

MOTUS

CALIBAN CANNIBAL



by **Enrico Casagrande + Daniela Nicolò**

with **Silvia Calderoni + Mohamed Ali Ltaief (Dali)**

sound & video **Andrea Gallo + Alessio Spirli** (Aqua Micans Group)

assistant director **Nerina Cocchi**

production and logistic **Elisa Bartolucci + Valentina Zangari**

communication **Sandra Angelini**

projects development and foreigner management **Lisa Gilardino and Ligne Directe / Judith Martin** – (www.lignedirecte.net)

a performance produced by **Motus** in the frame of **Ateliers de l'Euroméditerranée - Marseille Provence 2013**

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duration 60 minutes

A lightweight emergency tent is quickly installed in the empty zones of public and private spaces: from squares, to parks, to malls... all the way to theatre lobbies.

It is alive, inhabited. Two improbable characters (A + C) must live in it together for a limited period of their existence. They didn't choose each other. They are together by chance and for necessity, landed in this shelter after tormented events of actual and existential wrecks, great gestures and frustrated claims. They try to communicate without speaking the same language. They try to tell their stories, without revealing them all, mixing Italian, French, Arabic... a massacred English. They try to support each other without having the strength to actually do it all the way to the end.

How to start afresh? And from where? "Each new beginning is a little death." (From *Nella Tempesta* by Motus).

They wear on their bodies pieces of worlds, scraps of desires, now piled in a corner of their shelter.

A shelter, a shack? Somewhere else. Without safe foundations. With the risk of being destroyed by the first tempest... but in any case, what's the problem? You move again. You build another one.

One can live also to inhabit only circumscribed times and spaces.

To be a fracture within time and space.

A = Ariel after the tempest, the forgotten island, the dreams of freedom swallowed by the roads walked without direction, by clothes damped by the rain and dried by the smog, by food picked from the McDonald's waste piles, by the flashes of the synthetic drugs absorbed, by the fury of going against a calm life and the fences for pacific domestic animals.

The encounter with C is like lightning. A new master? No, simply a brother.

The Shakespearian relationship is flipped.

C = Caliban after the island's explosion, after the attack on Prospero. After the fireworks.

After the Jasmin Revolution. The journey. The illegal landing in the *New World*: the smell of gunpowder on his hands and a backpack full of books. Not Prospero's books. His books: underlined, learned by heart, year after year, by fear of seeing them drown or taken. Arab poets and works of French philosophers: of course, "Foucault, the bomb expert", even though he writes in the hated and beloved language. Absorbed by imposition and badly digested. Cannibalized by the anxiety of knowledge. Always more. In order to find new words. New/ancient words...

Here we have a Caliban that finds himself invested in the role of the "tutor", who takes charge of a lost Ariel, who in turn puts himself in his hands in order to welcome *Another Knowledge*, something finally hybrid and unclassifiable, made of words that don't belong to anybody anymore.

CALIBAN CANNIBAL is a Plot, it could become a movie in the future. It has a narrative element, of pure Fiction, but it will be neither pure fiction nor meta-fiction, because A and C will live in real time, without entering/exiting the character.

They will live an experience together, working on two extreme characters, but without interruptions or scenes. They will actually be living the space. Forced to live together for all the duration of the rehearsals-experiment. They will be spied by three small surveillance cameras, placed inside the temporary construction, controlled by the booth.

The audience will be organized in two fronts, divided into two groups – as planned – and will only see the images projected on screen next to the tent, catching glimpses of their movements from the two always open and mirroring entrances of the habitation. Two lives, two stories; two different movies will be edited live.

Silvia and Dalì already know each other, we have held a workshop together – organized by Dalì – called “Le Nomadisme comme une Forme de Resistance” in Tunis in April 2013, from which stemmed a wonderful dialogue. But Dalì, of Berber origin, is not an actor, he has a degree from the École des Beaux Arts de Tunis, and now studies Philosophy... and “he has made a revolution.”

Now he wants to throw himself in this adventure, with Silvia, even though she speaks neither French nor Arabic. They will find a way to communicate. We are sure of it.



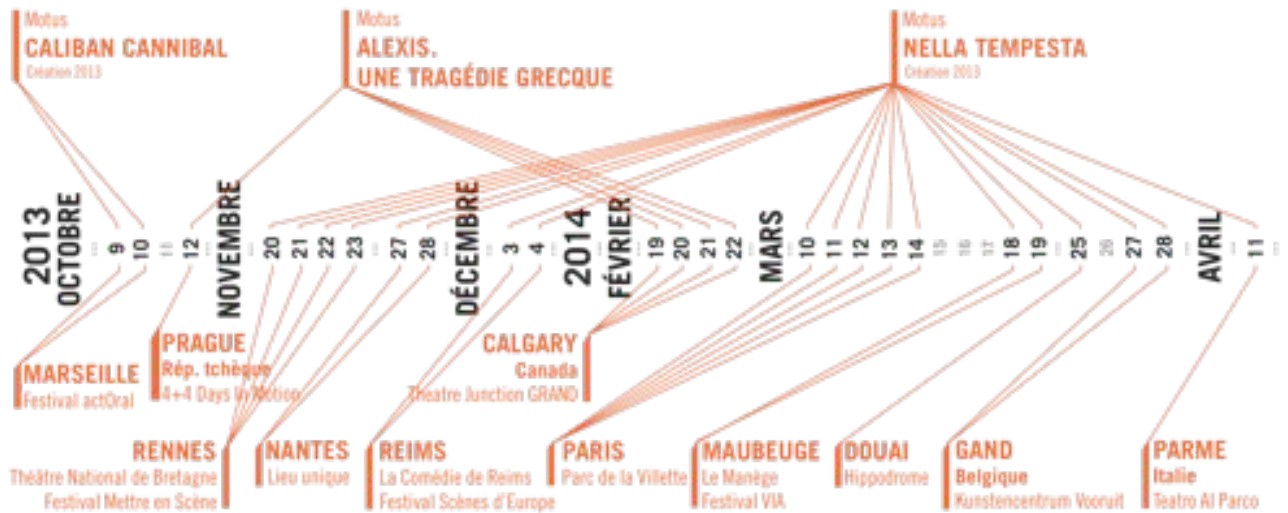
CALIBAN CANNIBAL is also the title of the beautiful book by Roberto Fernandez Retamar, in which Caliban of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* is elevated as the symbol of the Latin American people in his historical cultural dependence from the colonizer and his desire of freedom. But also, and more universally, he embodies the foreigner who must free himself from slavery and take ownership of his own culture.

The name Caliban itself– a savage and deformed native, only inhabitant of the island and son of Sycorax – reminds and rearranges the English words *Carib(be)an* and *Cannibal*, words used in origin to designate all the inhabitants of the Caribbean islands... It could make sense to place *The Tempest* at the *geopolitical crossing* between the New and the Old World, as stated by Jerry Brotton, since, from the moment that the British realized that their position in the Mediterranean had been irremediably compromised, they focused on this New World that offered them new and unexplored chances of conquest. The Shakespearean island, at the end of the story, is the product of the imagination and, as such, the result of echos and different suggestions... but in the text the geographical references all lead back to the Mediterranean coasts, between Northern Africa and Italy: precisely that stretch of sea that today is navigated by the rafts full of migrants who, from the Tunisian coasts, try to enter Europe... and wreck in Lampedusa.



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Contacts

Via Castore, 49 47923 Rimini, Italie

tel / fax +39 0541 326067

www.motusonline.com info@motusonline.com

Facebook Motus Rimini: www.facebook.com/pages/Motus/93219706774

Follow Motus on **motustwit**

production

Elisa Bartolucci organizzazione@motusonline.com

communication

Sandra Angelini relazioni@motusonline.com

promotion

Lisa Gilardino +39 329 86 25524 - zonamotus@motusonline.com

projects development and foreigner management

Ligne Directe / Judith Martin - www.lignedirecte.net

Judith Martin +33(0)6 70 63 47 58 - judith.martin@linedirecte.net

Audrey Ardiet +33(0)6 80 70 41 66 - audrey.ardiet@linedirecte.net