



My love for you will never die

project, realization **Kinkaleri /Matteo Bambi, Luca Camilletti, Massimo Conti, Marco Mazzoni, Gina Monaco, Cristina Rizzo** | with **Luca Camilletti, Marco Mazzoni, Cristina Rizzo** | production **Festival di Santarcangelo, Teatro Studio di Scandicci, Kinkaleri - 2001** | in collaboration with **Xing - Link Project Perform, CRT di Milano** | with the support of **Regione Toscana, MiBAC – Dipartimento dello Spettacolo**

:the place of evidence of unforgettable acts, arriving, staying, nodding, yawning, glancing, whispering, smiling, sighing, sleeping. A place appointed for the quest that empties the objects out and puts its trust in the sweet surface with an attitude of plain connection of acts, no patrolling or reconnaissance, an unsettled volume without a reference that cannot leave a mark of itself but its own emptiness. A space cleared out of the fine appearance, delivered from that shining glorification of beauty that obliterates the right to hazard. A calm and very tender foreign land is the relation of the spectator witnessing the performance; a tenderness to relieve the sense and the dread of such foreign land: like an eye receiving from the outside and displaying inflexibly, as the hidden life developing in a Turkish bath where the fog and the heat welcome bodies bending their heads and thinking of themselves, a drop making its way slowly from the chin to the neck, to the chest, then collapsing to the ground. The eyes do not get beyond anymore, they get caught by the millimetric detail, and they give up their duty to an inexhaustible astonishment where things just show themselves. To see becomes to know of being seen by things. Time becomes a different time, the time of the eyes and the time of each thing, of their crossing one another and of their mutual return to themselves. The very eyes of the spectator: the distance that gauges, does not part and protects, it creates an unknown intimacy that is a wreck. What is being hidden is the evidence of wanting to show the single act as an abject of itself: the very tender vanity of becoming. The body as a carrier of itself, lifelike in the presence not destroyed by each obligation of being, though just hinted at, gets to an essentiality where every thickening of the ego has been consumed with a density bearing lightness and attraction: the wonderful artlessness of the opening. To make oneself invisible and check the validity of the contemporary experience of feeling, aware of setting oneself at the limit of the well-known fields. A performance dedicated to nobody in particular:

video: <https://vimeo.com/133704699>

PRESS REVIEW:

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by Andrea Nanni - Prima Fila, *May 2001*

Scandicci (Firenze), Teatro Studio - [...] Sunk by foreshortenings of natural landscapes swept by the wind, the staging volume shuts up into household sounds – the rustle of the pages of a book rather than the stylus following the grooves in a vinyl record – making itself go through by sequence shots pervaded with a thin restlessness, while the looks and the points of view increase by bridling the emptiness with illusoriness, as wholly proved by a cruel masculine duet and an impenetrable feminine portrait realised thanks to the virtual mirror of a technology poetically immaterial. While wiping themselves out with more and more rigour and intensity, Kinkaleri attend the limits of being on stage with a solidity of language as much as of its evanescence, bearing witness to rightly being among the most advanced experiences in the latest Italian theatrical generation. All built by clearing off and away, 'My love for you will never die' introduces itself as the first stage of a strengthened wish for bringing themselves and everything into play beyond every barrier of genre and style with strong-mindedness and boldness, that is reassuring in these times of servile normalisation. The previously unreleased tenderness that spreads through the stage doesn't savour of surrender at all.

My love

by Paolo Ruffini – Kult, *July 2001*

Scandicci (Firenze), Teatro Studio - [...] the latest performance by the Florentine Kinkaleri puts at zero for good the sense and the form that support it: *My love for you will never die* has to be lived as a work of art, a dynamic installation, a picture out of the picture, a philosophic expression played and acted rather than told. The Word made flesh, Beckett would say, a state of wait beyond the emptiness, but also a way of looking at oneself and of paying time to the small cares, the innermost emotions, the perception of what is imperceptible where everything takes a new shape, or rather everything gets amplified by the eyes of the spectator. An empty room with a white sofa on a side and a red fish tank as in Matisse, vivid lights; in another corner an old turntable and some vinyl records that will be played alternatively by an actor; on the other side some short danced incursions report possible collapses and refer us to the images projected on the floor, a central square at the back of the stage where the tumultuous contrasts of nature stream. The ending is left to the suspension of other images: a body scrupulously sounded by a telecamera while for real on stage the same person makes the same gestures and movements. The suggestion is very strong in such apparent and very beautiful no-meaning of the events, because, indeed, it is 'a space cleared out of the fine appearance'.

DJ, disco e lounge: la danza come passatempo

by Fabio Acca – Godot, *24 April 2001*

Bologna, Link Project - [...] *My love for you will never die* rationalises completely the composition process of the easy listening assuming the latter as a model of a dramatic construction in the attempt of starting the spectator toward the same attitude of an argued passive perception. A sinking into the surface of the theatrical sound, feeling and sensing the aesthetic signs of a world given as accidental, with a fluid and convincing style, for which one could rightly talk of easy feeling. [...] Sipping small events, amplified by a necessary statics, continuously renewed by the blinding white that cyclically marks the space of the perception.