

# Fiordalisi Raffaella Giordano

## Excerpts reviews 1996/2014 (partial for the website)

### Moving Fiordalisi

Emotion was palpable among the audience who attended *Fiordalisi* in a vibrating silence. This solo brought Raffaella Giordano back to Florence, dancer and choreographer who has been pursuing her very personal artistic development. On a bare stage under a uniform lighting connecting the stage with the theatre, a woman dressed in black (the only coloured sign is a red wound on the belly) tells about the fragments of her soul, sketching a territory where the ice of extreme abstraction is transformed in the white warmth of the highest passion. We assist to fifty minutes during which time is suspended and leaves space to a full score in which immobility has the same weight and the same necessity of a musical pause. A score in which the body becomes anti-matter, pure vibration. Metal and fabric Raffaella. Magic is all in her indefinable presence, in that unique flow of energy which the body seems to experience silently breaking the screen separating interior and exterior. Like in a dream, all is clear and at the same time uncatchable. Crumbling when you try to speak of it.

Andrea Nanni, *L'Unità "Mattina"*, 28 May 1996

### The silent body alphabet of a teller of gestures

The title emblematically respects the performance, the dramatic narrativity of which is based not on words but on a dumb alphabet made out of the dancer's muscles movements. Structurally divided in two parts, the performance starts with a body dressed in black seated on a chair and ends with the same body standing on the same chair in a rigidity highlighting the whiteness of the naked flesh not as an omen of death, but as a revelation of the stage matter. Shreds of words allow us to make up a trace, to climb the mirrors of sensations that are refracted on the outline of the teller of gestures. Air plane noises, gun machine shots, a voice that calls for a father interrupt the soundtrack which is immersed in a low rumble of water and make us think of the difficulties and wounds of war, conflicts and personal scars, but we could be distracted if we relied on what we build with them. Giordano is there on stage and it is just on her being there in that moment that we measure the time of action. To the trembling that usually possesses her she opposes a thorough stretching of the limbs, almost a desperate attempt to break invisible limits. Often merely hiding the face with the hem of the jumper or with her flowing hair she reminds of the disquieting image of a creature without the head in utter need of an identity.

Nicola Viesti, *Bari Sera*, 10 April 1997

### A Hundred Dance Flowers

Raffaella Giordano is able, in a beautiful sound carpet, made of music, voices, children's laughs and washing waters, to find again the strength and primitive simplicity of gestures which are, sometimes dramatically broken, sometimes lyrically fluid, but always imposed with an authoritativeness impossible to deny.

Her *Fiordalisi* is a sort of "interior novel" without a plot, echoing with the deep tunes of the unconscious, and the probable fragments of a personal memory, acquiring the universal and mysterious form of symbols. Living up after a long initial immobility, the dancer's movements go through different phases and intermittently, between decision and dismay, they suggest at first an almost sacred image trembling in ecstatic tension, then a sort of sea creature stranded on a beach, trying to invent new movements and the possibility of a new body; and then again with the head hidden in a black robe, a blinded ghost, until with her dark clothes off, the dancer seems to find in a ring-a ring-o'-roses the harmony of childhood. Conflicting forces alternate and unite without erasing each other till the beautiful ending with the slow fading of the light on a position of horizontal equilibrium.

Nicola Pasqualicchio, *L'Arena di Verona*, 15 June 1998

### Fiordalisi, light celebration of life

Let's say it straightaway: with Raffaella Giordano the Biennale Danza has had its highest moment so far. Her *Fiordalisi* is a celebration of life through grief and silence, in rarefaction of the gesture of an expressive intensity uncommon to Italian dance. An act of love for the need of speaking beyond the flaws of language. Raffaella Giordano is acclaimed by the audience with a very long and glad applause.

Roberto Lamantea, *La Nuova Venezia*, 16 October 1999

### **“Sacrificial dance” of a passionate woman, Raffaella Giordano strikes with *Fiordalisi***

The audience meets a woman who in an authentic manner, in the ending, shows her strength of being and who's lack of help and desperation become more and more clear. A sacrifice on stage, the wish that the struggle comes to an end, makes the audience stronger and stronger.

Frauke Nikolai, **Lansberger Tagblatt**, 29 October 1999

### **Minute gestures and rough nudity**

Entire planets of emotion inhabit *Fiordalisi*, the mirror of a dance that courageously explores the life of its creator-interpretor, and knows how to remain there with magical precision levels of perception that escape words.

Leonetta Bentivoglio, **la Repubblica**, 16 November 2014

### **Raffaella Giordano's “Cornflowers” have returned to the meadows**

[...] Taking up again almost twenty years later *Fiordalisi*, one of the pivotal shows of Raffaella Giordano's poetics, alone on stage, is not an undertaking that leaves the soul unharmed [...].

[...] Everything closes with the signs of the beginning, like an endangered flower shortly after being born. In this moving solo that fills the unadorned space with a presence that is both rarefied and concrete at the same time, all human frailty, the fear of being there, of getting lost, doubt, insecurity experienced are present as a conscious act of courage, the desire to escape in the daydream, in the memory that returns. There is innocence, wonder, uncertainty, uneasiness, discomfort, hope. There is life. That of Raffaella Giordano's is a dance-theatre of experience and sensitivity, where the rhythm is not in gestures but in images and in a movement that is above all interior. Where you find yourself holding your breath until the end.

Giuseppe Di Stefano, **Il Sole 24 ore**, 26 November 2014