

Our Bio - Tech Planet

Future of Plants and Humans



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SEVEN WAYS TO ASK FOR FORGIVENESS- TRANSCRIPT

Body and voice performance

Freely inspired by the story A New Year's Eve Adventure (E.T.A. HOFFMANN)

By Chiara Crupi and Luca Vonella (TEATRO A CANONE)

From an Idea of Franco Ruffini

Dramaturgy: Chiara Crupi

Directed by: Luca Vonella e Chiara Crupi

With (Teatro a Canone):

Luca Vonella

Chiara Crupi

and with the participation of the actors of VIVARIUM project:

Antonaros Valentina

Carnevale Ivan

Carucci Piergiuseppe

Fantozzi Ilaria

Giorgi Ilaria

Nemiz Giulia

Punzo Francesco Maria

Vignali Francesca

And with

Anna Sofia Albanese

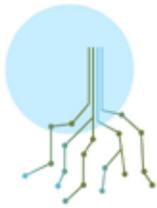
The song The Dance of the bee is by Anna Sofia Albanese

A man:

Inside the river
to be adamant
to stutter and to stumble
to leave land adoption
without alliance navigating
face to the sky
the boat body.
Be watched
from the heavenly lights,
the frankness of the fear
is a Nadir
that cures the wrists
and adjusts the directions.
If you feel shattered
You've got a strength
from which to feel.

TRANSCRIPTS





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A girl:

Sorry, I don't want to disturb you, but something strange has happened. I don't know exactly what it means... if I'm dreaming or if it's true. If there's a specific reason for that... If something I did. I'm ashamed, I don't know who to confide in. I thought the least embarrassing thing was to tell someone... I don't know. I don't see myself in the mirror anymore. I mean... I don't mirror anymore. I am not there... the mirror does not reflect my image... I literally lost my face... I would like to hide, I do not know where to find it, where to find my face! I'm looking for a mirror that can give it me back.

A man:

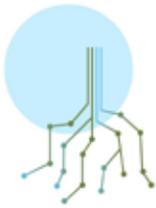
"Who sees the human figure correctly? The photographer, the mirror, or the painter?" (Pablo Picasso)
Perhaps the future that awaits us is a future without mirrors...

Figure n.1

For-give me and Re-ties , I don't feel anymore. I packed my bags, to penetrate the cracks. But why am I always hungry? I hope you hear me, I'm not a monster and neither are you, and we know this because we know each other. Could I have done more? Could I have saved you? I accompanied you... I wanted to, I should have. I don't know, I never knew now even more.

"Anyway we were so different and in this diversity so dangerous to each other, If it had been possible to foresee the mutual change of the child in its slow growth and of the mature man it would have been inferred that you would have simply crushed me without leaving any trace of me. But the events of existence are not predictable, but perhaps something worse has happened. At this point, I'd like to ask you not to even begin to forget your guilt. You have affected me how you should have affected only that you should stop considering as a particular evil on my part the fact that I have succumbed to this influence. You know how to raise a child, only following your character, with strength precisely, with noise and irascibility, because you saw fit, wanting to make me a strong and courageous man."
From Letter to the father, Franz Kafka.





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Figure n.2

To talk and to listen. To share. Perhaps this is the basis of any bond:
forgive me for not doing so

"Give me your hands for anxiety.
Give me your hands that I dreamed so much of in my solitude.
When I take them in my poor handshake and of fear, of turmoil and
haste,
Can you ever know what goes through me, what upsets me and
invades me? What thus says deep language, this mute talk of the
animal senses, without mouth and eyes, mirror without image; this
trembling of love that does not say words."
From *Elsa's Hands*, Louis Aragon

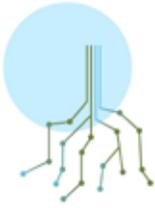
Figure n.3

It was a promise.
I promise you, remember?
A soap bubble for the wolves.
I ask your forgiveness, you forgive me if you can.

"My family decided to throw a party, opening the house. Near and far relatives participated in the festivities, Sara (my mother), between nervous risolini and sugary tears, ran from one relative to another in the anxiety of being loved. In the midst of so many ugly ducklings he was the only swan, so he attracted all kinds of rudeness. My father was invited to play cards and took away so much money. Nobody cared for me. As if they didn't see me. I sat for hours, not eating, in a corner. What did I have to do with those people? What kind of life was that? Next to a large linden tree, the only tree that adorned the garden, was an axe. Pushed by an uncontrollable impulse I grabbed it and began to hit the trunk fiercely. Only many years later did I realize the crime I had committed. For me, at that moment, when I still felt connected to the world and did not consider families as family trees, that vegetable was not a sacred creature but an unknown symbol that catalyzed my despair and my hatred. I increased the intensity of the blows losing the notion of time and space. I came back to me after half an hour: I was hitting a wound that by now had dug half of the trunk. My uncle rushed at me. I let go of the axe and you will punch him in the belly. He fell sitting on the ground, crushing the daisies with his fat back. Total paralysis. I invited them, strict judges, they looked at me like wax statues. Among them Sara, paonazza of shame. Jaime, behind the group, pretended indifference. The trunk of the lime tree, big and straight, cracked and threatened to break. "Get out of here, wild, and never return!". I felt filled with intense emotion. With growing satisfaction I felt that I was about to burst into a good laugh. I went out into the street and started to run, breathing drunk with happiness. I knew that this terrible act marked for me the beginning of a new life. And more precisely the beginning of my life."

Based on *The dance of reality*, Alejandro Jodorowsky





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Figure n.4

For not giving you space, speech, margin for error.
For denying you carefree
For stifling the scream of your pain.
For building the wall of distance.

It's been a long time, yeah, I haven't written.
All the news has aged.
I've aged too: look, in relief,
These marks on me, not caresses
(so lightweight) that you made me face:
They're wounds, thorns, memories
left by life to your child, who at sunset
He loses the wisdom of children.
My lack of you is not so much
At bedtime, when you said
"God bless you," and the night opened in a dream.
And when I wake up, I see a corner
The accumulated night of my days,
and I feel that I am alive, and that I do not dream.

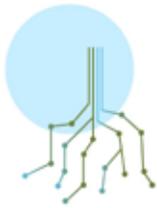
From Lesson of Things, Carlos Drummond De Andrade

Figure n.5

I was a victim of myself. I was afraid. I saw the past horror again, I couldn't fight it without hitting you. But it was a direct blow to me.

"Perhaps
what you sometimes hear shouting in your heart
is not even true:
that this life is,
within your being,
a nothing
and that what you called the light
is a daze,
the extreme blunder
of your sick eyes
and that what you pretended the goal
is a dream,
the infamous dream
of your weakness.
Perhaps life is really
what you discover in the young days:
an eternal breath looking for
- heaven in heaven -
who knows what height.
But we are like the grass of the meadows





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that feels above itself the wind
and all sings in the wind
and always lives in the wind,
and yet it does not know how to grow
so as to stop that supreme flight
nor to leap up from the earth
to drown in him."

Meadows, Antonia Pozzi

Figure n. 6

Sorry if I said that I leave with others, it was too much for you and seeing your crying look confirmed me how much I still love you

"My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak. Why do you thinking of? What thinging? What?"

I never know what you are you thinking. Think"

I think we are in rats' alley

Where the dead man Lost their Bones.

"What Is that noise? The Wind under the Door. "What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?"

Nothing again nothing.

"You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember nothing?"

I remember

From Be my knife di David Grossman

Figure n. 7

Quanto tempo è passato? E ho ancora paura di assomigliarti quando mi guardo allo specchio. Vorrei solo abbracciarti. E fare pace.

"Se potessi, ti comprerei una casa grande enorme, capace di contenere la tua anima e la riempirei, con tutti i tuoi sogni grandi e piccoli tappeti, quadri, libro e tantissimi soprammobili. Te li porterei da tutto il mondo. Statuette di uccelli, barattoli enormi, per i cetrioli sottaceto, specchi decorati e lampade cinesi, pizzi e merletti. E costruirei la casa con un sacco di finestre. Perché è terribile pensare a te in quella casa vuota..."

From The Waste Land, T.S. Eliot

