

Press review:

"Catrame", performance between bruises and desire....a mouth with a fist in it disappearing may be an ironical quotation to untelling "fuckings" or remind some pictorial cruelties (and here Bacon is real king)....We get a deep sense of loneliness, of an inevitable and self-necessary physic effort, of a desperation that can't be reduced by a quite bizarre electronic display. In a cage one can die.

La Repubblica 27 gennaio 98 Osvaldo Guerrieri

Motus introduce their Beckett in "Catrame", in Ballard' s violent reality, which plays ironically a long with the audience and gladiator-star main actor who is locked in a Plexiglas scene-cage.

La Repubblica 17 marzo 97 Franco Quadri

The company Motus presented "Catrame", the ostentation of the body becomes obsession, a mirror of the society in which everyone is willing to anything in order to show up. In a Plexiglas cage a man at the starting blocks, covered only by a loincloth, is always ready for an obsessive, vain, ostentatious competition, in order to be seen, ready to suffer any kind of violence. A way of reifying the human being who "gives" himself for the "look-game". While asking if that is theatre, Motus sketch an irritant, provocative and effective portrait of a violent and stupid society.

Il Corriere della Sera 16 marzo 1997 Madga Poli

Much more integrally than other companies, Motus burn the structure and the cultural history from which "Catrame" starts up. The readings of Ballard, Beckett, Burroughs, the vision of Bacon, the suggestions of Baudrillars in a striking and hot action, which 'irritate' the nervous system of the audience, and which attracts while keeping them aloof....

"Catrame" immediately performs (but not because is a much easier performance than others) the most interesting features of this new production: the explosive centrality of the body, the making banal or the annihilation of the word, the tearing-away reversal of inside-outside.

Virtual, 1997

The last production of the company made its debut in spring 96: "Catrame" smiles because of it's being the unconsciousness of the theatre, a short meeting with the self-irony in the deflagration of the exhibition. Completely immortalised in its expositive dimension, in "Catrame" the idea of 'scenic sculpture' is brought to the excess.

Il Patalogo XIX, 1996