him?

**Reporter:** Yes. Even though I am aware that I will never be as good as he was...

**Amelia:** You can never tell. *They look at each other and she smiles. Pause.* I don't think that Pep will be long. I hope that before you go you can come over one evening to show me the pictures. Since we live so far away from the centre and I can't drive, you will always find me here. In the old times we used to go out a lot; we saw every film, we went to the opera, dancing... We were really committed dancers! But all this has been history for a long time now. My husband is so busy with his things that... And of course, with the children, the house, the garden, the chickens, ... but when it gets dark early I find the evenings interminable.

**Miss:** You should go with him when he gives talks.

*Amelia looks at the Miss surprised.*

**Reporter:** My grandparents lived on a farm and when I was young I loved going there.

**Amelia:** When I was young I used to walk along the Passeig de Gracia and wore white gloves and had maids. What a change, isn't it?

*Pep and Salvador come in.*

**Pep:** She was what we called a 'pear' girl, who is now working as a peasant.

**Amelia:** *Getting up.* Here they are!

**Pep:** How are things? Have you already digested the macaroni?

**Reporter**, *molest pel to de d'interrogatori*: No, això ho faig pel meu compte. (A Amèlia) És una mena d'homenatge al meu pare.

**Amèlia**: Jo també vaig perdre la meva mare quan era molt joveneta i em vaig haver de fer càrrec del meu pare i tres germans. Entenc aquesta sensació de què em parlava abans... I quan el seu pare va morir, va decidir fer de periodista com ell?

**Reporter**: Si. Encara que sóc conscient que mai arribaré a ser tan bo...

**Amèlia**: Això no es pot dir mai. (*Es miren i ella l'hi somriu. Pausa.*) Ja no crec que trigui en Pep... Espero que abans de marxar vingui una tarda a ensenyar-me les fotografies. Com que vivim allunyats del centre i no sé conduir, a mi sempre em trobarà aquí. Abans sí que sortíem molt, veiem totes les pel·lícules, anàvem a l'òpera, a ballar... Érem molt balladors! Però ja fa temps que tot això ha passat a la història, el meu marit està tan ocupat amb les seves coses que... És clar que jo amb les criatures, la casa, el jardí, l'hortet i les gallines... però quan es fa fosc aviat, les tardes es fan interminables.

**Miss**: L' hauria d'acompanyar quan va a fer les conferències.

*Amèlia mira la Miss amb sorpresa.*

**Reporter**: Els meus avis vivien en una granja i de petit m'agradava molt anar-hi.

**Amèlia**: Doncs jo de petita passejava pel passeig de Gràcia, portava guants blancs i teníem servei, ja veu quin canvi!

*Entren Pep i Salvador.*

**Pep**: Era una «nena pera» que ara fa de pagesa.

**Amèlia s'aixeca**: Ja els tenim aquí!

*Converses paral·leles.*

**Pep**: Com va això? Ja ha paït el macarrons?

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* Amelia, how are you?

**Reporter:** I had seconds and even thirds!

**Pep:** That's why I asked you!

**Amelia:** *In Spanish.* Hello Salvador. How are you feeling?

**Reporter:** It was delicious!

**Pep:** Amelia does it all beautifully, but macaroni is her speciality.

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* Much better now, thanks to your husband, but I have been through a terrible time.

**Pep:** He was eating paella and a bay leaf got stuck to his pharynx. It is a shame that because of Salvador's ordeal we couldn't manage an after-lunch walk.

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* It always ends up being my fault.

**Pep:** Do you exercise regularly?

**Reporter:** To tell you the truth, not very much.

**Pep:** That's very bad, very bad.

**Amelia:** *In Spanish.* And this thing had to happen to you today when your wife is not around!

**Salvador:** Indeed. At least it saved her the upset. The truth is that I was literally suffocating!

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* That is the problem with fame; the laurels get stuck in one's throat!

*They laugh.*

*The Reporter gets closer to Salvador and shakes his hand.*

**Reporter:** *In Spanish.* Nice to see you again.

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan, with suspicion.* So you already know each other?

**Reporter:** We met in the Embassy the other day.

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* You are right! Sorry. I hadn't recognised you.

**Salvador:** ¿Qué tal, Amèlia?

**Reporter:** He repetit dues vegades!

**Pep:** Per això, per això li ho dic!

**Amèlia:** Hola, Salvador. ¿Cómo se encuentra?

**Reporter:** Estaven riquíssims!

**Pep:** Tot ho fa bo l'Amèlia, però els macarrons són la seva especialitat.

**Salvador:** Ahora mucho mejor, gracias a su marido, pero lo he pasado francamente mal.

**Pep:** Estava menjant paella i se li ha quedat enganxada a la faringe una fulla de llorer. Llàstima que amb la peripècia d'en Salvador no haguem pogut sortir a caminar després de dinar.

**Salvador:** Siempre me la acabo cargando yo.

**Pep:** Vostè fa exercici normalment?

**Reporter:** La veritat és que no gaire.

**Pep:** Mal fet, mal fet.

**Amèlia:** ¡Y le ha ido a pasar justamente hoy que no está su señora!

**Salvador:** Pues sí. Un susto menos para ella. ¡De verdad que me ahogaba, literalmente!

**Pep:** Es lo que tiene la fama, se le atragantaron los laureles!

*Riuen.*

*El reporter s'acosta a Salvador i li allarga la mà.*

**Reporter:** Me alegro de volver a verle.

**Miss, insidiosa:** Ja es coneixien?

*Salvador dubte.*

**Reporter:** Varem coincidir l'altre dia... a l'ambaixada.

**Salvador:** ¡Cierto! Perdona, no le había reconocido.

**Amelia:** *To the Miss in a low tone.* What is the matter between you and the young man?

**Miss:** I don't trust him.

**Amelia:** But Miss, you see spies everywhere!

**Pep:** How are you getting on with the photographs?

**Reporter:** We just started in the garden. Can you go to where your wife was before?

**Pep:** Sitting down?

**Reporter:** Yes, helping her with the apples.

**Amelia:** *To the Miss.* Do you really think that I should accompany Pep?

**Pep:** *Before the Miss has time to reply.* Amelia, come here by my side.

**Salvador:** *To the Miss in broken English.* How are you doing?

**Miss:** *In English.* Well, thank you. Are you feeling better?

**Salvador:** *In broken English.* Much better. I felt I was dying!

**Reporter:** A bit further to the right. Perfect. What does a 'pear' girl mean?

**Pep:** An upper class girl.

**Amelia:** *In Spanish.* The other day you missed out on your friend trying to fight off a fox with an umbrella!

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* Really?

**Pep:** *In mixed Spanish and Catalan.* I heard a 'xivarri' (noise) in the chicken house and I picked up the first thing that came to hand.

**Amelia:** The fox killed a hen and left another one badly injured and Pep took it to the hospital.

**Pep:** When the nurses saw me putting the hen's leg into a plaster cast they couldn't believe their eyes!

**Pep:** Com van aquestes fotos?

**Reporter:** Tot just començàvem les del jardí. Es pot posar on era la seva senyora?

**Pep:** Assegut?

**Reporter:** Sí, ajudant-la amb les pomes.

**Amèlia, a la Miss, amb discreció:** Però què li passa amb aquest noi?

**Miss:** No me'n refio.

**Amèlia:** Però, Miss, vostè veu espies pertot arreu!

**Pep:** Amèlia! Vine a seure al meu costat.

**Amèlia, encara amb la Miss:** Pensa de veritat que hauria d'acompanyar en Pep?

**Pep:** Amèlia!

**Amèlia:** Ja vinc.

**Salvador, a la Miss:** How you doing?

**Miss:** Well thank you. Do you feel better?

**Salvador:** Much better, thank you. I felt like I was dying!

**Reporter:** Una mica més a la dreta... Perfecte. Què vol dir «nena pera»?

**Pep:** Una nena fina.

**Amèlia:** Salvador, el otro día se perdió a su amigo enfrentándose a un zorro con un paraguas!

**Salvador:** ¿Y eso?

**Pep:** Oí un «xivarri» en el gallinero y cogí lo primero que encontré.

**Amèlia:** La guineu va matar una gallina, en va deixar una altra mal ferida i en Pep se la va emportar a l'hospital.

**Pep:** Quan les infermeres envaren veure enguixant la pota d'una gallina no hi donaven crèdit!



**Amelia:** It didn't survive, of course, and ended up in a stew. It wasn't killed by any illness and we couldn't afford the luxury of throwing it away.

**Pep:** But it is amazing what contrasts life brings. While I was there trying to save the hen's leg, in the ward next door there was an English Captain who wanted me to amputate both his legs.

**Reporter:** Do you mean that he was the one asking for it?

**Pep:** It had been a while since a land mine had exploded on him and after several operations he could walk perfectly. But he came to see me saying that before he was operated on he was two centimetres taller; that now his feet ached from time to time and that he had friends with wooden legs who were not suffering at all. What do you think about that?

**Reporter:** Incredible.

**Pep:** The war ruins their minds.

**Reporter:** And what did you say?

**Pep:** I mentioned it to the other doctors, because this was a unique case. They met to discuss it and they ended up finding in his favour!

**Reporter:** The Captain's?

**Amelia:** Yes, they decided to chop off both his legs!

**Pep:** I was outraged, but couldn't do anything about it. They said that the legs were his. At the end of the day, these English people have no imagination and no enthusiasm. Sorry, Miss.

**Miss:** Don't you worry. You know how I feel about that...

**Reporter:** Stay still!

*Projection of the photo of Dr Trueta and his wife in the garden of their Oxford home, sitting before a sheet full of apples.*

**Voice-off of Dr Trueta:** ...and I had just started my talk in

**Amèlia:** No va sobreviure, és clar, i va anar de cap a la cassola. No havia mort de cap malaltia i no ens podíem permetre el luxe de llençar-la.

**Pep:** Però fixi's quins contrastos té la vida, mentre jo era allà, intentant salvar-li la pota a l'animal, a l'altra sala m'esperava un capità anglès que pretenia que li tallés totes dues cames.

**Reporter:** Vol dir que l'hi va demanar ell?

**Pep:** Ja feia temps que li havia explotat una mina i després de varies operacions podia caminar perfectament. Però em va venir a veure dient que abans d'operar-lo feia dos centímetres més d'alçada, que ara de tant en tant li feien mal els peus i que tenia amics amb les cames de fusta que no els feia mal res. Què li sembla?

**Reporter:** Increïble!

**Salvador:** La guerra los trastorna.

**Reporter:** I vostè què li va dir?

**Pep:** Vaig comentar-ho amb els altres metges perquè el cas no era normal, es varen reunir per posar-ho a debat i li varen donar la raó!

**Reporter:** Al capità?

**Amèlia:** Sí, varen decidir segar-li les dues cames!

**Pep:** Jo em vaig indignar, però no va haver-hi res a fer. Deien que les cames eren seves i en fi, que aquests anglesos no tenen imaginació, ni entusiasme. Disculpi, Miss.

**Miss:** No hi ha de què. Jo ja sap què en penso...

**Reporter:** Quiets!

*Projecció d'una fotografia en la que veiem al Dr. Trueta i la seva dona, al jardí de la casa d'Oxford, asseguts davant un llençol ple de pomes.*

**Off del doctor Trueta:** ... i vaig començar el meu discurs en francès quan, del fons de la sala, una veu que no vaig

French when from the back of the room a voice I couldn't understand started to complain. That was joined by another. — What is the matter? And Bowers said: Look, that man says that he cannot understand you and is asking that you speak in English no matter how bad it is, because he doesn't understand French. And I say: If he cannot understand my fairly good French, he will understand even less in my bad English! He says: Than speak with your hands. I tried to convince those people how to perform the excision of the wounds, when the plaster cast had to be used, what percentage of good results I had obtained, a technical thing. I was as brief as I could be, half an hour, they asked a couple of questions (translated for me by the King's doctor) and at the end, they gave me a polite round of applause. I got up thinking "this is it"!

*London. Scene from the past. Pep puts on a hat and a coat and gets ready to leave.*

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan throughout.* Dr Trueta, please wait a minute!

**Pep:** I am leaving London. It is obvious that I have disappointed them.

**Miss:** But...

**Pep:** First I told them that it was impossible to predict that there were going to be ten thousand wounded a day. If it had been like that in Barcelona, the war would have lasted three days! Here, because you are English and thus possibly more stoic, maybe it will last four. There is this now and also what was in the papers.

**Miss:** Yes, I've read it.

**Pep:** I am not "the man who developed the Winnett Orr method during the Spanish civil war". Orr never treated a single war wound! He rejects the excision of damaged tissues, because he believes that nature will itself take charge of eliminating what is

entendre, protestava. A aquesta, se n'hi va afegir una altra — Què passa? — En Bowers em diu: miri, aquell senyor no l'entén, demana que vostè parli en anglès tan macarrònic com vulgui, però que en francès no l'entén. Jo dic: però si no m'entén en francès i jo el parlo bastant bé, encara m'entendrà molt menys! Em diu: doncs parli amb les mans.

Vaig provar de convèncer aquella gent com es tenia que fer l'excisió de les ferides, quan es tenia que posar un guix, quin percentatge de resultats jo havia obtingut, una cosa tècnica. Vaig fer-la tan curta com vaig poder, mitja hora, varen fer una o dues preguntes (que em va traduir el metge del rei) i al final, a l'acabar, varen fer uns aplaudiments de gent educada. Jo em vaig aixecar pensant-me «ja s'ha acabat»!

*Londres. Escena del passat, fora del jardí. Pep es posa el barret i l'abric i és a punt de sortir.*

**Miss:** Doctor Trueta, esperi!

**Pep:** Me'n vaig de Londres. És evident que els he decebut.

**Miss:** Però...

**Pep:** Primer els vaig dir que era impensable preveure que hi hauria deu mil ferits cada dia, en cas de ser així a Barcelona la guerra hauria durat tres dies! Però com que vostès són anglesos i per tant més estoics, pot ser en durarà quatre. Ara això i el que ha publicat el diari!

**Miss:** Ja ho he llegit.

**Pep:** Jo no sóc «el que va desenvolupar el mètode de Winnett Orr durant la guerra civil espanyola». Orr no va tractar mai cap ferida de guerra! Ell rebutja l'excisió dels teixits malmesos, perquè creu que la natura s'encarregarà d'eliminar el que és mort i que no cal que els cirurgians es preocupin per fer-ho. Es que aquí ningú no sap la quantitat de gangrenes i

dead and that surgeons do not need to get involved in it. Doesn't anyone here know the number of infections and gangrene cases caused by the application of his recommendations? Only if you get rid of all damaged tissue will you be able to clear every surviving infectious organism. Here lies the difference between my method and all the others. French military doctors already committed the atrocity of carrying out amputations on soldiers crossing the Pyrenees because they thought that the smell of their injuries was caused by gangrene. They couldn't understand that that smell was due to the fertility of the tissues. Instead, they were convinced that it was due to the lack of care of Spanish doctors whom they saw as incompetent. I am fed up with unfounded gratuitous judgements and their fatal consequences. As you'll understand, I cannot stay in a country where I am treated as a plagiarist.

**Miss:** In Spain you also had a lot of problems with the acceptance of your method by your colleagues.

**Pep:** Yes, but I proved that I was right!

**Miss:** Then you'll have to do that again here!

**Pep:** How can I? I can't even speak their language properly!

**Miss:** With your honesty and conviction.

**Pep:** I don't want to throw my energies into a bottomless well and I do not want to compromise my prestige as a surgeon either.

**Miss:** You need to give them time. All the surgeons who listened to you are over fifty and are not in the mood for revolutionary changes! Their reluctance is logical; they are enemies of everything that is new...

**Pep:** But I cannot fight against English reluctance. I have made up my mind. I am going back to France.

**Miss:** By leaving you'll be proving them right.

infeccions de tota mena que causa l'aplicació de les seves recomanacions? Només si s'elimina tot el material mort no hi haurà cap organisme infecciós que sobrevisqui, aquí rau la diferència entre el meu i tots els altres mètodes.

Els metges militars francesos ja varen fer l'atrocitat d'amputar a soldats que creuaven els Pirineus, perquè creien que l'olor de les seves ferides era per causa de la gangrena. No varen saber distingir que aquella ferum era senyal de fertilitat dels teixits. Estaven convençuts que era culpa del l'abandó dels metges espanyols i que érem uns incompetents. N'estic tip d'aquests judicis gratuïts, sense fonament de cap mena i de les seves fatals conseqüències. Com comprendrà, no puc seguir en un país en què em tracten de plagiari.

**Miss:** A Espanya també va tenir molts problemes amb l'acceptació del seu mètode, per part dels seus col·legues.

**Pep:** Però vaig demostrar que tenia raó!

**Miss:** Doncs faci-ho aquí també!

**Pep:** Cóm? Si ni tan sols sé parlar bé la seva llengua?

**Miss:** Amb la seva honestetat i el seu convenciment.

**Pep:** No vull posar més energies en un sac sense fons, ni posar en joc el meu prestigi com a cirurgià.

**Miss:** Els ha de donar temps. Tots els cirurgians que l'han escoltat tenen de cinquanta-cinc anys en amunt i no estan per revolucions! La seva resistència és lògica, són enemics de tot allò que és nou...

**Pep:** Jo no puc lluitar contra la resistència de l'englishman. La meva decisió està presa, me'n torno a França.

**Miss:** Si marxa, els donarà la raó.

**Pep:** If I don't I will lose the little credibility I've got left. We are wasting time here and my wife cannot take it any longer...

**Miss:** Wait a moment. *She pulls an envelope out of her pocket and gives it to him.* These are the tickets for your daughters to come and join you.

*Pause.*

**Miss:** I beg you to come back into the lecture hall with me. There will be a meeting of the International Rehabilitation Society in Oxford and they want you to participate. It is a great opportunity for you.

**Pep:** You can't imagine how awful it was for me in there; the torment they have put me through by asking me to speak in English and the embarrassment of having to use gestures in order to communicate...

**Miss:** I can promise you that if after you have spoken to them you still want to leave, I will personally get it organised. Try to get over this; it is not good for you to make a rash decision which you may later regret.

**Voice-off of Dr Trueta:** ...they asked me what I would do if I were responsible for the passive defence of London. Obviously, at that point I asked: What can I do if I don't know London; I don't know its number of inhabitants, where the hospitals are, or how many beds there are in each place, or the number of surgeons...?

*Garden of their Oxford home.*

**Pep:** ...I didn't even know how many bridges there were over the river and I was sure that they would be the first thing the Germans would go for.

*Pep is standing next to the Reporter who is taking notes in a small pad.*

**Miss:** *Speaking broken Catalan throughout.* But we immediately put all the information required at his disposal.

**Pep:** I si no ho faig, perdré la poca credibilitat que em queda. Aquí estem perdent el temps, la meva dona ja no pot més...

**Miss:** Espera un moment (*Es treu un sobre de la butxaca i l'hi dona.*)  
Són els bitllets per fer venir les seves filles.

*Pausa.*

**Miss:** Li prego que torni amb mi a la sala. Hi haurà una reunió de la Societat Internacional de Rehabilitació a Oxford i volen que vostè en formi part. És una gran oportunitat per a vostè.

**Pep, abatut:** No es pot imaginar com ho he passat de malament allà dins, el turment a què m'han sotmès fent-me parlar en anglès i com m'he sentit de ridícul gesticulant i fent signes per poder fer-me entendre...

**Miss:** Li prometo que si després de parlar amb ells encara vol marxar, jo mateixa ho disposaré tot perquè pugui fer-ho. Intenti sobreposar-se, no és bo que es precipiti a prendre una decisió, de la qual després es podria penedir.

**Off del doctor Trueta:** ... em van demanar què faria si fos jo responsable per la defensa passiva de Londres. Aleshores jo, naturalment, vaig dir: què vol que faci si no conec Londres, ni sé els habitants que té, ni on tenen els hospitals, ni quants llits tenen a cada lloc, ni el nombre de cirurgians...

*Jardí de la casa d'Oxford.*

**Pep:** ...No sabia ni quants ponts hi havia sobre el riu, i estava segur que els alemanys seria el primer que es carregarien.

*Pep està dret al costat del reporter que pren notes en una petita llibreta.*

**Miss:** Però de seguida vàrem posar al seu abast tota la informació que calia.



**Pep:** Any spy would have given his eye-tooth for those documents!

**Miss:** There is no need! I mean that... there is no need for you to write that down.

**Reporter:** Don't worry, both the photographs and the testimonies are confidential material.

**Miss:** If you'll excuse me.

*She leaves.*

**Pep:** *Whispering to the Reporter.* She is an extraordinary maxillofacial surgeon and in principle she likes all Catalans, but sometimes... *He shrugs. Amelia comes in carrying a book in her hand.*

**Amelia:** I am laughing by myself because I remember the postman's face the day he brought this book... A few days earlier our dog had got hold of his trouser leg and destroyed it.

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* This is one of those dogs who, when they bite, they don't let go.

**Pep:** I know a few of those and they are not dogs at all!

*They laugh.*

**Amelia:** I felt so sorry, I gave him a pair of Pep's, but the postman is short and when he came back a few days later wearing them, they were up to here on him. *She points across her breast.*

*They laugh as they sit next to Salvador.*

*Amelia gives the book to the reporter. They flick through it.*

**Pep:** It is the book by Josep Pla about the Costa Brava I mentioned to you earlier.<sup>3</sup> A fabulous book!

*Amelia gives the book to the Reporter. They look through it in silence. Nostalgia invades them.*

**Reporter:** Good pictures...

**Amelia:** When I look at them I feel as though I can almost smell

**Pep:** Qualsevol espia s'hagués deixat arrancar un ull per veure tots aquells documents!

**Miss:** Això no cal! Vull dir que... no cal que ho escrigui.

**Reporter:** No es preocupi! Tant les fotografies com els seus testimonis són material confidencial. Té la meua paraula.

**Miss:** Si em disculpen.

*Se'n va.*

**Pep,** *al Reporter en veu baixa:* És una cirurgiana maxil·lofacial extraordinària i en principi tots el catalans li cauen bé, però... *(arronsa les espatlles. Entra Amèlia amb un llibre a la mà.)*

**Amèlia:** Vinc rient sola, perquè he recordat la fila que feia el carter el dia que va portar aquest llibre... El nostre gos uns dies abans li havia mossegat el camal del pantalon i l'hi havia destrossat!

**Salvador:** Este perro es de los que cuando muerde el tobillo no lo deja hasta el final.

**Pep:** De estos conozco unos cuantos y no son precisamente perros!

*Riuen.*

**Amèlia:** Em va saber tan greu que n'hi vaig donar uns d'en Pep, però el carter és baixet i quan va tornar uns dies després els portava posats...

**Pep:** L'hi arribaven per aquí *(Assenyala per sobre el pit.)*

*Riuen mentre van a seure al costat de Salvador.*

**Pep:** És el d'en Pla sobre la Costa Brava que li he comentat abans. Un llibre fabulós!

*Amèlia li dona el llibre al reporter. El fullegen en silenci. Els envaeix el record.*

**Reporter:** Bones fotografies...

the sea.

*Pause.*

**Reporter:** Do you have any recent updates on the situation there?

**Pep:** The same or worse!

**Salvador:** *To Pep. In Spanish.* Show him, show him that picture that you always carry in your pocket.

**Amelia:** We are still obliged to write letters in Spanish. That says it all.

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* It is the most despicable regime that has ever ruled Spain. Even worse than Ferdinand VII's!

**Pep:** When I write to my mother or my sister I feel as if I am in a farce. The name of the sender needs to be my wife's because my name cannot appear anywhere.

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* And the perpetuation of the atmosphere of the civil war, with its infamous victory parades! Did you know that the regime has confiscated and sold all my possessions? My house, my modest current account, everything! This is illegal; the most villainous and uncouth behaviour. I am not going to kick up a fuss about these war-related property losses where so many people have lost their lives, but I can tell you that as long as a regime so base that it doesn't respect its adversaries survives, I am not going back to Spain.

**Pep:** *Showing the picture to the Reporter.* From this you can imagine what things are like. Man, without freedom, cannot exist.

*Projection of the picture: Franco and Hitler in the streets of Hendaiá.*

**Voice-off of Dr Trueta:** ... we were already down-hearted when, I believe it was Chain, (this is something that was never clear) said: listen, what about that article from 1928 about that

**Amèlia:** Quan les miro em sembla que puc sentir l'olor del mar.

*Pausa.*

**Reporter:** Tenen notícies recents de com està la situació?

**Pep:** Igual o pitjor!

**Salvador, a Pep:** Enséñele, enséñele la foto aquella que lleva siempre en el bolsillo.

**Amèlia:** Seguim obligats a escriure les cartes en castellà, amb això està tot dit.

**Salvador:** Es el régimen más despreciable que jamás tuvo España, más aún que bajo Fernando VII!

**Pep:** Quan escric a la meva mare o a la meva germana, em sento com si fes comèdia. I el remitent ha de ser la meva dona, perquè el meu nom no pot figurar enlloc.

**Salvador:** Y esa perpetuación del ambiente de guerra civil, con los infames desfiles de la victoria. ¿Sabe que el régimen ha confiscado y vendido todo lo mío? Mi casa, mi modesta cuenta corriente, itodo! Esto es ilegal, una conducta villana y cerril. No voy a hacer aspavientos por estos perjuicios materiales secuelas de una guerra donde tantos perdieron la vida, pero sí digo que mientras subsista un régimen de tan bajo nivel que no sepa respetar a sus adversarios, yo no voy a volver a España.

**Pep li ensenya la foto al reporter:** Ja es pot fer una idea de com van les coses. Els homes, si no són lliures, no poden ser.

*Projecció de la fotografia: Franco i Hitler pels carrers d'Hendaia.*

**Off del doctor Trueta:** ... Estàvem ja desanimats quan, em sembla que va ser Chain (això no ho he pogut aclarir mai bé) va dir: escolteu, i aquell article de l'any vint-i-vuit d'en Fleming sobre aquell bolet, com se'n diu allò, el bolet aquell... penicillinum notatum? Al cap de tres setmanes, venien amb unes dilucions grogues que jo vaig injectar amb

fungus, what was its name... *penicillinium notatum*? After three weeks they came with some yellow dilutions which Barnes and I injected to the concentration of one to ten. We started with one to a million, then one to one hundred, then one to ten... We let go of the mouse and it ran. I saw Chain and Florey in each other's arms saying "we have started the revolution"! That was the birth of the antibiotic era. So I have had the pleasure of injecting the first penicillin, the first antibiotic ever injected. I have nothing to do with its discovery. I have a very nice picture of me with the whole team, but I should have been holding a small syringe, because that was my only contribution.

*The past. Projection in black and white of some woods. Pep, with a walking stick, strolls alongside Salvador. They both speak in Spanish.*

**Pep:** Sunday again.

**Salvador:** The holy day of our walk.

**Pep:** This landscape reminds me of when I was a child and went on long walks with my grandfather. And those wavy hills you can just about see in the distance...?

**Salvador:** That is Wales.

**Pep:** I thought so...

*Pause*

**Salvador:** The other day I was reflecting upon how science is changing the destiny of man and society...

**Pep:** Indeed!

**Salvador:** And I wanted to ask you about penicillin. Do you think that it is good for your patients?

**Pep:** I don't think that it has the miraculous properties that some attribute to it. If the surgery is deficient, the penicillin cannot modify its errors. You can't cure an osteomyelitis with penicillin alone.

**Salvador:** I know. But considering the enthusiasm expressed by

en Barnes, vàrem començar per u per un milió, u per cent mil, u per deu... Deixàvem el ratolí i corria...

Jo he vist en Chain i en Florey abraçats l'un a l'altre i dient «Hem fet la revolució! El naixement de l'era antibiòtica». De manera que he tingut la satisfacció d'injectar la primera penicil·lina, el primer antibiòtic que s'havia injectat mai. Jo no tinc res a veure amb el descobriment. Tinc una fotografia molt bonica amb tot l'equip, en la qual també estic jo, però hauria d'estar amb una xeringueta, perquè és la meua única contribució.

*Passat. Projectió en blanc i negre d'un bosc. Pep amb un bastó de muntanya, camina amb Salvador.*

**Pep:** Ya vuelve a ser Domingo.

**Salvador:** Santo día de nuestro paseo.

**Pep:** Este paisaje me recuerda a cuando era niño y daba largas caminatas con mi abuelo. Esos montes ondulantes que se adivinan allá el fondo...

**Salvador:** Son del País de Gales.

**Pep:** Ah! Ya me parecía...

*Pausa.*

**Salvador:** El otro día reflexionaba en cómo la ciencia está cambiando el destino del hombre y de la sociedad.

**Pep:** En efecto...

**Salvador:** Y quería preguntarle sobre la penicilina. ¿Piensa usted que es beneficiosa para sus pacientes?

**Pep:** Para mí no tiene los poderes milagrosos que ahora le atribuyen. Si la cirugía es deficiente, la penicilina no puede modificar sus errores, no se puede curar la osteomielitis solamente con la penicilina.

**Salvador:** Ya... Pero considerando el entusiasmo de la mayoría de los médicos, me temo que este debe ser otro de los temas

the majority of doctors, I fear that it may be another difficult topic for you, in the sense that it may create clashes.

**Pep:** Until the department evaluates the results of their research on penicillin and surgery on war wounds which have already been demonstrated, I will have to go on defending my theories.

**Salvador:** Once more.

**Pep:** Once more...

**Salvador:** You are an indefatigable warrior!

**Pep:** I have no choice.

**Salvador:** Once this war is over, we must reconstruct Spain together. Our reconstruction will be linked to Europe, because Europe needs us as much as we need Europe.

**Pep:** You live for the day Spain enters Europe...

**Salvador:** For the day in which Europe enters Spain, to be precise. But I can't wait much longer, if I want to be useful to my country.

**Pep:** Exile seems to stretch existence. Look at Picasso, Pau Casals...

**Salvador:** Many more have died in their prime...

**Pep:** This pessimism is not like you. There are many fellow Spaniards who succeed professionally in the countries that have welcomed them.

**Salvador:** What contribution can you expect from so many mature men who still carry in their hearts the land where they were born?

*In the garden. The Miss and the Reporter look at a newspaper where he writes something.*

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan.* Despite having only one surgeon to help him, the fifty French officers could leave the hospital unaided.

incómodos para usted, en el sentido de que deben provocarle enfrentamientos.

**Pep:** Hasta que el departamento no valore los resultados de sus investigaciones con respecto a penicilina y cirugía en las heridas de guerra, que ya están demostrados, tendré que seguir defendiendo mis teorías.

**Salvador:** Una vez más.

**Pep:** Una vez más...

**Salvador:** ¡Es usted un luchador incansable!

**Pep:** No me dejan elección.

**Salvador:** Cuando ésta guerra acabe, deberemos reconstruir España entre todos. Nuestra reconstrucción irá ligada a Europa, porque esta nos necesita tanto como nosotros a ella.

**Pep:** Usted vive esperando el día en que España entre en Europa...

**Salvador:** En que Europa entre en España, para ser exactos. Pero ya no puedo esperar demasiado tiempo, si es que aún puedo ser útil a mi país.

**Pep:** El exilio parece alargar la existencia, fíjese en Picasso, en Pau Casals...

**Salvador:** Tantos otros han muerto en la flor de la vida...

**Pep:** Este pesimismo no es propio de usted. Hay muchos compatriotas que prosperan con su trabajo en los países que los han acogido.

**Salvador:** ¿Qué contribución puede esperarse de tantos hombres maduros que llevan todavía en el corazón la tierra donde nacieron?

*Al jardí. La Miss i el reporter amb un diari, on ell escriu alguna cosa.*

**Miss:** Malgrat tenir un sol cirurgia que l'ajudés, els cinquanta oficials francesos varen poder marxar tots de l'hospital pel



His department has become very prestigious. There are doctors from all over Britain, and also Canada and the States who come over just to learn his method. Quick!

*There arrive Pep, Salvador and Amelia, who is carrying the tea. The Reporter and the Miss pretend that nothing is happening. It looks as if he is about to take a picture of her while she folds up the newspaper in front of him.*

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* My goodness! I can't believe it! How did you manage to convince her? *In English.* Have you changed your mind?

**Miss:** *In English.* What do you mean?

**Amelia:** What did you do to get her to agree to have her picture taken?

**Miss:** *In English.* He hasn't. I hate pictures! *In broken Catalan.* We were only talking...

*The Miss moves away from her place.*

**Amelia:** *To the Reporter.* I am so sorry...

*The Reporter makes a sign saying that he will do it later. Parallel conversations.*

**Salvador:** *To the Miss. In broken English.* Such a clear sky today...

**Miss:** *In English.* Much too clear, don't you think?

*Salvador agrees with a worried gesture.*

**Salvador:** *In broken English.* Do you know what the moon will be tonight?

**Miss:** *In English.* Full, I'm afraid...

**Reporter:** *To Pep.* They have told me that you even find time to play tennis! Where do you get your energy from, Dr Trueta?

**Pep:** This is only because there are two courts in the hospital premises.

**Amelia:** Do you also play?

seu propi peu. El seu departament ha agafat molt prestigi. Vénen metges des de tot Gran Bretanya i també canadencs i d'Estats Units, només per aprendre el seu mètode. Vénen! Afanyi's!

*Entren Pep, Salvador i Amèlia que porta el tè. El reporter i la Miss dissimulen, sembla que ell vagi a fer-l'hi una fotografia, mentre ella, al seu davant, acaba de doblegar el diari.*

**Salvador:** ¡Caramba, no me lo puedo creer! ¿Cómo la ha convencido usted? Have you changed your mind?

**Miss:** What do you mean?

**Amèlia:** Què li ha dit perquè es deixi fotografiar?

**Miss:** Of course not! I hate pictures! Només estàvem parlant...

*La Miss abandona el lloc on era.*

**Amèlia, al fotògraf:** Em sap greu...

*El reporter li fa un senyal com dient que ja la hi farà després. Converses paral·leles.*

**Salvador, a la Miss:** Such a clear sky today...

**Miss:** Much too clear, don't you think?

*Salvador assenteix amb gest preocupat.*

**Reporter, a en Pep:** M'han dit que fins hi tot troba temps per jugar a tennis! D'on treu l'energia, senyor Trueta?

**Pep:** Això és perquè dins del recinte de l'hospital hi ha dues pistes.

**Salvador:** Do you know what the moon will be tonight?

**Miss:** Full, I'm afraid...

**Amèlia:** Vostè també hi juga?

**Reporter:** I am no sportsman.

**Pep:** It is very important. You need to get the heart beating. As a youngster, Amelia was a tennis champion.

**Amelia:** As I told you, I haven't always been a chicken farmer!

**Pep:** Here you are. *He gives him a thin book.* They have taken their time publishing it because, the editor told me, they had run out of paper. Can you imagine?

**Reporter:** *The Spirit of Catalonia.*

**Pep:** I have dedicated it to you.

**Reporter:** Many thanks. If you'll allow me, I would like to take a group photograph. With Don Salvador included.

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* OK. Let's have it.

*The Miss tries to go unobserved.*

**Salvador:** *In Spanish throughout.* Come on Miss. Don't you want to pass into posterity?

**Pep:** Where do you want us?

**Reporter:** You may stay seated.

*The Miss stays standing.*

**Pep:** *To Amelia.* Today you look very happy.

**Reporter:** And Don Salvador, what are you working on at the moment?

**Amelia:** You know how much I like entertaining.

**Salvador:** A new edition of my book is just about to come out.

**Pep:** By the way, will you allow me to revise the last part so that I and my friends can be included? Let me remind you that our language is almost as monosyllabic as English. Instead of *relámpago* for lightening, we say *llamp*; instead of *fuego* for fire, we say *foc*; and of *lago* for lake, *llac*. Even such a short word as *pan* for bread, we shorten to *pa*.

**Reporter:** No sóc gaire esportista.

**Pep:** Doncs és molt important, s'ha de fer bategar el cor.  
L'Amèlia havia estat campiona de tennis de juveneta.

**Amèlia:** Ja li he dit que no sempre he cuidat gallines!

**Pep:** Aquí té. (*Li dona un llibret.*) Han trigat a publicar-lo perquè l'editor em va dir que s'havien quedat sense paper, figuri's!

**Reporter:** *The Spirit of Catalonia*

**Pep:** L'hi he dedicat. És un llibret que he escrit pels anglesos, perquè sàpiguen una mica di on venim.

**Reporter:** Moltes gràcies. Si em permeten, voldria fer una fotografia de tots junts. Amb don Salvador també.

**Salvador:** Bueno, pues vamos allá.

*La Miss fa com si no anés per ella.*

**Salvador:** Anímese, Miss, ¿no quiere pasar a la posteridad?

**Pep:** On ens posem?

**Reporter:** Per aquí mateix, asseguts.

*La Miss es queda dreta.*

**Pep, a l' Amèlia:** Estàs molt contenta avui.

**Amèlia:** Ja saps que m'agrada tenir gent a casa.

**Reporter:** ¿Y usted en que está trabajando, don Salvador?

**Salvador:** Va a salir una nueva edición de mi libro.

**Pep:** Por cierto, ¿me dejará revisar la última parte, para que yo y los míos quepamos en él? Le recuerdo que nuestra lengua es casi tan monosilábica como la inglesa. Nosotros, en lugar de relámpago decimos *llamp*; en lugar de fuego *foc* y de lago *llac*. Hasta una palabra excepcionalmente corta en castellano como pan, nosotros la reducimos a *pa*.

**Salvador:** My dear friend, this does not show anything more than your exaggerated sense of economy.

*They laugh. Amelia pours the tea.*

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan.* I would like to read to you an important article that has come out in the paper. Shall I do it now or after the photograph?

**Reporter:** As far as I am concerned, you can do it now.

**Amelia:** Is it the one you mentioned at lunchtime?

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan.* Yes, but your husband had to go then...

**Salvador:** *Mea culpa, mea culpa.*

**Miss:** *In English.* Never mind.

*She pulls out the papers from her briefcase.*

**Pep:** I wonder what it is about...

**Amelia:** *To the Reporter.* How do you take it?

**Reporter:** Black, no sugar, please.

**Salvador:** *To Pep, whispering. In Spanish.* Didn't you have something for your wife?

**Pep:** *In Spanish.* Oh! You are right! I almost forgot! *He leaves in a hurry. Amelia brings in a cup of tea for the Reporter and doesn't see him leave.*

**Miss:** *Disappointed, with the paper in her hands. In English.* How is your wife?

**Salvador:** *In English.* She is fine, thank you. She has just gone to London to see her best friend.

**Amelia:** *To the Miss.* Two sugars?

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan.* Nodding. Thanks.

**Amelia:** Why don't you start?

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan.* I am waiting for your husband.

**Salvador:** Amigo mío, esto no hace más que poner en evidencia su destacado sentido del ahorro.

*Riuen. Amèlia serveix el tè.*

**Miss:** M'agradaria llegir-los un article important que ha sortit publicat al diari. Ho faig ara o després de la fotografia?

**Reporter, amb complicitat:** Per mi ho pot fer ara.

**Amèlia:** És el que ens ha dit que ens llegiria a les postres?

**Miss:** Si, però com que el seu marit ha hagut de marxar...

**Salvador:** Mea culpa, mea culpa.

**Miss:** Never mind.

*Obre el diari d'abans.*

**Pep:** A veure de què es tracta...

**Amèlia, al reporter:** Vostè com el pren?

**Reporter:** Sense sucre, gràcies.

**Salvador, a Pep en veu baixa:** No tenia usted aquello para su señora?

**Pep:** Oh! Es verdad, se me había olvidado. *(Surt corrents. Amèlia li porta la tassa al Reporter i no el veu marxar.)*

**Miss, decebuda, amb el diari a les mans:** How is your wife?

**Salvador:** She is fine, thank you. She has just gone to London to see her best friend.

**Amèlia, a la Miss:** Dues de sucre?

**Miss, assenteix:** Gràcies.

**Amèlia:** Que no comença?

**Miss:** Espero el seu marit.

**Amèlia:** On anat ara en Pep?

**Amelia:** Where has Pep gone?

*Pep enters pushing a bicycle.*

**Pep:** It is not new but it is safe to use.

**Amelia:** What on Earth is this?

**Pep:** Don't you always complain that you can't go anywhere because you have to walk?

**Amelia:** But I can't ride a bike!

**Pep:** No problem. You'll have to learn, that's all.

**Amelia:** *Laughs.* At my age...

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* Bicycles have no age. You'll learn very quickly.

**Amelia:** I'll break my neck!

**Pep:** Just make sure you use the brakes. We only need to top up the air in the tyres, and off you go! You look astonished.

**Amelia:** I wasn't expecting this!

*Salvador realises that the Miss is waiting to read.*

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* I believe that we should...

**Pep:** *In broken English.* Sorry Miss, we are all ears.

**Amelia:** Oh, yes, sorry Miss. So many interruptions!

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan throughout.* No problem.

*They all sit down.*

**Pep:** Go on Miss! We are all intrigued.

*Amelia pours the tea for Pep.*

**Miss:** *Improvising a translation.* Now I will only read the most relevant sentences I have underlined and translate them one by one. *She looks at the Reporter with complicity.* Then you can read the full text in your own time. "Trueta employed the technique with great success... he brought about a revolutionary improvement

*Entra Pep amb una bicicleta.*

**Pep:** No és nova de trinca però la podràs portar.

**Amèlia:** Què és això?!

**Pep:** No et queixes tant que no pots anar enlloc perquè sempre has d'anar a peu?

**Amèlia:** Però si no hi sé anar en bicicleta!

**Pep:** Això rai que se n'aprèn.

**Amèlia, riu:** A la meva edat...

**Salvador:** La bicicleta no tiene edades. Aprenderá en seguida.

**Amèlia:** Em fumeré de cap!

**Pep:** Frena bé. Només li cal una mica més de vent a les rodes i a córrer! T'has quedat ben parada.

**Amèlia:** És que no m'ho esperava!

*Salvador s'adona que la Miss espera per llegir.*

**Salvador:** Creo que deberíamos...

**Pep:** Sorry, Miss, ja l'escoltem.

**Amèlia:** Ai, sí, perdoni, Miss, quantes interrupcions!

**Miss:** No passa res.

*Van a seure.*

**Pep:** Endavant, Miss, ens té ben intrigats.

*Amèlia serveix el tè a Pep.*

**Miss:** Ara només destacaré les frases més rellevants que he subratllat i les aniré traduint, (*mira el Reporter amb complicitat,*) després se'l podran llegir amb deteniment. «Trueta ha emprat la tècnica amb molt d'èxit... ha dut a terme una millora revolucionària en el tractament... primer a Espanya, després a França i més tard en aquest país... sovint contra la indiferència i àdhuc l'oposició activa. Els qui han tingut el



in the treatment... first in Spain, then France and later in this country... often against indifference or even outright opposition. Those who have had the privilege to work with Dr Trueta are fully convinced that he has developed the method considerably and that he has made a valuable contribution to war surgery. Signed Girdlestone and Seddon.”

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* Finally, the public recognition you have been waiting for.

**Reporter:** Congratulations!

*They clap.*

**Pep:** *Pleased.* Good translation, Miss!

**Miss:** O Well, I...

**Reporter:** Interrupting. Congratulations! *He shakes hands with Pep. To the Miss, jokingly.* Yes, nicely translated...

**Miss:** *The Miss gives the Reporter half a smile.* Just a minute, just a minute. *She takes out another paper.*

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* There is more?

**Miss:** And the Army magazine says: “Wise men always manage to express great truths in a few words. Presenting in five sentences the treatment of war wounds and fractures makes us think that Trueta achieves that same brevity and ingenuity.”

*They clap again.*

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* The Army itself!

**Pep:** *Moved.* Thank you Miss.

**Miss:** I have brought a bottle of mulberry wine to celebrate.

*As she brings it out of the briefcase all of them except the Reporter look at each other with disgusted faces because they do not like the drink.*

**Amelia:** *To the Reporter.* Have you ever tried mulberry wine? *He pulls a face so that the Miss can't see him.*

**Salvador:** *Whispering to Pep in Spanish.* Let's see how you get us

privilegi de veure treballar Trueta estan convençuts que ha portat el mètode prou lluny i ha fet una molt valuosa contribució a la cirurgia de guerra». Signat Girdlestone i Seddon.

**Salvador:** Por fin el reconocimiento público que esperaba.

*L'aplaudeixen.*

**Pep, satisfet:** Molt ben traduït, Miss!

**Miss:** Bé, jo...

**Reporter la talla:** ¡Enhorabona! (*Li dona lamà a Pep. A la Miss, sorneguer.*) Sí que està ben traduït...

**Miss, ella l'hi mig somriu:** Un moment, un moment. (*Treu una revista de la cartera.*)

**Salvador:** ¿Todavía hay más?

**Miss:** I la revista de l'exèrcit diu: «Els savis sempre aconseguen expressar grans veritats en poques paraules. La manera de presentar en cinc frases el breu tractament de les ferides de guerra i les fractures, fa pensar que Trueta també aconseguix aquella mateixa brevetat i enginy.»

*Tornen a aplaudir.*

**Salvador:** ¡Del mismísimo ejercito!

**Pep, emocionat:** Gràcies Miss.

**Miss:** He portat una ampolla de mulberry per celebrar-ho.

**Tots, menys el reporter:** Mulberry?!

*Mentre la Miss treu l'ampolla, es miren amb cara de fàstic.*

**Amèlia, al reporter:** Vostè coneix el mulberry? (*Li fa una ganyota sense que la Miss ho vegi.*)

**Salvador, a Pep, en veu baixa:** A ver como nos salva de esta!

out of this one!

*Pep gets up and takes the Miss by the shoulders and they walk a few steps.*

**Pep:** We are grateful to you Miss, but if you'll allow me, I believe that it is my turn to invite all of you. I have a bottle of champagne I had reserved for a great occasion and I believe that this one warrants it!

**Salvador:** *Bursts into laughter. In Spanish.* Fantastic! What a good idea!

*Pep leaves followed by Salvador and Amelia. The Miss, disconcerted, stands in the middle of the garden. The Reporter takes the opportunity to take a photograph of her.*

*Projection of a photograph of Miss Collier in the Trueta's garden, wearing military uniform.*

*Light on the opposite side. Scene from the past. Amelia sits at the typewriter.*

**Voice-off of Amelia:** *In Spanish.* Your son has told me that he will soon send you a letter, but at the moment he is very pre-occupied. He is writing a new book and whenever he has any free time he shuts himself in the library over here, which is one of the greatest in the world, or works at home and gets very annoyed if we make any noise. Your letters take a very long time to reach us and we know very little about your lives. When will you send us more pictures? In the last ones you looked so elegant... I can't remember any longer how it feels to touch silk stockings. Can you imagine that we have ended up without socks? The girls are fine and I generally keep myself in good spirits. Yesterday Pepe promised to take me to the theatre, but I am sure he has forgotten by now. However, we are still together like newly weds and during the honeymoon... *She stops writing; rests her arm over the typewriter and hides her face on it while she cries in silence.*

*Projection of the image of some woods. Pep, with a walking stick, walks*

*En Pep agafa la Miss per les espatlles i caminen unes passes.*

**Pep:** Li estem molt agraïts, Miss, però, si em permet, crec que és a mi a qui correspon convidar-los. Tinc una ampolla de xampany que guardava per a una gran ocasió i aquesta s'ho mereix!

**Salvador esclata a riure:** Fantástico, ¡que buena idea!

*En Pep se'n va, seguit per Salvador i Amèlia. La Miss, desconcertada, es queda al mig del jardí. El reporter aprofita l'ocasió per fer-li una fotografia.*

*Projecció d'una fotografia de Miss Collier, en el jardí de la casa dels Trueta, vestida amb uniforme militar.*

*Llum a l'altre costat. Escena del passat. Amèlia asseguda davant la màquina d'escriure*

**Off d'Amèlia:** Tu hijo me ha dicho que pronto te mandará una carta, pero ahora anda muy ocupado. Está escribiendo un nuevo libro y, así que tiene un poco de tiempo libre, se encierra en la biblioteca que hay aquí, que es una de las más grandes del mundo, o trabaja en casa y se enfada mucho si hacemos algún ruido. Vuestras cartas tardan en llegar y sabemos muy poco de vuestras vidas. ¿Cuándo vais a mandarnos más fotos? En las últimas estabais tan elegantes... Yo ya ni me acuerdo del tacto que tienen las medias de seda, imagínate que nos hemos quedado sin icalcetes! Las niñas están bien y yo en general con buen ánimo. Pepe me prometió ayer que me llevaría al teatro, pero creo que hoy ya no se acuerda. No obstante, seguimos estando como recién casados y en plena luna de miel... *(Para d'escriure, recolza el braç sobre la màquina, hi amaga el cap i plora en silenci.)*

*Projecció de la imatge d'un bosc. Pep amb un bastó camina amb Salvador.*

*with Salvador. They both speak in Spanish.*

**Salvador:** The worst of it all is that we won't even be able to thank Franco for making Catalanism disappear.

**Pep:** You suffer from the same affliction as many in Spain: the inability to understand diversity. Look! A *rovelló* mushroom!

**Salvador:** How do you know?

**Pep:** My dear fellow. When I was eight I learned to identify them thanks to my grandfather.

**Salvador:** I wonder... Are you going to pick it?

**Pep:** Of course!

**Salvador:** What for?

**Pep:** They are delicious grilled! Look, look, there are some more.

**Salvador:** You are wrong, Trueta, these mushrooms are poisonous. I have never seen an Englishman eat them.

**Pep:** Well, they don't know what they are missing!

**Salvador:** You are so stubborn! It's the same as with the idea that's got into your head about making a speech in Catalan on BBC radio.

**Pep:** Oh! Have you found out about that already? But we have been handling it with the utmost discretion!

**Salvador:** I am up to date with almost everything that goes on... The truth is that I don't think it is a good idea at all.

**Pep:** But I am going to repeat it in Spanish immediately afterwards.

**Salvador:** That's not the point and you know it. You believe that in this way you are doing something for Catalonia, and in fact you are doing just the opposite.

**Pep:** We haven't even broadcast it yet and you are already worried about the consequences?

**Salvador:** Lo peor es que a Franco no se le podrá agradecer ni la desaparición del catalanismo.

**Pep:** Usted sufre del mismo mal que tienen la mayoría de los españoles, la incapacidad para comprender la diversidad. Mire, un rovelló!

**Salvador:** ¿Cómo lo sabe?

**Pep:** Hombre, a los ocho años ya aprendí a identificarlos gracias a mi abuelo.

**Salvador:** Pues a mí no me lo parece... ¿Lo va a coger?

**Pep:** Naturalmente.

**Salvador:** ¿Para qué?

**Pep:** A la plancha están riquísimos! Mire, mire, aquí hay más.

**Salvador:** Se está equivocando, Trueta, estos hongos son venenosos. No he visto nunca que los ingleses los coman.

**Pep:** ¡No saben lo que se pierden!

**Salvador:** ¡Que tozudo es usted! Como con la idea esa que se le ha metido en la cabeza de un parlamento en catalán por la BBC.

**Pep:** Ah! ¿Ya se ha enterado? Pero si lo llevamos con la máxima discreción.

**Salvador:** Suelo estar al corriente de casi todo... La verdad es que no me parece una idea nada oportuna.

**Pep:** Pero si después repetiré el texto en castellano.

**Salvador:** La cuestión no es esta, ya lo sabe. Usted cree que así, hace algo por Cataluña y es todo lo contrario.

**Pep:** Todavía no hemos hecho la emisión ¿y ya teme las repercusiones?

**Salvador:** You know full well that there will be some.

**Pep:** Then it means you are sure it will be a success. Many Catalans here and elsewhere will hear it and then we will indeed be doing something good for Catalonia.

**Salvador:** Have you stopped to think about the other Spanish exiles?

**Pep:** Do you mean those in the Francoist embassy in London? We already know what they think about peripheral languages.

**Salvador:** All you'll achieve will be an increase in political and military intransigence towards Catalonia. This is an attempt against Spanish unity and the dignity of the Spanish language. Your job, Trueta, is saving lives. Don't play at politics.

**Pep:** You know that I regard you as a good writer and I admire your ability to speak so many languages, but the longing that you feel for the Spanish Empire makes you regard as enemies all of those who, like me, defend their language, because for you that means breaking up Spain.

**Salvador:** Defending separatism makes one become irresponsible.

**Pep:** The idea of separatism has been invented by you. We are too practical to imagine such a thing.

**Salvador:** Oh, it looks like it is starting to drizzle. We'd better get back. Think it out properly, Trueta, think it through thoroughly. I'll call you first thing in the morning.

**Pep:** To see if I have changed my mind?

**Salvador:** To make sure you are still alive. If you don't answer, I'll call the police.

**Pep:** My goodness, Don Salvador!

**Salvador:** Just in case you have been poisoned by the mushrooms!

*In the garden. Amelia and the Reporter are drinking champagne.*

**Salvador:** Sabe tan bien como yo que las habrá.

**Pep:** Entonces es que está seguro de que tendrá éxito. Muchos catalanes de aquí y de otros lugares la escucharán y entonces sí que estaremos haciendo algo por Cataluña.

**Salvador:** ¿Se ha planteado qué van a pensar el resto de españoles en el exilio?

**Pep:** ¿Se refiere a los de la embajada franquista en Londres? Ya sabemos lo que piensan de las lenguas periféricas.

**Salvador:** No hará otra cosa que aumentar la intransigencia militar y política contra su Cataluña. Es un atentado a la unidad de España y a la dignidad de la lengua castellana. Lo suyo es salvar vidas, Trueta, no juegue con la política.

**Pep:** Usted ya sabe que le considero un buen escritor y admiro el dominio que tiene de tantas lenguas, pero la añoranza que siente por el imperio español le hace considerar enemigos a todos los que defendemos nuestra propia lengua, porque para usted esto es romper España.

**Salvador:** Defender el separatismo le convierte en un irresponsable.

**Pep:** La idea del separatismo la han inventado ustedes. Nosotros somos demasiado prácticos para serlo.

**Salvador:** Vaya, parece que empieza a lloviznar. Será mejor que volvamos. Piénselo bien, Trueta, piénselo bien. Le llamaré mañana a primera hora.

**Pep:** ¿Para ver si he cambiado de opinión?

**Salvador:** Para asegurarme de que aún sigue vivo. Si no contesta llamaré a la policía.

**Pep:** ¡Caramba, don Salvador!

**Salvador:** ¡Por si acaso se han intoxicado comiendo setas!

*Al jardí. Amèlia i el reporter beuen xampany.*



**Amelia:** And the director of the college said: We have the lush-est, greenest, best quality grass in England because we have been mowing it for five hundred years!

*They laugh. Amelia offers Salvador a cigar and gives the box to him so he can offer it to the Reporter. The Miss walks towards Pep who is checking the bicycle.*

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan throughout.* I hope that after what I have just read, you won't be accepting the presidency of the Catalan Council, will you? <sup>4</sup>

**Pep:** We need to create a centre to represent us in London. There is one in every other country.

**Miss:** But that decision may have serious knock-on effects on diplomatic opinions in certain circles where you are now being listened to and where your independence is respected.

**Pep:** If I don't stand for it, there won't be a Council. That's how they have put it to me. I have no choice.

**Miss:** Let me remind you that being part of a patriotic junta will not benefit you at all. I don't understand why you need to take a political stance now when you have not done it before. What does your wife think about it?

**Pep:** She agrees with you.

**Miss:** Then I think you need to listen to her. You are an excellent surgeon, but you don't know a thing about politics.

**Pep:** I can see that you have been talking to Salvador.

**Amelia:** Pep, how did that story about the cat lady go? I can't remember it now.

**Pep:** Accepting it is my duty. And now, if you'll allow me... *He moves off to join the others.*

**Pep:** I had just given a talk and a lady approached me looking very worried. I thought she wanted to ask me about something I had referred to in the discussion that had just finished. But she

**Amèlia:** I el director del college li va dir: Tenim la gespa més flonja, més verda i de millor qualitat de tot Anglaterra, perquè fa cinc-cents anys que la seguem!

*Riuen. Amèlia li ofereix un cigarro a Salvador i li dona la capsa perquè convidi al reporter. La Miss va a l'encontre de Pep que està revisant la bicicleta.*

**Miss:** Espero que després del que he llegit, ja no se li acudirà acceptar la presidència del Consell Català?

**Pep:** Necessitem crear un centre representatiu a Londres, tots els altres països en tenen.

**Miss:** Però aquesta decisió pot afectar seriosament les seves opinions en centres diplomàtics on ara l'escolten i respecten la seva independència.

**Pep:** Si jo no hi entro, no hi haurà Consell, així m'ho han dit. No tinc alternativa.

**Miss:** Permeti'm que li digui que ser membre d'una junta patriòtica no el beneficiarà en absolut. No veig per què hauria de prendre posició política ara, si no ho ha fet mai abans. Què hi diu la seva esposa?

**Pep:** Ella pensa com vostè.

**Miss:** Doncs crec que l'ha d'escoltar. Vostè és un excel·lent cirurgià, però de política no en sap res.

**Pep:** Veig que ja ha parlat amb en Salvador.

**Amèlia:** Pep, com era allò de la senyora dels gats? Ara no recordo com anava.

**Pep:** El meu deure és acceptar. Disculpi, Miss. *(Va a reunir-se amb els altres.)*

**Pep:** Doncs acabava de donar una conferència i una senyora se'm va acostar molt preocupada. Jo pensava que voldria preguntar-me alguna cosa referent al que acabàvem de parlar. Però no. Ella volia saber què passaria amb els gats

didn't. She wanted to know what would be the fate of cats once the war started. I said: 'My dear Madam, in Barcelona, during the civil war, we didn't have any problem with the cats — she seemed quite pleased by that — we ate them all!'

*They laugh.*

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* These cigars are excellent!

**Reporter:** Coughing. A bit too strong for me, to tell the truth.

**Amelia:** Would you like to go indoors? When the sun goes down it gets quite chilly.

**Salvador:** I should be going. My wife is going to call me from London and I want to be at home when she does.

**Pep:** I'll take you.

**Reporter:** You would do me a favour if you could drop me off at the station.

*An alarm goes off. They all become quiet. They look up into the sky.*

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan.* Too clear a night...

*Sound of distant planes.*

**Reporter:** Are there always as many planes as this?

**Amelia:** Holy mother of God, today there are hundreds!

*Pause.*

**Amelia:** Today we are on duty. I'll fetch the uniforms.

**Reporter:** What duty is that?

**Miss:** *In English.* Fire guards. *In broken Catalan.* There are rotas in every street. The neighbours watch out to prevent fires if a fire bomb falls.

*Amelia comes in with two mackintoshes and two helmets, one for her and the other for Pep.*

**Amelia:** Do you have the bucket?

**Pep:** Yes, and the pump and the tube.

quan esclatés la guerra. Jo li vaig dir: «miri, senyora, a Barcelona, durant la guerra civil, no vàrem tenir cap mena de problema amb els gats, ella em mirava complaguda, perquè ens els vàrem menjar tots!».

*Riuen.*

**Salvador:** Estos puros son excelentes!

**Reporter *Tus*:** Una mica forts per a mi, la veritat.

**Amèlia:** Què els sembla si entrem? Quan se'n va el sol refresca.

**Salvador:** Yo ya me tendría que ir, mi mujer va a llamarme desde Londres y quiero que me encuentre en casa.

**Pep:** Ahora le acompañaré.

**Reporter:** A mi em faria un favor si em pogués deixar a l'estació.

*Sona una alarma. Tots callen. Miren el cel.*

**Miss:** Un cel massa clar...

*So llunyà d'avions.*

**Reporter:** Sempre hi ha tants avions?

**Amèlia:** Mare de Déu, avui són centenars!

*Pausa.*

**Amèlia:** Ens toca a nosaltres la guàrdia. Vaig a buscar els uniformes.

**Reporter:** Quina guàrdia?

**Miss:** Fire Bombs. N'hi ha a cada carrer. Els veïns vigilen per evitar els incendis si cau alguna bomba de foc.

*Amèlia entra amb dues gavardines i dos cascs, per a ella i Pep.*

**Amèlia:** Tens la galleda?

**Pep:** Sí, la manxa i el tub.

**Reporter:** But if a bomb falls and the house catches fire, what is the point in using these?

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* None. There is no point.

**Pep:** I don't believe that any will be dropped. The bombers are at least forty kilometres away.

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan.* I am off.

**Reporter:** Are you sure this is a good time to leave?

**Salvador:** *In Spanish.* Did you know that since the start of the war not a single bomb has fallen over Oxford?

**Reporter:** Really? Oh... well... but there is no guarantee that...

**Pep:** The other day I was in London travelling on the top deck of a bus with a colleague and we watched the bombs as they dropped. I don't know if it is because we are foolish or if it is that because we saw all sorts of things during the Civil War, we have become insensitive.

**Amelia:** A bunch of fools is what you are!

**Miss:** *To Pep. In broken Catalan.* Next weekend I am going to visit my sisters in Liverpool. We will meet up in London on Monday afternoon. The talk is on Tuesday at 2.45pm. That will give us time to go over it together. I've already spoken to the secretary to ensure that the microphone works properly this time.

**Pep:** That's fine. Thank you, Miss.

**Miss:** Good bye, Amelia.

**Amelia:** *To the Miss in a confidential tone.* This time I will go with him to London. From now on I'll go with him everywhere. *To Pep.* Don't forget to put your helmet on.

*The Miss smiles, pleased with herself.*

**Pep:** *To the Miss.* Would you take Salvador home?

**Miss:** *In English.* Yes, of course. *To the Reporter. In broken Catalan.* And would you like me to drop you off at the station?

**Reporter:** Però si cau una bomba i la casa s'incendia, li sembla que això servirà de gaire?

**Salvador:** De nada, absolutamente de nada.

**Pep:** No crec que en caigui cap, els bombarders estan almenys a quaranta quilòmetres d'aquí.

**Miss:** Jo me'n vaig.

**Reporter:** Vol dir que és un bon moment per marxar?

**Salvador:** ¿Sabe que desde que empezó la guerra, nunca ha caído ninguna bomba sobre Oxford?

**Reporter:** ¿Ah, no? Vaya... pero... no hay ninguna garantía de que...

**Pep:** Miri noi, jo anava l'altre dia amb un col·lega per Londres, asseguts al pis de dalt d'un autobús, mentre vèiem caure les bombes. No sé si som uns inconscients o, com que a la guerra civil ja les vàrem veure de tots colors, ens hem insensibilitzat.

**Amèlia:** Uns inconscients és el que sou!

**Miss, a Pep:** El cap de setmana que ve aniré a veure a les meves germanes a Liverpool. Ens trobarem a Londres dilluns a la tarda. La conferència és el dimarts a les 2.45 p.m. Tindrem temps de repassar-la junts. Ja he trucat a la secretària per assegurar-me que el micròfon no torni a fallar.

**Pep:** D'acord. Gràcies, Miss.

**Miss:** Adéu, Amèlia.

**Amèlia, en to confidencial a la Miss:** Aquesta vegada jo l'acompanyaré a Londres. A partir d'ara aniré amb ell allà on vagi. (*A Pep:*) Posa't el casc.

*La Miss somriu complaent.*

**Pep, a la Miss:** Pot portar en Salvador a casa seva?

**Miss:** Yes, of course. (*Al reporter*) I a vostè el deixo a l'estació?

**Reporter:** Mmmmm...

**Miss:** *In broken Catalan.* If you like, you can stay in my house. I have another two Catalans staying already.

**Reporter:** I don't know how to thank you... *He hurriedly picks up his photography gear.*

*Pep, the Miss and Salvador leave.*

**Miss:** *To Salvador as they leave. In English.* It seems that this time around no bombs have fallen on Heidelberg either.

**Salvador:** *In broken English.* Two university cities...

**Miss:** *In English.* Yes, indeed.

**Salvador:** *In broken English.* Don't you think that's curious?

**Amelia:** *To the Reporter.* The Miss always helps everyone. She has a huge heart. Here, a small souvenir. I cut the patterns in paper and then stitch them onto bits of cloth. They are three horses...

**Reporter:** Oh yes. I can see that. How clever. Thanks.

**Amelia:** Just for a while it didn't feel as though we were at war but, as you can see, this is what our life is about: waiting for a siren to start, for a letter to arrive, for things to change, waiting to survive and be able to go back home, waiting and waiting...

**Pep:** *From far away.* Amelia, don't delay him. The Miss is ready to go.

**Amelia:** Earlier, when you were telling us about your project I thought that no writing or photograph will ever be able to express this sadness; the very deep sadness that is experienced by all of those who have been forced to leave their home. But if at least it manages to stop it from ever happening again...

**Pep:** Amelia!

**Amelia:** Good luck. *They shake hands.* If your father could see you now, he would be very proud of you; but don't think about

**Reporter:** Mmmmh...

**Miss:** Si vol pot passar la nit a casa meva, hi tinc dos catalans més.

**Reporter:** Oh, no sé com agrair-l'hi... (*S'afanya a acabar de recollir els estris fotogràfics.*)

*En Pep, la Miss i en Salvador surten.*

**Miss, a Salvador mentre se'n van:** It seems that this time around no bombs have fallen on Heidelberg either.

**Salvador:** Two university student cities...

**Miss:** Yes indeed.

**Salvador:** Don't you think that's curious?

**Amèlia, al reporter:** La Miss sempre acull a tothom, té un gran cor. Tingui, un petit record. Faig els patrons amb paper i els cuso amb retalls de restes de roba. Són tres cavalls...

**Reporter:** Si ja ho veig, quina traça. Gràcies.

**Amèlia:** Per una estona semblava que no éremen guerra però ja ho veu, aquesta és la nostra vida. Esperar que soni una sirena, que arribi una carta, que tot canviï, esperar sobreviure i poder tornar a casa, esperar i esperar...

**Pep, de lluny:** No l'entretinguis, Amèlia, que la Miss ja se'n va.

**Amèlia:** Abans quan ens ha explicat el que està fent, jo he pensat que uns escrits i unes fotografies mai no podran fer sentir aquesta tristor, tan fonda, que patim tots els que ens hem vist obligats a deixar casa nostra, però si això pogués servir perquè mai més ...

**Pep:** Amèlia!

**Amèlia:** Que tingui molta sort. (*Es donen la mà.*) Si el seu pare el pogués veure estaria molt orgullós, però no pensi com ho hauria fet ell, expliqui el que ha vist vostè.



how he would have done it, explain what you yourself have seen.

**Reporter:** Many thanks. If I leave before the photographs arrive, I will post them to you.

*He leaves.*

**Amelia:** Perhaps the next time we meet it will be in Barcelona...

**Reporter:** Gràcies. Si marxo abans de tenir les fotografies, els hi enviaré per correu.

*Surt.*

**Amèlia:** Potser la pròxima vegada que ens veiem sigui a Barcelona...

# Epilogue

**Voice-off of Dr Trueta:** As both a Catalan and a Spaniard, I must say that I wouldn't want anything else than to see the youth of our country educated and raised in the same system as the English use to educate theirs. I do not believe in racial superiority at all. Any expert you talk to will tell you that purity of blood means degeneration and misery. Thomas Huxley, the great zoologist and biologist of the last century and Darwin's contemporary, said it: all leading animals are mongrels, crossbred, mixed. They (the British) are a mixture... Because it is a country that doesn't destroy, it gives you the chance to attempt whatever it is you want to do.

*Projection of a photograph of Pep and Amelia on the Oxford University campus. Doctor Honoris Causa, 6th May 1943. Sound of a waltz. Pep and Amelia help each other into an old person's jacket which changes their appearance. They walk arm in arm. Barcelona 1975.*

**Pep:** What is this?

*She looks to the ground.*

**Amelia:** A button.

*As she bends down to pick it up from the floor, they look at each other. They start laughing and Pep continues walking but Amelia doesn't follow him any longer.*

*Change of light. While Pep speaks and crosses the space where all the scenes have taken place, Amelia progressively fades into the darkness.*

**Pep:** With the return to Barcelona, the two of us have suffered

# Epíleg

**Off del doctor Trueta:** Com a català i com a espanyol haig de dir que no voldria altra cosa que la joventut del nostre país pugui ser educada i pujada amb el sistema com els anglesos han educat als seus.

Superioritats racials, no hi crec per res. Parleu amb qualsevol entès del que representa la puresa de la sang: representa degeneració i misèria. Ells són una barreja... és un país que no destrueix, un país que et dona la chance perquè provis el que vols fer.

*Projecció d'una fotografia amb Pep i Amèlia en el campus de la universitat d' Oxford (Dr. Honoris Causa, 6 de maig, 1943). Sona el vals. Pep i Amèlia es posen l'un a l'altre una jaqueta pròpia de persones grans, que modifica la seva figura. Caminen agafats del braç.*

*Barcelona 1975.*

**Pep, s'atura:** Què ha estat això?

*Ella mira a terra.*

**Amèlia:** Un botó.

*A mig inclinar-se per collir-lo, es miren. Comencen a riure i Pep segueix caminant, però Amèlia ja no el segueix.*

*Canvi de llum. Mentre Pep parla i recorre tot l'espai on han tingut lloc les escenes, Amèlia es va perdent en mig de la foscor.*

**Pep:** Amb el retorn a Barcelona, tots dos hem sofert alguns canvis. Jo ja he deixat el període creador, per passar a aquell

some changes. I have already ended my creative period in order to progress to one in which to harvest the fruit. However, where has this fruit been harvested? Not in Britain. Since I was awarded the Chair, they never took me into consideration again and they let me go without a gesture of friendship or respect, despite my twenty-eight years of service. France had already honoured me, as had so many other countries, but in Great Britain, nothing... And when I got here, since I refused to play their game, they closed all the doors to me. They let me earn some money and see some patients at home, but it was difficult for them to push a man like me from the operating theatre into prison. And despite having received the highest honours in the country and all sorts of congratulations, none of the promises they had made, no institute of osteopathy in Catalonia, no help towards my research work was offered. In the last few years you have found yourself even more uprooted than me, because at least I have my patients. Your old friends have died and our daughters have their own families. I have left you on your own too much and solitude has forced you into a society that neither you nor I appreciate. I have re-read some of the letters that you wrote to my mother when we lived in Oxford and it is hard to believe that, having loved you so much, I could have failed you so badly. You were asking me to be by your side and I left you alone in a harsh climate, with little money and so much uncertainty... How could I do that? This is all due to a fatal error of mine: having believed for more than a quarter of a century that it was impossible for the present regime to last until the natural end of its creator. You don't know how much my spirit has suffered seeing that everything I have done in order to achieve peace and harmony for my people has come to nothing. Fighting against pain has been my personal quest, warring against war, but I haven't been able to heal the wounds of the death of our son, neither yours nor mine. Forgive me, Amelia, forgive me for putting you through

en que es recull el fruit. Però, on s'ha recollit aquest fruit? A Anglaterra no. Des que em varen donar la càtedra, mai més no em consideraren oficialment per a res i em varen deixar marxar sense cap gest d'amistat, ni respecte, malgrat els meus vint-i-vuit anys de servei. França ja m'havia honorat, com tants d'altres països, però la Gran Bretanya res... I en arribar aquí, com que em vaig resistir a seguir el seu joc, se'm varen tancar totes les portes. Em deixaven guanyar diners i passar visita, se'ls feia difícil fer passar un home com jo de la sala d'operacions a la presó. I malgrat haver rebut les més altes condecoracions del país i tota mena de felicitacions, res de les promeses que m'havien fet, cap institut d'osteomielitis a Catalunya, cap facilitat per continuar treballant en la investigació. En aquests últims anys, tu t'has trobat encara més desarelada que jo, que almenys tinc els meus pacients. Les velles amigues han mort i les nostres filles tenen les seves famílies. T'he deixat massa sola amb tu mateixa i la solitud t'ha anat forçant cap a una societat que ni tu, ni jo, apreciem. He rellegit alguna de les cartes que li enviaves a la meva mare quan vivíem a Oxford i em sembla impossible que, estimant-te tant, t'hagi pogut fallar d'aquesta manera. Em reclamaves al teu costat i et vaig deixar sola davant un clima dur, pocs diners i tanta incertesa... Com vaig poder fer-te això?

Tot és a causa d'un error increïble meu, haver cregut durant més d'un quart de segle que no era possible que es mantingués el règim actual fins a la fi natural del seu creador. No saps com ha afectat el meu ànim veure que, tot el que he fet durant tants anys per ajudar a la pau i l'harmonia del meu poble, no ha servit de res. Lluitar contra el dolor ha estat la meva aventura personal, fer la guerra a la guerra, però no he estat capaç de tancar la fonda ferida de la mort del nostre fill, ni la teva, ni la meva. Perdona'm, Amèlia, perdona'm per fer-te passar per tot el que has viscut, per no saber donar-te el que volies, pel fracàs dels meus plans, pel teu abandó... Què

all you have had to endure, for not having been able to give you what you wanted, for the failure of my plans, for abandoning you... What will I do without you? We have walked together for fifty years. It is too late for me to continue walking on my own. My life as Pep Trueta ends today. Now all I hope for is to be reunited with you, Amelia. You are leaving me so alone, dear Amelia.

*Projection of a close-up of Dr Trueta's hands.*

*Darkness.*

## The End

faré ara sense tu? Hem caminat plegats cinquanta-cinc anys, és massa tard per seguir el camí tot sol. La meva vida com a Pep Trueta acaba avui. Ara només espero tornar a reunir-me amb tu Amèlia. Que sol em deixes, Amèlia, que sol em deixes Amèlia meva.

*Projecció d'un primer pla de les mans del doctor Trueta.*

*Fosc.*

**Fi**



## Notes

<sup>1</sup> Holy Cross Hospital.

<sup>2</sup> Aymar explains that this is also meant to imply that the Revolutionary cannot read, thus showing the gravity of the illiteracy problem in Spain at the time.

<sup>3</sup> The book was Josep Pla, *Costa Brava*, Barcelona, Destino, 1941.

<sup>4</sup> The Catalan Council was never constituted but Trueta's interest in the preservation of Catalan culture materialised with his foundation, together with Josep Maria Batista i Roca, Joan Gili and a few other friends, of the Anglo-Catalan Society in 1954.

## Photographs From The Play



# Archive Photographs



Dr Trueta's Hon. Causa – Dr. Science ceremony, Oxford Bodleian, 1943 with his wife.



Dr Trueta's hands – probably when he was 70 years old.



All at door of Overmead – home at Oxford, for 30 years! With Mickey, their dog. Probably 1943 when they bought the house.

Wedding of Josep Trueta i Raspall and Amèlia Llacuna i Alemany – Església de la Concepció, December 1923.



Dr Trueta operating, probably at the Nuffield Orthopaedic Centre, but no date available.

Collection of apples at Overmead where they had 40 apple trees. All their friends, and the Hospital, enjoyed them too!



Dr Trueta with his daughter Amelia (aged about 5, and son Rafel, aged 3), Barcelona.



## Biography

**Dr Montserrat Roser i Puig** holds a BA (QMUL 1991) and PhD (QMUL 1995) in Hispanic Studies and is Senior Lecturer at the University of Kent. Her research interests are in contemporary Spanish and Catalan drama, poetry, music and popular culture. She has written a book on the Catalan critic, poet and translator Marià Manent, *El llegat anglès de Marià Manent* (1998); and edited several collections of essays on Catalan topics: *La recepció de la literatura catalana a Europa* (2004) and *Intertextualitat a la literatura Catalana contemporània* (2007) and *A Female Scene: Three Plays by Catalan Women* (Five Leaves 2007). She has also written numerous articles on twentieth-century Spanish and Catalan poetry and drama (Arrabal, Benet i Jornet, Ferrater, Gil de Biedma, Gimferrer, Bruch, Aymar, Sarrias, Riera, Parcerisas, Carnero, Aleixandre, Riba, Nieva, etc.). At present she is working on the connections between Art and Literature in the *Dau al set* group, specifically on the collaborative works of Foix, Ponç, Brossa, Tàpies and Fuster, and on multilingual Catalan plays. She was President of the Anglo-Catalan Society between 2002 and 2005 and is currently co-editor of the Anglo-Catalan Society's Occasional Publications and technical and reviews editor for the *Journal of Catalan Studies* as well as Director of Graduate Studies of the Faculty of Humanities at Kent.



## Biography

Àngels Aymar i Ragolta holds a degree in Performing Arts from the Institut del Teatre (Barcelona 1983). She is an actress (theatre, cinema and television), playwright and stage-director and was a resident playwright at the Teatre Nacional de Catalunya 2006/07/08. In 1990 she created her own company L'UnRanl'Altre. She is author of more than twenty award-winning plays which have been performed, translated and published in several languages. Her theatre has been performed in Europe, Latin America and the United States. In 1992 the Generalitat de Catalunya granted her a scholarship for an internship with the company The Wilma Theater, Philadelphia, USA. In 2004 she presented her play *La Rialla Inacabada* at the FIL of Guadalajara (Mexico). In 2005 she received a grant for the writing of a play from the Institució de les Lletres Catalanes. She is the first Catalan playwright invited to participate in the Pen World Voices Festival NYC (2008). In 2009, she premiered the work *Trueta* at the TNC and presented *La Indiana* at the Universidad de las Artes y las Letras de La Havana, Cuba.



(The information above has been extracted from <http://www.catalandrama.cat/authors/aymar-angels> and slightly edited).



*Trueta*, by Àngels Aymar is a sensitive recreation of the story of the orthopaedic surgeon Josep Trueta (Barcelona 1897-1977) and of the personal, professional and political dilemmas derived from his development of a revolutionary technique in the treatment of the injured in

Barcelona during the Spanish Civil War and in London and Oxford during the Second World War. In this play Aymar portrays Trueta's struggles within both the Catalan and the British social and professional contexts and within the complex and changing political circumstances in which he had to work. This is an inspiring and soul-searching work which brings to the fore the protagonist and his family's enormous responsibility as Catalan republicans and exiles.

This book will be of interest to those interested in the Spanish Civil War, and in Catalonia.

*Trueta* is published here in English and Catalan, with an introduction by the translator Dr Montserrat Roser i Puig

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**Trueta**

Àngels Aymar

