

EXTRAORDINARY NEWS FROM ANOTHER PLANET

A THEATRICAL ACTION FOR WAR MACHINES

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A white place, slightly bumpy, may seem a salt lake or a lunar valley. No trees, no animals. A white, diffuse lighting, powerful, unvaried, total. No trace of human beings. A great number of machines, the shapes of which are vaguely reminiscent of coleopters, poultry, dogs, leopards, but also missiles, lorries, armoured vehicles and guns, patrol this desert and seem to be seeking something or someone. They are restless as an animal influenced by the weather, they suddenly draw up in battle order, they move in column, retreat, or attack. They wait... They move as the vanguard. They speed up. These are movements preceding or following a war.

At first sight, the machines look like big toys, made of waste materials taken from motorcycles, cars, bicycles, computers, radios and radars. They are war machines, as noisy as the aggressive and roaring engines of tanks. They move slowly and constantly, but they can suddenly rear like frisked iron horses. These machines seem built by moulding plate, wheels, engines and headlights with tails, paws and animal instincts and still they appear to have a human indifference and potential violence.

A few houses appear. It is just an ordinary town, an ordinary street, with ordinary suburban street-lamps. The machines hit them with their violent lights, they seem to invade the rooms with their eyes. But we do not see any bombs, no destruction, no blood, everything has either just not happened yet, or just happened. Machines cannot lead to anything different. They are imprisoned in a repetitive act, of which the purpose has been lost.



Someone moves the machines, simply with ropes, just like an ancient game that can be endlessly repeated.

Nothing human appears during the action. Not a single voice, not a single trace of bodies. Only words appear on the big background, which can be seen as the pages of some diary, or as the computer screen of a normal teenager, the only difference being his place of birth (Kosovo, Algeria, Ethiopia or Kurdistan).

These are just thoughts, or fragments of written thoughts, in the night, under bombings or in refugee camps, scanned by the love poems or by the little occurrences of everyday life, by the horror of blood, by the deportations, and by the eradication from one's home land.

There are no human voices during the action, as they were reduced to silent thought. The only noise that can be heard is that of the machines, their movements and their engines. They mark the time or the music that is probably listened by that imaginary teenager with his earphone. The songs that tell about the landscapes of those who wish to retain a little bit of their normality.