

**INCRUDIMENTO\_first crisis**  
**COMPOSITE SOLICITATIONS**  
**THE THEORY OF INTERNAL FRICTION**  
**Torino Contemporanea**  
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**Physics laws applied to humanness**  
by **Giorgia Marino**

“Incrudimento” (“Strain-hardening”), the dictionary says, is the property of metals, when submitted to proper stress, to acquire a higher resistance but losing malleability. These are physics laws, metaphorically transferred with clever irony to the field of human psyche in order to give the cue to the new Portage setting up. Portage is a project born in the fertile brushwood of Turin off-theatre and moves on the border between theatre performance and contemporary art thanks to a sound conceptual base and a refined visual sensitivity. In *Incrudimento* Enrico Gaido and Alessandra Lappano come back to the “crisis” idea, already faced in their previous work *Il pentito*. If there the crisis created standstill, repentance and prolific reflection generating infinite possible paths, here it is instead investigated in its meaning of changing, of traumatic action which induces stress, produces certainty losses and requires a necessary but often difficult adaptation. Two picture-situations in a journey which is virtually open thus represent two aspects of changing: wrongfooting and refusal. In the first one, a woman in a white cube box is intent on repeating a litany of curious instructions that seem coming from an Ikea booklet. As a hard-working ant, she builds her world made up of codified certainties and based on the absolute value of stability: “so that nothing can happen – she plays – it is needed to remember to carry on building plans without leaving any space between the earth and the sky”. But the attempt on avoiding the helm of unforeseen events, the “fear of what is going to” is immediately made fruitless in the catastrophe moment: the box trembles, the room literally turns over (creating a certain confusion among the public...) and, even though Mercalli’s Scale – promptly raised by an off-screen voice – hurries in directing the contortion entity into firm categories, the universe is by now fallen head over heels. From the surprise of being upside-down, one then gets to the will (dull and stiff, exactly as a strain-hardened metal) of ignoring the crisis. A man sipping a drink while listening to jazz music is the perfect synthesis of relax. But his quiet world is going to be shaken by an electric drill which is drilling the support under his feet. As soon as the noise ceases, the lights turn off: the consequences of this “attack to stability” are not seen or maybe are not wanted to be seen. For those who persist in fact to ignore the changing, those holes undermining the ground under the feet can get to form a comforting writing, the lighter it is, the clearer its falseness is: *all is well...*