

# PIUME

A fragile and comical dance between  
absurdity and truth



**A journey through the struggles and resources of Loneliness,  
through the emotional roller-coaster of a woman who's waiting.  
But for what ? For him? For herself ? For new reasons?  
A loop, and the ways to overcome it.**



***...Women have a bad habit of falling  
into a well every now and then, of  
allowing themselves to be seized  
by a terrible melancholy and  
drowning in it, struggling to get  
back to the surface.  
NATALIA GINZBURG***

# INSPIRATION/THEMES

It all started with personal experience.

Realising how universal it could be and how it could speak to others, I deepened the images, the paintings, the physical material with which to try to tell, coming from my suggestions and conflicting references.

Texts and paintings by Frida Kahlo, texts by Natalia Ginzburg, films by Pedro Almodovar, images of Japanese Zen and Butoh dance, melodic Italian songs, texts by Tom Waits, sounds and movements of birds.

The performance investigates and reasons upon Waiting...

...as expectation

...as illusion and excuse

...as immobility

...as evasion and resource

...as an intimate and suspended moment of infinite freedom, or of great prison.

Waiting leaves us alone with ourselves... we may feel lost and abandoned, dependent on the object of our desire.

In the grip of time passing, loneliness becomes anguish, in spirals of twisting and twisted thoughts.

We get stuck in this obsession, as if we were telling our misfortunes to a well that returns only the useless echo of our words.

Waiting can be a refuge too, though: solitude lets us free to be as we really want to be.

We can sometimes take unexpected turns and find new resources in it, supported in opening up glimpses into our inner worlds, resonating with a rhythm, or thinking of flying like a bird.

Is escape an exit from reality or another part of it? Another me?

Is it evasion or is it freedom?

An emotional seesaw between the freedom to 'be' and the fear of not being enough for oneself, of not being able 'to be without'.

Does the gaze of those we love draw the boundaries of our 'being'?

The eyes of the other, like a mirror, give us back our own image.

Without your eyes, like lighthouses aimed at me, I disappear into the darkness of nothingness, I don't exist.

How must I be to have them?

Or how must I appear?

Like this, or different?

How do you want me?

How do I want myself?

And how am I?

*You haven't looked at me that way in years*

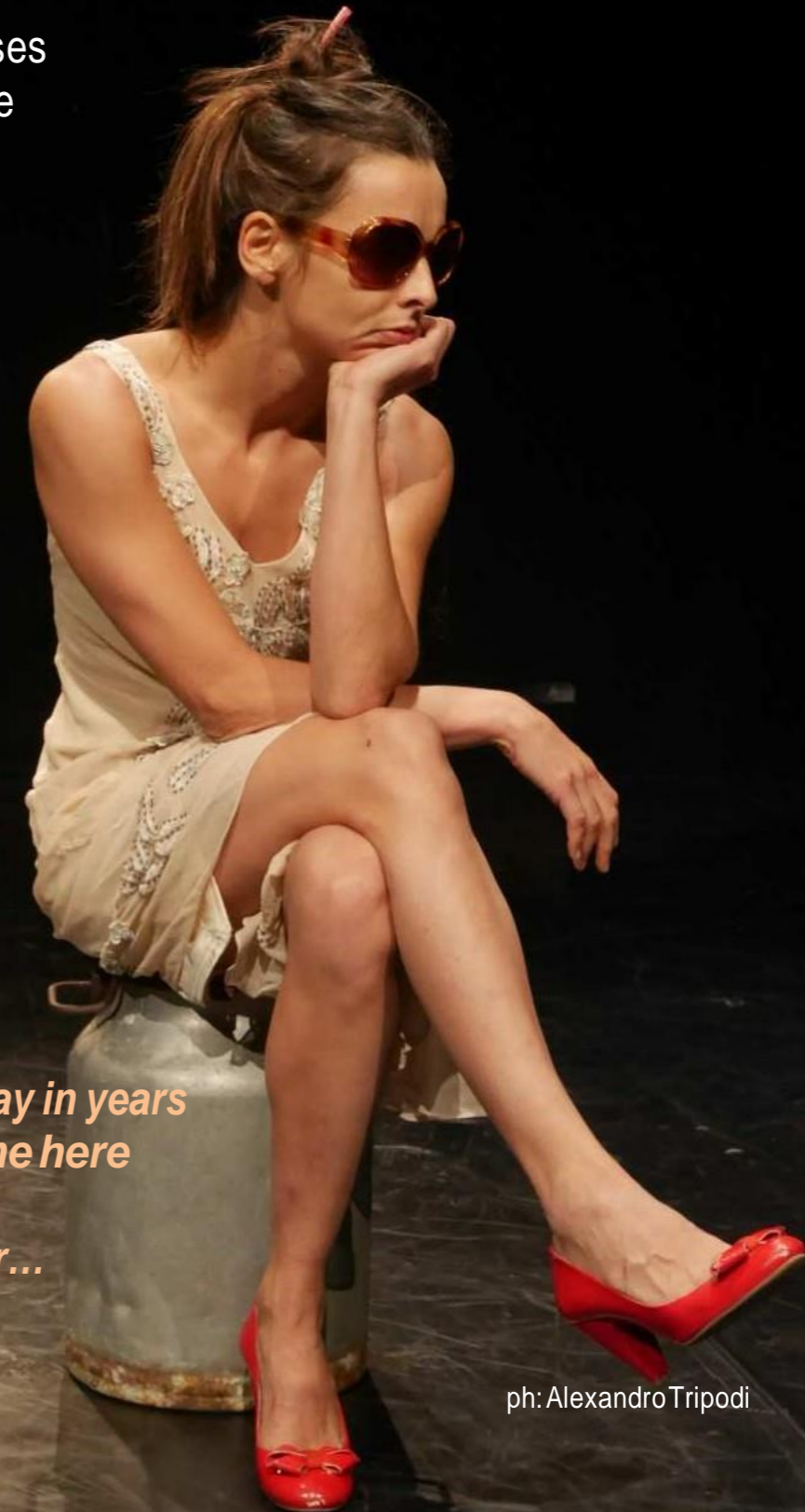
*You dreamed me up and left me here*

*How long was I waiting for*

*What was it you wanted me for...*

*But I'm still here*

*TOM WAITS*



ph: Alexandro Tripodi

# STRUCTURE AND RESEARCH

The show follows different amalgamated sections, each signaled by a different color and feeling.

The journey through the different emotional states guides the audience through the facets of the woman's condition.

**Techniques** blend and the borders between circus, contemporary dance, singing and theatre vanish: circus is "subterranean; it is "circus" the ways in which the scenes and frames are conceived.

It is "circus" how objects are explored and leveraged through each of their features, as symbolic elements or virtuous tools.

The trusted bucket, immutable object, contrasts the constantly transforming female figure, becoming alternatively a travelling companion, a place to leave from and to return to, of beginning and end, a tool for transformation.

A home, prison, well, a head... or just a bucket.

The **stage presence** works on a fragility exposed to the public.

I move inside the clown play, on the borders of truth and deception.

I alternate madness and lucidity, giving life to poetic or grotesque, funny or sublime dynamics.

The use of body and voice, apparently natural, are the result of a precise research and choreography to shape the mood of each part.

**Movement** is key to reach those frames and moods I wished to represent, abstracting them from my own experience and turning them into a universal tale. Bringing a photo to life, finding the dynamics of an emotion, the rhythm and gestures of a condition.

I have therefore associated abstract and impalpable emotions with concrete bodily states such as cold, hyperventilation, itching, or with material states of nature such as the hardness of stone, the flexibility of reed in the wind, the movements of a flyer.

Starting from a research over the feeling of Waiting, I have at first interpreted it with a naturalistic approach (doing nothing, waiting, respecting the body's time in immobility). Then by analysing the nuances of different emotions that enter into it such as hope, boredom, impatience. Finally, playing with tempo, rhythm and levels.

I arrived to writing body-scores with the small and large movements that slowly filled the immobility, interpreting emotions and materialising deeper and deeper thoughts.

**Music** supports some parts and alternates original pieces created specifically for the show with a motif taken from a Tom Waits song, played each time by a different instrument, which returns in a loop to describe the repetition of a situation.

**Voice** is an integral part of the work from the beginning, but the words only arrive through a song and a final poem that, like an epilogue, recount what has already been experienced.

*My night wears me out.  
It knows well that I miss you and all its darkness is not enough to hide  
this evidence that shines like a blade in the dark, my night would like to  
have wings to fly to you,  
Wrap you in your sleep and bring you back to me...  
FRIDA KAHLO*

# Credits

Idea and performance **Elena Burani**  
**Andrea Bettaglio** director's assistant  
**Alice Roma** dramaturgy support  
**Eufemia Mascolo** music  
**Rocio Espana Rodriguez** lights

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The show is intended for an audience aged 7+  
Duration is 40 mins



*I used to think I was the weirdest person in the world but then I thought, there are so many people in the world, there must be someone just like me, who feels weird and flawed in the same way I do. I'd like to imagine her, and imagine that she must be out there and that she's thinking about me too. Well, I hope that if you're out there and you read this, you know that yes, it's true, I'm here and I'm weird just like you.*  
**FRIDA KAHLO**



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