

E / Fanny & Alexander

SPEECH (2011/2014)

#grey #Marco Cavalcoli #political
#yellow #Chiara Lagani #pedagogical
#sky-blue #Lorenzo Gleijeses #religious
#pink #Francesca Mazza #trade-union
#violet #Fabrizio Gifuni #legal
#red #Sonia Bergamasco #military

concept Luigi De Angelis and Chiara Lagani music project
The Mad Stork, Mirto Baliani, Francesco Giomi, Davide Sacco
dramaturgy Chiara Lagani direction Luigi De Angelis

The project carries out a research, through a work on the form of speech, on the relationship between person and community, between individual and social group. What does public mean? What is common? When can a group that's gathered around an individual be defined as a community?

Starting from the traditional primary forms of public speech declined in its various social contexts, political, pedagogical, religious, trade-union, legal and military speech, and also starting from the wound of a relationship between individual and community which is almost interrupted, six actors (Bergamasco, Cavalcoli, Gifuni, Gleijeses, Lagani, Mazza) with their flag colors (colorless grey, prescriptive yellow, heavenly sky-blue, female pink, legal violet, and danger red) will offer different provisional answers to these rough questions.

The research will develop into six shows and six radio dramas. A final collective event, speech of speeches, will group together the cores of the six shows.

www.e-production.org www.fannyalexander.org



G R E Y
S P E E C H
(p o l i t i c s)

According to the official press agency, the President will address himself to the Nation. Of course it's not the first time, in History, that a President speaks to a Country. There. The President will speak. What's wrong with that? What's going to happen? If you recognize his voice, you will understand.

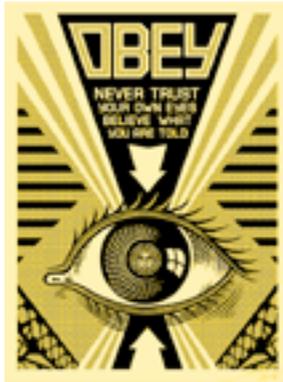
Grey Speech explores the forms and rhetorics of the official political interventions. Playing with the commonplaces of radio oratory and bringing out the potential of words immersed in a deliberately surprising and intricate dramaturgy, Marco Cavalcoli, formerly virtuoso interpreter of the ventriloquist Wizard of Oz, embodies as if in a concert a mysterious President performing, among the many past and present reverberations of an indelible historical memory, an important inaugural address to be pronounced to the Nation. Grey is the color of the perfect blend of what's white and what's black. It's the undifferentiated difference. If Speech was a blow, a temperature, a beast or a feeling it would be grey, exactly, because, as the dictionary of etymologies reads, it is a "dark color mixed with white. It is mainly used speaking of hair or feathers"...

*Discorso Grigio (Grey Speech) has made its debut on 2012 July 5th at the festival *Da Vicino Nessuno è Normale*, at Teatro LaCucina, @Olinda, Milano.*

The “President” is alone, behind a microphone, ready for his speech to the Nation, to Italy. He speaks and we, the “audience”, recognize tones, grandiloquence and even voices from our political memory: Berlusconi, Bersani, Monti, Napolitano, Di Pietro... And words, taken from the newspapers, excerpts from their propaganda: “Italy is the country I love”, “Stop the spiral of hate”... It’s the rhetorical routine, autistic and repetitive, of politics which we know from the newscasts of yesterday and today but here goes beyond the topical issues to become a sound nightmare, ready to begin all over again. Grey Speech is the new stage of a project by Chiara Lagani and Luigi De Angelis of Fanny & Alexander on the rhetorical forms of public speech. The impression is extraordinary: actor Marco Cavalcoli doesn’t make a parody, but carries out a very delicate work of gestural counterpoints (gradually becoming an actor-puppet). In the end such a fullness of words just displays an emptiness of sense. Which is also ours.

Anna Bandettini, La Repubblica, Sunday 8 July 2012

In this Grey speech whose protagonist is a funambulatory, very skilfull Marco Cavalcoli, everything is grey: the scene which seems a darkroom, the suit with white shirt and tie of the absolute protagonist, the President who is about to make an important speech. The President looks like an actor doing some training and warm-up exercises in his dressing room, preparing himself for a physical and emotional test which we realize to be important: sprints, broken movements, piercing sounds coming from who knows where, almost an abstract ballet while blasts of voices, immediately recognizable, enter from the outside. Voices of our today and our yesterday. These voices fill the constantly interrupted preparation of this kind of Charlot from modern times. Because the President is a mask, indeed the Mask. Maria Grazia Gregori, L’Unità, Friday 6 July 2012



Y E L L O W S P E E C H (e d u c a t i o n)

An authoritative figure, a teacher, is about to begin a dictation. She has an indirect but syntactically clear way with the kids she addresses herself to. Her voice has a clear tone, aerial in a certain way, strangely insubstantial. Her classroom has no doors: it means that as a matter of fact you're in there, because you always hear all that's happening. The dictation she gives is frightful and indescribable, a spiral, a descending vertigo which mysteriously includes us in a place of childish regression, swarming with ghostly voices, and at the same time it exposes us to the toxicity of our times in a series of metamorphic epiphanies of the teacher figure hinting at an archetype, at an essence, but also at the aberrations of our times.

Yellow Speech inquires into the complex theme of education. Yellow is the color of coercion, of prohibition, of the referee's booking card, of the lines on the asphalt which prohibit parking, which indicate forbidden areas. Yellow is also the color of light, the purest light which every life and every sight have at their beginning, a dazzling light flooding into a room which is dark at times, the one of human systems, always full of new possibilities and terrible contradictions.



BLUE-SKY SPEECH (religion)

What would happen to a religious, a former athlete and reverend of community, devoted to athletic-ascetic practices and in the odour of sanctity, if in a precise and enlightening moment of his life, he heard his god concretely speak? And if that concrete voice came from the body, concrete, measured and mortal, of a talking little bird which offers eternal salvation upon payment to the believers from a television station of a programme for devotees? And if the religious really was the one mostly disposed to give, even his own life, because he believes in a pure, absolute way? Who is this mysterious and frightful figure staring and interrogating, inciting and pressing? And you? What are you disposed to give? And in exchange for what? What are you disposed to separate yourself from?

Sky-blue is one of the gradations of blue color. More than a color, it's an attempt to approach and reproduce the sky's color and light. In the figurative sense it hints at all that's divine, that comes from God. So it can also be used speaking of what's excellent, extraordinary, of a great virtue. *Sky-blue Speech* takes shape as a sermon which is also a kind of training for the listeners: its theme is asceticism, tension towards the High, but also its opposite. A gravitational drive to sink down. Its

context is the one of religion. The figures that have been approached (in the archetype and in the story) have the quality of saints, of agonists, of those who are pervaded by a great drive, the purest and most sublime, the most inferior and most corrupt one.



P I N K
S P E E C H
(t r a d e - u n i o n)

AGE: over 50.

EYES: blue.

HAIR: red.

PROFESSION: trade unionist.

SPECIALITIES: women's rights; workers' rights.

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: she wears Italian clothes, sometimes Chanel.

SKILLS: her ability in animating the Female section is beyond dispute. Strong singing skills.

MAJOR CURRICULAR EXPERIENCES: 1. Organization and foundation of RPFU (radical post-feminist union) for national workers recorded in the Phalanx of Prevention and Protest against Female Objectification. 2. She proclaimed the seven months sadly known as «Live Silence» (the silence of representative arts, Ed.), which involved all the national theatres for more than six months.

The speech is pink colored. Pink is almost red, but very pale, bloodless, desaturated. The etymon hints at flowers, the flexibility of the flower stalk full of thorns. It's the color always connected to the feminine (pink quotas, pink night...).



**R E D
S P E E C H
(w a r)**

Outside a great, terrible, opaque, calm war is raging. The E.S.T. Clock's trackable hand carves off the last few seconds from the five minutes of dead air the contract stipulates gets to precede the show. After a while she makes some little sounds, little plosives to check for roaring sounds in exhalations. Her silhouette leans and says: and Lo, for the Earth was empty of form, and void. And Darkness was all over the Face of the Deep. And We said: «Look at that fucker Dance». Nobody has ever seen her face. Someone says that she's horribly disfigured. Others say she's Perfect. Her show is the Great Entertainment which veterans, unarmed armies and subdued people like best. She eases the pain of the great, terrible, opaque, calm war. Here she is: alone with her show and screen in the shadowless chill. Every so often there's a guest, but the guest will usually get introduced and then not say anything. The monologues seem both free-associative and intricately structured, not unlike nightmares. There's no telling what'll be up on a given night. Electoral meetings or war conferences, songs, rarefied and animal sounds, literary variety shows, lists, the show kind of flies itself. She could do it in her sleep. Yet, if you're looking for an hour of relief, this is the right station: here we are again with "Sixty Minutes More Or Less" On Wyyy-109, Largest Whole Prime On The FM Band! Stay tuned!

Red Speech faces the theme of War: the politics of war, the pain of war, the idiocy of war, the drug of war, the blue angel of a war, the wound of war, the stakes of war, waging war, the father of all things, the terrible love for war. Red is the color which invades the ethereal speech of a veteran with a mysterious identity, a radio anchorwoman, a soldier, a comrade in arms, a commander, a victim, injured, feral, ferine. Red is the color of blood. Of alarm. Of love. Of danger.



V I O L E T S P E E C H (J u s t i c e)

LOOK-AT-ME-I-AM-COMpletely-OPEN-AND-SINCERE-TOWARDS-YOU-I-RISE-ABOVE-EACH-AND-EVERY-POSSIBLE-INIQUITY-IN-JUDGING-I-TRANSCEND-THE-COMMON-FALSITY-OF-RHETORIC-IF-YOU-BELIEVE-ME-I-WILL-NOT-ONLY-KEEP-ON-BEING-SO-FAIR-AND-EXTRAORDINARILY-OPEN-BUT-I-WILL-ALSO-TAKE-YOU-IN-THIS-WORLD-OF-TRANSCENDENCE-OUT-OF-FALSITY-AND-DOUBT-OK?

“Violet Speech” is a whirling harangue on the theme of justice, of human purity, of corruption, of legal rhetoric, of what’s right and what’s wrong, of human society and its rules, but also their transgression. Impermanent shadows reverberated by the friction with the present rise from the horizon. Little by little, from the oratorical vertigo of a process provided with a concrete evidence of its own, suspended between imagination and reality, unpredictable epiphanies referring to recognizable events of the present arise, appealing together to an ideal archetypal figure: Justice, ineffable image, utopian, enigmatic. A winged figure, on the throne, blindfolded. She holds a sword and scales. Her color is a blend: violet from violent passionate red with transcendent rational blue.