

# STORY OF...GOING WILD

*Ritorno al selvaggio*

by CLAIRE F.

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maChoreographie

2018/2021

Last 19<sup>th</sup> June 2020 I was supposed to graduate. I was supposed to stage a 60 minute dance performance. Everything was ready to start the process, but it happened the lockdown and those interesting time we are living are now has given a new wave to our life. The experience of the forced stop gave me the possibility to review many aspect of the project I ma going now to stage in the next January 2021. I dive, like mst of us, in the world of the online relationship, trying to keep alive the red string that was connected us from the creative team. We, as team, started the creation of a digital archive of news, pictures, sounds, book bibliography, that allowed us to connect and expand into a common imaginariun. We hold on into six weeks of online weekly rehearsals and exchange talks. It happens that, from those online encounters, the questions, tasks and reflections we asked to each other, we ended up producing texts, poems and videos (all shooted with selfphones).

The continuity we were able to hold in our research it helped me to expand and to focus at the same time and sintetize the core of the research.

GOING WILD , the title of the project, will be staged in January 2021 as a long duration installation performance.

It is a project that questions the possibility of the exitance of "wild archetype". Rinourishing the understandig of the reallationship within the environment that we, as western society, have establish since the ancient greek philosophy, reinvestigating the possibility to achieve some lost meaningful knowledges and skills held into the reconnection within a Nature that is the nature of us. Challenging the thinking of space, time and central perspective of the antropocene era, through questioning the relevance of the performative space as a mutual ritual enviroment which is fullfilled with symbols that eventually can illuminate, represent and create values which hold softly a society together in a subtle invisible net.

"Rituale sind symbolische Handlungen. Sie tradieren und repraesentieren jene Werte und Ordnungen, die eine Gemeinschaft tragen. Sie bringen eine Gemeinschaft ohne Kommunikation hervor."

BYUNG-CHUL HAN "Vom verschwinden der Rituale. Eine Topologie der Gegenwart."



## POEMS ANTOLOGY

### WILD WITHIN

The wild is silent  
The wild moves slowly, when it moves  
The wild is mysterious  
It is a source of proper time not afraid of its own dilatation  
It invites the time to settle down  
The wild has details  
Infinitesimal secret and hidden  
Sensual and evocative  
Magical and mysterious  
The wild has bare feet in the ground  
Sees behind and beyond  
Sees where no eyes are. Sacred instinct. Sees in the dark of things.  
Trust and intuition. Not knowing, because perhaps not everything is given to us to know.  
Pure being  
Intuition and coincidence  
The wild is no tools for moral survival no finalized cognition  
a slap.  
Arrives  
Arrives and manifests in the silent  
The wild is silent  
sees in the dark  
Strictly, inevitably perpetuates life

The wild is invisible source of creation  
The wild instinct in the heart  
Something dies and something is born. Surrender.  
Appear from the dark.  
light dark. Respect the dark.  
silent and destructive  
truth and loyalty  
quiet and silence  
resting and sleeping  
awakening and abandonment  
touch and smells  
is a condition that to find it does not require an effort but only an immersion  
The wild is the creation in progress by following and not anticipating  
are present and get involved  
togetherness capable of creating spaces  
Can you be wild in the same way? Simultaneously?  
contact with the unknown abandon oneself to it  
Their essence cannot be decided or controlled  
The hidden roots are those that determine their features  
Places I have yet to discover. Find out to respect.  
an orgasm call. a womb. sensitivity. sacred respect. a ritual. the full, of the emotions.  
meet me and take me within  
looking for how and when to manifest  
without judgments, fears, preconceptions and prejudices  
free of that self that does not exist  
underwater me who deeply loves  
life  
extreme joy  
pure transparency  
simplicity of pure being  
I want to feed the wild who does not calculate or foresees, who is present and gets involved  
difficulty of definition is what makes the preciousness

a collection of words by

Clara F Crescini, Antonio Savoia, Alessandra Saprano, Sara Paternesi

## MY WILD IS SILENT

My wild is silent  
my wild is delicate and fragile  
it moves slowly, when it moves.  
My wild is mysterious  
breath is its movement.  
My wild has a proper time  
it is not afraid of its dilatation  
on the contrary, it invites the time to settle down.  
It deeply loves the details  
the most infinitesimal  
the most secret and hidden  
the most sensual and evocative  
magical and mysterious.  
My wild finds peace in honesty  
in truth and loyalty  
in quiet and silence  
in resting and sleeping  
in awakening and abandonment  
in touch and smells.  
My wild is hellish noise  
my wild is sticky and rude  
it moves decisively and suddenly.  
My wild shakes  
It sweats, closes eyes and reopens them  
It peers and winks, then it looks away and runs away.  
My wild knows its fears  
it does not avoid them but exploits them ironically in its favor.  
It lives in a long night of madness  
of love and perdition  
of dreams and hallucinations  
of dancing and sex  
of flavors and colors.  
My wild is constantly looking for how and when to manifest itself  
without judgments, fears, preconceptions and prejudices.

It is free and gets rid of that self that does not exist.  
It is in the sea, underwater on the sand of a deserted beach  
in the dark of a club  
in a street at night, illuminated by the light of a lamppost alone.  
My wild is me who deeply loves life  
with extreme joy and pure transparency.

\_Antonio Savoia

—

It has to do with bare feet. By putting bare feet in the ground. Feel roots that flow from the soles of my feet up to the earth and even deeper, in the center of it. It has to do with this exchange between the below and the above. Vertical circulation.  
It has to do with being focused. With an open gaze. Observation with peripheral vision. Focus and openness. It has to do with seeing behind and beyond. Three hundred and sixty degrees of horizontal circulation. I see where I have no eyes. I hear. Sagittal circulation. I see far. I see in the dark. I hear. I sense. Sacred instinct. See in the dark of things.  
It has to do with trust and intuition. It has to do with not knowing, because perhaps not everything is given to us to know.  
It has to do with feeling, with perceiving what is around me.  
It has to do with stillness, with a deep yet attentive stillness. Attention, ready for action. To observe to keep the direction, to see far. Hunting. Bow, arrow. Speed, disappear. Be invisible. Strictly, inevitably perpetuate life.  
It has to do with hidden places, inside and outside of me. Places I have yet to discover. Find out to respect. Maybe it also has to do with my vagina. Sacred instinct, instinct connected to life. Instinct with conscience, instinct with heart, with organicity. Something dies and something is born. Surrender. Appear from the dark. Respect the dark. The dark inside. Be light. Be dark. It has to do with running fast, so fast that the body breaks down into many particles, to recompose itself there in the place of arrival where the soul was waiting for it.  
It is an orgasm call. It is sensitivity. It is sacred respect. It is a ritual. It is the full of emotion. It is the Dance, the one with a capital D, when it meets me and takes me with it.

\_Claire F.

## WHAT IS THE WILD FOR ME

Symptom of residual vitality; simplicity of pure being.

It is a limit state, which cannot be tamed as it would exalt its essence; therefore power, instinct and freedom.

Intuition and coincidence

In man it is the primordial form necessary to be able to build the scaffolding of society.

It does not need to be nourished, it is action and not reason.

It is not necessary as a tool for moral survival.

He has no finalized cognition

It is an offense, it is a slap.

Arrives

Arrives manifests and is silent.

In the body I perceive it in the pelvic area and in the mouth.

The pelvic area is an uncontaminated part because it is guided by the animal impulse, expressed through sexual physicality.

In the mouth because despite being a filter of experience, of lived emotions, dreams and the unconscious part, it erupts.

It is foreign, it is estranged. Is it multiplicity or singularity?

Can you be wild in the same way? Simultaneously?

It is singular omnipotence.

It is anger, silent and destructive.

It is a contact with the unknown and the only way to understand is to abandon oneself to it.

Alessandra Sparano

## TO BE WILD, A WILD BEING

It is a name and an adjective, it is an indefinite, it is a condition that to find it (I think it is already inherent in us)

does not require an effort but only an immersion in a different space and time.

Wild as ancestral? Wild as uneducated? Wild as untreated?

Or

wild as instinctive? wild as natural? wild as free of superstructures?

I can't answer these questions.

my condition is I want to assist the creation in progress by following  
and not anticipating.

I can only imagine the characteristics on which it is based.

I imagine does not care, does not calculate or foresees, but is present and gets involved,  
thought and action are a unique agglomeration capable of creating space for each other.

I want to feed a wild who is capable of acting only after practicing admiration exercises  
with the outside

world.

That it is porous, permeable, non-sterile and that has hearing as a predominant sense.

Trying to follow as much as possible what the body asked,

I found myself moving two parts that could be two

opposites: the hands and the hair.

The hands: the ends of control, of doing and of knowing how to do, of manipulating and  
acting but, at the same

time, also the first to experience, the experience of touch and discovery with the external  
environment, the first

that attack but also the first that defend us.

The hands as holders of curiosity and technique.

The hair, on the contrary, accidental, being independent.

They are that appendage of the body

capable of making the natural cycle of birth, growth and death clearly visible where our will  
cannot act:

if they

were not cut, they would break and regenerate naturally.

Their essence cannot be decided or controlled

the hidden roots are those that determine their features.

what is in our control is partial and does not determine its reaction to the surrounding  
environment.

I believe that the wild is complex and difficult to understand intellectually

it is precisely this difficulty of define it

that makes it precious.

\_Sara Paternesi

In addition to the poems we realize a small video that is the first of a series of three:

<https://vimeo.com/432133177>