A portrait of Marco Martinelli, a middle-aged man with grey hair, smiling slightly. He is wearing a dark sweater and is positioned in front of a dark blue curtain. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his face against the dark background.

**Marco Martinelli**

**Love's faithful**

**Marco Martinelli**

**Love's faithful**



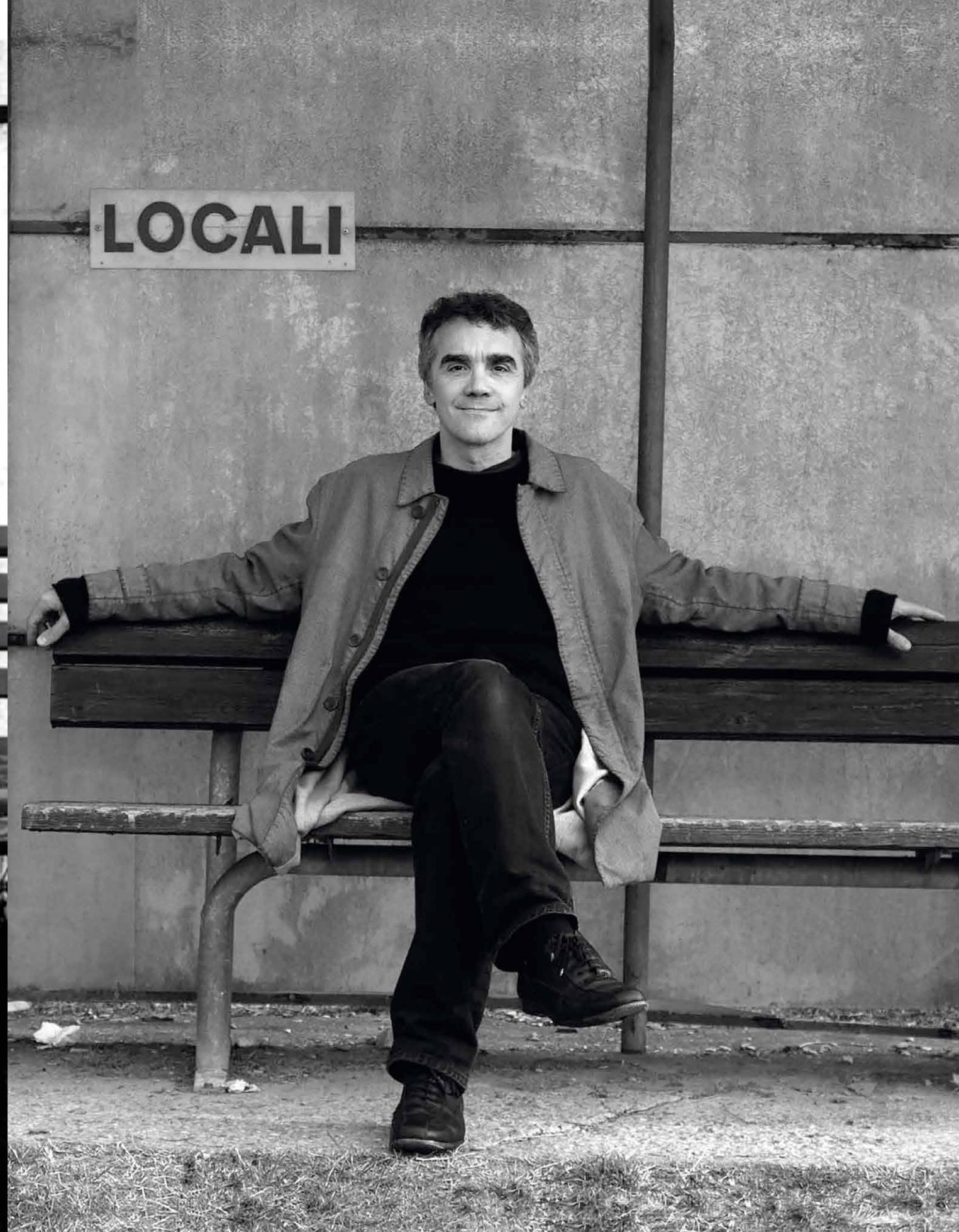
photo Claire Pasquier

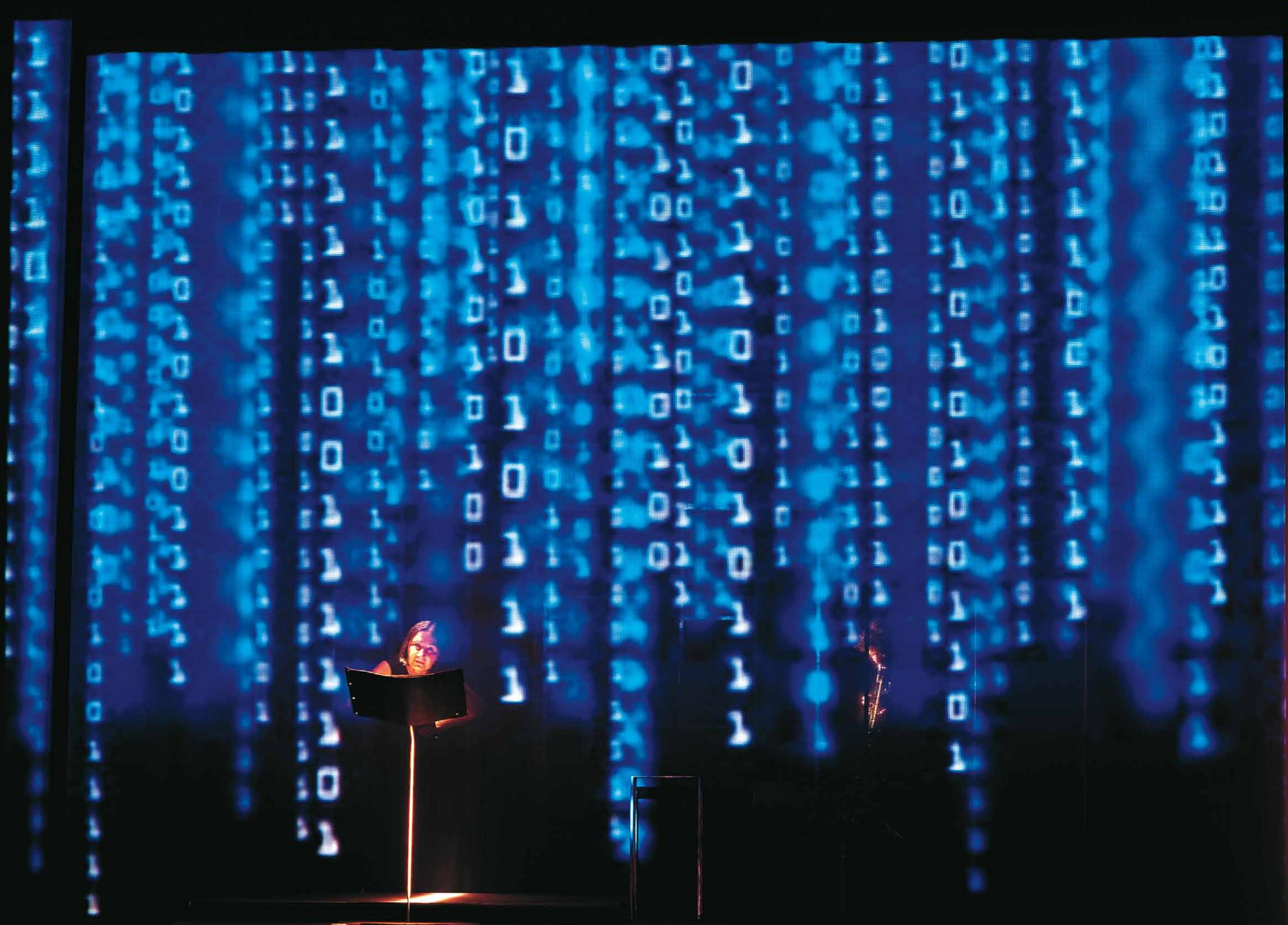
## MARCO MARTINELLI

**Marco Martinelli**, playwright and director, founded the Teatro delle Albe (1983) with Ermanna Montanari, sharing its artistic direction. His numerous acknowledgements include: five Ubu Prizes as director, playwright and educator, and “best curatorial project” for *Inferno*; the Hystrio Prize; the Golden Laurel at the International Mess Festival in Sarajevo; the Prize for Career Achievement - Festival Journées théâtrales de Carthage, and the Vereinigung Deutsch-Italienischer Kultur Gesel- Ischaften cultural award 2018. His texts have been published and staged in Italy, France (playwriting projects Face à Face and Fabulamundi), Belgium, Germany, Romania, Slovakia, Chile, Brazil and the United States (Italian Playwrights Project). In 2017 he debuted in film with *Aung San Suu Kyi's Life Under Arrest*, written and directed by Martinelli, script co-written by Martinelli and Montanari who also plays the title role. It was previewed at the Biografilm Festival and subsequently shown at other international festivals before being screened on general release and recognised as being of cultural interest by the MiBACT-Direzione Cinema. In 2018 his *Farsi luogo* was published in French - *Se faire lieu. Brèche dans le théâtre en 101 mouvements*, foreword by Marco Consolini - Université de la Sorbonne Nouvelle-Paris 3, Alternatives théâtrales edition, translation by Laurence Van Goethem - and in 2019 will be published in German by Alexander Verlag Berlin, translation by Peter Kammerer. In 2018 Editoria&Spettacolo published Marco Martinelli *Un Drammaturgo Corsaro*, edited by Maria Dolores Pesce. He is founder of the *non-school*, a theatre-educational practice with adolescents which has become a point of reference from Ravenna to Naples and Dakar, from Mons to New York.

“Marco Martinelli is a very fine director of genius who manages to remain faithful to a text and to betray it, as only the best theatre succeeds in doing. He brings together the surreal dimension, making it a concrete and not only metaphoric instrument for understanding his times. [...] simply the best that Italian theatre has produced in recent years.”

**Roberto Saviano**, La Repubblica, April 2, 2007





## FEDELI D'AMORE POLITTICO IN SETTE QUADRI PER DANTE ALIGHIERI

NOTA : il primo quadro si ispira alla morte di Dante Alighieri, avvenuta nella notte tra il 13 e il 14 dicembre 1321, a causa di una febbre malarica contratta in viaggio a Venezia. A parlarci è la nebbia che copre la città e entra dalle fessure delle pareti nella camera dove il poeta sta morendo: in quel viaggio a Venezia Dante faceva da ambasciatore del signore di Ravenna, Guido Novello da Polenta, con l'incarico di scongiurare una guerra tra le due città. Nel secondo quadro prende voce un demone del Flegetonte, la fossa infernale in cui sono puniti coloro che fanno morire di morte violenta il prossimo. Nel terzo quadro prende voce un asino che ha portato sulle spalle Dante Alighieri. Nel quarto quadro è un altro diavoletto a parlare, quello che irride alla smania degli esseri umani di accumulare ricchezze. Nel quinto quadro l'autore parte dalla invettiva dantesca contro la "serva Italia" per riportarla al presente. Nel sesto quadro è Antonia, la figlia di Dante Alighieri, che veglia il padre morente, e ricorda ai presenti che da giovane il poeta apparteneva al gruppo dei fedeli d'Amore, poeti come lui. Nell'ultimo quadro è una voce misteriosa a rivelarci l'ultima visione di Dante, nel decisivo passaggio dalla vita alla morte.

**fedeli d'Amore** è un testo bilingue, in italiano e dialetto di Ravenna, la città dove Dante ha vissuto gli ultimi anni.

## LOVE'S FAITHFUL POLYPTYCH IN SEVEN PANELS FOR DANTE ALIGHIERI

NOTE: the first panel is inspired by the death of Dante Alighieri, which occurred during the night between 13 and 14 December 1321, due to a malarial fever contracted while travelling to Venice. Here, what speaks is the mist covering the city and seeping in through the cracks in the walls of the room where the poet is dying: in his voyage to Venice, Dante had acted as the ambassador of the lord of Ravenna, Guido Novello da Polenta, charged with avoiding a war between the two cities. In the second panel, we hear the voice of a demon in Phlegethon, the circle of hell that punishes those who commit violent crimes on their fellow men. In the third panel, a donkey who once carried Dante Alighieri on his back is the one who speaks. Another demon's voice is heard in the fourth panel, deriding mankind's lust for wealth. In the fifth panel, the author takes up Dante's invective against "servile Italy" and applies it to the present. In the sixth panel, Antonia, Dante Alighieri's daughter, watching over her dying father, reminds us that as a youth he belonged to the group of Love's faithful poets like him. In the last panel, a mysterious voice reveals Dante's last vision to us, during his final passage from life to death.

**Love's faithful** is a bilingual text, in Italian and the dialect spoken in Ravenna, the city where Dante lived during his last years.

primo quadro

**È LA NEBBIA CHE PARLA, IN UN'ALBA  
DEL 1321**

*A so indapartot  
Stamatena*

*A so indapartot*

*Int la lerga*

*Sora e fiom  
Adòs ai mont  
Alà in elt*

*A so indapartot  
Stamatena*

*A so neca què  
Int'la cambra de scrittor*

*J à lasè avèrt la finestra*

il poeta bandito  
il poeta scacciato  
EGO SCRIPTOR  
*e' scritòr*

*l'e lè  
in te su let*

*in tla su cambra color d'rosa*

*la fevra ul scianta*

*coma  
una lonza*

first panel

**THE FOG SPEAKS, ONE DAWN  
IN 1321**

I am everywhere  
This morning

Everywhere

In the fields

Over the river  
Cloaking the mountains  
Way up there

I'm everywhere  
This morning

I'm here too  
In the writer's room

They left the window open

the banished poet  
the exiled poet  
EGO SCRIPTOR  
the writer

is there  
in his bed

in his rose-colored room

fever flays him

like  
a lynx

*sono ovunque / stamattina / sono ovunque / nei campi / sul fiume / addosso ai monti / là in alto / sono ovunque /  
stamattina / sono anche qui / nella camera dello scrittore / hanno lasciato aperta la finestra  
lo scrittore / è lì / nel suo letto / nella sua camera del colore di rosa / la febbre lo schianta / come*

lo morde la morte  
*la j entra in tal j os*

nella scatola del cranio  
lo penetra, lo spacca

*coma ca so me  
me  
c'a so indapartot  
stamatena*

smuore  
*e' scrittor*  
la mente annebbiata

Prega?  
Lo dice il suo Credo?  
Lo vede l'Eterno?  
O dubita  
e si macera  
come un cervo ferito?  
O per un attimo  
un attimo solo  
è preso da spavento  
e non vede che Buio  
il Buio della fine?

Prima  
lo aveva visto l'Eterno  
*e' Paradis*

un filo di fumo  
blu-pallido incenso  
lo aveva scritto  
poco lontano da qui

death bites down  
enters his bones

it penetrates, cracks open  
his skull-box

like me  
me  
who's everywhere  
this morning

he swoons  
the writer  
his mind befogged

Does he pray?  
Does he recite his Oath?  
Does he see Eternity?  
Or does he doubt  
sunk in remorse  
like a wounded stag?  
Or for a moment  
a single moment  
is he seized by fear  
and sees nothing but Darkness  
the Darkness of the end?

Before  
he'd seen Eternity  
Paradise

a thread of smoke  
pale blue incense  
he had written it  
not far from here

nella pineta  
in sul lito di Chiassi  
e adesso quei 13 canti  
quegli ultimi 13 canti  
sono nascosti nella cameretta  
dietro quella stuoia  
al muro confitta  
in quella da tutti dimenticata finestretta  
scavata nel muro  
sì  
*e' Paradis*  
il Paradiso  
è lì dentro  
murato

smuore  
*e' scrittor*  
il vermicello  
dopo anni di esilio.  
A Firenze lo vogliono morto!  
Ancora!  
Mica lo han perdonato!  
Un rogo  
sulla pubblica piazza  
ma sì  
non vedono l'ora  
*dei fug!*  
Come uno stregone  
un ladro barattiere  
un politico corrotto!  
Firenze matrigna!  
Postribolo e patibolo!

Hanno dimenticata socchiusa

*lo scrittore  
il Paradiso  
dategli fuoco!*

in the pine woods  
on the shore at Classe  
and now those 13 canti  
those last 13 canti  
are hidden in his little room  
behind that rush-woven mat  
nailed to the wall  
in that all-forgotten cubbyhole  
dug into the wall  
yes  
Paradise  
Paradise  
it's inside there  
walled in

he swoons  
the writer  
the little worm  
after years of exile.  
In Florence they want him dead!  
Still!  
Never pardoned him!  
A bonfire  
in the public square  
oh sure  
they can't wait  
to set fire to him!  
Like a sorcerer  
a thieving grafter  
a corrupt politician!  
Stepmother Florence!  
Whorehouse and gallows!

They forgot to close

la finestra  
e me a so acvè  
e lou  
j è tot alè  
i signori della città  
gli allievi e gli amici  
lo hanno ospitato  
il profugo  
gli hanno aperto una Scuola  
e il profugo ha insegnato  
DE VULGARI ELOQUENTIA  
e poi lo hanno mandato a Venezia  
a far da ambasciatore  
per scongiurare una guerra

*l'è tot un fiòm la strèda  
d'acqua mérza  
d'ciustèa  
d'maléria  
la maléria  
c'lat smolga la gola*

*e adès j è tot alè  
qui rumagnùl  
qui guèrda  
l'illustre che trema  
biascica  
delira  
Ravenna d'alabastro  
Ravenna delle tombe  
Ravenna felix*

vent'anni di fughe  
saltamonti

the window  
and I'm here  
and they  
are all there  
the lords of the city  
students and friends  
they hosted him  
the refugee  
opened a School for him  
where the refugee taught  
DE VULGARI ELOQUENTIA  
and then they sent him to Venice  
as ambassador  
to avert a war

the road's a river  
of filthy water  
a swamp  
of malaria  
malaria  
that melts your throat

and now they're all there  
those romagnoli  
watching  
their distinguished guest shiver  
spluttering  
raving  
Alabaster Ravenna  
Ravenna of the tombs  
Ravenna felix

twenty years in flight  
over the mountains

*e io sono qui / e loro / sono tutti lì  
la strada è come un fiume / di acqua marcia / di sporcizia / di malaria / la malaria / che ti scioglie la gola /  
e adesso sono tutti lì / quei romagnoli / che guardano*

Sarzana Forlì Bologna e Verona  
Arezzo Treviso e Padova e Lucca  
ai piedi dei monti di Luni  
a Parigi, forse  
nel Vico de li Strami  
di giorno e di notte  
col gelo e col caldo  
senza pane in tasca  
senza patria  
giorni da cane randagio  
la vita che lo azzanna  
come un botolo furioso  
e ora lo vede smorire  
in quella cameretta  
il poeta scacciato  
smerdato  
e' scrittor  
gittato ora in qua ora in là  
di fluttuoso e tempestoso  
mare.

secondo quadro

### È IL DEMONE DELLA FOSSA CHE GRIDA

Ma ficca gli occhi a valle!  
Nella riviera del sangue bollente!  
Nella gran fossa del Flegetonte!  
Ne la qual bolle  
chi con violenza ha reso folli  
le altrui vite!  
Oh matta, matta, matta  
crucele bestialità!  
Oh voi

*lo scrittore*

Sarzana Forlì Bologna Verona  
Arezzo Treviso Padova Lucca  
at the foot of the Luni mountains  
to Paris, perhaps  
in the Vico de li Strami  
day and night  
ice and heat  
no bread in his pocket  
no homeland  
stray dog days  
life's fangs gouging him  
like a vicious cur  
and now it sees him swoon  
in that little room  
the exiled poet  
shit-smeared  
the writer  
thrown back and forth  
on the shifting, roiling  
sea.

second panel

### THE DEMON CRIES OUT FROM THE DITCH

Cast your eyes below!  
At the river of boiling blood!  
At the great ditch of Phlegethon!  
In which boil  
those whose violence drove mad  
the lives of others!  
Oh mad, mad, mad  
cruel bestiality!  
Oh you

tiranni  
oppressori  
bolliti  
là  
con alte strida  
fetore, sterco  
ultimo pozzo nero  
dell'universo!  
Profittatori!  
Profittatori!  
A bere sangue zuccherato con merda  
e dietro i finanzieri  
le 500 famiglie  
non più  
nello loro ville arroccate  
non più  
nei loro giardini rintanate  
non più  
nei loro festini asserragliate  
le vedo là  
in luogo d'ogni luce muto  
nella melma di sotto capovolte!  
E i mercanti di morte  
a fare affari  
a tirar giù  
i popoli sventrati e  
i cristi idioti nelle trincee  
inchiodati  
sul ponte degli anni  
tra il disprezzo e le beffe  
poveri cristi muti  
dalla lingua tagliata  
dispersi tra i rifiuti e il fango  
e le lamiere  
con puzza di piscio mescolate e  
rabbia e paura e desolazione e  
smercio di carne umana e  
grida di madri nella notte  
inascoltate e  
gli armaioli  
gli armaioli in crociera  
gli armaioli che veleggiano

tyrants  
oppressors  
boiling  
there  
with piercing screams  
stench, feces  
the final black pit  
of the universe!  
Profiteers!  
Profiteers!  
Guzzling shit-sweetened blood  
and behind, the financiers  
the 500 families  
no longer  
walled in their villas  
no longer  
holed-up in their gardens  
no longer  
barricaded in their parties  
I see them there  
in a place mute of light  
upside down in the mire!  
And the merchants of death  
doing business  
dragging down  
the disemboweled peoples and  
idiot Christs in the trenches  
nailed  
on the bridge of years  
between scorn and mockery  
pure, mute Christs  
with cut-out tongues  
scattered amidst trash and mud  
and sheet-metal  
with the stink of piss and  
anger and fear and desolation and  
trade in human flesh and  
cries of mothers in the night  
unheard and  
the armsdealers  
armsdealers on a cruise  
armsdealers out for a sail

gli armaioli che sorvegliano  
che si mettono in posa  
per la foto di turno  
che se la spassano  
che fan piani quinquennali  
sul crepare altrui  
gli armaioli in doppiopetto  
gli armaioli col sorrisetto  
gli armaioli con il lifting  
gli armaioli col cipiglio  
che scialano consigli e predicozzi  
gli armaioli che la sparano grossa  
gli armaioli che fan da lustrascarpe  
ai banchieri  
che se la intendono sempre  
coi governanti  
gli armaioli volpi  
gli armaioli iene  
gli armaioli lupi  
a presidiar l'aiuola  
che li fa tanto feroci  
là nella fossa di sotto  
capovolti  
e le Organizzazioni Internazionali  
anche quelle  
nella fossa  
le Organizzazioni Internazionali  
che scialano soldi  
montagne di soldi  
per pagar gli stipendi ai funzionari  
per farli grassi quei funzionari  
quei funzionari panciuti  
quei funzionari solerti  
che timbrano il cartellino  
che si preoccupano  
per la fame nel mondo  
mentre tutt'attorno  
le bombe  
fan del mondo un sarcofago.  
Guerre!  
Guerre!  
Guerre in ogni dove!

armsdealers sipping drinks  
taking a pose  
for the next photo  
amusing themselves  
making five-year plans  
on the death of others  
armsdealers double-breasted  
armsdealers hinting a smile  
armsdealers with facelifts  
armsdealers sneering  
bounteous in advice and sermons  
armsdealers aiming high  
armsdealers shining the shoes  
of the bankers  
reaching agreement  
with heads of state  
armsdealer foxes  
armsdealer hyenas  
armsdealer wolves  
presiding over the threshing floor  
that makes them so vicious  
down there in the pit below  
upside-down  
and the International Organizations  
those too  
in the ditch  
the International Organizations  
bounteous with cash  
mountains of cash  
to pay salaries for functionaries  
to fatten their functionaries  
those plump functionary bellies  
those zealous functionaries  
punching their timecard  
concerned  
about world hunger  
while all around  
the bombs  
make the world a sarcophagus.  
Wars!  
Wars!  
Wars everywhere!

Iniziate da insulsi  
che non sarebbero buoni  
a costruire un pollaio!

terzo quadro

### È L'ASINO IN CROCE CHE RICORDA

*A so ste me  
me  
me  
a so ste me  
me  
ca l'ho purtè in tal vali  
travers i fium  
a so ste me*

*guardim  
un sumari pel e os*

*me  
a l'ho purtè  
che lo l'era za malé*

*ah mo la mal eria  
la scieta gli os*

*me  
a so ste me  
a so ste me  
me  
a l'ho purtè int la mi schena*

*e' scrittor  
la mi schena fata a crosa*

*c's a cardiv*

Started by the insipid  
who wouldn't know how  
to build a chicken coop!

third panel

### THE CRUCIFIED ASS REMEMBERS

I was the one  
me  
me  
I was the one  
me  
who carried him in the valleys  
across the rivers  
I was the one

look at me  
donkey skin and bone

me  
I carried him  
already sick

ah, the malaria  
batters the bones

me  
I was the one  
I was the one  
me  
I carried him on my back

the writer  
my cross-shaped back

what do you think

*l'e tota la vita  
che me  
me  
'a port ados i scien  
sora la schena  
grand e sni  
sgnur e puret  
zig zop arghiblé  
mat spaché*

*la mi schena  
l'a ja purte' e' mond*

*e me  
me  
am la sent coma na frida  
a jo la crosa sgneda*

*int la schena  
neca s'an la veg  
neca s'an la veg  
neca s'an la veg*

*mo  
mo  
mo  
s'am zir d'atorna  
sé che a la veg la crosa  
la a veg in da partot*

*e' mond  
l'e fat a crosa  
ila j ariva a tuche neca e' zil*

*j oman*

it's all my life  
that I  
me  
carry these Christians  
on my back  
big and small  
lords and paupers  
blind lame and bent  
bat-shit crazy

my back  
has carried the world

and I  
me  
feel it like a wound  
I wear the mark of the cross

on my back  
I just can't see it  
I just can't see it  
I just can't see it

but  
but  
but  
if I look around  
sure I see it, that cross  
I see it everywhere

the world  
is cross-shaped  
it even reaches the sky

men

*sono stato io / io / io / sono stato io / io / che l'ho portato nelle valli / attraverso i fiumi / sono stato io /  
guardatemi / un somarello pelle e ossa / io / l'ho portato / che era già ammalato / ah ma la malaria / schianta  
le ossa / io / sono stato io / sono stato io / io / l'ho portato sulla mia groppa / lo scrittore / la mia groppa fatta  
a croce / cosa credete*

*è tutta la vita / che io / io / mi porto addosso i cristiani / sulla groppa / grandi e piccoli / signori e poveretti /  
ciechi, zoppi e curvi / matti da legare / la mia groppa / ha portato il mondo / e io / io / me la sento come una ferita  
/ ho il segno della croce / sulla groppa / anche se non la vedo / anche se non la vedo / anche se non la vedo / ma /  
ma / ma / se mi guardo attorno / si che la vedo, la croce / la vedo dappertutto / il mondo / è fatto a croce / riesce  
a toccare anche il cielo / gli uomini*

*basta chi slerga al braz  
j e fet a crosa*

just throw out their arms  
they form a cross

*j elbar  
a lé, impalé, udurus  
i prega con i su rem  
i e fat a crosa*

the trees  
standing still, perfumed  
pray with their branches  
they're cross-shaped

*sbasa i oc!  
T'an vi?  
E tot chi animali  
neca i piò sni  
i e fat a crosa*

lower your eyes!  
Don't you see?  
And all those animals  
even the littlest  
are cross-shaped

*guerda in alt!  
Guerda gli usel in zil  
a gli equil al puian al rundanen  
chi i spalanca a gli eli  
a gli e fati a crosa*

look up!  
Look at the birds in the sky  
eagles, buzzards, swallows  
throwing wide their wings  
make a cross

*e quant al mami e i bè  
i bota int l'acqua  
i su babi  
par no s'anghea  
lo i arvers al braz a crosa*

and when mothers and babies  
jump in the water  
their babies  
to keep from drowning  
open their arms in a cross

*la crosa la ten stret in te su pogn  
tot i segret de mond  
sol li la sta ferma  
e tot intorn e zira!*

the cross holds tight in its fist  
all the world's secrets  
she alone stands still  
while everything wheels around!

*I m'a butè ados la crosa  
I m'a dè de sumar  
I m'a bastuné*

They've piled the cross on me  
They've called me ass  
They've beaten me

*I m'a scurgia cun dal spen la cherna  
I m'a spudé int la fronta  
I m'a sbufanè  
Idiota!  
Idiota!  
C'sa capesat te?  
Mo me a mnim fot!  
La crosa la sta ferma  
E tot e mond e zira.*

They've flayed me with thorns  
They've spit in my face  
They've mocked me  
Idiot!  
Idiot!  
What do you understand?  
I couldn't care less!  
The cross stands firm  
And the world wheels around.

*Senza la cros  
u gni sarep e' mond!*

Without the cross  
there wouldn't be the world!

quarto quadro

fourth panel

## È IL DIAVOLO DEL RABBUFFO CHE SCHERZA

## THE VITUPERATIVE DEVIL CRACKS JOKES

Rabuffa dai rabuffa  
Rabuffa dai rabuffa  
Per che l'umana gente si rabuffa?  
Per che l'umana gente si rabuffa?  
Rabuffa dai rabuffa  
Rabuffa dai rabuffa  
Accapigliati  
Strappaglieli quei capelli  
Strappagli le budella  
Strappagli la lingua  
Perché l'umana gente si rabuffa?  
Perché l'umana gente si rabuffa?  
Per crediti soldi eredità  
Conti che non tornano  
Parti mai uguali  
Fratelli si dividono  
È mio!

Chastise, go on, chastise  
Castigate, come on, castigate  
Why do human people scold?  
Why do human people deprecate?  
Rebuke, go on, rebuke  
Condemn, come on, condemn  
Squabble among yourselves  
Tear out his hair  
Tear his guts out  
Tear out his tongue  
Why do human people disparage?  
Why do human people vilify?  
For credit, money, inheritance  
Accounts that don't add up  
Never equal shares  
Brothers split among themselves  
It's mine!

*basta che allarghino le braccia / sono fatti a croce / gli alberi / lì, fermi impalati, odorosi / pregano con i loro rami / sono fatti a croce / abbassa gli occhi! / Non vedi? / E tutti quegli animalini / anche i più piccoli / sono fatti a croce / guarda in alto! / Guarda gli uccelli in cielo / le aquile, le poiane, le rondini / che spalancano le ali / sono fatte a croce / e quando le mamme e i babbi / buttano in acqua / i loro bambini / per non annegarsi / loro aprono le braccia a croce / la croce tiene stretta nel suo pugno / tutti i segreti del mondo / solo lei sta ferma / e tutto gira intorno! / Mi hanno buttato addosso la croce / mi hanno chiamato somaro / mi hanno bastonato*

*mi hanno scorticato la carne con delle spine / mi hanno sputato in fronte / mi hanno sbeffeggiato / Cosa capisci tu? / Ma io me ne fotto! / La croce sta ferma / E tutto il mondo gira. / Senza la croce / non ci sarebbe il mondo!*

No è mio!  
Spaccagli il cranio  
Spaccagli il cranio  
Che ne escano assegni  
Che ne escano assegni  
Che ne escano assegni

Rabbuffa dai rabbuffa  
Rabbuffa dai rabbuffa  
Perché l'umana gente si rabbuffa?  
Perché l'umana gente si rabbuffa?  
Chi accumula e chi butta  
Chi tiene e chi sperde  
Chi ruba e chi si fotte  
Chi si tiene stretto alla cassetta  
Chi distrugge la famiglia e la casetta  
Chi si rovina con la macchinetta  
Tutto l'oro sotto della luna  
L'alta ricchezza e i regni della terra  
Son sottoposti a voglia di Fortuna  
Lei la porta apre d'improvviso  
e serra serra serra!

Rabbuffa dai rabbuffa  
Rabbuffa dai rabbuffa  
Ammassano oro e argento  
Fatica sì fatica vana  
Fatica vana  
E poi?  
Non dormono la notte  
non dormono la notte!  
Fatica vana  
Fatica vana  
E lasciano tutto agli altri  
tutto agli altri  
Fatica vana  
Fatica vana  
Non sono che vento nella scurità  
Arrivano nella nebbia  
Se ne vanno nelle tenebre  
Se le ricchezze aumentano  
Aumentano anche quelli

No it's mine!  
Crush his skull  
Crush his skull  
Till checks come out  
Till checks come out  
Till checks come out

Execrate, go on, execrate  
Defame, come on, defame  
Why do human people blame?  
Why do human people accuse?  
Some accumulate and some scatter  
Some keep and some waste  
Some steal and some fuck you over  
Some clutch the cashbox  
Some destroy the family fortune  
Some go to ruin at the slots  
All the gold under the moon  
Exalted wealth and the kings of the earth  
Are subject to the whims of Fortune  
She suddenly opens the door  
and slams it slams it slams it shut!

Reprimand, go on, reprimand  
Reproach, come on, reproach  
They pile up gold and silver  
Labor, yes, labor in vain  
Labor in vain  
And then?  
Can't sleep at night  
can't sleep at night!  
Labor in vain  
Labor in vain  
And leave it all to others  
all of it to others  
Labor in vain  
Labor in vain  
Nothing but wind in darkness  
They arrive in the fog  
They depart in the shadows  
If wealth grows  
So grow

che le divorano  
Pensaci no?  
Vita oscura smarri!  
Vita oscura smarri!  
Vita oscura smarri!

quinto quadro

## È L'ITALIA CHE SCALCIA SE STESSA

Prima  
c'erano i guelfi e i ghibellini  
guelfi contro ghibellini  
poi i guelfi divisi tra loro  
bianchi contro neri  
guelfi bianchi  
guelfi neri  
poi i bianchi divisi tra loro  
al loro interno  
bianchi contro bianchi contro bianchi

è questa la politica?

Violenze e scontri tra i fratelli  
anche tra quelli della stessa parte  
dividere e dividere e dividere  
finché non resta più nulla  
non c'è più parte  
tagliati a metà anche in se stessi  
storpiati  
le budella di fuori  
e mai preoccupati  
se a causa di questa loro guerra  
mandavano in sfacelo la Patria  
rubavano il futuro ai figli

è questa la politica?

E non c'è più parte  
perché non c'è più Cielo  
là in alto  
SUPERIOR

those who devour it  
Think on it, no?  
Obscure life lost!  
Obscure life lost!  
Obscure life lost!

fifth panel

## ITALY KICKS ITSELF

First  
there were Guelfs and Ghibellines  
Guelfs against Ghibellines  
then the Guelfs split among themselves  
whites against blacks  
white Guelfs  
black Guelfs  
then the whites split among themselves  
within themselves  
whites against whites against whites

is this what politics is?

Violence and clashing among brothers  
even ones on the same side  
split and split and split  
until nothing's left  
no side left  
cut in half even in oneself  
mangled  
guts hanging out  
and never worried  
if because of this war of theirs  
they drove their country to ruin  
robbed their children of their future

is this what politics is?

And there's no side left  
because there's no Heaven  
way up there  
SUPERIOR

un Cielo superiore a te e a me  
un Cielo che gli uccelli non possono raggiungere  
anche con mille ali  
un Cielo che non è per gli astronauti  
un Cielo dentro di te e di me  
al quale obbedire, lieti  
un Cielo di Luce  
che nessuna ombra  
nessun rancore  
nessuna gelosia possa scalfire.

Ahi serva Italia  
di dolore ostello  
Italia zoppa  
che non cambi mai  
Italia disunita  
Italia lacerata  
Italia impantanata  
Italia strangolata  
*Italia sgumbieda*  
*felsa*  
*érba cattiva*  
Italia alla deriva  
come una nave di pazzi  
Italia dei paparazzi

Il Paese di apparenza  
Il Paese senza Faccia, solo Facciata  
Il Reame di Fandonia e Cerimonia  
La Congrega del Trucco e del Belletto  
Il Sistema dei Bari e dei Baroni  
Italia a mezzo servizio  
Italia prezzolata  
Italia che chini la testa

*Italia scoppiata / falsa / erba cattiva*

a Heaven superior to you and me  
a Heaven the birds can't reach  
even with a thousand wings  
a Heaven not for astronauts  
a Heaven inside you and me  
to obey, gladly  
a Heaven of Light  
that no shadow  
no rancor  
no jealousy can scratch.

Ahi servant Italy  
abode of pain  
crippled Italy  
you never change  
Italy disunited  
Italy lacerated  
Italy swamped  
Italy strangled  
Italy exploded  
false  
evil weed  
Italy adrift  
a ship of fools  
Italy of the paparazzi

Land of appearances  
Faceless Land, all Façade  
Kingdom of Bullshit and Ceremony  
Coven of Makeup and Rouge  
System of Con men and Powerbrokers  
Italy on light duty  
Italy for hire  
Italy bows its head

Italia sventurata  
Italia umiliata  
Italia sempre in ginocchio  
che godi a servire i forti  
Italia occhio corrotto  
Italia degli omiciattoli  
che amano obbedire  
la testa sotto il giogo  
di questo vizio mostruoso  
Italia tengo famiglia  
Italia non lo sapevo  
Italia non mi risulta  
confesso  
che io non c'ero  
Italia c'è sempre una scusa  
Italia son sempre gli altri  
Italia fetusa  
Italia s'arruba o sonno  
Italia siamo i più scaltri  
Italia dei favoriti  
Italia dei guardaspalle  
Italia che, signor mio  
io qui per te io striscio  
sono il tuo servo fedele  
pure a comando piscio  
sol che da te vorrei, se posso  
'na villa a dieci piani ca piscine  
'na Ferrari rossa Caramello  
'nu centro commerciale tutto per me

Omo se nasce  
brigante se diventa

Il Regno del Farla Franca  
Il Regno dei Riciclati e dei Trasformisti  
dei Giovani Ottantenni  
di Quelli che non cadono mai  
Il Popolo dalla Memoria Corta  
Italia delle chiacchiere  
Italia dei caffè  
Italia dei nuovi media  
Italia del fai-da-te

Italy unlucky  
Italy humiliated  
Italy always on its knees  
that enjoys serving the powerful  
Italy, its eye corrupted  
Italy of the little men  
who love to obey  
neck in the yoke  
of this monstrous vice  
Italy I have a family to look after  
Italy I didn't know  
Italy I don't think so  
I confess  
that I wasn't there  
Italy there's always an excuse  
Italy it's always the others  
Italy the fetid  
Italy losing sleep  
Italy we're the sly ones  
Italy of the favored  
Italy of the bodyguards  
Italy that, sir  
I'm here to grovel for you  
I'm your faithful servant  
I even piss on command  
but I'd like from you, if I may  
a ten-floor villa with pool  
a caramel-red Ferrari  
my own private mall

One is born a man  
but becomes a brigand

The Kingdom of Getting Away With It  
The Kingdom of Recycled Self-Transformers  
Of the Young Eighty-Year-Olds  
Of Those who never fall  
The People of Short Term Memory  
Italy of chit-chat  
Italy of the cafés  
Italy of the new media  
Italy do-it-yourself

Italia dei cinguettii  
delle opinioni facili  
a gratis  
Italia dei consulti  
Italia degli insulti  
che vanno a cattivi e buoni  
grandine giù dal web  
senza distinzioni  
Italia delle piaghe d'Italia  
Italia dei cogghioni  
Italia sacrilega  
Italia senza vergogna  
Italia che strizza l'occhio  
nelle cene eleganti e  
nei salotti buoni  
Italia che vende i figli  
Italia che non si scompone  
Italia dei portaborse  
Italia dei prestanome  
Italia dell'apparenza  
Italia del sotto sotto  
Italia del complotto  
Italia che gioca al lotto

Italia che non respira  
barcolla, cade, si rialza  
nell'aria avvelenata  
nell'acido affogata  
nel cemento murata  
Italia di pestilenze, febbri, bubboni  
Italia che sputa sangue  
Italia dei coccoloni  
che muore sul lavoro  
guardatevi un po' attorno  
suvvia, è un fatto naturale  
crepano in tre ogni giorno  
La Madre sempre in cinta  
dei Furbi e dei Furbetti  
La Madre sempre in cinta  
dei Falsi ciechi e invalidi  
Italia dei delitti  
Italia dei misfatti

Italy the chirping tongues  
of facile opinions  
free of charge  
Italy of consultations  
Italy of insults  
bestowed on the evil & the good  
hailstorms on the web  
without distinction  
Italy of Italy's plagues  
Italy of the asswipes  
sacrilegious Italy  
shameless Italy  
winking Italy  
at their elegant dinners and  
fine salons  
Italy that sells its children  
Italy imperturbable  
Italy of the bagmen  
Italy of the front man  
Italy of appearances  
Italy of underneath it all  
Italy of the scheme  
Italy that plays the Lotto

Italy can't breathe  
stumbles, falls, gets ups again  
in the poisoned air  
drowned in acid  
entombed in cement  
Italy of pestilence, fevers, buboes  
Italy spitting blood  
heart attacks Italy  
who die on the job  
look around a little  
go ahead, it's a natural fact  
three die per day  
The Mother ever-pregnant  
with Wise Guys big and small  
The Mother ever-pregnant  
with the Fraudulent blind and lame  
Italy of murders  
Italy of misdeeds

Italia delle stragi  
dei crimini impuniti  
Italia ognor mafiosa  
Italia spaventosa  
al sud al nord e altrove  
tra i monti e giù in pianura  
Italia armata  
armata fino ai denti  
Italia prostituta  
e mai con i perdenti  
Italia sempre pentita  
sempre  
e non cangiata mai  
Italia dei finti onesti  
Italia dei pretesti  
Italia dei bonifici  
Italia degli arresti  
Italia dei contesti  
che questa è un'altra storia  
che quel che vale per gli altri  
no che non vale per noi  
Italia noiosa  
nei secoli immutata  
Italia dei miracoli  
dei finti taumaturghi  
dei gran prestigiatori  
Italia scrofolosa  
dei maghi dittatori  
Italia in processione

*Italia a dént sgregn*  
*Italia a j ho fat la coima*  
*Italia bugadera*  
*Italia a j sit tot?*

*Italia a denti stretti / Italia ne ho piene le scatole / Italia lavandaia / Italia ci sei tutta?*

Italy of massacres  
of unpunished crimes  
Italy still mafioso  
Italy that's scary  
in the south, the north, and elsewhere  
up in the mountains and down on the plains  
Italy armed  
armed to the teeth  
Italy prostitute  
and never with the losers  
Italy always repentant  
always  
and it's never changed  
Italy of the fake honest  
Italy of the pretexts  
Italy of the credit transfers  
Italy of the arrests  
Italy of the contexts  
that this is a different thing  
that the rule applies to the others  
but doesn't count for us  
Italy the boring  
unchanged for centuries  
Italy of the miracles  
of the fake miracle workers  
of the great magicians  
Scrofulous Italy  
of the wizard dictators  
Italy on parade

Italy through clamped teeth  
Italy I'm up to here with it  
Italy the washerwoman  
Italy are you all here?

*Italia a j armèt*  
*Italia lilulera*  
*Italia svulanténa*  
*Italia scavrunèda*  
*Italia sinfurosa*  
*l'ha da es un 'uflaza*  
*Italia sgniflòna*  
*Italia a m'in fag una breta*  
*Italia cumarera*  
*Italia am'strop e cul*  
*Italia spintaceda*  
*coma una sajana*  
*Italia testa ad saraca*  
*Italia presuntuòsa*  
*ziga coma una ponga*  
*Italia... invidiosa!*

sesto quadro

### **È ANTONIA, LA FIGLIA DEL POETA**

Padre  
Padre sono qui  
mi senti?

Non fateci caso, signori  
non ci riconosce  
la febbre lo devasta  
farnetica il mio vecchio  
farnetica come da giovane  
quando scosso da Amore  
gli giungeva uno sì forte smarrimento  
chiudeva gli occhi  
cadeva a terra

Italy this is costing me  
Italy you foolish twit  
Italy aflutter  
Italy disheveled  
Italy petulant  
must be a freeloader  
Italy sniveling  
Italy I ain't doing nothing  
Italy coconut vendor  
Italy I wipe my ass with it  
Italy in disarray  
like a witch  
Italy ignoramus  
Italy presumptuous  
blind as a mole  
Envious Italy!

sixth panel

### **ANTONIA, THE POET'S DAUGHTER**

Father  
Father I'm here  
can you hear me?

Never mind, gentlemen  
he doesn't recognize us  
his fever is devastating  
my old dad is raving  
raving like when young  
when shaken by Love  
he was overcome by such bewilderment  
he closed his eyes  
fell to the ground

*Italia ci rimetto / Italia sciocchina / Italia svolazzante / Italia scarmigliata / Italia petulante / dev'essere uno scroccone / Italia piagnucolona / Italia non me ne faccio niente / Italia cocomeraia / Italia mi ci pulisco il culo / Italia spettinata / come una strega / Italia ignorantina / Italia presuntuosa / cieca come una talpa*

come folgorato  
e cominciava a travagliare  
come farnetica persona.

Padre siamo qui, ci vedi?  
Sono Antonia...  
la tua Antonia...  
e Iacopo e Pietro  
e la mamma...  
signori  
non stategli così addosso  
e poi cos'è questa nebbia nella stanza  
chiudete la finestra vi prego  
lasciate che sia io a tenergli la mano  
la febbre lo scuote e  
non mangia da giorni  
sentite le sue ossa  
sono roventi.

Da giovane  
ha fatto canzoni  
lui e i poeti come lui  
fedeli d'Amore  
facevano canzoni ed erano fatti  
cadevano a terra  
folgorati  
tutti ebbri  
tutti fatti da Amore  
l'amico Guido  
anche lui morto di malaria  
a Sarzana  
e chiedevano in giro  
non lo vedete Amore?  
Non lo vedete?  
Ma come non lo vedete?  
Amore potente  
Signore di pauroso aspetto  
eppure mirabile  
eppure lieto, allegro  
che tiene nelle mani il nostro cuore  
che ce lo infuoca?  
Non lo vedete Amore

like struck by lightning  
and fell into delirium  
like mad people do.

Father, we're here, can you see us?  
It's Antonia...  
your Antonia...  
and Iacopo and Pietro  
and mamma...  
gentlemen  
don't huddle over him so  
and what's this fog in the room  
kindly close the windows please  
let me be the one to hold his hand  
the fever is shaking him and  
he hasn't eaten for days  
feel his bones  
they're scorching hot.

When young  
he made songs  
he and poets like him  
love's faithful  
they made songs that took them over  
they fell on the ground  
thunderstruck  
all intoxicated  
all overcome by Love  
his friend Guido  
who died of malaria too  
in Sarzana  
and they would ask people  
can't you see Love?  
Can't you see him?  
How can't you see him?  
powerful Love  
Lord of fearful aspect  
and yet wondrous  
and yet happy, cheerful  
who holds our heart in his hands  
and sets fire to it?  
Can't you see Love

avvolto nudo in un drappo sanguigno?  
Non lo vedete Amore  
che ci dà le vertigini  
che canta il nostro nome  
come nel primo giorno della creazione?  
Ma come non lo vedete?  
Non lo vedete Amore  
non vedete  
non sentite  
che siete fatti da Amore?  
Che Amore vi fa ogni momento  
alba e imbrunire e  
che senza questo suo farvi  
non ci sareste, qui, a cantare?  
Non lo sentite Amore  
che vi colpisce in testa  
come un tuono  
che vi taglia le gambe  
vi fa tremare  
alla vista dell'Amata  
al venir incontro dell'Amato?  
Non lo vedete Amore  
eterna primavera  
che spinge i puledri all'abbraccio  
che li fa scalpitare sui prati  
più forte della morte  
più forte di ogni vostra paura  
tormento  
abisso?  
Non lo vedete Amore  
il Primo e l'Ultimo  
il Morto e il Risorto  
la cui fronte è di neve  
gli occhi di fuoco  
i piedi rilucenti d'oro  
le cui mani imprigionano le stelle?  
Non lo leggete Amore  
nel grande libro dell'universo  
che tiene legata ogni Cosa  
che sorregge ogni Cosa  
anche la formica  
anche il rinoceronte e la balena

naked, draped in a bloody shroud?  
Can't you see Love  
who brings on vertigo  
who sings our name  
like on the first day of creation?  
How can you not see him?  
You can't see Love  
you can't see  
you can't feel  
that you're overcome by Love?  
That Love makes you every moment  
dawn and dusk and  
without this overcoming  
you wouldn't be here, singing?  
You can't feel Love  
that strikes your head  
like thunder  
that cuts your legs out from under you  
makes you tremble  
at the sight of the Beloved  
when the Beloved comes to you?  
Can't you see Love  
eternal Spring  
that drives the foals to embrace  
that makes them paw the meadows  
stronger than death  
stronger than all your fear  
torment  
abyss?  
Can't you see Love  
the First and Last  
the Dead and the Resurrected  
whose brow is snowy  
eyes of fire  
feet shining gold  
whose hands capture the stars?  
Can't you read Love  
in the great book of the universe  
binding All Things together  
holding All Things up  
even the ant  
even the rhinoceros and the whale

anche la nuvola, le montagne  
anche il più brutto dei volti  
anche il più disprezzato dei corpi  
tanto che  
quando passa  
la gente si copre la faccia?

settimo quadro

### È UNA FINE CHE NON È UNA FINE

A un certo  
punto  
verso la fine?

*Nèbia*  
*nèbia zinaréna*  
nebbia delle ceneri

il punto  
il puntolino io  
io Dante?  
Dante?  
Ma cosa ho dato?

La Commedia  
ti pare poco?

Il profugo  
orgoglioso del suo sacro poema  
adesso non sa  
ora il terrore lo afferra  
ora vede la fossa

*Nebbia / nebbia cinerina*

even the cloud, the mountains  
even the ugliest visage  
even the body so scorned  
that  
when it passes  
people cover their face?

seventh panel

### AN ENDING THAT ISN'T AN ENDING

At a certain  
point  
towards the end?

Fog  
ashen fog  
fog of ashes

the point  
the little point, me  
I, Dante?  
Dante?  
What have I given?

Is the Comedy  
too small a thing for you?

The refugee  
proud of his sacred poem  
doesn't know now  
terror seizes him  
now he sees the ditch

e i vermi  
che lanciano strida  
ora vede il suo cranio spolpato  
ora per un attimo  
un attimo solo  
il dubbio  
lo divora  
sprofonda

*int' la nèbia*

e si ricorda del suo maestro  
Tommaso  
che, morente  
guardò la sua Summa e disse

MIHI VIDETUR UT PALEA

mi sembra paglia

e anche a Dante  
in quel punto  
in cui la selva oscura  
si ripresenta  
puntuale  
per ingoiarlo  
anche a Dante pare  
che il suo poema non sia che paglia  
che verrà dispersa dal Tempo

tick  
tick  
tick

*nella nebbia*

and the worms  
that shriek  
now he sees his fleshless skull  
now for a moment  
only a moment  
doubt  
devours him  
bottomless

in the fog

and he remembers his teacher  
Thomas Aquinas  
who, dying,  
looked at his Summa and said

MIHI VIDETUR UT PALEA

it seems like so much straw

Dante too  
at that point  
when the dark wood  
turns up again  
punctually  
to swallow him  
to Dante too it seems  
his poem is nothing but straw  
to be scattered by Time

tick  
tick  
tick

the clock ticks and fades out

tick  
tick  
tick

e in quel punto  
il profugo si sente cadere  
rotolare giù  
giù  
giù

In quel punto  
proprio in quel punto  
gli appare la bambina  
vestita di nobilissimo colore  
umile e onesto  
sanguigno  
la stessa gloriosa bambina  
che gli era apparsa  
al principio del suo anno nono

APPARUIT IAM BEATITUDO VESTRA

tutto ebbe inizio così  
due bambini che si guardano  
lungo la via

e in lui lo spirito della vita  
cominciò a tremare sì fortemente  
i polsi  
il respiro  
il cuore impazzito  
un incendio nel cuore  
riconobbe il suo Signore  
in Lui si riconobbe  
io Dante  
io Dante  
un cerchio dentro un cerchio dentro un cerchio  
e Luce  
Luce

the clock ticks and fades out

tick  
tick  
tick

and at that point  
the refugee feels himself fall  
rolling down  
down  
down

At that point  
that very point  
the child appears to him  
dressed in the noblest colors  
humble and honest  
sanguine  
that same glorious little girl  
who had appeared to him  
at the beginning of his ninth year

APPARUIT IAM BEATITUDO VESTRA

that's how it all began  
two children looking at each other  
along the road

and the spirit of life in him  
began trembling so hard  
his pulse  
his breath  
his wild heart  
a fire in his heart  
he recognized his Lord  
recognized himself in Him  
I, Dante  
I, Dante  
a circle inside a circle inside a circle  
and Light  
Light



*fedeli d'Amore - photo Enrico Fedrigoli*



*Vita agli arresti di Aung San Suu Kyi - from the movie*

## CRITICAL ANTHOLOGY

“Marco Martinelli: a hyperrealist theatre man and a collective of irreducible individualities”.

**Claudio Meldolesi**, in *Teatro Impuro* di Marco Martinelli, Danilo Montanari Editore, 1997

“It seems to me that Martinelli has succeeded quite well in amalgamating an almost naturalistic inclination towards descriptive and linguistic details with an allegorical presence having its own kind of [...] noble, solemn melancholy.”

**Giovanni Raboni**, *Corriere della Sera*, February 12, 1995

“The title *I Polacchi* refers to the debut staged with his classmates and thus sets itself apart from the multitude of counterfeited versions, while the subtitle ‘from the one and only Ubu’ reaffirms the brand name. [...] Outdoing themselves with a new level of creativity, but also with an author’s imitational introspection, the group from Ravenna proposes a theatre that invites us to laugh while transmitting a nightmare whose fears we well recognise and constantly making us feel our own presence within the surreal story. Meant to give a mocking farewell to one century and at the same time inaugurate another, this performance already has a history and continues to have a future. This future is not closed upon itself but is at least expected to have a natural evolution, as is the case with Jarry himself, thanks to them and also going in their favour.”

**Franco Quadri**, *Jarry 2000*, Ubulibri, 2000

“I prefer the Teatro delle Albe with *I Refrattari*: a tragicomedy that seems to have come straight out of the school of Jarry [...]. The highly amusing text has a great linguistic force, and has been staged and represented with mastery. Marco Martinelli, author and director, has made the Ravenna theatre company famous all across Europe, especially with *I Polacchi*, that has been travelling from one festival to another for years.”

**Renate Klett**, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, July 23, 2003

“I saw an amazing actress the other night, a woman of 1,000 voices – growls, squeals, mine-deep exhortations of woe, birdlike chirps of malicious glee. The American stage debut of Ermanna Montanari wasn’t the only reason to see *I Polacchi*, an hour-long Teatro delle Albe adaptation of Alfred Jarry’s *Ubu the King* at the Museum of Contemporary Art. But Montanari, longtime artistic and marital partner of writer/director Marco Martinelli, played the power-mad Mother Ubu, desperate for the title of the Queen of Poland. And without unbalancing a very interesting evening, she made it difficult to watch anyone else. [...] For two weeks, these actors rehearsed with 10 students from Chicago’s public schools. The students were born in Nigeria, Sudan, Ethiopia, Eritrea, Cameroon and Haiti. They played a roving, malleable chorus of Ubu’s followers. [...] director Martinelli knew how to show off these young actors to

advantage. Teatro della Albe must return, soon. For a production exploring the cyclical ravagements of mankind, *I Polacchi* was a tonic.”

**Michael Phillips**, *Chicago Tribune*, June 11, 2005

“Marco Martinelli is a unique dramaturge and director, a man who lives by the pen but not at a desk, who lives with books but also in Gadda’s “baroque” book, i.e. the world. A visionary whose gaze is set on his actors, a fisherman searching for actors in the sea of everyday life, the founder of a city-theatre, an inventor of parables about donkeys and poetic gestures in apocalyptic scenarios [...]. The texts by this author and director, who works between the stage and the dressing rooms, open up into grotesque deformations, with an expressionist use of dialect; underneath their apparently linear use of words, these texts reveal a complex circulatory system and all the unresolved movements of the soul. The nature of the company he founded with Ermanna Montanari, Luigi Dadina and Marcella Nonni, later ethnically and generationally enlarged, cannot be considered within the realm of that which is already known [...].”

**Cristina Ventrucci**, *Martinelli, le Albe e l'attore selvatico in Teatro impuro*, 2005

“*Rumore di acque* is a monologue, a short epic poem in verse, that takes hold of you and doesn’t let go until the end, and that stays in your head even after the show is over [...]. One is made to feel indignant, incredulous by so much indifference, and the merit for the strength of this text [...] goes first and foremost to Martinelli and the quality of his writing, that guides us along the routes of migration, from Africa to Sicily, without however giving in to narrative theatre.”

**Francesca De Sanctis**, *l’Unità*, January 8, 2011

“*Rumore di acque*, at the Teatro delle Albe in Ravenna [...], a monologue written by Marco Martinelli, has an intense and long-lasting effect. [...] Following a crescendo of images, this monologue presents the lives of single victims, dwelling on their most poignant details [...]; it’s a sort of mystery play, the Passion of what occurs on a daily basis along Europe’s outermost borders.”

**Armin Friedl**, *Stuttgarter Nachrichten*, 2012

“Martinelli resists manipulating the audience’s emotions and forces us to think critically about what the character really represents and where we are located in his narrative. Although the general is a representative of power, the refugees are still heard through the painfully beautiful music and vocals of Enzo and Lorenzo Mancuso. While the general is at center stage, the Mancuso brothers play and sing from stage right. They occupy a dreamlike space outside the volcanic islet from where their vocals act out the desperation and pathos of those who have sacrificed themselves for a better life. [...] The writing, direction, performance and music blend harmoniously.”

**Juan Redondo**, *offoff online*, February 7, 2014

“The general is an impotent observer of the terrible plight of refugees from the global south [...] obsessed with imposing order on chaos, he totes up the numbers of the living and the dead, compiling his

lists with maniacal intensity. He alternates his compulsive numbering with stories about the refugees, who, in his vivid accounts, become so real to us that although we never actually see them, we do. [...] In a Brechtian touch, *Rumore di acque* by Marco Martinelli ends on an unresolved note. There is no catharsis, and little hope, and how could there be, given the continuing crisis in the Mediterranean and the ongoing failure of 'Fortress Europe' to respond in a humane manner. The 'noise in the waters' reaches our ears through this remarkable production, which demands of us: now that you've heard this, what will you do?"

**George De Stefano**, i-Italy, February 7, 2014

"It is the poet, and writer, Marco Martinelli who gives these desperate travelers who are delirious with fatigue, the dignity of who they are, even in death. [...] Giving a voice to this current tragedy in this art form is deeply moving. The audience was so stunned by the performance we sat in the dark in silence at the end for several minutes before we could break into applause."

**Ruth Antrich**, Times Square Chronicles, February 8, 2014

"The idea of presenting the plight of the refugees through the man charged with the job of policing them is brilliant. [...] This is a unique, stunning show. La MaMa has again presented an extraordinary production."

**Steve Capra**, New York Critic, February 11, 2014

"in most pieces by Marco Martinelli and the Teatro delle Albe, the word creates a true poetry, by way of their research on the ancestral sounds of the dialect spoken in Romagna and 'other' languages (foreign languages, such as Wolof, or poetic languages, far removed from standard speech). Each word pronounced is born out of surprise and silence."

**Paola Ranzini** in *Théâtre Italien contemporain. Des auteurs pour le nouveau millénaire*, éditions de l'Amandiers, 2014

"*Pantani* by Marco Martinelli is, in its own way, a funeral wake for a sports hero. But that is not all: it is a mourning rite, yet at the same time it casts a critical light on an ambiguous judicial proceeding. What it establishes is not exactly a law, but a desire for change [...]. Three genres tend to blend together in this complex theatrical canvas, and different stylistic tones along with them. It progresses through continuous deviations, shifts and digressions: the temporal and topographical levels of the narration cross over one another, the styles alternate abruptly [...]. The spectator is continuously caught off guard, shaken by unexpected dissonances, as though reading a poem that, when it succeeds in eluding habitual norms, is an antidote protecting against commonplaces, simplified judgements and a trite view of the world. [...] We clearly feel the "shock" that makes the political theatre of the Teatro delle Albe a disturbing kind of theatre, not one that tries to domesticate or indoctrinate; a theatre that introduces doubt, not facile solutions. [...] This representation invokes the rhetorical force of a scalding irony, a homeopathic medicine with which Martinelli, in many of his works, raises an invective against the kind of society revealed here to be the "first cause" of Pantani's tragic death."

**Franco Nasi**, Between, IV.7, 2011

"Martinelli's research as a dramaturge is so scrupulous that even his closest followers may miss a few background details. [...] Filmed images, various interventions, choruses (like in ancient tragedies): all of this gives his work a formidable structure that in turn has a consistently compelling dramatic development."

**Franco Cordelli**, Corriere della Sera, December 14, 2012

"Martinelli's writing, which is the ubiquitous and discrete lymph of the Teatro delle Albe, implements, at the moment of its composition, the most concrete elements currently made available to the dramaturge by the work of his companions [...]. The texts used by the Teatro delle Albe are born out of ongoing relations, which they extend and inventively synthesise. That is, they bring the dramaturge together with his actors, who, so to speak, dwell within the dramatic composition, because their skills, histories and identities are the foundation of a theatre that emerges in them and out of them. [...] *Pantani* does not transpose the events of the cyclist's life onto the stage; rather, it prolongs them, tying the tragic body of facts to the research that has by now changed its sense and reopened its conclusion. This post-dramatic dramaturgy is not intended to represent the events themselves, but how they are transformed and interact in the memories of individuals and collectivities. [...] Martinelli, while seemingly busy gathering evidence, has composed a dramaturgy that safeguards Pantani's 'inner life'. At the same time, it pays homage to a world that, while no doubt strong enough to have generated a champion such as him, can still hope to survive for many years, in spite of the polluted and moribund state of the Adriatic sea, the corruption in the world of sport, and the prophetic words of Pier Paolo Pasolini."

**Gerardo Guccini**, Culture Teatralli, n. 22, 2013

"A pamphlétaire, deeply political text by Marco Martinelli that gives Marco Pantani back all his dignity, his place in the pantheon, and the popularity that he so fully deserved."

**Philippe Brunel**, L'Equipe, February 14, 2014

"In *Pantani* by Marco Martinelli, the cyclist is seen onstage right from the outset, but only by way of interlaid videos, short clips showing him in action. His mother, magnificently embodied by Ermanna Montanari, continually turns these images off, as though trying to deaden her pain with a remote control. Marco Pantani may well be the heart of the piece, and it may well be his story that one is led to discover, following it passionately, but his mother is the true heroine. A mother full of courage, a modern Antigone who cannot mourn her son until the truth concerning his death has come out. She illuminates the performance with her dignified suffering and her combativeness. [...] As on other occasions, Marco Martinelli directs the music as well: Simone Zanchini on the accordion, both deep and soft; and a choir, the voice of the absent, that solemnly measures the scenes with folk songs. [...] The piece provides a sublimation of this story, ultimately rather prosaic, of an innocent man accused without any evidence. It also draws a finely detailed portrait of a brutal society that creates its own idols only to massacre them, in total contrast with the almost naïf simplicity of a region with strong rural roots. [...] Theatre has attempted to restore his honour; justice has taken over from there."

**Laurence Van Goethem**, Alternatives théâtrales, March 18, 2016



*Vita agli arresti di Aung San Suu Kyi - from the movie*

"The dramaturgy, once again by Montanari and Martinelli, is built upon the abundant literature and many biographies dedicated to this non-violent woman, whose life was marked by difficult decisions. Martinelli's deep and vivid directing represents the part of Aung San Suu Kyis' life when she was under house arrest, placing it within a surprising Brechtian frame. Never rigid or self-referential, it is infused - I would go so far as to say - with the spirit of the location, with a remarkable ability to recreate the climate, the air. This was certainly born out of their voyage to Burma before creating the performance, but also comes from their synchronicity with and profound admiration for this little lady, who has no fear of defying her prison guards."

**Maria Grazia Gregori**, delteatro.it, November 30, 2014

"Happiness of weak creatures. A gentle and cruel expression. Somehow the mystery of Marco Martinelli's gambler is enclosed here. In his work beauty has always played a great part. Charmed by the idol, alone but in the solitude of many, judged but not judging, with plenty of money but money that still stinks of the earth and fatigue and is not good for the wash and dry and iron society, not good for the society of emotional anorexia and good causes, Martinelli's gambler is a weak creature, not due to his "vices". Weak because the intimate constitution of the human is weak who here, in this end of the world mediated by machines (or better, by little machines), reveals himself naked and fragile before us. [...] Martinelli does not deliver up a gambler, does not deliver him up to our glance and our armed and vigilant criticism. He deliver us to him. And what does the gambler do? He does not judge us, does not speak to us, does not see us. He says goodbye and goes off to the ditch. Just as we did not see him and, like him, did not want to see those thousands of men and women like him who, every day in Italy, feed the pigs and the abyss. [...] We believed it to be a descent, but Martinelli takes us upwards where precisely we lack oxygen, we who boasted of having the right pace. But we don't. So we have to ask ourselves: what was at stake? Maybe only what still remains human in the human. Nothing less, nothing more."

**Marco Dotti**, in *Slot machine*, by Marco Martinelli, Luca Sossella Editore, 2014

"Montanari has been awarded many prizes as an actor and received much praise from critics, as has the work done by the Teatro delle Albe, that she founded in 1983 with her partner in life and art Marco Martinelli, along with Marcella Nonni and Luigi Dadina. The film was directed by Martinelli, a wise, humane mentor, a sensitive and acute theatrical director: he decided that it was time to dedicate himself to cinema as well; just like in theatre, the brochure presenting this work perfectly describes its touch: an art film. The images are openly inspired by Jarman, Fellini, Pasolini, Vertov, Kaurismaki and Paradžanov, without forgetting the creativity of the "byzantine" seashore; divided into episodes, it has an old-fashioned 4/3 format, because "this is a story from bygone times", as Martinelli has admitted. Oriental-sounding pieces alternate with music composed by internationally famed musician Luigi Ceccarelli, with archival images recreating the socio-political context in which this Burmese story takes place."

**Giacomo D'Alelio**, cinematografo.it, August 3, 2017

"For some time, Marco Martinelli and his Teatro delle Albe had wanted to turn to cinema. He has now done so with an essential, precise and imaginative debut work, both mysterious and political, bringing

to the screen an original version of his successful theatre piece *Vita agli arresti di Aung San Suu Kyi*. It is interpreted, as it was onstage, by a superb Ermanna Montanari, who seems not only to personify the leader of the Burmese people but also to embody a special grace, antique and with rural roots, highly Italian but ultimately universal. Wearing long dresses not unlike Burmese attire, she seems like a figure cut out of some nineteenth century portrait, or even like one of the pale women found in Flemish painting: alert and concrete, with an unrelenting tension, prepared to act, perhaps in an everyday context, even similar to a housewife, dreamy, distant, abandoned to a higher plane of things. She sculpts her words tightly. An elegant gentleness emanates from her full-length figure, seen against the backdrop of a solitude created by an imprisonment that is difficult to endure. She withstands the close-up that scrutinises her like an ancient mask, made of porcelain and marked by little, beautiful wrinkles. A fragile self-assurance, firm yet precariously balanced. The film, in various episodes shot with pared-down clarity, whose rhythm is defined by captions written on sheets of precious paper, tells us the story of this female politician, winner of the Nobel peace prize, and her country. [...] The secret behind this film lies in its Brechtian suspension, in the dry power of the images resulting from Pasquale Mari's photography, in Edoardo Sanchi's openly theatrical scenography, in the rhythm of Natalie Cristiani's editing (supervised by Jacopo Quadri), in the camera's continuous exploration that draws increasingly nearer to Ermanna Montanari's face, eyes, words and suspensions. This successful joint effort rose to the challenge of a work that brings to cinema, and thus brings closer to the spectator, the intimate concentration that marks good theatre, with its ability to not define things but to leave something to the imagination, opening a rift like a question asked of history."

**Massimo Marino**, doppiozero.com, November 2, 2017

"*Va pensiero* is another dramaturgical manifesto by Marco Martinelli. After *L'Avaro* and *Pantani*, *Vita agli Arresti di Aung San Suu Kyi*, that delves deep into current events in order to bring to our cities' theatres [...] an exemplary reflection on the world's misery and the importance of heresy; a work that is not post-modern in the least, in its outlook and its form, and that gives new life - through symbols that remain blistering even in our liquid and post-immunological society - to the archetype of the tiny flame that resists the spread of evil, one against many, a back that refuses to bend, even when it is broken."

**Rossella Menna**, doppiozero.com, December 14, 2017

"How to define *Va pensiero*, the new Teatro delle Albe show? How to identify in such a dense and complex work a univocal key that circumscribes its territory without appearing limiting? Marco Martinelli's text deals in the first place with mafia infiltrations in northern municipalities, in this case precisely in his native Romagna, but also with political corruption in the broadsense, the vanishing possibility of identifying with the ideals of the old parties, the overall decline in national customs. The author-director mixes these elements into an inextricable magma that becomes one with our collective life. [...] we're talking about one of the most important attempts in these years to grasp the times we're going through, perhaps the first real drama written today about Italy today."

**Renato Palazzi**, Il Sole 24 Ore, January 12, 2018

"A story of everyday heroism, the hardest kind, whose action takes place in the central piazza of a small town. A story that recalls a news item, but frees it of sadness, unearthing the poetry within the prose. A heroism of this side of life. Fragile very human daring. [...] And it's another miracle by Marco Martinelli and Ermanna Montanari. A new show in the same theatre, the true theatre, where already aesthetics has always been politics. Story, body, work: combining these elements *Va pensiero* comes to life like an actual contemporary myth. A story of the people and for the people. A show which is collective spirit, embodied paradigmatically by the constant presence of the choir.. [...] Then from the choir, from the people who sing, different individualities come forth to compose a human tapestry [...]. Tesserae of a myth of our days, they bring back to life the voice of Antigone, who still asks us from the depths of the cavern where she has been sent to die, she still asks us: what has there been of justice?"

**Caterina Piccione**, ilpickwick.it, January 20, 2018

"*Va pensiero* brings together music, opera, theatre, poetry, journalism and literature, the air of the Risorgimento and the nineteenth-century novel, Dickens, Verdi and Donato Ungaro, an accurate rendering of judicial reports [...], standardized figures and freely rewritten events; it mingles true names [...] with false ones, actual circumstances with narrative stretches of the imagination, verse with prose, lightning-quick images and drawn-out rhythms, tragic themes and comic gestures. [...] This and more can be found in *Va pensiero*, and yet the piece's form is able to speak not to everyone - such an indistinct audience only having been invented for potential marketing - but to as many people as possible [...]. And in all of this, there is also an irrepressible desire to speak and to act, together."

**Alessandro Toppi**, ilpickwick.it, January 23, 2018

"*Va pensiero* is a portrait, an accusation, ironic and irreverent, but also serious and bitter."

**Anna Bandettini**, La Repubblica, February 18, 2018

"At the Naples Theatre Festival three shows of uncommon acuteness founded [...] authors who have ended up by inspiring tributes and transpositions in the form of singular stage languages. [...] Marco Martinelli and Ermanna Montanari, respectively writer and performer of the Albe and co-directors, have fine-tuned - with *Love's faithful. Polyptych in seven panels for Dante Alighieri* - an interlude between their recent choral *Inferno* and the upcoming *Purgatory* and *Paradise*, pausing over the death throes of Dante in Ravenna."

**Rodolfo Di Giammarco**, La Repubblica, July 1, 2018

"Martinelli's writing, soaked in Ravenna dialect and stitched into the polyhedric voice of the witch Montanari, recounts - and imagines - slices of the life and thoughts of the exiled poet, hunted, a refugee. His twenty years of fight in an Italy "that kicks itself, disunited, lacerated, shattered and false". A drifting that is coordinated by families at their barricaded soirées, arms dealers sipping on a cruise and bankers who have understandings with the government: the step from the 14th century to the present is short, very short. And it hurts. The Albe build up a work by their political nature, setting out this time from the complex crossing of the Ravenna poet's work [...]. Like Dante's colleagues who were struck

to the ground by lightning "all and inebriated and done with love", these stubborn and indomitable donkeys take on the arduous task of supporting and carrying the cross of Love 'that strikes you in the head like thunder, taking from you the legs that bear every thing' and of making it visible to us, by means of a very lofty operation stratified between painting, installation, music and Theatre: love's faithful. And we with them, we follow them, lined up."

**Francesca Saturnino**, larepubblica.it, July 7, 2018

"There is something specific about Martinelli's dramaturgy. It does not deny the relations that were necessary for its generation [...], i.e. the contributions, the boundaries, limits and horizons (which from one instance to the next are Ermanna, the actors of the Teatro delle Albe). It perceives them, on the contrary, and conserves, through their transformation into something new, this new element, which is the text and the writing that is slowly born. In Marco Martinelli's elaboration - or rather, precisely by transiting through him - there is now a distinctive feature and an 'additional' sense, even while fully and faithfully adhering to the original. His dramaturgical writing never betrays the truth of these relations, but always contains them and illuminates them; it thus becomes complete, an autonomous 'text' that is also, if you will, completely self-sufficient. During this entire process, understood as a way of proceeding together, Ermanna Montanari plays an essential role in sparking off and sustaining the phase of creation; she then proceeds to follow her own paths, which however continue to stimulate and be stimulated by those same relations. [...] Many definitions have been introduced for this theatre, of which the best-known is perhaps an 'Impure theatre'. I believe that few words can fully define it: joy or better yet 'Felicity' [...], understood in its Latin etymology [...] as an ability to generate. [...] These elements, fertility and care towards others, lie at the foundation of the theatre pursued by Marco Martinelli and the Teatro delle Albe, able as it is to blossom in and through relations with others, and to inseminate old and new situations. [...] So, a theatre of 'joy', not only for the way it tends towards, or horizontally and vertically yearns for, a harmonious adhesion to life [...]. Felicity as writing's innermost inclination, as its true assiduity, onstage and beyond the stage. This kind of dramaturgical writing is permeated by a vision of the world that makes no secret of contemporary anxiety, but is, on the contrary, able to capture it and thus transfigure 'tragic' narrations that however remain, for this very reason, clear-minded and go well beyond the stage. Along these same lines, there is evidently a continuous reference to Dionysus, the scandalous god of life and death, regeneration and thus generation and fertility. [...] A writing sullied with the matter of life, the same matter that conceals our collective spirit and the one belonging to each of us. [...] The language that is born is bastardised by an antique dialect or by a modern perversion of words, and thus appears all the more clean and 'classical', like a freshwater spring welling up from the ground and flowing towards a river [...]. Martinelli's writing is thus a sort of idiolect that in its sonorous stage presence masterfully blends inner dialect and dialects from other places; its variety of signs is permeated by a multi-linguistics and mixed together in a music that retraces and emphasises its creative foundations. It is a language that must be uttered onstage, which is the place for its true power, but it also becomes a language of literature that can be repeated and understood in the silence of reading."

**Dolores Pesce**, *Marco Martinelli Un Drammaturgo Corsaro*, Editoria&Spettacolo, 2018



backstage of the movie *Vita agli arresti di Aung San Suu Kyi*  
photo Maria Martinelli



photo Lidia Bagnara



photo Tristan Jeanne-Vales

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photo Silvia Lelli