



It is 13:00 and the sun beats despite the light presence of some clouds. We run to the spaces where Ipercorpo takes place, having reached the seventh and penultimate day. A brave few wander the streets of Forlì, the sea is far away and the humidity is very high. Some of the survivors of this tropical climate gathered in the festival spaces to follow, with us, a Masterclass dedicated to the organisation of international productions coordinated by Mole Wetherell, director of the Reckless Sleepers company who at 21:00 presents a work by 2012, A string section, which has more than forty performances in France, Belgium, England and Australia. In the courtyard we also meet Mara Serina, one of the directors of the theatre and dance section of the Ipercorpo festival, who explains the difficulty of finding the chairs that are needed precisely for the scene of this show scheduled for the evening. Mara is not the first time she has attended A string section and she confesses that she still has at home some intact chairs recovered at the end of a replica a few years ago. The chairs she procured for this occasion, on the other hand, she collected them in the pulp, are all different and in a certain sense with the work on stage the Reckless Sleepers give a new life to these domestic objects. Mara stays with us and stops talking about two projects, IPP - ITALIAN PERFORMANCE PLATFORM and INTERNATIONAL MASTERCLASS SCENA EUROPA, present in the programming of this edition and curated directly by her.

We enter the room to finally witness this work. The five performers, Leen Dewilde, Lisa Kendal, Orla Shine, Caroline D'Haese and Sofie Vanderstede, all hold a saw, a toothed blade in their hands. They wear an elegant black dress and each chooses a chair, arranged in the proscenium, looks at it and explores it. They give the audience winking glances, then sit down and start sawing off the object's legs. As the show progresses and the chairs lose pieces, the performers get tired, sweat, dirty with sawdust, seek new balance, but they are not allowed to get off the chair, not even for a moment. They do not prepare for the fall, then, but welcome the possibilities that the imbalance offers them. When a leg gives out, a hand or foot touches the ground while the weight of their body rests on an increasingly gutted material. Their search for balance surprises us. Someone laughs from the audience, someone else holds their breath when one of the performers falls risking getting hurt. When there is almost nothing left of the chair, the protagonists look at each other. They seem overwhelmed, tired. They bow and the applause starts. After this performance made of pure action, which happens there and is always unique, the words that Mole suggested in the afternoon about the artistic research of his company come to mind. He said he felt distant from the artists locked up in ivory towers, who think of art as looking for a truth. I - admits Mole - try to provoke questions. I don't need anyone to say they understand the show. I build an arena, I don't know what will happen in there. This is my way of working. What if I balance on a chair and start slowly destroying it? What this image evokes I will certainly not be the one to tell the public. Upon leaving the theatre we see confused faces and enthusiastic faces. We hear the comments quietly, some call the show stinging, others distressing, still others irreverent. The Reckless Sleepers have once again succeeded in their intent. others anguished, still others irreverent. The Reckless Sleepers have once again succeeded in their intent. others anguished, still others irreverent. The Reckless Sleepers have once again succeeded in their intent.

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