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Marcella Vanzo
Mindfield, Novara
By Saramicol Viscardi

Very first screening at the splendid Teatro Coccia in Novara, of Marcella Vanzo's latest piece. A fascinating and disturbing video installation that completes her *The World of Interiors* trilogy. Those who missed the preview, a unique and precious date to enjoy the delicate and poetic images of this video, need to be patient. *Mindfield* will be presented only in the future, together with *Ama* (2005) and *Limbo* (2006), respectively the first and the second chapter of the complex trilogy, now concluded. Starting with a reflection on the difficult relationship between different generations, specifically the continuity – even a procreating one – between mother and daughter, *Ama* stages the slow passage of gestures, emotions and experiences – almost ancestral ones – from which *Limbo* attempts to break free. As an independent individual within society, the offspring has to face the complex code of conventions, roles and intrinsic meanings that each family and therefore each micro-society uses and imposes. Here a dining table where the wrist of each guest/family member is tied to the each other: a harmonious tangle of gestures, yet compulsory movements, forced choices, trajectories described by schizophrenic arms.

In *Mindfield*, at last, the human being is alone, lost in the labyrinths of his mind. He cannot communicate, meet the other, deviate from his track. Eight characters, their face hidden by a swollen, opaque and lymphatic, macrocephalous growth, move about in the industrial spaces of a huge, disturbing building site. Eight important characters in the Milanese society (whose identity one can glimpse in the final credits) are removed from their usual movements, from their reference grid. Many grids symbolically occupy the scene: tubes, scaffoldings and edges; the same surface where the double channel projection slowly runs. A wooden backdrop made of crossing beams brakes and reverberates new corners, new smoothness, intricate and parallel physical journeys. Continuously alternating between interior and exterior, this journey seems to take the performers through bowels and human orifices, to peep out – for an instant only – in the open air, a sight immediately denied. Desires and thoughts, ideal and emotional impulses draw them among the obscure and labyrinths of the body and the mind. The scenography and costumes, as always, are extremely accurate and formally contribute to the general result, in the same way as the delicate acoustic appositely composed by the fine musician Gak Sato. At the end of the projection, two performers in a side box are illuminated: their heads hidden by the same obtuse, enigmatic and light wrapping, these living icons transpose the effect of contamination between solid architecture and impalpable poetry that filters from the scenario of *Mindfield* into our – surreptitious – reality of being spectators in a theatre. We in the stalls, they in the box. In between more grids, stairs and corridors.