

## **Fratto\_X – director’s note**

by *Antonio Rezza; Flavia Mastrella*

### **The story**

The remote-controlled device turns circles: light-heartedness has no place here. The lump of scrap metal comes in, skin hanging onto it. And with a loud voice. It spins round and goes off. Distant shouts, echoing words. It comes back and goes off. The echo fades. A lost taxi is a missing wail, desperation in circles with fake self-criticism, victimism of the regime, tyrannical modesty and customary tyranny. Everything resembling it gains power. And Rocco and Rita ape not one another but oneself. There’s always something to learn by imitating oneself. But he who imitates himself is the canker in the ear of he who listens. And ambition rots. Anxiety is not a state of mind but a postural error. Form and dementia never travel alone. Among the desert dunes migratory birds fly contentedly over the heads of two serene men, slightly perturbed by the arrogance of the potentate of the day – an anthropomorphic being with arms deformed by the electoral compromise. Culture is chopped into bits by those who love dramatizing. And then the voice of one makes the other speak, moving his mouth in hearsay. And he complains about his speaking so little with the voice that makes him speak. He quarrels with the voice that keeps him in this world. Applause for he who has little to bow about. Rarified by saintliness, Rita da Cascia desecrates the homeland; she loves not for sentiment but for residence: we are under a division (fratto) that kills, dying from excessive simplification. The sumo wrestler pre-sum-es that pre-sum-ing is excessive. Shrouds face to face with animated cardboard redeemers. Warriors returning from nothing and tormenting mirrors put words in the mouth of the mirrored.

### **Can one talk to one who gives you voice?**

Can one answer with the same voice as that of the one who asked the question?

Two people are discussing existence. One of the two has time to think while the other is talking; he suspects a trick but isn’t sure. Manipulation is at the base of a correct lifestyle. For the umpteenth time, form changes through expressive violence. Never as in this case, or better, once again in this case, hate towards the mystification of theatre, cinema and literature is relentless.

Power lies in surviving those who die.

We are ready to rule.

One just needs to die a little bit more.

**Antonio Rezza**

**The Fratto\_X habitat is an impetus of photographic suggestions.** The images describe the road that runs and the impossibility to act. Illuminated trails materialise with the disturbing delicacy of flowers seen close up. Like 7-14-21-28, Fratto\_X is also an ideogram, pursuing the vibrant, light freshness of the brush-stroke and the full colour of the 3D image. A stretch of warm skin organises anthropomorphic figures, swamped by flesh and carnality, victims disposed to mass persuasion. Uselessness permeates and compresses the characters who look out from the prohibition X. The Chair, light blue mutant vehicle, skin and rust, is borrowed from narrative theatre. The genetically modified Remote-controlled device and the Miracle of urbanisation are dependent mobile sculptures. The carcass of the warrior is proposed again as an epic presence only in form and attitude.

**Flavia Mastrella**