



© "Moltitudini" de Marzia Dalfini

**MOTUS**

# **NELLA TEMPESTA**

(Into the tempest)

Creation 2013

Performance in Italian with surtitles

**Ligne Directe**

**[www.lignedirecte.net](http://www.lignedirecte.net)**

PROJECT DEVELOPMENT AND FOREIGNER MANAGEMENT

Audrey Ardiet / + 33(0)6 80 70 41 66

[audrey.ardiet@linedirecte.net](mailto:audrey.ardiet@linedirecte.net)

Judith Martin / +33 (0)6 70 63 47 58

[judith.martin@linedirecte.net](mailto:judith.martin@linedirecte.net)

# **NELLA TEMPESTA**

**A Motus 2011 <2068 AnimalePolitico Project performance**

**created and directed by Enrico Casagrande + Daniela Nicolò  
with Silvia Calderoni + Glen Çaçi + Ilenia Caleo + Fortunato Leccese + Paola Stella Minni**

**dramaturgy Daniela Nicolò  
assistant director Nerina Cocchi  
soundscape Enrico Casagrande  
lights, sound and video Andrea Gallo + Alessio Spirli (Aqua Micans Group)**

**organisation and production Elisa Bartolucci  
logistics Valentina Zangari  
communication Sandra Angelini  
foreigner promotion and distribution Lisa Gilardino and Ligne Directe / Judith Martin –  
([www.lignedirecte.net](http://www.lignedirecte.net))**

**a coproduction with**

**Festival TransAmériques, Montréal + Théâtre National de Bretagne, Rennes + Parc de la  
Villette, Paris + La Comédie de Reims - Scène d'Europe, Reims + Kunstencentrum Vooruit vzw,  
Ghent + La Filature, Scène Nationale, Mulhouse + Festival delle Colline Torinesi, Torino +  
Associazione Culturale dello Scompiglio, Vorno + Centrale Fies - Drodese Festival, Dro +  
L'Arboreto - Teatro Dimora, Mondaino**

**with the support of ERT (Emilia Romagna Teatro Fondazione) + AMAT + La Mama, New York +  
Provincia di Rimini + Regione Emilia-Romagna + MiBAC**

**with the support of ONDA – French office for contemporary arts circulation**

**with the collaboration of M.A.C.A.O, Milano + Teatro Valle Occupato, Roma + Angelo Mai  
Occupato, Roma + S.a.L.E. Docks, Venezia**

**motus thanks Voina, Judith Malina, Giuliana Sgrena, Darja Stocker, Mohamed Ali Ltaief,  
Anastudio, Exyzt, Mammafotogramma, Re-Biennale and all the participants to MucchioMisto  
Workshops.**

*Our utopian imagination has been dramatically atrophied in the asphyxiating atmosphere  
of an apocalyptic predication, to the point that it seems much easier to imagine  
a dying world rather a better one.  
But it is precisely when utopia becomes unfathomable that it is necessary.*  
"Les Sentiers de l'Utopie", Isabelle Fremeaux and John Jordan, La Découverte, Paris, 2011

I look for wonder, that crucible of feelings that keep you awake, that bring to your eyes that "shining and troubled look" described by Pasolini when he saw *the firefly dance* for the first time with his university friends... Wonder like a tachycardia of emotions that makes you forget tiredness, discomfort and competition, which possesses you and pushes you to do unexpected things... But how? I try going towards that which I don't know, risking the confusion of abandonment and I carry on the journey among words of Authors who manage to get dirty in the world, to find compromises with the "outside" in order to have an influence on those who act and those who see, or, better, in order to break the barrier between those who act and those who see, all with a "throbbing apprehension"... And this is exactly what happens in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, in which all the categories of representation are shaken and put into discussion. In which "the central action of the play is man's attempt to create a relationship with what is *Real*, his efforts to perceive it, identify it, fix its shape, as well as the difficulties that he meets, the deceits of which he is a victim, the exertion and the wonder with which he comes to a degree of knowledge."

*« How beauteous mankind is!  
O Brave New World that has such people in't! »*  
William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

Never would I have imagined that the research among *Science Fiction* authors – because originally we intended to work on Philip Dick and Aldous Huxley – would have thrown us in the opposite direction all the way into the 17<sup>th</sup> Century... But that's how it went, discovering that the title of Huxley's work *Brave New World* was a Shakespeare quote... On the spur of the moment, and without a safety net, we jumped into *Nella tempesta*, reading and rereading this indefinable and mysterious work, to discover – transfigured – countless coincidences with the questions that had brought us to look for tools to read the present uncertainty through future prefigurations... We set out on a journey, aware of its hidden dangers and dazzles, but determined to pursue an idea of theatre that plunges into the planet's hot spots, so as to capture telluric forces and accumulate the energies needed to live. "In a world in which we cannot adapt and that we cannot give up, *as citizens, as society-makers.*" Starting from the first lines of the play, the question of power explodes violently: the theme of control and property, around who can govern, or better, if sovereignty is needed at all. *Where is the Master?* This question bounces back and forth between the King and the boatswain, while the boat is at the mercy of furious waves in front of which the words of a chief are of no use... and it becomes pertinent with respect of being on stage today: who owns the power? Who knows how to keep control of a theatrical moment at sea like the current one? But most importantly, is it really that important to have someone commanding? ... *What cares these roars for the name of King!* If the power of the Waves cannot be controlled, then maybe it is more important to find the physical intelligence to *surf* them, to know how to work with the wave... to let oneself be transported and then face it, alone or building lifeboats. Building together to better contrast new turmoils, more levels of havoc and many other storms, at the individual level as well as on the systematic one; the economic *Macrotempest* in which we are immersed, which can always be brought back to the themes of control and of the unconsidered use of financial power, as well as the eternal conflict between generations, fathers and sons, which we already faced on our path around Antigone... and, *last but not least*, the tempest unsettles those who, as they overthrow the relationship between margins and central vision, try to question the principle itself of representation, in their possible relationship of subversion with reality and politics.

From this point of view our *Tempest* has immediately become the storm of a social and political universe to be completely re-founded through the contact with the diversity of an alien island and with the stranger who inhabits it. The island, in the Renaissance imaginary, is the utopian world as an alternative to authority, oppression, usurpation... a marginal *limen* allowing or welcoming an upside down world. This navigation evokes, as Foucault writes, "the bomb expert" guiding this project, images of marginalization and movement or removal. One need only think of the "Ship of Fools" or the desperate rafts full of refugees that today drift towards the coasts of Lampedusa Island (which many critics even come to identify as "possible Shakespearian island"). Creating a *play-within-the-play*, Prospero – as Shakespeare does – knows that it is not possible anymore to be only actors or spectators. This alternation or coexistence of roles is indicative of the uncertain, risky mobility of a life taken in an eminent political direction.

The dramaturgy then breaks on several fronts; the study of those mechanisms of "control of the body" has pushed us to remove Prospero's character from the stage and place him, invisible, at the screen of a surveillance camera, or as a follow spot. It is "embodied" by a moving head acting as sixth actor on stage.

*Light spots are more dangerous because they blind with their light: the follow spots' cone prosecutes, ransacks, hunts, flushes out, then encircles and finally kills any desire of life and any love for knowledge. Nonetheless we should not believe the irreversibility of processes, a dark tempest that weighs on the present and completely darkens its sky...*  
Monica Centanni, "Luce rara". A political reading of *La survivance des lucioles* by Georges Didi-Huberman

On the stage's blank page, Ariel/Silvia Calderoni looks for a dialogue with Prospero, but does not find one, and so she starts interacting with those – like her – who escape surveillance, search liberation. Thus, with Caliban and the unaware Miranda who – in our interpretation – is much less a "daughter" than what is shown in the original work, and who becomes a spokesperson precisely for those who are building invisibility strategies and libertarian anonymity. Like the activists of the many "occupied" or differently managed spaces that support this project. It is an unavoidable short circuit with the actress's actual biography, who is an active member of Teatro Valle Occupato. The actors' personal tempests are brought on stage, eviscerated with the counter-texts that we have short circuited with Shakespeare's work. The first of these being *A Tempest* by Aimé Césaire, in which the reflection on identity, colonial subjugation and power relations is thrown into our contemporary times, or better into the context of the 1960s struggles for the liberation of the Black Panthers... The Martinican author brings the conflict between Caliban and Prospero to its extremes through a thorough analysis of their "reciprocal" relation of dependency caused by the colonizer-colonized dynamic, pushing it towards more burning questions regarding the "necessity" of the struggle and the possible forms of resistance, always on the edge of the irksome controversy between violence and non-violence.

So "two tempests" fed to the actors are brought face to face, actors who bring to the stage their own doubts of interpretation, also reflecting the constant, contradictory relationship between the directors and Ariel/assistant director... In a way, even the power hierarchies within the creative process of a small independent company like ours are put into question; it has become impossible to keep theatre and life, biographies and representation separate, everything enters "the operating field of the stage" without borders, to the point that the actors from "inside the tempest" ask themselves *what is inside and what is outside*, placed as they are in a big *Panopticon*, in which "each in his own place is seen, but does not see." They do not search only exits, but rather possible forms of permanence.

*To give credit to what machines want us to believe is to show only pitch black or the blinding light of spots, is to act as losers... Thus not seeing the space – maybe interstitial, maybe intermittent, nomad, placed in an improbable manner – of openings, of possibles, of glares, of the nonetheless.*

In all this, the plot – for us – still remains the Revolution, paraphrasing the title of our encounter-performance with the extraordinary 86-year-old Judith Malina of the Living Theatre, which kicked off the *AnimalePolitico* project during the summer of 2011.

It is listening again to her voice defending the necessity of unleashing storms, and not protecting ourselves, that pieces of memory started coming together and small tempests to be triggered *outside* of the theatre, in the city, get planned. What matters is to break the daily order, like dragging a tree in the street... and something happens.

The storm is also a hurricane that hits New York City. Sandy. We were there performing at the Living Theatre, when it came... Black out and no connection whatsoever. The storm is being 10 years old and seeing. It is collapse, a fire, a truck breaking through embassy walls in Albania, while infuriated people drag an enormous statue in the street.

The storm is deciding whether to stay inside or outside.

"A storm is a revolution?" *It can revolutionize time and the gaze of those looking on*, answers Silvia to Glen...

On the island-stage taking ownership of one's body becomes, as Foucault tells us, the first realizable utopia, the true revolutionary trigger.

"And what is the first shelter for a defenseless body after a hurricane, a shipwreck or an armed conflict?" we asked ourselves during the *Atelier d'Architettura Nomade* at Fies Factory, to which took part many architect collectives... The most immediate answer was: **a blanket**. A blanket is also the simplest object to find and redistribute in every city... That is how we came to "the set" of *Nella Tempesta*: only blankets that we collect on each performance site, also given the state of "permanent calamity" of the Italian theatre scene! We do not want to waste any more money on "dead sets". Instead, we want to work with materials that, at the end of our tour (or even of every date), can be "donated" to independent spaces in each city that actually need them. This is why we invite all the citizen-spectators to come with blankets from home...

Why not trying to transform the theatrical contract into an open formula of reciprocal exchange, as we try to deconstruct from within the proxemics of the relationship between who acts and who watches? Let us try to use the "temporariness" of the staged event to create a *different ZONE* starting with our own life experience in the nomad, vagabond, instable and . . . pirate community that we "uprooted" artists are a part of. We, "the Communityless Community, the Community without the We-Community", have realized that the truest form of involvement (beyond political activism) is the one we live on the stage, with the audience members of every city in which we move . . . as we try to build temporary heterotopiae and, why not, to wake up our senses from the hypnotic spell that has frozen the world... Attempts

*It is our job to transform ourselves into fireflies and recreate in ourselves a community based on desire, a community based on glares, on nonetheless dances, on thoughts to transmit. To say yes in the night cut by glares, and not settle with describing light's no that leaves blind.*

(*La survivance des lucioles*, Georges Didi-Huberman ).

As "political animals", we thus bring to the stage an experience of reappropriation, in the spaces, in the experiences themselves, always immersed in the Shakespearean tempest in which, let's remember this, does not appear a world at end, but as Agostino Lombardo writes in the introduction to his translation into Italian, a world on the verge of a new beginning.

*The tempest is not, in this context, a goodbye to theatre, but rather the ground for a new great theatrical proposition (. . .)*

*The proposition of a theatre that is not only show but also experience,  
not only imitation or reflection or suspension or escape from every day life, but life in itself.*

Enjoy the journey!

# MOTUS

Enrico Casagrande & Daniela Nicolò

Rimini, Italie

Performances in Italian with surtitles

## SEASON 2013 / 2014

### NELLA TEMPESTA

**World Premiere:** 24-27 May 2013 Fta Festival TransAmériques, Montreal

**European debut:** 20-21 Juin 2013 Festival delle Colline Torinesi, Torino

26-27 juillet 2013 "Mein Herz" Drodsera Festival, Dro

4 août 2013 **Biennale di Venezia – Festival Internazionale di Teatro**

20 septembre 2013 **Festival di Terni**

26-27 octobre 2013 **Tenuta dello Scompiglio**, Vorno

9-10 novembre 2013 **Teatro degli Atti**, Rimini

20-23 novembre 2013 **Festival Mettre en Scène - Théâtre National de Bretagne**, Rennes

27-28 novembre 2013 **Le Lieu Unique**, Nantes

3-4 décembre 2013 **Festival Reims Scènes d'Europe - la Comédie de Reims**

29-30 janvier 2014 **Teatro Pubblico**, Casalecchio, Bologna

10-14 mars 2014 **Parc de La Villette**, Paris

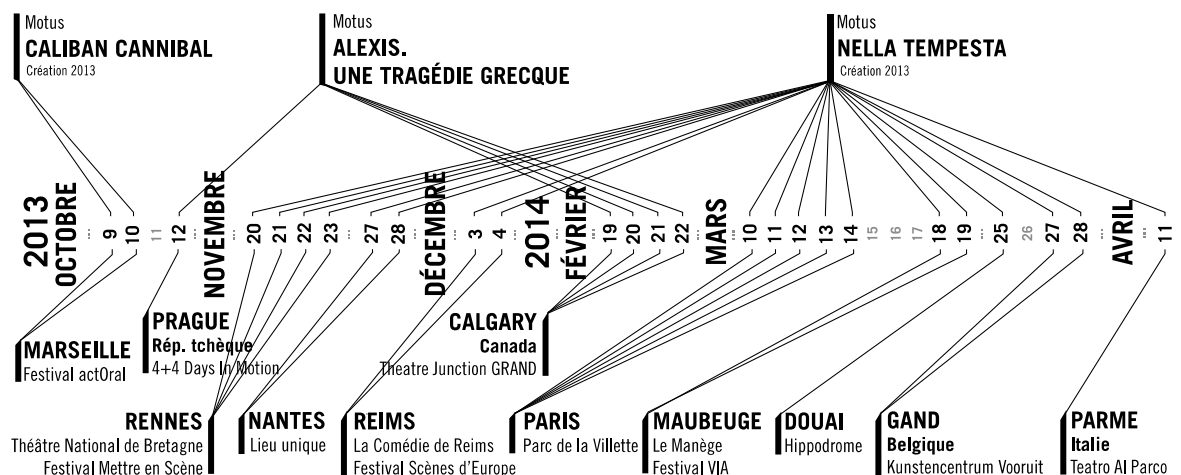
18-19 mars 2014 **Festival VIA - le Manège**, Maubeuge

25 mars 2014 **Hippodrome**, Douai

27-28 mars 2014 **Le Vooruit**, Gand

9 avril 2014 **Teatro Diego Fabbri**, Forli

11 avril 2014 **Teatro al Parco**, Parme



# MOTUS

## CONTACTS

via Castore, 49 47923 Rimini, Italy

tel fax +39 0541 326067

**www.motusonline.com** info@motusonline.com

sur **Facebook** Motus Rimini: [www.facebook.com/pages/Motus/93219706774](http://www.facebook.com/pages/Motus/93219706774)

Follow Motus on **motustwit**

### **Production:**

Elisa Bartolucci [organizzazione@motusonline.com](mailto:organizzazione@motusonline.com)

### **Communication:**

Sandra Angelini [relazioni@motusonline.com](mailto:relazioni@motusonline.com)

### **Foreigner Management and touring**

Lisa Gilardino +39 329 86 25524 - [zonamotus@motusonline.com](mailto:zonamotus@motusonline.com)

&

Ligne Directe / Judith Martin ( [www.lignedirecte.net](http://www.lignedirecte.net) )

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

Audrey Ardiét +33(0)6 80 70 41 66 - [audrey.ardiet@linedirecte.net](mailto:audrey.ardiet@linedirecte.net)