

WS TEMPEST | TEATRO DEL LEMMING

PRESS REVIEW

Massimo Munaro asks audiences to leave bags, jackets and cell phones outside the scenic space, in order to enter in another reality - theatre - that will try to confuse and provoke us. And so Lemming creates visions that alternate delicacy and incisiveness, proximity and estrangement [...] the concluding picture is very impressive: the naked body of an actress is covered with the leaves hand-written by the actors that now are wet and stuck to her skin, as if in the wreck of the mind remain stuck only dreams, the substance of which seems to have made this evanescent puppet. Fernando Marchiori, www.ateatro.it

The audience was co-star for what can not be defined a show, but rather an experience. "We're at theatre, so it's all fake and it's all true." [...] Spectators / actors were guided just inside the concept of theatre. "You do not have the key, but you do not need it, because the door is open." [...] At the end, the Shakespearean pages dissolved in the water the written words and, becoming papier-papier, were molded over a naked, impetuously imperfect body. A cocoon from which reborn after the process of metamorphosis, of catharsis. Maria Luisa Abate, www.teatro.it

There is no stage, the action is alive, we have been catapulted immediately, there are no comfortable arm-chairs, but a large room, darkly illuminated in the beginning only by hot candles, is a daunting choice, is an action theater. Like the actors, we are in the movement, we run, we move, we are dragged into this marathon of thoughts, marathon of madness and strong adrenaline. And then everything works, you feel inside the work, touched, moved physically, as a spectator / actor you move the scenic space and you feel part of a whole, a storm, which is not just the one told by Shakespeare, but it is also the one in which we sink more or less consciously every day. We're all in the storm, we see it, the door is open and we do not need the key, we are active in a crazy circus of delirium where there are no boundaries, we are moved, we are attending and we are somehow active participators of torture, we are in the scene, we with them and them with us. [...] WS Tempest is a brave performance, the young cast unreservedly give itself to the public, with the honesty and intensity of those who are aware that it is necessary to continue to cross the existing boundaries between those who are here and who is there, the boundaries of a conventional theater that tries to plant on the ruins, while here we plant on the naked person, on the bare souls that give themselves. [...] and if we "are made of the same stuff of which dreams are made on", the end is made of sublime poetry. We are all Prosperous. Giacomo Guidi, Laura Girotti, www.gufetto.press

All this wreck takes place through succession of actions, snapshots that the actors perform between themselves and with us, touching us and talking with us. We look at a scene and behind us there's another one, whose contours are blurry and far away. [...] WS Tempest is tumultuous and magmatic, profoundly experiential in finding a meaning in each single viewer. Valentino Bettega, www.bolognateatri.net

The tempest is a state of mind, created by fragments of phrases that actors whisper or shout at the travelers, created by moving in and out of space. It is a journey into an imaginary made of ancient books, water, earth and dolls that move the first steps [...]. It is a search for meaning: it is the amletic question, Ariel's song, is the act V, scene V of Macbeth where life is compared to the fleeting act of the actor. [...] Shipwreck is the empathy created by an actress who uses the Venetian dialect, is the creation of a collective ritual, explicated by the sound of the drum accompanied by the march of naked-chest artists: similar priests of a Dionysian function. It is the search for the meeting with each other. Martina Vullo, paneacquaculture.net