



# PULLING THE WIRE

**A wire is not what you would imagine. It is not a universe of lightness, space, smiles. Pulling the wire is a tough job. It is a trade. Sober, rough, disheartening. Those who don't want to embark in a stubborn fight made of useless efforts, deep trouble, traps, those who are not ready to give everything to feel alive, they don't need to become a tightrope walker. Above all, they couldn't.**  
**"On the High Wire"**  
**Philippe Petit**

**"I won't fear death, I won't worry about it. What matters is the trace my life or my death will leave in other people's lives"**

We are tools of memory, each one of us with their lives. Everyone with something to tell, to give to the others. It is important, vital, to collect our memories, every time we can: it is so valuable because it give us back the meaning of here and now in our lives. So far, it's been a long journey. I've walked, knocked at doors, talked, asked, listened, learning to stay. A journey is not only about new places, adventures, surprises, peace and certainties. A journey is also a long stay in the dark areas of our hearts, sometimes painful, when we keep asking questions that aren't always answered. At times you get some light, some air; sometimes you don't. Nevertheless, I know that most times people open up your eyes and heart by telling you their stories, their feelings, their experiences.

This is all part of the journey. I've been collecting stories for years. These stories are often neglected, forgotten or lost in faraway places. Collecting means giving yourself some time to "go through" places and people. There are many and different places, as there are many and different people.

We do a good job when we feel that we belong to the story we are working with. It takes patience and perseverance. You need to madly, sometimes obsessively, pursue something nobody else can see, only you. Working this way requires the awareness of the meaning of working on the edges. When we stop enduring this zone and we start recognizing its beauty, its diversity, is possible alternatives, when we deliberately choose it, then the treasure we receive is way bigger than the difficulties we meet. Working independently is rough, though, disheartening



**Art defends liberty.  
Art chooses, explores, builds,  
starting from a personal,  
intimate, deep movement.  
Art doesn't close wounds,  
it opens them.  
Art creates relationships  
and chooses places.  
Art pulls cables.  
Painters, poets, players,  
acrobats... they are the ones  
who have been working and will  
work to prevent the heart  
of the world from stopping.**

most of the times. It is an endless, tiring, terrible work, sometimes insufferable but extraordinarily moving and alive.

Theatre needs living matter. It needs to go through a physical, psychic and emotional experience. It needs channels, care, accuracy, attention. But it especially needs encounters and relationships between human beings and their experiences.

It all dates back to 2001, after a degree at the Accademia in Rome. Fifteen years, travelling and working in complex and peculiar situations: in Brazil with the indios Guarani Kaiowà and the Sem Terra in South Mato Grosso, the Saterè Mawè in the Amazon, in Nicaragua, Chile, Mexico, in Africa with the former girl soldiers in Ivory Coast, in Malawi, and in Bali.

My way of watching and listening has changed in time.

The beginning of each research is a solitary moment. The Other and I. When you meet this "otherness", when you're alone with the "other" and talk and listen, filters and borders disappear, you are trustfully defenceless. It takes time and need.

The first play, *Aisha*, is the true story of a former girl soldier I met in Ivory Coast. The second is dedicated to another amazing woman I met in Udine, my hometown: Rosa Cantoni, a partisan courier, deported to Ravensbrück, who died in 2009. The last encounter is with the community of Cave del Predil, which gave birth to *Miniere*. I keep searching, together with some travel companions who share with me these projects and I keep with me all the faces I observed, all the words I collected, and the paths I have taken in the most intimate and personal way. I keep believing and thinking that the beauty of this job lies in its difficulties, its unpredictable metamorphosis, its incredible strength in bringing together people in a unique way. In Malawi they say "Quona maso ancono n'cudeca" which means that it takes patience to be able to look a snail in the eyes. It means that if we keep going, patiently, something will eventually happen and it might become something extraordinary.