

Fritz Haeg's Daily Wikidiary – <http://www.fritzhaeg.com/wikidiary/tag/collettive-320chili/>

...the young Italian dance collective (or contemporary circus company, *Compagnia di Circo Contemporaneo*, as they also refer to themselves, whose name refers to the total weight of the company in *kilos*) we saw at the [Auditorium Parco della Musica](#) (the performing arts complex designed by Renzo Piano which opened north of central Rome in 2002 near Nervi's Palazzo dello Sport and MAXXI) as a part of the February dance festival '*Equilibrio*,' gave us such pleasure tonight with their amazing performance of *Ai Migranti* (direction and choreography by Piergiorgio Milano and creation and interpretation by Elena Burani, Florencia Demestri, Piergiorgio Milano, Fabio Nicolini, Roberto Sblattero, Francesco Sgrò) which included six performers attired in casual unassuming street clothes performing languid but precise movements, virtuosic but not showy steps, that seemed to become more energetic and out of control as the evening progressed – starting with trunks, being moved around the stage, bodies going in and out of them, over them, complex group napping arrangements on top of them, pivoting one-handed handstands over them, flips, a ball of bodies rolling over each other, and then to the rope acrobatics, synchronized group choreography, locomotion with kneeling jumps, food fights, fork fights, a very large knife (which I was really worried about), a pitch-black stage with occasional illicit movements only glimpsed by the illumination of the performers flashlights, some deranged spoken in loud Italian including lists of foods, and a finale with mounds of junk, stuff, detritus, precariously carried on stage, thrown around, (which somewhat reminded me – in a great way – of [Anna Halprin's](#) '*Parades and Changes*,' one of my all time favorite pieces) torn apart, piled up, a man stripping down and putting on a cardboard box, and another wrapping some tape over a huge plastic hoop and spinning around on it in a way that I didn't know was possible, and concluding with the pile of trunks and junk and people as a tall totem, plus the empty plastic hoop finally spinning down to the ground – and making me really excited about art, dance, Italy, and humans in general.