

paola bianchi



UNO
frottola contemporanea
contemporary humbug

by and with Paola Bianchi
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thanks to Valentina Buldrini, Chiara Girolomini,
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ONE is an act without words, without solution, without end, without game.

one is there and says: I have to do.
then one sits down.
one is looking for some air at a hospital room.
one is getting dressed.
one is looking for a way.
one is disappearing behind a wig.
one is feeling alive only when one is disguised.
one is trying with strength.
one submits.
one is speaking.
one could decide don't answer.
one could go away.
one is unique and everyone at the same time.
which face does "I" have?

...the new identity without person enforces the illusion of an infinite multiplication of masks, and not of an unity. just where it fixes the individual to a merely biological and asocial identity, it promises him to permit him to assume in internet every mask and every possible second and third life, none of them will be ever able to belong to him.
Giorgio Agamben

inside our virtual rooms we change identity and moods estimating the effect of screen spectators –a fragmented audience in single unities.
this decadent room is coloured with the necessarily useless tints of a fake life.
here nothing happens.
and in this loneliness one is not even able to dance...