



1.9cc GLX

project and realization **Kinkaleri - Matteo Bambi, Luca Camilletti, Massimo Conti, Marco mazzoni, Gina Monaco, Cristina Rizzo** | with **Matteo Bambi, Marco Mazzoni, Gina Monaco, Cristina Rizzo** | production **Kinkaleri – 1998** | in collaboration with **Festival di Castiglioncello, Centro Regionale Toscano per la Danza, LINK Project, AUT, Officine cinematografiche**

from the famous book by Carlo Lorenzini or rather the adventures of Pinocchio the puppet.

The act of explicitly not mentioning carries suspicion, protection, curiosity, intention, decency, arrogance, hypothesis, distance, acceptance, seduction, revenge, impossibility, mafia, complicity, inadequacy.

It was the spell at first, the bewitchment, the allusive distance seeing us off in the warm and comfortable world of fable.

It is loss and spell and for that reason at the end has to be broken.

It is reached absent-mindedly, by the usual “once upon a time (there was)” a suspension of the space and of the verb that half foretelling and half straying is declined to a time and a place - clandestine.

It is the place of fable, and the fabulous resetting of the world that prophesies its own disenchantment from history, where the spell-bound man is struck dumb and the estranged nature begins to speak.

It is the place of listening, or the listening of the place, the coming of silence, all around but one at a time.

Thanks.

- Lets get starting, but without King.

He is missing for once.

The subject, the verb and the word are missing, dashed to the forced world of acoustic grammar one moment before being able to close one’s ears.

The look is missing and the eyeglance and the perspective sight of the inspection as well, relegated to the consumption of the scrap and of the lonely splinter dropped in there maybe by chance.

It is due to the lack and to the defect that story, reduced to sound, voluminous and croaking through the different levels of listening, finds its way out in the waves of final amplifiers, being subject to the impedance of the mechanical tool.

And the infant awaits.

Incubated in the yellow heart of the set and lovingly protected by mother nature whose engineering tickles the reckless presence of visible bodies, hidden bodies and bodies at the expiration point of origin.

Absolute and with no remainder; so sweet and so cruel, so big-hearted while bestowing kisses and sharp caesuras.

It happens anyhow or at least it must have happened.

In the solemn place of insolent and ironical tapestry and decoration, of fragile indigences, littlenesses, distresses and lacks, of wrongly put accuracies, of devotion, of escape.

It is the field of miracles and marvels with its spell-bound house that gives hospitality to the story of its beloved Pinocchio, giving it back as a miniature of small inanimate relics.

The spell is broken.

video <https://vimeo.com/252250091>