

# Senza Titolo Raffaella Giordano

## Excerpts reviews 2002/2004 (partial for the website)

**From dance to theater and vice versa. Now without borders the work of Raffaella Giordano choreographer of "Without words"**  
[...] The "theatrical machine" designed by Giordano, this time for the new *Senza Titolo* seen last weekend at Kismet, seems to want to achieve a synthesis of past experiences relying, once again, on a fragmented construction held together by fluidity, in which the choreographic element has few times the possibility to unfold - and when this happens it enchants by wisdom - concentrated as it is to compose masterly movements [...].

A test of the highest level, reflective and transitional, based on the skills and intensity of the interpreters. In fact, the author has called to her side exemplary travelling companions, capable of perfectly holding up a performance that was consciously brought to the dangerous boundary of an arduous performance.

Nicola Viesti, *Corriere del Mezzogiorno*, 24 February 2004

### **What a life sacrificed spectacle.**

#### **The pain ends up between rallies, commercials and crucifixions.**

Born on the ashes of that extrovert performance, *Senza Titolo* is a defeat of its starting point, almost a liberating act, a return to the order of suffering of very strict Bauschian observance. The exhausting slowness of the movements, the wide and fluid gathering of bodies and a sacralization of the daily profane bring Giordano back into the aesthetic territory delimited by Pina Bausch's *Tanztheater* and her questioning about the reasons of pain.

Nicola Signorile, *La Gazzetta del Mezzogiorno*, 24 February 2004

### **Raffaella dances the lability of life**

Dancers of a bare and symbolic scene, the protagonists, all in black, display through the body that dances the lability of gestures together with their intrinsic beauty when, as the choreographer claims, beyond the pure physicality of matter they become able to transform themselves into "thought, heart, intellect, emotion".

Gabriella Gori, *L'Unità*, 13 February 2003

### **Unity without Uniformity**

Raffaella Giordano throws bodies and souls in the circus of life. *Untitled* gathers together men in black united in a common fate where each one brings his specific difference. With this new work the Italian choreographer draws a moving picture of human condition.

Raffaella Giordano has been multiplying rupture actions since fifteen years. The Italian choreographer never settles in a single role and mistrusts any kind of know-how. In 1999 she embarks in a new performance *Quore* in which she erases every idea of aestheticism, accumulates the most radical and coarse positions, overthrows the most elementary laws of representation of herself and the others, takes off masks and uncovers a pitiless beings' truth. Three years later after a clean sweep of everything, she clings to another spectacular construction, polymorphic and in movement as ever. But this time all forces work together. The performance's title is *Untitled* because naming already setting limits. She builds a complex environment, in constant transformation, where a sample of humanity frolics and struggles. Initially this universe appears chaotic and disjointed, just to break off better with the delusion of sham homogeneity. Raffaella Giordano has only one certainty: "human condition is astonishing". Nevertheless this fascination is neither blind nor crippling. A strong bond ties the players to the audience: it is made of memories and lightning, symbols and signs, words and gestures, all telling the difficulty and necessity of living together.

She builds the foundations of a "common destiny" among men, always evolving, in continuous interdependency.

Here unity is at work without uniformity.

We no more confront a fixed system, instead we are seized by flows of sensations. Borders between inner and outer world, between us and the others become porous. The scenes, the scripts, the choreography, the direction become palettes of sensations that the artist gathers in order to open an endlessly troubled field amid conscience and matter.

Raffaella Giordano's work is strangely related to the most subtle research on the appearance and development of life, the discoveries of biology and phylogenies questioning our certainties on evolution and on the nature of life.

We can easily draw a parallel between "the system of mysterious relations" woven in Giordano's performances and the statements that Jean Claude Amiens (great specialist of human cells) makes in his book "La sculpture du vivant": "We must reconsider the way we reckon the becoming of our cells, abandoning the idea of a univocal and linear path towards life and death. Maybe start thinking in terms of dynamic interactions, not linear, of oscillations around multiple equilibrium, of waves, turbulence, probabilities. Search for new metaphors. Imagine, in our cells, some sort of chaotic whirlpools created by the joining of waters at the mouth of a river, and try to find regularities, attraction basins that are continuously renewed. Try to figure our cells as heterogeneous communities, as complex societies, in permanent re-composition, exploring day by day the field of possibilities, and subdued since the dim and distant past, to changing and inconsistent constraints. Scientific research is unsettling the idea we have of life and death. This very upsetting is at work with Raffaella Giordano.

Frédéric Kahn, *Mouvement*, n. 21 March-April 2003

### **Sublime Raffaella Giordano**

Reggio Emilia. Strong and intense ending to the Italia Danza section of the Reggio Parma Festival, Friday evening at the Teatro Ariosto.....Because Raffaella Giordano, the most intelligent, self giving, instinctively talented Italian choreographer, was on stage with her most recent and complex creation. And in this *Senza Titolo*, performed for the first time in Reggio after partial studies in the last months and before treading important stages such as Theatre de la Bastille in Paris - there was all her vibrancy, her grieving poetry, her way of exposing herself without reserves.

Perhaps a work in progress but full of ideas and thoughts, intuitions and touches of genius: a synthesis of life, artistic and personal, in which the author seems to have found a point of unstable equilibrium between two important works of her recent past: '96 ...*et anima mea*... so grieving and spiritual, and '99 *Quore* with its tragically coarse joyfulness.

Valentina Bonelli, **Gazzetta Di Parma** 23 June 2002

### **The unutterable and proud love of Raffaella Giordano**

The body as a sign of absence hovers through the dry expressiveness of Raffaella Giordano's latest work.

"I'd like to tell you about love. A blank page" is how *Senza Titolo* begins, like a contemporary work of art – painting or novel – with a shattered plot: made impossible and unrecognisable by a sensibility striving to listen to the oscillation in the paradoxical equilibrium of relationships, with ourselves, with others, with our being in this world. In this listening process the necessity of representation withdraws and is replaced by the sheer listening to the present moment, laden with the yearnings, the threats, the mysteries in which every movement is enveloped.

The dancers/actors move, without any recognisable order, asymmetrical wooden boards, shaping crosses, awkward beds and objects in precarious balance. It is in the lack of order that lies most of the appeal of this work built around an absence [...]

[...] showing in a moving way how love, death, faith are the only things worth speaking of [...].

Stefania Carretti, **Ultime Notizie**, 24 June 2002

### **A terrific untitled...with love**

This new creation has been already noticed for its intensity and strength, during the preview presented in Castiglioncello. It goes ahead using the same passionate and precise strictness that in "Heart. For a work in becoming" was hurting and charming, pointing out thoughts about time/duration/emptiness /nothing and on the inscrutable dynamics of the relationship. So we have something without a plot, of sorry subjects, "painted" and penetrated by sharp and evocative lights. A destroyed landscape joined to a smart optimism through a religious faith.

Paolo Maier, **Lo Straniero**, anno VI / numero 26/27, Aug-Sep 2002, pp72-73

### **Raffaella Giordano's return with "Senza Titolo"**

#### **Ite missa est**

We don't often master our own actions in this *Senza Titolo* signed by Raffaella Giordano. We are often lead, struck, pushed, pulled, and taken by the movements of others. Above all we are looked with suspicion, with hate, love and compassion. The Italian choreographer refers to a dance of glances, of movements of the soul more than to one of bodies. Lyrical flights, humorous events, slow ballet of the being, and rupture of the rhythm all render *Senza Titolo* a sort of *nouveau roman* deprived of the necessity of a plot, just with the colours of sentiments and sensations.

The characters, all dressed in black, love, desire, confront each other, laugh a sinister laughter, cry and pray. We assist to some sort of liturgy with all the ennui, appeal, deadly beauty and incomprehension it entails. But what characterises most of all Raffaella Giordano is the infinite slowness from which, all of sudden, sublime images come out, this austerity rid of clichés and fashionable frills, her taste for the unexpected. Characters don't often act as they are expected. If we give a microphone to a dancer /actress she stares at us and stays silent. What is the need of words after all? Better to be inhabited by the unutterable: we might be left alone with ourselves, but it can also stir unsettling emotions.

D.A. **La Marseillaise** 1<sup>st</sup> October 2002

### **The being and the world**

The word dance-theatre doesn't suitably define this artist's work which goes beyond both dance and theatre. Her proposal doesn't belong to neither of these two disciplines. It's not one possible story but all possible stories among individuals who try to live together. She replaces our selfish view of the world with a general principle of agreement and interdependence. Her work opens an endlessly troubled field amid conscience and matter, and becomes itself a living and changing entity. *Senza Titolo* is thus a spiritual work in the sense Tarkovsky intended: "through art man expresses his hope. Anything that doesn't express this hope, that has no spiritual foundation, has no relation to art".

Frédéric Kahn, **Mouvement.net**, 3 October 2002