

**Muta Imago**

***Displace #1***

***LA RABBIA ROSSA***



within the project

Focus on Art and Science in the Performing Arts

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# Displace #1 La rabbia rossa

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*Once everything grew around me. I've seen this beach crowded with men, women and children. There, ashore, you could see boats and boats passing, again and again. There were thousands of persons, millions, streets, food, houses made of stone. That's where I used to live.*

*Displace #1 La rabbia rossa* represents a first reaction to this gripping feeling of displacement. An instinctual, irrational and primitive reaction that needs to happen soon, now, before it burns and consumes itself. So to be offered in the purest and direct possible manner, without any constriction of sort.

The space is dark, of indefinite dimensions. One figure moves inside it. Behind it the echo of others, getting stronger and stronger as long as time passes. Their walking, forced and guided by directions of light in continuous shifting. Borders, boundaries, thresholds: geometries that outline roads and transmit a forced movement apparently meaningless. In this deeply empty and desolate space, just earth, iron and dust on the ground, the figures are surrounded only by themselves and by the sounds they produce moving: blocked inside a present made of nothing, between a past they don't own anymore and a future that don't even try to imagine. Then, slowly, a fight, a resurrection. A battle against lights and sound, a resurrection from darkness and isolation. In order to re-appropriate themselves of a body, of a face that could be glorious and beating, risen, resurrected and alive.

*La rabbia rossa* is maybe the story of a lone survivor, the tragedy of an individual that becomes the destiny of a whole nation. Like in Euripides *The Trojan Women*, which is one of the sources we used for this performance, the glance on the destiny of a whole civilization is presented through the eyes of a woman. A woman that has lost all that she had, forced to shift from what she once considered home and who finds herself on an empty beach fighting to stand up again. A woman who could rise and destroy in her turn. And who will.

Because after a destruction not always follows a reconstruction. A still bigger destruction can come. Hate generates hate and from hate revenge emerges.

There's a wonderful book by M. P. Shiel, called *The Purple Cloud*. It was written in 1901 and tells the story of the last man on earth after a great disaster that cancelled the human race. We see this man wondering in an empty world made of empty cities and roads. Suddenly, by the middle of the book, the man starts to destroy everything he meets: all the ruins left by the human race. He sets on fire all the cities he meets during his wandering. So to reaffirm his being alive and unique in a world of tragic loneliness and silence.

With this performance we want to investigate this feeling of rage that emerges after we've lost all that we owned.

Because inside of us a cold star burns and memory is not only a comfortable place.

And we're not only a beam of memories and dreams.

We're a bundle of flesh that urges to move and shout.

And the color is that of the rage, of the sun and of the blood, and the sweat is covered with dust.

The mental disposition is everything.

We have to be suns in order to create worlds.

But we have to be suns also to destroy them.

"Sometimes I think it would be better just the ancient, senseless, animal pureness."

Sylvia Plath, *Diaries*

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