

Naturae Overture

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“In 2016, during the final scene of the performance “Dopo la Tempesta” (After the Tempest), when the Child and Him held their hands and they turned their backs to Shakespeare’s world, to the fresco of intrigues and plots which they wanted to betray and to disavow as the foundation of their existence, spectators weren’t alone to contemplate the ruins. We imagined that we followed the Child and Him in the journey to get away from themselves, that we crossed together the first valley, the valley of research, and that we also met Fumes, the Grey Man, the Antique dealer and all the other marvellous figures which inhabited Beatitudo’s lake.

Where are the Child and Him going now?

The question which has tormented us for two years, before we arrived at Borges, comes back harder than ever. Because the Christian «Leave everything and follow me», which comes back in many other different cultures, remains the most incredible challenge ever issued to a man, still unbeaten. It is really hard to ask for more.

In Farid ad-Din Attar’s The Conference of the Birds, one of the recurring texts that sometimes I thought to stage with the company and that has remained inside us instead like a deep trace, there is a moment that I have always found enlightened, the moment when the birds, invited by the Upupa to undertake a harsh and risky journey in search of the Simurgh, came up with excuses to stay where they are: « Why leave? Who is better than me, nurtured and peaceful on the king’s shoulder? ». It is way too easy to identify us with that reluctance. In my everyday work I discover, for instance, that the very first one who wants to re-enact Macbeth it’s me. The first one who would fight the Three Day Battle it’s me. I recognise myself in the sources, I am tempted by them, they tickle my imagination. Then, something inside me takes another direction and I think that if I were Achille, I wouldn’t take the arms that were offered to me, I would like other powers, maybe the ability to talk with stones and plants.

If his arms were the language of trees that I don’t know and the unknown grammars of the nature and of all the cosmos and visible and invisible universes, then I would really accept them.

I would be swallowed by the sea, by the rocks, by the water and by the air. I would be one with this world that stays motionless, without giving any sign, any counsel, not taking care of our existence, not taking part in it.

Even so, each time I discover how much difficult is to get away from myself, because we carry inside us our bonds, memories, ideas, stories, choices, people, identities that continuously represent themselves.

As soon as you try to get away, reality shows his protective and suffocating motherly face.

It has been said that Dante, at the beginning, tried to start from Paradise to write the Divina Commedia, because Paradise was what he needed, but he didn’t succeed, so he took a step back and he started from Hell. In the Conference of the Birds, Christ is stopped at the fourth sky and he couldn’t ascend to the seventh sky, because he brought a pin with him. Even God’s Son couldn’t separate himself from everything.

How much easier would be, actually, to turn back and let ourselves go to something that we know and that welcome us?

The saga continues instead, against every tiredness and every fear, with the awareness that the

research of a place in which we can be something different from what we are now is not exhausted and, every time, after an extraordinary enthusiasm, we find ourselves coming to terms with what of us remains, harnessed by the same excuses of Attar's birds.

Now, we don't have any clue about the place where we are travelling to, about the people we are going to meet in the next valley.

Only one thing is certain: that the arrival we are looking for is not in the sky, nor on earth, that is not a god, nor an exotic place elsewhere, but that everything is inside us, in our nature, on the contrary, in our infinite natures.

There is an entire world of qualities that tries to emerge from the pit we relegated it: Harmony, Joy, Wonder, Innocence.

We must have faith in the impossibility, because it has already happened before that impossibility has been achieved, and because we simply can't continue to live like this forever, only trying to keep ourselves alive, defending ourselves and fighting back.

Our civilisation is not a landing, it is a phase of passage.

Evolution has not stopped.

Every generation has a new challenge at the horizon, we are entitled to overcome Homo Sapiens to go meet Homo Felix.

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