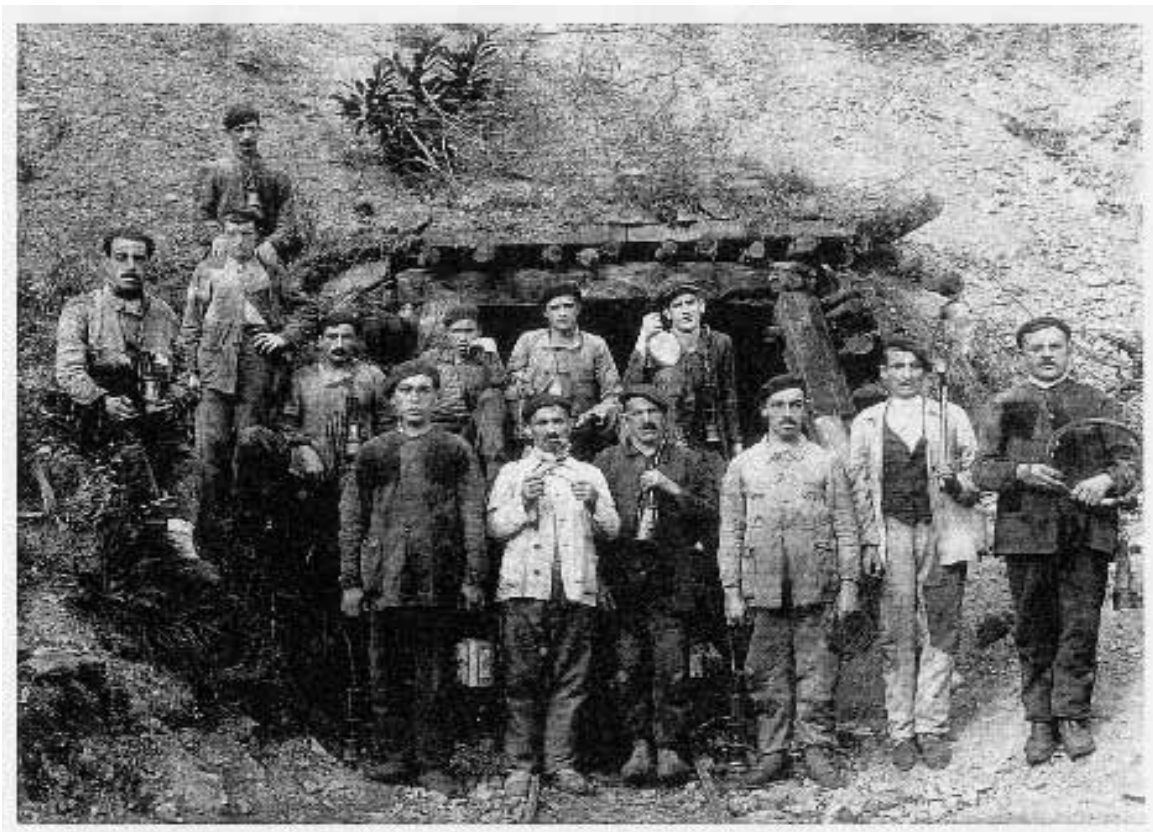




Cavaterra





MINE CYCLE

With the *Mine Cycle* Circolando moves towards the forgotten and ruined grounds of the abandoned mines looking for the lives that remain there.

Dark mole-men lives to which we pay tribute in two deeply different performances: the street theatre performance *Charanga* and the stage performance *Cavaterra*.

With *Cavaterra* we descend deep in the earth and with *Charanga* we invent a dream of evading in the circles of a carousel.

Wide spaces crossed by silence. Hard ground, rough, sour. A ground plagued by colour. Glooms, rusty browns, dark reds, moss greens, saffron yellows.

A dropped ground, given up.

*Deserted ground
emptied rather than empty,
more than dry, burnt to ashes.**

Ground with paralysed lives, engulfed in ruin.

*Coal, lead, zinc, iron mines.
It's better to go on into the landscape. And slowly melt into it. Become null. Become dark as coal itself.
As dark as granite. Mute our whole body.***

And just listen to its voices.

* João Cabral de Melo Neto; ** Al Berto

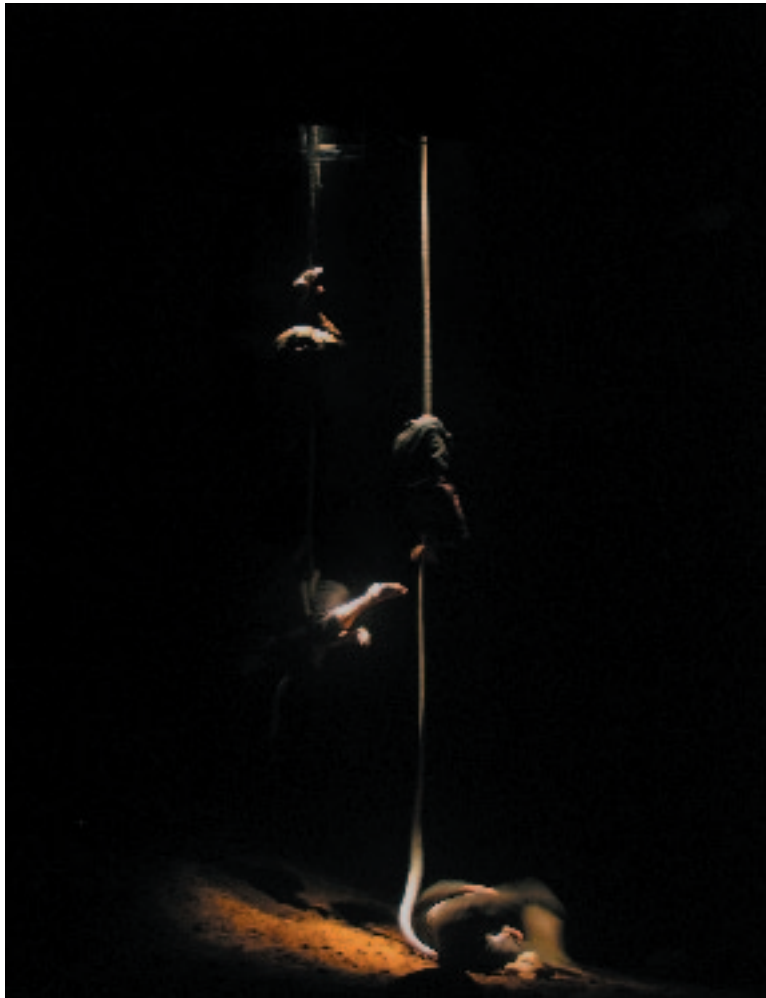
CAVATERRA

Transdisciplinary performance (physical theatre, dance, circus, puppets, video), *Cavaterra* is Circolando's first creation conceived specifically to a theatre. Danced theatre, image-theatre, it tells, without using words, stories from the deepness of the earth.

Far from the realistic and politicised approaches of the mine universe, *Cavaterra* pays a poetic tribute to matters, colours, sensations. Earth, stone, coal. Black, brown, ochre. Night and light. Loneliness, exhaustion and deformation of a body worn by work.

Cavaterra creates the dream of mole-men. Brings beauty and awe to the world of fear, tiredness and exploitation.





Penetrate into the night, the emptiness, the dark. An infinite dark.
The body feels his littleness and frailty.
Takes shelter. Lets himself dive into the unknown.
As soon as he touches the earth his heart falls in love with her.
A love without limits. A sacred love. Religious.

Turns on the lantern. The eye-lantern.
It seems to him that the light comes from inside his body.
From his chest, his back, his head.
He feels the space inhabited by gods, angels and ghosts.
He is not afraid. They are old guardian angels.

The rocks take him to the place where the wind is born.
The light is slowly pulling away the night.
The space uncompresses. Ceilings grow and turn into sky.
He feels himself dangling in an immense dream.
Keeps the beauty in his chest. And plays.
Plays with the winds and the balances.

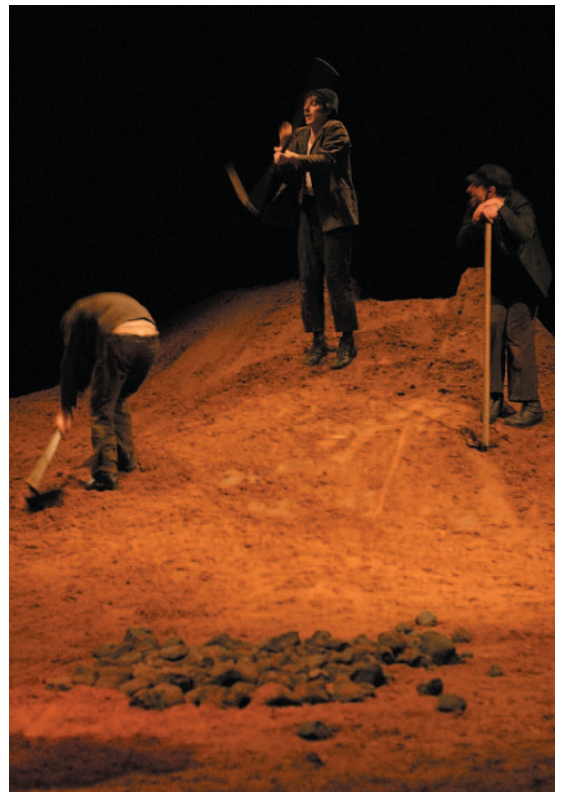


Works.
Works crushed by the earth.
All is earth and stone compressing him.
From the side. From the top. From down below.
Mole tunnels. Holes from animals of the earth.
Always a hunched up body.
Twisted neck. Bent backs. Bowed arms and legs.

Works that crush the men who make them.
Long days repeating. Repeating tasks, gestures, ways.
They experience the feeling of being on the verge.
From then on, only faintness.

The old guardian angel brings back the world of dream and evasion.
The space opens itself to the secret wish of the miners.
A wish for an arable field.
Wish to work the land without crushing it.
The beauty of the earth flying is celebrated
in a game shaped like a dialogue.







A piece of the body drives mad with work.
Gains a life of his own. Becomes a foreign member.
Now he is the one commanding the movement.
Submits it to the language of digging, sifting, scrapping, climbing, crawling.
He turns the tool into his body. Hoe, sieve, hammer...

All of a sudden, the whole space stops,
Stops, slips, unfolds...

Pieces of dust and earth fall.

The space compresses. The space crushes.
Makes hills of mole-grave.

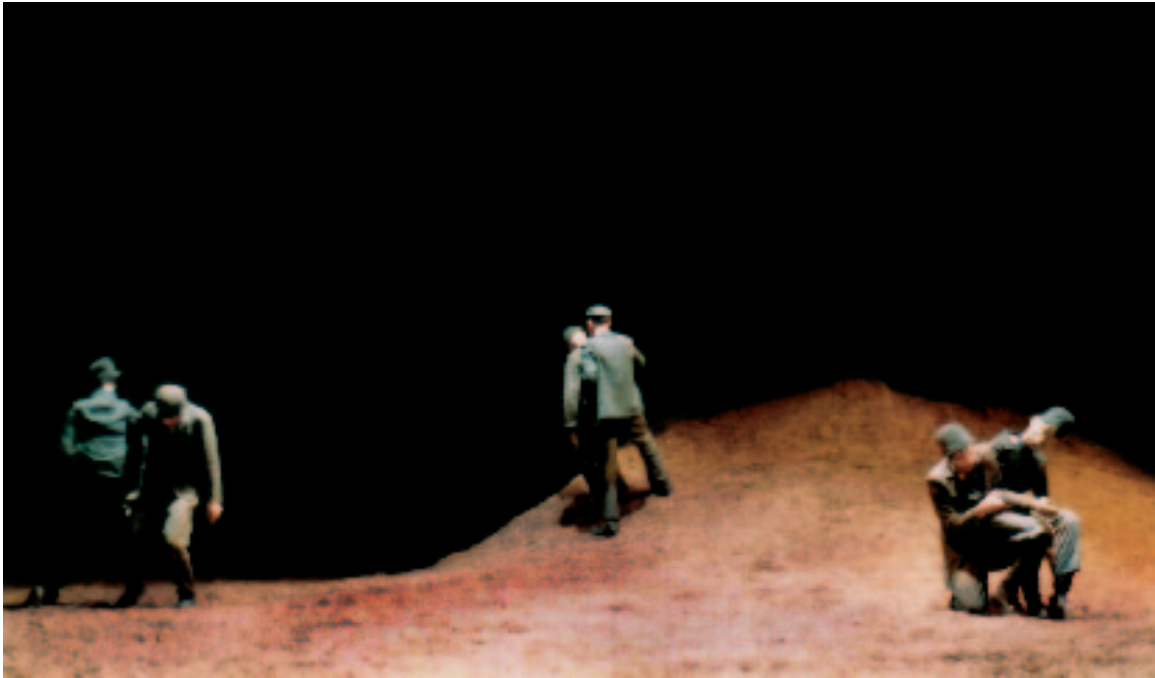
I go crazy. I am delirious.
I am delirious with never-ending dances and smiles.
Is it I dancing in a dream? Is it you?
It is an open-air dream from all of us.



ON THE ROAD

Like all other Circolando's projects, *Cavaterra* follows the “work in progress” method. After the presentations in Teatro Viriato (Viseu, March 2004), in Teatro Aveirense (Aveiro, January 2005) and in Teca/Teatro Nacional São João (Porto, February 2005), we presented, in December 2005, in Centro Cultural do Cartaxo, the result of the last creation phase of the show.

In 2006, *Cavaterra* was presented in Théâtre National de Toulouse (France) in the opening of the Festival Mira; in Teatro das Figuras (Faro), in Rivoli: Teatro Municipal (Porto) and in Centro Cultural de Vila Flor (Guimarães). In 2007, the performance was enthusiastically applauded during the Festival Panomara (Olot, Spain) and the Festival Internacional de Teatro de Almada. Well accepted by the public and the critics, we carry on with the work of its national and international diffusion.



TECHNICAL REQUIREMENTS

Duration: 80 minutes

Minimum measures:

Proscenium arch width: 9m | Stage depth: 9m

This data is for your information only. If the space you have available doesn't fulfil all these requirements, please contact us.

Technical rider with detailed information on rigging requirements available.

DVD available on demand.

CAST AND CREDITS

Collective Creation

Artistic Direction: André Braga and Cláudia Figueiredo

Cast: André Braga, João Vladimiro, Patrick Murys and
Luís Félix or Alberto Carvalhal

Direction: André Braga

Dramaturgy: Cláudia Figueiredo

Video: João Vladimiro with excerpts from *São Pedro da Cova*
(Rui Simões) and *Lousal nos anos 50* (Mateus Júnior)

Puppet Conception and Construction: João Calixto

Light Design: Anatol Waschke and Cristóvão Cunha

Sound Moulding: Pedro Feitais

Technical Coordination: Cristóvão Cunha

Stage Direction: Ana Carvalhosa

Machinery: António Quaresma

Light: Cristóvão Cunha

Sound: Harald Kuhlmann

Stage and Set Up: Nuno Guedes and Hugo Almeida

Set and Stage Objects Construction: Circolando and Tudo Faço/Américo Castanheira

Production Direction: Ana Carvalhosa

Graphic Design: João Vladimiro

Photos: Edward Stacchini, Pedro David and Sara Nogueira

CREATED DURING A CO-PRODUCTION RESIDENCE WITH



CIRCOLANDO IS SUBSIDIZED BY



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