

**\*MELK PROD. / Marco Berrettini**

## **NO PARADERAN – MYTHS, CRUMBLES, MOTHS**

It's been 15 years since No Paraderan was created and the scandal of the premiere at the Théâtre de la Ville in Paris is still relevant. For many people who attended the performance, the play has something mythical about it. For the company it was the beginning of the end. Many theaters turned their backs afterwards and a few years after No Paraderan the members of the company separated.

I confess I still do not understand why this particular piece caused such violent reactions; my memories are like crumbs of a puzzle, but I feel that the time has come to take the tuxedos out of the closet (hoping the moths did not get the upper hand) and present No Paraderan today for him give the consideration it deserves. It does not matter to me that a play is surrounded by mystery or scandal, my greatest satisfaction would be to be able to consider this work as a worthy witness of an era, a glimpse behind the stage curtain of our societies, a stealthy look in the mirror of contemporary dance.

I will stage No Paraderan as it was in 2004 with almost all the interpreters of the time. See you in January 2020 at the Amandiers de Nanterre.



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## NO PARADERAN



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**Artistic Director:** Marco Berrettini  
**Assistant :** Chiara Gallerani  
**Performers :** Marco Berrettini  
Jean-Paul Bourel  
Valérie Brau-Antony  
Ruth Childs  
Bruno Faucher  
Chiara Gallerani  
Marie-Caroline Hominal  
Gianfranco Poddighe

**Stage design:** Bruno Faucher / Marco Berrettini with the help of Jan Kopp

**Creation of lights:** Bruno Faucher

**Length:** 1h45

**Music:** Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, The Rat Pack

**Production :** \*Melk Prod. / Tanzplantation

**Co-productions :** Théâtre des Amandiers, Nanterre (F), Impulstanz Vienna (A), Comédie de Genève (CH), Arsenic Lausanne (CH), Charleroi danse (BE)

## NO PARADERAN

**NO PARADERAN** is loosely inspired by the ballet **PARADE** by *Les Ballets Russes*, which is based on a concept by Jean Cocteau (costumes by Picasso, music by Erik Satie) and had its first performance in Paris at the Théâtre du Chatelet, in 1917.

This work is therefore about desire and frustration, and plays with the enchantment of the performance for both the audience and the actors. It sketches a slightly dizzy image with a double meaning for such concepts as “art” and “performance” – where do they begin and where do they end?

If the original show of the Russian Ballets could still offer the right reply to the social events which happened in Europe in the Twenties, **NO PARADERAN** would have difficulty in fighting against the pervading atmosphere. The world of entertainment has spread over to every field of life, in sports, as well as in politics. In front of the growing number of multiplex artists, facing the critics of the “non-danse” (“no dance”), threatened by the populists leeway, our eight “super-artists” of **NO PARADERAN** have decided to say “No !”. And right now, as they are in the heights of fame, a silence is coming down. Just like a hypnosis that would turn them into rebels, our stars of the show are protesting. Overqualified, it is hard for them to convince us that privileges demobilize.

In **NO PARADERAN** we have deliberately chosen an aesthetically pleasing position which, at once, doesn't claim any originality : the masculine and feminine genders are not questioned as such, stage-design is a recognized drama-code in itself, the gala appears much more like a B-series reception in which the contributors are neither very good nor very bad. They do their job all right. One cannot blame them for not being professionals. Besides, the contract with the public is quite clear : “...don't ask us to do something new nor to surprise you and, as for us, we promise you that you will spend a nice evening and, above all we assure you we won't bore you with our questioning about the place arts should have in our contemporary world. But then, what accounts for the uneasiness hanging over since the beginning of an a-priori ordinary show ? And how is it that one has the impression that the actors do not want at all “to play the game” ? But which game is it about ? Why not play instead with a paper napkin that we would find there inside our pocket ?

**Marco Berrettini and Chiara Gallerani**

## NO PARADERAN

"Isn't the injured vanity the mother of all tragedies? ...I have found good actors among all vanity persons; they play their role and they want us to feel pleasure at their game, they put all their will into this wanting. They put themselves on stage, they invent themselves; I love to assist to the show of life when I face them; it's a cure from melancholy".

*Friedrich Nietzsche - Thou spoke Zarathoustra*

The most difficult thing in the world is to reveal yourself, to express what you have to... As an artist, I feel that we must try many things - but above all, we must dare to fail. You must have the courage to be bad - to be willing to risk everything to really express it all."

*John Cassavetes*

"If you can talk brilliantly about a problem, it can create the consoling illusion that it has been mastered".

**Stanley Kubrick**

"I have a smooth skin, in my bubble bath. I burn in the shadow of the bombs. Everything is delicacy. Beds and bad seeds. I write down the list of stuff that indisposes me. (Chorus): I am fed up of those who cry, of those who drive too slowly. Who complain and who get stuck on a stuck idea. I am fed up of those who grumble, who pretend extreme and then stumble. Who only look at the dark side of life, who make me sad by that. I am fed up of these cynical bunch, I am fed up to be fed up, too. I have a smooth skin, in my bubble bath".

**Alizée - excerpt from the song "I am fed up!"**

### Press articles

#### *Awaiting the artist.*

So who are Scott, Bret, Candy, Pearl, Chess, Tiffany, Santiago and Nina? Who are these eight formidably primed characters, who strike a pose and talk to us ingenuously in front of the red curtain, presage of a play already begun or about to begin? "Champagne is a bit like my work overalls" confides one of them. Anonymous stars, products of television series, music-hall artists? Do they approach fame; have they acquired it or maybe lost it? Intrigue and strangeness intertwine stemming from dance. Two brief but fulgurate solos from the women, who, as two columns at the front of the stage, wring the necks of two swans or elementary signs. One is dressed in a superb pink dress, the other in one of sparkling black. One distils classical variations, the other more the light savour of music hall. But, mysteriously, the dances influence each other to the point of blurring all distinction of style to evolve into one single flux. Movement that becomes more erotic as one watches. From the crack in the curtain emerge heads, arms then bodies of men in black suits. Animators, producers, orchestra conductors beating time with cocktail spoon, dancers, actors, singers or tumblers? The mystery deepens.

Marco Berrettini gives the title this **NO PARADERAN** for this new creation. It translates as: "They will not parade". "It is a piece about desire and frustration", specifies the author "a piece that plays on the phantasm of the spectacular. It offers a slightly vertiginous *mise en abyme* around the notions of art and the show".

For this wonderful entry into fame, the actors of the company **\*MELK PROD.** take their inspiration very freely from **Parade**, the illustrious performance of Russian ballets. Choreography by Léonide Massine after a short story by Jean Cocteau, stage curtain signed Pablo Picasso, music composed by Erik Satie, ballet created in 1917 at the Théâtre du Châtelet. With the complicity of these fabulous actors-performers-dancers, Marco Berrettini, one of the rare comic choreographers of our post-modern era, produces for the first time at the Théâtre de la Ville - at the same place, in the theatre just opposite and nearly a century later. Minimalist and unspectacular as it may be, his approach is interested mainly in the reception and the context of this reference piece. Moving away from the original parade, presenting numbers to attract the public in a room that he decides not to enter, Marco Berrettini transposes the theme – attraction and incitation to entertainment in a period where war is eternal (another reflection of the times) – in imagining a gala evening seen from behind the scenes. From the back, behind, upside down – no artistic numbers at all.

Deprived of the spectacular, actors and choreographer operate in subtraction. The curtain has lost its painted motifs; a simple wheeled dining table redesigns space. On the tabletop, glasses and bottles call to drunkenness. This decoration has for its sound background the rumour of voices as well as the crystalline sound of glasses and drinks, another probable reference to the *bouteillophone* used by Erik Satie in his partition. He rhythms and colours the vacuity of these mundane exchanges, choreographed in all triviality, and other indescribable chatter and sauciness with jazz music and daily noises.

In real life, the famous artists of **NO PARADERAN**, long-time colleagues, are pass-masters in the elaboration of characters. offbeat adventurers in an expert artistic project in critical extravagance, they are – we have seen it ever since **Multi(s)mes**, or **Sorry do the tour!**, a savourous exegesis of disco folklore of which the choreographer was long an adept – particularly inspired by the society of performance. Their fantastic characters, capable of the worst as well as the best, invent and improvise without end. They dare and incarnate. Here, in a kitsch stylised ambiance, they transport us to the musical comedies of the best years of the American dream, those that Woody Allen knew how to transpose in his films. Or compose with the televisual atmospheres as only Federico Fellini knew how to distill in *Fred et Ginger*. We have got the message, **NO PARADERAN** is a play of reference and reminiscence. A portrait gallery from which emanate cult scenes and characters, immersed in the most ferocious banality.

With this strange swinging between allegresse and melancholy, elegance and vulgarity, magic and disenchantment, Marco Berrettini produces a magisterial essay on the world of art and the toxic beauty of his actors. These interpreters particularly gifted for putting one of the scent of the dangerous substances that we call the themes, as Peter Sloterdijk suggests, philosopher of predilection of the choreographer. Those of their times: current affairs, events and debates of the epoch. And their silences, their refusals or their adieux to the stage, declined in turn, make us hear and understand all these lost spaces in multiple scenes and complete abandon to the flesh of vanities.

**Irène Filiberti**

## NO PARADERAN

*The show is dying, long live the show!*

How to capture a show by Marco Berrettini?

A show by Marco Berrettini is a strange object, which presents some thorns, but also outgrowths odd outlines; but above all a slippery, furiously unstable general aspect, which escapes and behind which one runs. Or rather: we zigzag, we jump. But by the way, a show by Marco Berrettini, it may not be an object at all. It is rather a state of passage, a levy in the vibration of the world, which would come wrinkle on the set. Let's put some references.

In *NO PARADERAN*, new show of Marco Berrettini, there is the word *parade*. In 1917, the public of Châtelet is shocked by the insolent lightness of Parade: one sees there an unusual parade of characters and excerpts of fairground show, exhausting without convincing the people to return in the room to attend the totality of representation. This post-Nijinsky Ballets Russes show unites Cocteau, Picasso, Massine and Satie. In this brilliant bric-a-brac, which relativizes the place of dance, one discerns the marks of cubism as the warning signs of an over-realism. Second reference. In Las Vegas casinos, Frank Sinatra triumphs with a new form of show. For an hour-long singing tour, he does not let go of the whole evening, multiplying the sketches, the anecdotes, the dance primers, the addresses to the spectators. He fires all the wood. It gives spectacular value to any trivial thing.

Back in France in 2004. Large audiovisual media broadcast programs that end up convincing an artist is made in a few weeks to fit into the digestive circuit of general production. And the audiences thus affected remain thousands of times higher than the best-filled halls of the Théâtre de la Ville ... Is an idea of the show diluting, irremediably?

Where do art and show begin? Where do they end? To capture *NO PARADERAN*, a show by Marco Berrettini, is, of course, to attend a show. Quite simply. But it is, at the same time, observing how nothing becomes a spectacle, which, knowing it, refuses to be quite so. Happy paradoxical vertigo. It's accepting a game. This game is played on a thread. The thread of the perpetual moment. It's an instant furiously charged. Charged with codes, conventions and presuppositions. There is no spectacle but what one accepts to believe that he is. It's a joke, and it's funny at the same time. The choreographer likes to quote John Cassavetes in these terms: *"The most difficult thing in the world is to reveal oneself to oneself, to express what one has to express ... As an artist, I feel that we must try many things -*

*but, above all, we must have the courage to fail. You must have the courage to be bad - in a way to risk everything to reach the total expression.*

Thus, in the perpetual moment of representation, the seven artists of *NO PARADERAN* float between memories and chimeras, brewing past and future in the conjugation of the present. They introduce themselves, they comment on themselves. Neither in front nor behind, but rather around a stage curtain that will not end where it started, they come and go smoking and drinking, some more than reason. Disrespectful. Not suitable. They graze a zero state, glide to all possible, oscillate between numbness of slowness and dazzling drift. Every moment threatens to overthrow, between the desolate and the virtuoso, watched by the exquisite brilliance as by the vain skid.

Costumes, attitudes, rhythms: *NO PARADERAN* displays spectacular conventions among the most conventional. His fiction is the reality of the show. In this, Marco Berrettini pursues to the extreme a certain basic idea of dance theater, which he forged by his training at the *Folkwangschule* Essen, led by Pina Bausch.

So a gesture here is suddenly supported. A mimicry, there, is too enigmatic. A dancer assumes her becoming-goat incongruous. It happened as if inadvertently. The tip of ballerina is twisted vulgarity cabaret. A jazz runaway freezes in pure academicism. A little show. It's simple. But nothing starts or ends, nothing stands perfectly. The characters are shifted by their own icon. Prestidigitation of derisory. Transplantation of landmarks. Cutting intuitions. The spectacular mirror is crumbling, the terrain of illusion is falling apart.

Any presence on stage has for future only its exit of scene. Tonight. Or at the end of your career. Mostly old Marco Berrettini's faithful, already present in the disco masquerade of the over-mature dancers of "Sorry, do the tour! These artists form one of the strangest and endearing tribes that can be seen on stage. Are they dancers without dance? Now, there is no more tenderly respectful of the idea of spectacle, than their way of drawing still upon the springs already harmed by the spectacle. They are furious performers, choreographic artists in everyday life, and whose body staggers, by doubt amused.

**G rard Mayen**

## NO PARADERAN

### *what is a curtain*

It's a song by Laurie Anderson, who says, about a crowd of people, all more or less arriving at the same time in the same room: ", (they) were all asking themselves the same question: What is behind that curtain? ". Laurie Anderson's answer does not matter if we admit that the number is not necessarily right, because the question is elsewhere, that the only question worth asking is: What is that curtain?

What is this curtain? That is interesting, at the risk of being excessive until declaring to amuse Gilbert Lascaux "that in the theater, the spectacles (keys of comprehension of the show) are given only to justify the movements of the curtain" (Shy writings on the visible). At least, by no longer seeking to lift, open, or pass behind the curtain, will we have evacuated the metaphor for the benefit of the literary; will we be given the means to bring about the truth in the deployment of tautology?

Marco Berrettini, because he is a choreographer, has certainly wondered about the nature of his curtain. He made it the "mobile" of his last show NO PARADERAN (2004), one of those rare, geniously sick pieces we know when we see them go out before our eyes, because we are unable to wear them help.

NO PARADERAN, therefore, less a title than a negation, in which we read an inverted quote from a 1917 historical ballet: Parade, Massine choreography, Cocteau libretto, Satie music and Picasso stage curtain. To quote in the negative can not be summed up in an umpteenth postmodern posture; it would be rather to want to circumvent the fable of the room, to find the antidote to the Parade spell. For what is Parade, if not a formidable trap, that told the fiasco at work in any representation through the vain efforts of a troupe of fairgrounds to bring into their theater an audience that pleased with the spectacle of their parade. The work is therefore the fable of a thwarted entrance, the patent failure of a relationship with the public who prefer to park in front of the curtain of the theater, especially if it is signed Picasso. We will come back to it.

NO PARADERAN had to succeed where the parable of Massine / Cocteau / Satie played with his failure. The lesson had been heard, Berrettini and his seven artists would be careful not to parade, they would even try the opposite to break the spell, to defuse the immobility of the viewer and dragging them inside their theater,

But come in to see what? What did they see, the spectators of 1917? What was there to see in Parade? Rather than trying to recreate, we will trust what the collective memory keeps of this ballet. There is nothing left of ballet, nothing of Massine's choreography, so little of Cocteau's libretto; a bit more of Satie's music in superb Underwood typewriter crash, alarm sirens and first jazz notes in a ballet. The only image that is printed is that of

Picasso's stage curtain, to the point that the canvas is a screen for the rest of the ballet. Parade of Picasso! a ballet has disappeared, swallowed up within ten meters of its stage curtain. Parade thus forever sign the negation of a ballet in favor of a painted canvas, image-show that installs a frontal relationship, a curtain-table that does not need to be lifted, nor open, since its spectator stands forever in front of the cellars of the Pompidou Center.

NO PARADERAN is the story of the movement to give to this curtain to defuse Picasso's bewildering "curse" and make the show happen. Neither lift nor opening, the impulsive movement will be that of his slow recoil to the back of the stage. NO PARADERAN is built in the retreat of his curtain, more than an hour and a half to hang on the back wall. The spectator, the great-grandson of the one staged by Parade, does not have to "enter the theater," since the retreat of the curtain releases and empties the stage.

What does he see? dance? theater? no, but the withdrawal from a curtain in front of which eight characters without author attempt a show designed as a digest reader, better, like the Parade of all the shows of the world: quote karaoke of a never-ending tour of Dean Martin's song , abortive temptations on the side of the Tanztheater, effects of stand up comedy, coffee-theater jokes to the absurdity stamped the Robins of the Woods, price remi-ses tunnels version Caesar and other Wins of anything conceived as the new shows televised, and other Glamor Nibards and Versace come out stuffed with the Raffaella Carra show of the Berlusconi television.

Nothing very glorious - so the Show-biz equivalent of fairground parades - because the ambition is none other than to accompany the fold of the curtain. If there is a parade, it is reversed; a parade backwards, the back of a parade, the one who opens the dance season for example at the Paris Opera when all the dancers and students of the school advance glorious on a march of Berlioz from the bottom from the foyer of the dance to the proscenium. As we rise to the assault. At Marco Berrettini's, we're fighting a retreat. The performers bid farewell to their characters in front of the audience, but in hindsight, final greetings that become the subject of a new show of forty minutes, the duration of which adds up to the hour and a half announced in the room sheet. NO PARADERAN; they retreat to the back of their curtains, so glued to the back wall that we now know that there is nothing behind them, scarcely enough to slip in to vanquish them.

But the spectator of the Théâtre de la Ville does not like the losers and blows a wind of hate on the stage as soon as it empties. The intolerable can happen: a spectator "wins" the plateau, takes a glass of champagne and drinks the health of his victory. The last taboo of the show has just fallen. With the occupation of the set, the spectator signifies his power over the dancer; some will see the post-traumatic effects of the intermittent crisis, the manifestation of a society at war with its artists driven to the back of the stage, pressed against the wall behind their curtain.

No Paraderan, or the repulsed limits of representation: the retreat of the curtain seems a physical consequence to the violence of the room, the force of boos and insults. Then come back to me the words of Gilbert Lascaux: "Who speaks of curtain speaks (perhaps Littré) of war and not of theater, of strategy and not of spectacle, of earth and not of fabric. a retreat, a wrinkle of the ground: a small elevation behind which one can hide oneself, one can steal a work.)" Picasso knew it, who had painted two curtains for Parade: scene of showmen for the fore-stage, and, in background... a kind of urban chaos. -

**Laurent Goumarre, ART PRESS**

Parade: « ...a funny number, performed at the entry of an itinerant theatre and intended to attract the crowd (before the real show) »

**Larousse**



## NO PARADERAN

### Biographies

#### Marco Berrettini

Italian dancer and choreographer was born the 23.10.1963 in Aschaffenburg – Germany. His interest in dancing began in 1978, when he won the German championship of Disco Dancing. Thereupon he decides to improve his technical skills. In the next following three years, he'll take a multitude of classes and workshops in Jazz Dance, Modern Dance and classical ballet.

After his A levels, he starts a professional dance-formation; first at the *London School of Contemporary Dance*, then at the *Folkwangschulen Essen*, under the direction of Hans Züllig and Pina Bausch. There he develops his passion for choreography and presents his first Solo: « the horny Santa Claus ».

Straight after the diploma as a dancer he moves back to Wiesbaden and creates his company, Tanzplantation. Next to his work as choreographer, he studies European Ethnology, Cultural Anthropology and Theatre-Sciences at the Frankfurt University.

In 1988 he moves to Paris and works for the choreographer Georges Appaix; with the money he makes he finances his own pieces.

In 1999 his company, strong of 12 members, changes its name. \*MELK PROD. is born.

Since then, Marco Berrettini has produced more than 30 pieces and won some prizes like the ZKB PRIZE at the Theaterspektakel Festival in Zurich or the OFC Prize for best choreography of the year in 2017.

Berrettini's work spreads widely. From the Performance in Museums to movie-productions with foreign film-directors; from Video-Installations at the Palais de Tokyo in Paris to festive dinner parties with famous people who don't know him at all. At the present Berrettini works on the piece « My soul is my Visa » for February 2018. But his best "creation" is and will be Stella, his daughter with whom he lives in Geneva.

### **Jean-Paul Bourel**

learnt dance with Odile Duboc. He used to work for Groupe DUNES, Geneviève Sorin and Guy André Lagesse, he created a piece *Les pas perdus* and works regularly with teenagers in schools. Since 1992, he dances in *La Liseuse/Georges Appaix*, and collaborates with Marco Berrettini.

### **Valérie Brau-Antony**

learnt dance with Odile Duboc and Ruth Barnes. She worked four years at "Ballatum Theater", specially on the piece directed by Guy Alloucherie *On s'aimait trop pour se voir tous les jours*. She used to be a performer for François-Michel Pesenti and she took part in Sabine Macher and Annabelle Pulcini's works. *Multi(s)me* is the first collaboration with Marco Berrettini, following by *Freeze/Defreeze*, *Sorry, do the tour!* and *Blitz* collective creation and *NO PARADERAN* in 2004. She works also with Georges Appaix.

### **Ruth Childs**

British-American dancer and performer Ruth Childs was born in 1984 in London. She grew up in the United States where she studied dance (classical and contemporary) and music (violin.) In 2003 she moved to Geneva to finish her dance training with the Ballet Junior de Genève. Following this, she started working with many internationally known choreographers and directors including Foofwa d'Imobilité, La Ribot, Gilles Jobin, Massimo Furlan, Marco Berrettini and Yasmine Hugonnet.

Since 2015, she is also working on a re-creation and revival project of the early works of her the aunt, the American choreographer Lucinda Childs.

In 2014 she founded her company SCARLETT'S in order to develop her own work through dance, performance, film and music and collaborates with Stéphane Vecchione on musical project "SCARLETT'S FALL."

In 2016 the state of Geneva awarded her a scholarship and research residency in Berlin of 6 months to develop her own work. . Her first stage piece in collaboration with Stéphane Vecchione , *The Goldfish and the Inner Tube*, premiered in April 2018 .

### **Bruno Faucher**

used to be a stage manager at MC 93 Bobigny. He leaved Paris to Marseille and work with Georges Appaix and the Groupe Dunes especially on multimedia projects. Since four years, he collaborates with Marco Berrettini on light creation, as technical director and performer.

### **Chiara Gallerani**

studied dance in Italy and came in France in 1990's to achieve her training. She is a performer for choreographs, contemporary artists and poet as Paco Decina, Georges Appaix, Francesca Lattuada, Tomeo Verges, Edouard Levé and Joris Lacoste. In 1998, her meeting with Marco Berrettini is the beginning of a long collaboration : *Je m'appelle Maryvonne von Strudelberg*, *Sturmwetter prépare l'an d'Emil*, *Multi(s)me*, *Freeze/défreeze*, *Sorry, do the tour!*, *Blitz* co-signed by Marco Berrettini and three others members of the company, and *No Paraderan* performed at the Théâtre de la Ville in December 2004. In the same time, she manages her own projects. She presented the solo/performance *Chiara et les cygnes* in 2002 at the Fondation Cartier, following by *Sweet savagery* at the Laboratoires d'Aubervilliers in 2003.

### **Marie-Caroline Hominal**

received a dance training at Schweizerische Ballettberufsschule in Zürich and at Rambert School of Ballet and Contemporary Dance in London, where she joined for 1 year the National Youth Dance Company. Her choreographic works, mainly solos or duos, are: the tryptique; "Fly Girl" (2008), "Yaksu Exit Number 9" (2010) & "Voice Over" (2011). "BAT" (2012). The performances "Patricia poses by the pop machine" (2011), "Cindy punch pop acid" (2011) & "In bed with MadMoiselle" (2013). Besides, Marie-Caroline Hominal regularly collaborates with other artists like François Chaignaud (Duchesses, 2009), Clive Jenkins (Opus 69, 2009), Cristian Vogel (music video 1968 Holes), Kim Boninsegni (4 Strobs, Some wax, Screwed up timeline, Glitter, Two voices, One dance, All in one, 2010) and recently with her brother the visual artist David Hominal for the performance (Two birds at swim, at birds two swim, at two birds swim, 2012). Under the name MCH, she has made videos that were shown in numerous festivals in Europe and USA. Since 1998 she has been performing with choreographers and companies such as the Tanztheater Basel, Blanca Li, Gisèle Vienne, Gilles Jobin, La Ribot, Marco Berrettini. She was also guest performer for Human Writes from William Forsyth and B.O.B from Dick Wong.

### **Gianfranco Poddighe**

studied dance in Italy and martial arts in India. Performer for Francesca Lattuada for eight years, he used to work with Joseph Nadj and François Verret. In 1995, he began his actor's career and took part in different projects of Claire Denis, Jan Lauwers, Simon Abkarian and Lukas Hemleb. He worked for the first time with Marco Berrettini on *Multi(s)me* and since then he collaborates on every pieces.

