

Quore *per un lavoro in divenire* Raffaella Giordano

Excerpts reviews 1999/2005 (partial for the website)

2000 UBU Award to Raffaella Giordano

for casting a critical glance on reality. Moreover for the courage and intensity of the choices she has made in her dance-theatre beyond dance.

Quality events in Fidenza for "May Carousel"

Nakedness. Transparencies of color for an uncovered chest. Dance of pain. Visual recalls to the Pity. Abandoned. But also plats, glasses. Difficult equilibrium of bodies. The time of age. Trembles. New groups of people, lost glance, absent. External words, which tell us about depression, how to work on it.

Valeria Ottolenghi - **Gazzetta di Parma**, 23 May 1999

It is difficult to define the substance of things

On the Italian stages these days an innovative and daring performance put on by one of the most brilliant choreographer of the Italian scene. "*A work in becoming*" is Raffaella Giordano's latest work.

This work is a voluntary decomposition of stage and dance directions, always on the boundary between amazement and nonsense. The project, as the title says, is deliberately "a work in becoming" hidden behind the net of its staging by an ironic and amusing English monologue in which the choreographer, as self- interpreter, proclaim a renunciation to her work. She exhorts her self-negation and the abandonment of a "planned" dance and a theatre as well as those fine chisel work of movement and research which had made of her a precious reality of the Italian theatrical scene. The amusing and exhilarating playfulness of the acting bodies alternates with the longing romantic "solos" scantily outlined by Giordano, drenched with a striking carnal sadness. That is the aesthetic mark of Giordano's thought, which have made of her an inimitable international interpreter.

For a work in becoming seems to be the report of a large impasse in the dance-room it seems the demonstration of an indescribable difficulty to indicate the substance of things through the theatre starting from the theatre in a sort of "epic poem on the many sides of the sign and meaning whose truth made us think about.

L.V. - **Il Popolo**, 27 November 1999

Raffaella's pop dance, Raffaella Giordano pop style

A foolish psychedelic dance where everyday life becomes ironic poison.

On the stage, lights are always on, the theatre is a box where dancers and audience feel common emotions, shininess psychological touches with their exposed naked bodies thrown on the audience's eyes. The new Raffaella Giordano's, with her magnetic personality sets every style off.

Roberto Lamantea, **La Nuova Venezia**, 1 December 1999

For a work in progress by Raffaella Giordano

Giordano explores a degraded daily life attempted by tedium and madness. With a courage which touches on masochism Raffaella Giordano put aside every aesthetic and composing canon to focus on scores of gestures accompanied by a sound-track so equally banal. Her attempt to let the audience watch her privacy, which has nothing to do with intimacy, among nakedness without eroticism and a clumsy and inconclusive gesticulating. To the spectator's eye is submitted a material which is usually rejected as not theatrical. The audience tries in vain to recover a central perspective to avoid the uneasiness of a vision that does not offer a support.

Andrea Nanni, **Prima fila**, January 2000

When theatre is essential

Reflection of everyday life adrift, a deliberately bare stage had been little by little filled by upset, but even controlled, emotions.

Giordano with her extraordinary intense, ironic and tragic countenance mimes the dance works, desecrates them and catches their essence. Moments of interpretation come out.

Valentina Ferri, **Il Tipo**, 22 February 2000

A matter of a ballet for naked and ruined bodies

There are two full nudes in the dance-theatre performance *Quore for a work in becoming* by Raffaella Giordano. They are two poignant, disarming nudes that satisfy, as rarely happens, not so much voyeurism or the morbidity of the spectator, but rather the need of being united in sharing the tragicomic human condition.

[...] is collecting a general consent all over Italy as a generation performance, of strong emotional impact [...].

[...] *Quore* is supported by a firm compositional breath by Giordano's seductive skill. No stretch marks can be glimpsed in her hyper-realistic chaos: quietly and almost without embarrassment, one is reflected in the high monstrosity and beauty of real breasts and genitals more than naked.

Marinella Guatterini, *L'Unità*, 16 April 2000

A festival of reversed roles. The silence of actors and the words of dance

The audience is positively surprised by non-sense, instinctive words of Raffaella Giordano's *The Matter*, her desperate formal unseemliness and her chaotic precision who unchain intense, uncontrollable emotions: a no-filtered sensitive wave, actions who come to the heart, at the core of the human being and rouse him.

Barnaba Ponchielli – *Santarcangelo dei Teatri – Il Quaderno del Festival*, 12 July 2000

Dro Festival, full-frontal nudes. But it's great art

Odd, chaotic but without a mess, of a crude and clear vividness lacking ambiguity and shadows, *Quore* with a Q (Heart without the H), to read life with a belly pronunciation, giving up the corrections and mending of a highbrow spelling. *For a working progress*, when life in its pitiless beauty bows and transforms the fragments of a deceptive consistency, disarranging them. The four characters on stage get ready, apparently with care translating into rapid movement sequences, the feverish need of order coming from the audience. A multitude of objects and paraphernalia, wigs and sunglasses, lipsticks and trinkets, a fan and a carpenter's saw, are the frills of a life trying to explain itself through a collection of accessories. But that, right in the failure of this rational filing operation, uncovers an energy and a submission far from resigned. Here rises the necessity of the nude, of the mischievous nude in Piera Principe's dance, grand masquerade of seduction and vanity, reaching its climate in Aldo Rendina and Doriana Crema total and integral nude: integral because the strength of these not winking glances transmits a purity free from rhetoric nostalgia. You have to look for this simplicity and you nearly feel taken by the hand to cover this long path of refining and discipline that has enabled to complete this work. You immediately think of Adam and Eve, especially in the rocking walk of these two young and two old bodies, forever children, without delusions or certainties, just alive. It lives of a captivating lack of composure and every single sequence, from the beginning with a song by Alex Britti, misspelled and reinvented words so that the sloppy hit-parade song is filled with petty everyday passion, to Raffaella Giordano's tragicomic soliloquy: if the sunglasses are a screen and sobbing and laughter mix together in ups and downs of guttural sounds that don't belong to the tones of a sentimental order.

Paola Rosa, *L'Adige*, 27 July 2000

Performances with the common feature of forcing the scope traditionally given to dance.

La Friche belle de mai. Deeper, down to the pain, among wigs and other stage garbage, among pop songs, silence, immobility and explosions is the beautiful *Quore. For a working progress* by Raffaella Giordano. In Italy it has been performed in many places and we hope it will be performed in many others. A tension opposing form, opposing dance itself, towards listening to grief, to loneliness, a throbbing love that cannot find its object, the glance of others, words, the other heart. Every attempt is reversed, the suicide into game, nakedness into revelation or pain of the body, fiction into reality. Dancing wildly till unconsciousness, seeking another fellow body, an embrace resembling peace and death. A performance that scratches and undoes every resistance, mobile like water, true.

Massimo Marino, *Tuttoteatro*, 12 October 2000

The dance of colors

Deviously "wrong" and destabilising this *Quore* with a Q (Heart without the h) claims the subtitle *For a working process*, witness of a gradual rising, lasted a year, but also guarantee of an immediacy that renews itself in an apparently aphasic universe, on a stage lacking in artifice: fixed lights, a few chairs, a recorder always on. In front of four performers/dancers who do not know what to do, we perceive their –and our– existential uneasiness and the inaccuracy of their solipsistic and foolish dances, intermittently sparked off by cradling songs.

Marinella Guatterini, *Il Sole 24 ore*, 28 January 2001

Mistakes to live in with a dancing step

Nietzsche claimed that behind each word you can hear a mistake laugh. So *Quore* is the result of a deliberate expressive and grammatical licence, as well as of the need of amplifying the meaning of the error. For it is in the *heart*, the guardian of the most irrational feelings, that the caducity of life is harboured.

On the mobile boundaries of dance

Raffaella Giordano's *Quore* is thrilling because it is the final moment of a long and autonomous path covered by this dancer during much of her career, with anxiety and authentic will to experience. A well-built case resting on solid pillars around which the daily chaos is enacted. A recurring metrical scansion development in which improvisation counts very little, confined as it is to the whim of chance due to the movement of stage objects.

The fact remains that *Quore* is a high risk performance, always borderline, for the very nature of its composition, based on the mixture of lofty and shallow elements, on extraordinary clashes, on a very inward balance, much pondered, but relying on the "here and now" of the representative moment, thanks to the great skill and the "being there" of each character. The dramatic force that has always characterised Giordano's performances, often heavily, here finds the way of flowing uninterruptedly and credibly among painful sneers and enchanted suspensions, keeping the audience clasped to the seat.

Nicola Viesti, **Corriere del Mezzogiorno**, 10 April 2001

Strong emotions...

Founding member of Sosta Palmizi, a company born in the mid-eighties, after the Venetian experience with Carolyn Carlson-Raffaella Giordano has her own sophisticated and direct identity, well-educated but always in close touch with a universe rich of sensations and anxieties. And *Quore* ladles out a full set of strong emotions. Distorting beauty with its cruel images, showing how humanity spoils it, connecting in an unbearable way tensions and images that we usually separate in what can be shown and what must be hidden.

Daniela Cecchini, **Giornale di Sicilia**, 28 January 2002

[...] *Quore* for a work in becoming by the choreographer Raffaella Giordano, shows with irreverence everyday chaotic actions, intimate weaknesses and obsessions. A biting performance in which you can find Pasolinian bodies and faces [...].

Hebdo Loisirs, **Flash, Toulouse**, February 2002

[...] Raffaella Giordano abandons elegance, the preoccupation with composition and everything else, to contrast the adulterated beauty of "sequined television" with filth, madness and incompleteness. In this score for four dancers, a little "trash" takes shape a deep humanity that flows between emotions and ghosts, ambiguous sadness and crazy joys.

Jean-Marc Adolphe, Théâtre Garonne - **Season program, winter 2002**

Small open-heart disorders

"Quore. For a work in progress" is uninterruptedly raw and naked. Brutal and messy, but also insanely delicate. Poetic and choleric, alive in short. Of a life that always and despite everything escapes from formatting. [...] Although classified under the heading "dance", Raffaella Giordano's choreography is in fact also in the field of theatre and performance. A theatre where understanding matters infinitely less than feeling. Open up. Becoming, in the spectator's position, never a voyeur - the liberated body absolutely refuses to be the vector of seduction, or then one only bends over to mock oneself better - but a sounding board.

Marie Baudet, **La libre Belgique**, 13 October 2003

Anarchy of the everyday against a life of fashion

Quore. The work by Raffaella Giordano [...] is shattered. Breaking the spatial coordinates, the body geometries, the rigour of the danced movement, the awareness of the theatrical act, the lyricism of singing. *Quore* is interrupted. His heartbeat is arrhythmic, syncopated. There is no linear evolution of an "institutionalized" condition that follows the paralyzing rules of a human and artistic code of behavior, but it is a continuous restart, in directions that multiply without any pattern other than the instinct of the moment. *Quore* is human. Because the protagonist is the individual "petrified", crossed, immaculate, beatified, in love", with his daily life, his "madness" [...]. *Quore* is an intelligent and effective provocation, sensitive and prophetic [...].

Francesca Falchi, **L'Unione Sarda**, 3 October 2005