

# ICARO

## 1 English

## WHY A MAGAZINE?

**T**hinking about a magazine is making a declaration of love to words. Words are not always necessary, but when they are needed, when it is useful that they come out of the silence, then words are really beautiful.

Words are a great conquer, in the history of mankind as well as in everybody's one. In words, in their meaning and in their sound we do leave traces of ourselves. This makes every word unique and "one in a million". *Icaro* magazine is written by La Baracca supporting members: its aim is to collect and propose points of view and suggestions on childhood and adolescence, starting from how we perform theatre for children and young people. We would like to build a think tank that may involve the different people that support our cooperative, the ones who work in it and all the friends and subscribers who made this adventure their own.

**While writing *Icaro*, we think about all the adults that daily live and work with children and young people.** We do not address children directly but we put them right in the middle of a network of thoughts and reflections. Even if we do not rule out the possibility of creating special issues dedicated to children and young people.

Three issues a year, and one at least translated in English for our many associates and friends who live in other countries.

**Every magazine will be divided in 4 sections.** This first one has a specific focus, and in this issue we wanted to begin with quality, because as far as childhood is concerned this must be a starting point. The second magazine section will be about rights: every issue addresses one of the many rights that children are denied. Another section will illustrate some cooperatives' experiences that may suggest reflections and considerations and that may apply to other contexts as well. Finally a fourth part, more informative, about what is happening and what is going on. And do not forget to have a look at Triko's comic strip, that tells us about children and the city.

This magazine is a paper one, but you will find us on line as well, so as to be as easy and sustainable as possible.

A name, "Icaro", that is the same as the first magazine that our Centro Teatro Ragazzi di Bologna, Sanleonardo Theatre used to write: we would like to fly in the same direction. Only with younger and younger wings.

translation by  
Sara Branchini

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# WHY SHOULD WE TALK ABOUT QUALITY

translation by  
Sara Branchini



## LARGE PERSPECTIVES

### Visions of Children's eyes

The photographs in this magazine are from the exhibition in February 2014 from La Baracca - Testoni Ragazzi, curated by Valeria Frabetti, Tanja Eick e Maria Teresa Righi, on the project in collaboration with Department of Psychology - Post-Graduate School of Cognitive Psychology - University of Bologna.

The photographs were taken by children of the following schools: "18 Aprile" (Bologna); "Gli Aquiloni" (Funo di Argelato, BO); Crèches "San Donato" and "Viganò" (Bologna); Crèche "Millepiedi" (Pianoro); Daycare services "Il Monello" and "Piccole invenzioni" (Bologna).

Twelve cameras were given to children from 2 to 5. They were free to move and take as many pictures as they wanted. The exhibition collected some of the 19.000 pictures taken by the children. An invitation to realise that these „small eyes“ are actually able to choose and tell stories. An invitation to reflect on the perceptions of small children.

This Icaro issue focuses on quality: we chose it because children and adolescents always need to be offered quality activities and opportunities. Or maybe we should change our point of view and we should say that adults do always have the duty to offer kids and children as much quality as they are able to give them. Quality in the relationships, in the environment that surrounds them, in education, in artistic and cultural offers. And most of all in the models and examples that we, as grown ups, present them, day by day. Indeed children and adolescent observe and listen the world that surrounds them and they are capable of catching every detail. They collect everything that the adult world, too often unconsciously, produces for them. In order to learn, children look and listen.

If we want that the world of tomorrow may offer the same opportunities to every human being, we should start right now, today, by offering them to little girls and boys, so as to make them grow in a full and complete citizenship, respectfully of they rights and of the ones of the others. This way, it can become instinctively easy for them to think about a world of equals. As adults (parents, teacher or other like us who just cross their road) we maybe should start to think stubbornly and with determination that children and adolescents have a right to quality: today, now, in every single moment.

*"We owe respect to the mysteries and the ups and downs of that difficult task of growing! Respect for the present moment, for today! How will he know tomorrow unless we allow him a conscious, responsible life today? Not to step on, abuse, enslave for tomorrow; not to repress, hurry, drive on. We owe respect for every separate moment because each will pass and never return, and always to be treated seriously; injure it and it will bleed, kill it and it will haunt with awful memories".*

These are the words that Janusz Korczak has left us in his extraordinary book "The Child's Right to Respect". A title that resumes at best what we are trying to describe in this issue, because it strictly links the pursuit of for quality with the quest for respect for children and young people.

## Editorial staff

Icaro editorial staff is made by a group of supporting members (both employees and not) of La Baracca - Testoni Ragazzi: some of them, like **Roberto Frabetti**, author, actor, director and administrator, are "old ones" and some of them are younger but just as passionate, like **Antonella Dalla Rosa**, actress and international-projects coordinator, **Enrico Montalbani**, actor, author and cartoonist, and **Francesca Nerattini**, graphic designer, in charge of promotion activities and editorial projects; three others are brand new contributors, loyal playgoers of the theatre like **Dario Canè**, hairdresser and dramatist, **Gianluca D'Errico**, teacher, and **Beatrice Vitali**, pedagogist of the Gualandi Foundation. Different experiences and perspectives that cross each others to give birth to visions and thoughts that go around childhood and adolescence.

**For the english version** translation by Sara Branchini, Bruno Frabetti, Valeria Frabetti, Alice Gambetti, Letizia Olivieri, Anna Sacchetti, Nicholas Zinzi.

# TIME FOR A FLOWER

by Dario Cané

translation by  
Nicholas Zinzi

Last spring, in the morning, I walked with my children to school along the usual road, when something special happened. My first son was six, his little sister was only three, but she often had to come with us anyhow to the elementary school. That day we were perfectly on time and I really could not think that, in the end, we would've needed to rush.

We live in a strange suburban area, those areas still 'undecided', not quite in the countryside but not downtown either, a bit residential, with a shadow of industry, and a remnant of farming. School is very close, just seven hundred meters away, though these include a pedestrian tunnel under a railway and an old bridge over a creek. I won't deny that the tunnel is no place for children, nor for adults. But the fact is that, from our house, if we have to go by foot anywhere, we can't avoid

passing under the tunnel. Its brick walls are covered by mold and uninspired graffiti. When it's rainy, water flows under it for several days, but it's a good thing because someone – most likely not a dog – has the habit of peeing under it; therefore my kids know that they can't lean on the walls, that they can find bad surprises on the floor, and they need to watch out where they put their feet. Walking under the tunnel, though, you don't really consider these ugly things, you always rush through and distraction is a good fellow; maybe this is the reason why people don't even greet each other as they walk through. Distraction is the reason, not lack of politeness. But in that little subway there's a wonderful echo and children love it, so us we always say hi, even if others don't return our greetings, and even if there isn't anyone – this is the best part – we greet each other. It doesn't matter who we meet under the tunnel, we say hi and quickly walk through.

But that day of spring day we didn't go all the way through. Not immediately. Midway through the tunnel I realized that the sound of the other steps, the smaller ones, was missing, so I turned around. The two characters with my same surname stood still at the entrance of the subway, staring intensely at something.

- *Dad, come!* That was out of question.

Time ticks quickly in the morning, so when you return upon your steps during that time, it gives you the chill of the forbidden. I took a deep breath – quite a challenging thing to do in the tunnel – and I walked back. Once I came closer to the children I realized what had captured them: a flower, a yellow flower. An ordinary wildflower, if it had been in the wild. But not there. Creeping out from a crease in the steps, three meters underground, with all that ugliness around, that flower was not at all ordinary. Thinking back about it now, I'd rather say the picture I had in front of my eyes was quite impressive. More than the filth and stench, more than everything around it, the courage of a *seed* was belittling.

I kneeled down with the kids.

- *Who planted that here?*

- *Nobody, it planted itself.*

-...?

- *Not really itself... Maybe it was brought by the wind or some beast...*

- *Beast?*

We stayed there a little over a minute, but it seemed like a very long time.

All right, I thought, now we need to go. We need to go to school and it's official: we're late.



# PRODUCE, CONSUME, CREATE

## Little consumers and confused adults

by Gianluca D'Errico

translation by  
Sara Branchini

### Wine

According to Luigi Veronelli, libertarian oenologist, cultural agitator and much more, God rest his soul, the Latin motto "in vino veritas" does not mean what we always believed, that is to say that drunkenness and inebriation guarantee honesty and frankness. It means something else and it refers to the object, the wine itself, and not to the ones who are drinking it: in wine we find truths, proofs and evidences related to its story. Who did produce it? How? Where? Did they respect workers and employees while producing this wine? Did they respect the nature and the territory? How did that wine travel, how did it come to us?

The answers to these questions "reveal the happiness or the unhappiness of social and productive relationships" that hides behind and inside the wine: it's up to us to put ourselves to listen, to investigate and to make ourselves aware of the glass we keep in our hand.

What do we really know about the objects that surround us? How do this knowledge let us be conditioned? We do know too little. The main reason for that is that public debate on products that the market proposes is strongly a marketing field and in the advertisement lexicon there is no place for the truth Veronelli talked about.

"Hit it like Messi would do!"; "You know, this ball has been sewn by a boy of your same age who works 12 hours a day and who never went into a school." Two sentences that talk about the same object: which one will we never listen in a tv advertisement or read on a billboard in our cities?

The real problem is that sentences of the first kind surround our life since we were born, they are the background noise that is associated with our life. "Things scream" writes the sociologist Stefano Laffi in "Conspiracy against the youth": "wares do only tell us that they are beautiful and that we have to desire them". Things scream but they never tell the truth.

I have been teaching for 15 years now and every time I hear rolling statements such as "we have to teach young people how to look for the truth" I never think about intangible concepts but I think about jackets, smartphones, shoes, toys, balls, snacks.

### Words

In the alley where I lived as a kid, a toys pitchman use to come every now and again and he used to yell "criatura, chiagnite!" a dialectal expression for "Cry, children, cry!". This system he created was simple and powerful: children with their tears had to persuade parents to take the money out their houses.

In the very same years, on the other side of the Atlantic Sea, in the United States university lecturers, experts in consumption and advertising techniques theorized the so called "nag factor", the power that children and adolescents have to influence the consumption behavior and style of their families. The advertising makers, and the pitchman from my alley, already understood that children may be the perfect consumers: weaker and less capable to defend themselves, vulnerable to be completely won over, privileged victims of the needs' invention. And they also added that children can be the best wares' allies. In a word: they are a target "to be hit" and a Trojan horse to get into their parents' wallets.

We just need to take a look at some economic figures to realize that the industry of goods for children is not affected by any crisis or economic situation. Actually, just to name one figure, in 2011 the toys - advertising market grew up by 11,6% getting to 21 millions Euros. According to some researches, if a child watches TV for an

*It's a matter of quality  
or a formality  
I do not remember well...*  
(CCCP)

hour every day, between 3 and 6 years old, just before the compulsory schooling, by the time he or she gets to the first grade, he has already watched 10.000 video advertisements. But the conquer comes even earlier: according to neuroscientists ,brands and logos sticks themselves into a kid's memory already from 0 to 6 months of age!

If we think about alive kids, without indulgence and without separating them from their parents' or other parenting adults' intentions, we realize that their condition swings, according to the enlightening words of Laffi, from "control" to "abandonment" and back.

The way that cities, schools and even homes are organized do not allow to the little ones "solitary" or "peer to peer" experiences. They are always under our eyes, I would say. But at the same, aren't the TV hours, the computer times, the alienating games and sometimes and more subtlety also the afternoon swimming or football or dance class, just soft forms of abandonment? They are just in our sight be we do not see what they do. We do not know what to say, we just partially listen to their words.

Consumption is like a soft wedge that slips between control and abandonment. Toys, clothes, fancy food are a replacement for a relationship that adults (parents and educators most of all) are not capable to build, feed, direct. Not anymore.

We are talking about the quality of a child -adult relationship.

## **Bread**

So what? What should we do?

The "proposals" chapter is always the most sickening part of an article. But I take my chance. Little groups or determined individuals have already blazed some trails that we may go through. I will try to point out a couple of them that represent virtuous examples to us.

Three verbs come to my mind: create, fixe/reuse, share. But I must say it with a fundamental premise: every form of prohibition or escape from reality, every kind of wares-demonizing attitude and "asceticism" that we may impose on the little ones may risk to be a great failure and to produce the same effects as the unconditional surrender to Peppa Pig. "We need to stick our feet in the world if we want to change it".

"Creating" objects does not only mean to understand how they work but also to rebuild their history. Just think at the educational power that a vegetable garden that we build and grow together with the little ones may have: behind every object we find work, care, progression. It's the process that counts, not the product.

And then: consumerism does not allow fixing. We have to throw things away and then buy them again. It's an acting pattern that pollutes our minds before it pollutes the planet. Bicycle laboratories, barter, groups of socks menders. Those are some ways, maybe a little improvised and unconscious, to face the kind of culture we are dealing with: how much do our children know about this practices?

And finally:"Open war to the school pencil-cases". In the school where I work we have been implementing for some years the use of communal materials. Form pens to compasses, everything is everybody's. We buy things together at the beginning of the year, everyone uses them and takes care of them. No kid has "its pen".

Little step to overturn our relationship with wares.

# QUALITY IN THEATRE PRODUCTION

by Roberto Frabetti

translation by  
Letizia Olivieri

**T**here is something that really annoys me. It is when I hear people talk about children's theatre with benevolence, suggesting that it is a fundamental process for the development of the audience of the future.

I find this concept quite perverse. Because it does not conceive the idea that children are, since the earliest years, competent and sensitive human beings, thus denying them the right to be "spectators now". They are spectators of today who, since their early years, must be allowed to receive high-quality cultural products specially created for them by professionals able to relate to and interact with children and teenagers.

Then, perhaps, it could happen that a child who participated to high-quality performing events since the early age will have a lot more chances to continue to go to the theatre as an adult. Assuming this is true, those who care about the spectators of the future should also be satisfied. But our focus remains the spectators of today.

It is a matter of rights. Children and teenagers have to be acknowledged a full cultural citizenship. "Children are not fractions of adults", says Martin Drury<sup>1</sup>.

As far as rights and their acknowledgement are concerned, children and teenagers are not - depending on their age - 1/20, 1/10, 1/5, 1/3 of an adult. They are always "one", a "human being". Their skills and sensibilities are just different, not poorer. Therefore, the cultural products designed for them have to be of the same type and quality as those designed for adults. This statement should not be taken for granted.

At the end of August last year, I had the opportunity to work in Moscow for a week, where I held a master class for actors and directors of the Russian Theatre for Young Audiences about "Theatre and Early Years". At the end of the week, a journalist interviewed the participants, beginning with a very common cliché: "Does it make sense to do theatre for the little ones? In Russia, many think it doesn't, that children don't need it, because they discover the world anyway, by playing." So, I simply answered that if this is the case, then adults do not need theatre either, because they have many ways of discovering the surrounding world, too. Therefore, either none of them need it, or both of them need it in the same way. This simple syllogism responds to a cliché that is common in many countries and cultures, not only in Russia. We have to face this kind of scepticism every

1 Martin Drury is the Irish Arts Council Director. The quote is taken the conference "The Children's Cultural Citizenship". Small size, big festival - Newry, February 2014.

day, and it does not only involve the youngest children, but also the older ones.

It is a kind of "incompetent" way of thinking, typical of those who do not know the children. And they think that when they are small, they are too small and not ready, and then, once they grow up, they do it all of a sudden. Personally, I think that growing up does not mean to adapt ourselves to the adult world, to its contents and pace, just like that.

This way of thinking is part of that superficial perspective that results in the *matinées* of traditional prose, when the kids are brought to the theatre to attend shows that were not created for them. This is a lack of respect for them and for theatre authors.

Or they are brought to take part in productions "for young people" by companies who try in vain to disguise their desire to do theatre for adults, the "real" theatre.

Children and young people have their own cultural dimension and their own way of perceiving and feeling, as well as their own pace. *They think in a complex way and feel in ways we don't know yet*. These words were pronounced by Roger Bedard<sup>2</sup> during a conference about theatre for young audiences, which concluded with an invitation to constantly keep in mind and ask ourselves these two questions: "Who is our audience?" and "What are we doing?"

These simple questions help adults/artists to always be watchful.

We need to pay attention and respect the time/space of children and teenagers, and this will bring us closer to a model of theatre for young audiences that is light years from the interactive entertainment that is now becoming more and more popular.

When I think about them, an image pops up in my mind. It is a very common image; we all have seen it at least once in our lives. There is a mother - or a father - and little child between six months and a year, sitting in his stroller. They meet a man or a woman they know, and as soon as they see the baby, the man or the woman starts touching his face and head, making funny little cries, talking to him in baby talk.

If you have ever witnessed a scene like this, please try to remember the baby's face. Try to see the expression on his or her face while watching the stranger. He or she is

2 Roger Bedard is professor emeritus and director of the "Theatre for Youth MFA & PhD Program" - Arizona State University (and member of La Baracca!). The quote is taken from the seminar "The Child and the Art of Theatre. Who is our audience?" Small size, big festival - Newry, February 2014.



wondering: "Who is this?" "What does he/she want from me?"

I have always wondered why adults - even with the best intentions - feel they are authorised to invade the existential space of children, especially when they are very small.

Adults do not conceive the idea that children might not want to be touched or talked to in baby talk; that they just want their space to be respected, like an adult would.

It seems to me that entertainment theatre - so interactive - can only lead us to the situation of the example above; i.e. artificial amazement, created for actors who work only with the microphone. Because many think that children are not able to choose whether to listen, control themselves, remain silent.

In this entertainment theatre, shy children - children who love to observe - do not exist, as well as those who do not want to be on stage, who do not like to be watched or who prefer whispers to shouts. Or those who ask to be moved.

This kind of entertainment theatre is about the idea of mechanical children who mechanically respond to adults who pretend to be charming or engaging, and follow the strict protocol of "come on children, let's do this and let's do that!"

On the other hand, there are adults who, standing in front of a baby in a stroller, keep their distance and try to understand if the baby wants attention or not.

Sometimes, they do not understand, and then it is too late. To me, this is what high-quality theatre should be like.

A kind of theatre where the interactive part is listening to each other.

Where the actors base their actions and initiatives on the kids' spaces and paces.

Because this is how an artistic experience can take shape.

It is a moment when something incredible and incredibly simple happens. The moment when men and women of different ages - adults, teenagers, children - succeed in sharing their deepest sensibilities.

# BEAUTY AT THE BATHROOMS

by Dario Cané

from a memory of Chiara Barbieri, elementary school teacher

translation by  
Nicholas Zinzi

Imagine the bathrooms of an elementary school. It's hard to imagine if you're not kids, or janitors, or teachers, but try anyways. Dig into your memory, what remains? In my case, I remember a toilet paper roll, grey and rough. Where in the world did they buy it? You couldn't find it in normal stores... But really: what remains of that bathroom memory, that place that liberated us from the teacher's control?

Imagine that one day, in a school, someone decides to play the game of transforming bathrooms...

There's a little girl that during a bathroom break felt like a mermaid, and in her head still had the roof lights turning into chorals falling down, like sun-rays sneaking through the surface.

A quiz about water caught the attention of the child with *malnette* hands. It took him three pees, three trips to the wash-hand basin to realize what the final word beginning in "W" was... Willow, Wizard, Winter... *Water!* That's what it was! You just never think about the most obvious one... At that point his hands were clean, even too clean!

There's one kid that never 'missed the toilet' again, because he had painted that blue bathroom himself! His classmates had drawn calligrams inside the drops that decorate every tile, and each calligram is a poem, a riddle about water, about the importance of not wasting it. In another bathroom, there are clams and little sticks hanging in mid-air, next to a fascinating object, a new creature that travels through the ocean, swims well through rough waters, but suffocates all living things around it.

The transformed bathrooms look like museums.

*We made them!* say the 4-foot tall users.

Imagine that this really happened in our own city, because yes-sir, it happened indeed! And maybe from now on somebody will have a special memory of this *Beauty*, offered to the bathrooms.

*In remembrance of  
the beauty that a group of  
teachers and students donated  
to the toilets of the elementary  
school Villa Torchi - Marsili of Bologna,  
that has reached the final of the  
REGOLIAMO CI! contest, sponsored by  
Libera association in 2012 on the theme  
"Commons are precious: what belongs  
to all of us belongs to each one of  
us. Ethics set the beauty free"*





# IT IS ALL A MATTER OF GLANCES

by *Beatrice Vitali*

translation by  
*Letizia Olivieri*

I always keep some books on my desk. Many of them have changed; others just sit there for ever.

One of these is “Berlin childhood”, by Walter Benjamin. Fragments of childhood, memories that turn into images. Delicate miniatures, tiny details, like imperceptible wrinkles.

Every time I look at its blue cover, I think it is all a matter of glances, and the eyes are just the tip of the iceberg. The value of things is so deeply connected to experience, feelings and memories. This is a bunch of banalities, I tell myself. But then I think about *the sock turned* inside out as described by the author. It sounds so true, real and common: who would define it as a treasure?

In his “Berlin Childhood”, Benjamin offers the reader a reworked memory, and it gives this memory a deep meaning. Thanks to this process, the author gives the reader the opportunity to look at small things with different eyes, allowing a sometimes forgotten ability, typical of childhood, to resurface and touch our senses and memory: the ability to combine imagery and reality through intuition and amazement, creating new meanings.

By doing so, Benjamin silently works as an educator, like those who, driven by their love for life, give importance to what surrounds them, when they just stop and look.

The time of discovery is a fleeting moment preceded by impatient waiting. The unveiling is a miracle that occurs every time that action is repeated, thus strengthening the ritual of the child’s game.

The sock is just a pretext. It does not matter if it is blue or green, made of wool or cotton. The important element is the drawer, that the author can open and close; how the sock is placed in there; what other objects are close to it, and the possibility of being alone and reach the treasure as often as possible. What matters is the context, and the context, as such, conveys a content, an experience.

It is because I want to remember all this that I keep that book near me.

Creating high-quality contexts and situations for children depends on how adults look at things. They need not only see, but spot, notice and valuing small details. It is about looking at childhood as a whole, getting rid of clichés, thus allowing to consider as treasures objects that, in our adult life, have a practical function or are not so inspirational: in the children’s hands, these objects become highly evocative and they convey rich and complex experiences. This way of looking at things does not involve age; rather, it welcomes and embraces a wide variety of experiences. It is a way of looking at things that is strongly related to the idea of caring about objects, spaces, gestures and relations; a *careful* way of looking that pays attention to what happens around us. It is an aware way of looking at things; it witnesses experiences that often do not leave traces, like unwrapping and teasing *‘the present’ out of its woolen pocket*.

## THE SOCK

*The first cabinet that would yield whenever I wanted was the wardrobe. I had only to pull on the knob, and the door would click open and spring toward me. Among the nightshirts, aprons, and undershirts which were kept there in the back was the thing that turned the wardrobe into an adventure for me. I had to clear a way for myself to its farthest corner. There I would come upon my socks, which lay piled in traditional fashion - that is to say, rolled up and turned inside out. Every pair had the appearance of a little pocket. For me, nothing surpassed the pleasure of thrusting my hand as deeply as possible into its interior. I did not do this for the sake of the warmth. It was the ‘little present’ rolled up inside that I always held in my hand and that drew me into the depths. When I had closed my fist around it and, as far as I was able, made certain that I possessed the stretchable woolen mass, there began the second phase of the game, which brought with it the unveiling. For now I proceeded to unwrap ‘the present’, to tease it out of its woolen pocket. I drew it ever nearer to me, until something rather disconcerting would happen: I had brought out ‘the present’, but the ‘pocket’ in which it had lain was no longer there. I could not repeat the experiment on this phenomenon often enough. It taught me that form and content, the veil and what is veiled, are the same. It led me to draw truth from works of literature as warily as the child’s hand retrieves the sock from ‘the pocket’.*

***Berlin Childhood***

*Walter Benjam*



# TIME AND CARE

by *Francesca Nerattini*

translation by  
Sara Branchini

**W**hen I think about quality, I instinctively group it with time and care. Regardless of the context it fits is. It does not matter if we talk about an object, an action or a relationship: what makes quality is the physical and mental space that we invest on a determined “product”.

I can imagine situations and daily context in which, as a parent, it is pretty easy to identify (and hope for) an high quality level.

I am thinking about a dialogue between a mother and a child. I imagine listening, peace, calm. Non-rushed answers but reasoned ones. It means time and care.

I am thinking about a dad at a supermarket, its shopping cart filled with uncommon products. I am thinking about an accurate labels’ reading, attention at the ingredients and their origin. It means time and care.

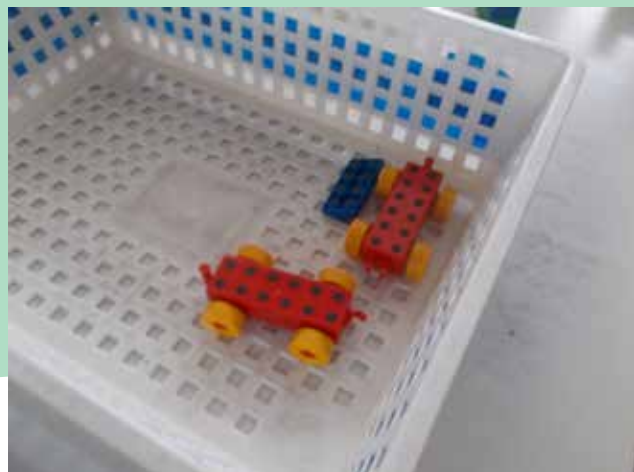
I am thinking at a kid’s bedroom. Nice toys, built by non polluting and non toxic materials. A shelf full of well selected illustrated books. It means time and care. I am thinking at school holidays. At those occasions where parents and children can share experiences and spend some time together. I imagine the family going to the movies, to the theatre, to the library or to the museum. It means time and care.

These are only examples of ordinary contexts where the “thinking” and the “attention” that are at the bottom of these everyday situations make the difference.

I am persuaded that the ones who live or work with children are perfectly capable of recognizing quality moments and to understand when things are working or when the level is otherwise decreasing. Actually, it is just when we do not control the situation anymore, when we lack time and care, that we understand how much they are necessary to us and to our children.

I often recall what a teacher told me years ago about her job: “It is not true that kids need patience: children need great availability”. I think that does make a substantial difference.

Education is not about tolerance. It’s the pleasure, the passion and the energy that we invest, the physical and mental space we offer. It is the time and care that we devote that guarantee a quality label.



# A SECULAR CULTURE, RESPECTFUL OF IDENTITY AND PLURALITY

by Carlos Herans

long-time friend and colleague of La Baracca - Testoni Ragazzi, now also a member.  
He is an author and director of children's theatre; he lives and works in Madrid - Spain.

translation by Letizia Olivieri

The UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the Convention on the Rights of the Child, approved by the General Assembly of the United Nations establish - among other things - the following:

...

5. Recognizes that respect for cultural diversity and the cultural rights of all enhances cultural pluralism, contributing to a wider exchange of knowledge and understanding of cultural background, advancing the application and enjoyment of universally accepted human rights throughout the world and fostering stable, friendly relations among peoples and nations worldwide;

6. Emphasizes that the promotion of cultural pluralism and tolerance at the national, regional and international levels is important for enhancing respect for cultural rights and cultural diversity;

7. Also emphasizes that tolerance and respect for diversity facilitate the universal promotion and protection of human rights, including gender equality and the enjoyment of all human rights by all;

8. Calls upon States, international organizations and United Nations agencies, and invites civil society, including non-governmental organizations, to recognize and promote respect for cultural diversity for the purpose of advancing the objectives of peace, development and universally accepted human rights.

Human rights and cultural diversity

...The right of freeing ourselves from falsely egalitarian codes of behaviour, when only the "holders of the truth" are entitled to establish the rules of social cohesion. Secularism seeks and affirms freedom of thought, which can only exist and be practised in an educational framework that enables us to develop critical skills to analyse the world around us.

Secularism has to claim the freedom to exercise our right to oppose States that support any religious imposition, because they should be respectful of both believers and unbelievers.

Unfortunately, mankind is still subjected to dogmas of all kinds, proclaimed by societies justifying exclusive identities and denying freedom of ideas, the variety and plurality of faiths, cultures, non-religious public educational institutions that may also oppose segregation or racism.

A secular society is not a society that denies individuals

their religious practices, but it is a kind of society that guarantees - through its laws - its own independence, before any religious connotation of legislation.

What is essential is a kind of education responding to a social ethics based on the responsibilities of individuals, governments and social groups. In Professor Fernando Savater's words: "The responsible type is aware of how real his freedom is. And I am using "real" in two senses here: meaning "authentic" and "true" on the one hand, and "relating to the king" on the other, for ultimate decisions are taken by the king (TN: Real, in Spanish, comes from Latin *rēgālis*, which means "regal, royal"). Responsibility means knowing that each of my acts in some way builds me,

defines me, invents me. And by choosing what I want to do, I transform, little by little. All my decisions leave footprints inside myself, before leaving them in the surrounding world. Obviously, once I have used my freedom to build my face, I cannot complain or be scared of the reflection I see in the mirror.<sup>1</sup>

**"Children  
have the right  
to a lay culture  
that respects  
diversity,"**

Charters of Children's Rights  
to Art and Culture

Responsibility, diversity and identity are fundamental concepts for the development of childhood in a world where millions of cultural influences and interchanges allow for a utopia of complex societies made up of cognizant human beings, whose moral values are respectful of every citizen.

This kind of school has to be the ideal of public education as the home of equality, regardless of races, social classes, faiths and disabilities. And the verses by Federico García Lorca shall not have been written in vain:

*The joyous children leave  
the school,  
sending gentle songs  
into the warm April air.  
What joy there is in the deep  
silence of the lane!  
A silence shattered  
by laughter like new silver.*

Spring song - Federico García Lorca

<sup>1</sup> Fernando Savater, "Ethics for Aamador"; Our translation.

# “Don’t take it too seriously. Hold on tightly, let go lightly” (Peter Brook)

by Valeria Frabetti

Author, actor, director and Artistic Director of La Baracca - Testoni Ragazzi from 1981 to 2014  
The company decided to appoint her “Honorary Artistic Director”

translation by Valeria Frabetti

I have always loved the sailing ships on the sea: explorer ships, pirate ships, ships looking for a white whale... I’ve loved the sea tales full of sailors and boatswains on unpredictable, endless sea routes.

Maybe that is why I embarked on “La Baracca”.

It was not a sailing ship at the beginning, but just a boat with a small sail cutting through this fascinating and unpredictable sea that is theatre for children. I learned the job of “theatrical navigator”. Sailing on and on, I became both a sailor and a boatswain, involved in the fascinating and complicated task that is for me the “artistic direction”: to keep the boat on route.

What led me to this responsibility? Perhaps, it was the pleasure of challenging myself and a sense of duty, but also the risk of adventure and the continuous state of being on the road, never alone.

So as a “theatrical navigator” I went upwind.

I’ve always thought of the role of an artistic director as a boatswain who studies sea charts and has his own point of view, but he is also open to other eventualities: *“he does not take it too seriously. He holds on tightly and lets go lightly”.*

*Listening and contemplating the sea.*

Sea forces are unpredictable and the navigator is in charge of the crew: he must steer the boat on the clear and shared route. Then, “directing” means pursuing that route.

It is very important to pick solicitations, proposals, dreams, but, at the same time, it is necessary to choose. If everyone wants to coxswain and nobody controls the sails, the boat does not go on. It’s an adventure trip, fascinating but also hard.

On a boat of any size, everybody must know where they are at any time. They must know what they are doing, why they do it and with whom. Nobody works alone and everyone takes care one another. If you pretend to have the leading role, or to be the focus of the scene, you don’t just stop the boat but smash it. Even to keep saying, “once the boat goes, let it go” is dangerous because it drifts you away. It’s the same for a boat, it’s the same for theatre. Theatre requires flexibility and availability to understand the priority of the moment and to give up “attention-seeking behaviour”.

*If going out from a theatre, people say “bravo the protagonist !” it means that the show did not work. (Peter Brook)*

The poetics of your making theatre should be not only be recognised through the shows.

Even workshops, events, special projects, the programming, physical spaces, the reception, the promotion, in other words every act or action is part of an “artistic whole”. We must be interesting for and interested in the audience, on and off the stage, without schizophrenia.

You must know who the children are.



*"You have to be able to contemplate  
but to be on the road".*

To "contemplate" is not only to observe, it means, listening to your soul, a wide-angled look at the people who are in front of you: children, small ones and big ones, adolescents and young people, educators, teachers, parents, adults who go to the theatre with them. All of them are part of an "artistic whole".

*To be on the road:* an artistic project must invent new proposals, follow new routes, forever and ever. Otherwise it is as dead-end a project as a run-aground boat.

*To go together,* not to accompany or, at worst, to bring, it means sharing an experience, going into a relationship. To go together needs a "direction" toward a goal. This applies not only in the relationship with the audience, but also in the relationship with those who work with you. It means to take care of exchanging experiences. It is not easy. Sometimes it can be painful and, in particular, it is not immediate. It takes time and willfulness to learn how to keep an open mind-set.

An open door to new ideas and other visions, open to criticism, to the overthrow of acquired certainties, to the waiver and to the discovery of new trails.

It is like a challenge that goes on forever in order to not lose "*the necessary expression*".

A *necessary expression* needs passion, it needs to feed its soul in the social reality, recognising that its social function takes place through artistic acts, and it is very important to support the importance of the right to art and culture for those "undervalued" citizens: the children.

They need an artistic education which offers beauty, poetry, passion, surprise, a theatre without frameworks, a "simple" theatre in a positive sense: simplicity as in the aim to be essential, refusing banality and quiet easiness. To be "*the mirror of life*" (William Shakespeare), human beings who desire to create art for human beings, looking at life.

*It is time the Art finds other forms*

*to communicate in a universe*

*where everything is communication.*

*It's time to come out of the abstract time*

*of marketing, to rebuild*

*the human time of the necessary expression.*

Over all these years, La Baracca's artistic project has never been a tame theatre. It has always been connected with important issues: civilisation, social sense, and its formal expression has never had an end in itself as a simple container, but it shared its "necessary expression". Someone said, "Children are not containers to be filled but fires to trigger". Now it is time for me to pass the rudder, certain that La Baracca is not a boat anymore but a sailing ship, which continues to navigate lighting fires on many seas, near and far away, always with an open look, another look.

*"It takes another look*

*to give a meaning to what*

*brutally dies every day*

*conforming*

*Staying loose,*

*being on the road,*

*but leaving traces,*

*building sites,*

*joining restless travellers".*

*(From "For a Clandestine Theatre" Antonio Neiwiller 1993)*



# MTHUNZI

by Bruno Cappagli

Author, actor, director and workshop leader - Artistic director for La Baracca - Testoni Ragazzi

translation by  
Bruno Frabetti e Anna Sacchetti

**T**he clear, sunny sky and the crimson sunsets were the everyday setting of an important and touching experience.

This past August, I had the privilege to witness the start of a new adventure, together with Alessandra, Bruno, Elia, Margherita and Simona - five boys and girls who have been attending our workshops and theatre for a long time. It was the first step of what we hope will become a long-term project for the "Mthunzi" centre.

For many years, La Baracca has been promoting Progetto Ambasciatore, a project whose purpose is to bring theatre shows and workshops for free to those countries where children often live in situations of social and economic distress.

This time we went to Zambia, close to its capital Lusaka, where Father Kizito founded Mthunzi, a centre now supported by the Italian NGO Amani.

The centre houses street children, mostly aged 10-17, orphaned or with dramatic familiar situations, who have all gone through a hard childhood and experienced conditions no boy or girl should endure. Being alone on the streets of a town like Lusaka, especially if you are only 5 or 6 years old, is something very close to Hell.

These boys never had the chance to live the most important years of their lives, the ones in which everybody lays the foundations of their personality and world perspective. They grew up knowing they could not cry or show signs of weakness, and they grew up living in terror, trying to stay away from dangers such as criminals of all kinds, but also hiding from the police. They grew up surrounded by hunger and dirt, in decaying and beautyless places. Because of all these reasons, with the addition of malnutrition and an unhealthy environment, they didn't grow much and they all look younger than they really are.

Nevertheless, there is still something that no one could take away: their will to live, to laugh, to be children and to keep believing in love and in a better world. A world that could embrace them and give back to them the dignity that should be granted to everyone.

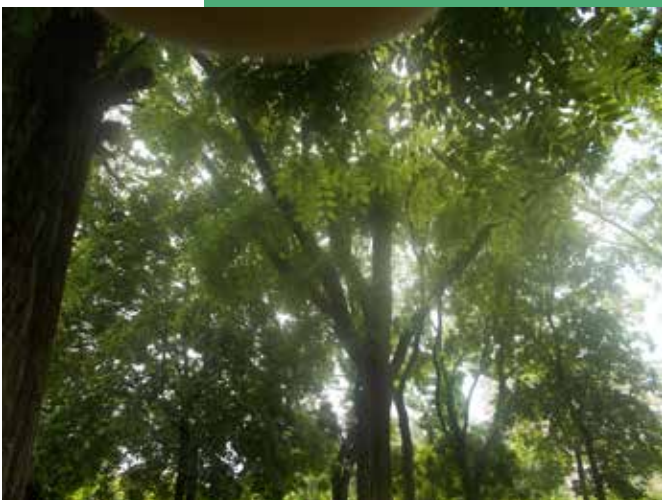
I had the chance to meet Giacomo D'amelio, an Amani cooperation worker, who had the great idea to bring a group of Mthunzi boys here in Bologna, to our theater, to share a training encounter with us. We spent a day together doing what I have been doing for a long time: a theatre workshop. The meeting was magic and funny, and Father Kizito, who was here with the group, told me: "You know, Bruno, even though you don't speak a very good English, you should come to Zambia and work with these boys!". Easy said, easy done! Thanks to my company, that has always supported the Ambasciatore project, we left for Zambia at the beginning of August.

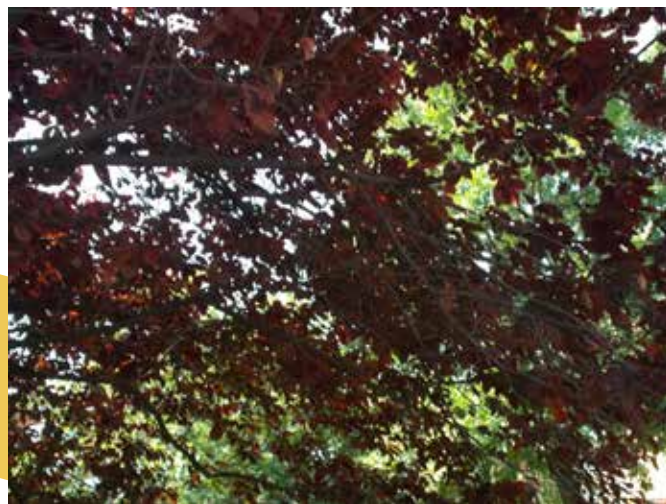
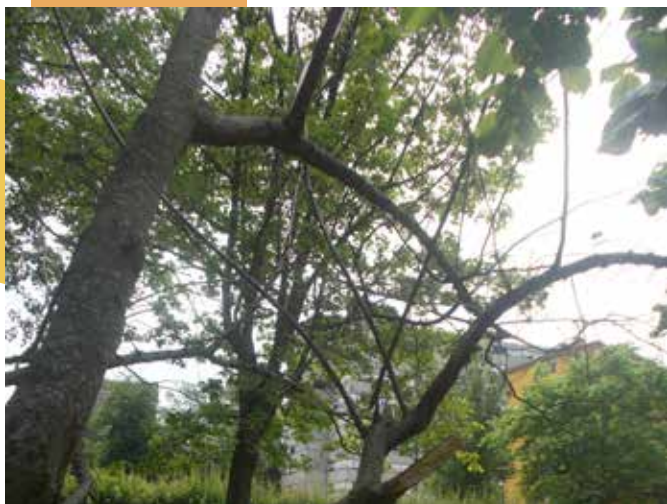
I usually go alone on these journeys, but this time I wanted five boys and girls from our workshops to come and share with me this experience, the importance of which was clear from the very beginning.

It is hard to tell in a few words what happened, but I will try to bring you to Mthunzi with me.

After leaving the airport, it takes more or less an hour to cross Lusaka and take a series of roads to reach the edge of the city. Then, all of a sudden, a white sign with MTHUNZI written on it appears on the left. You then take a yellow, small and dusty road, surrounded by trees and fields, then you go uphill for a little while and there you are.

I'm excited and I can't wait, so I jump off the jeep and I'm in. The centre is like a courtyard surrounded by the dorms, the dining room, the library, the kitchen, Amani's offices and, unexpectedly, a small theater. In the courtyard you can find the boys' clothes hanging to dry right next to the laun-





dry. A beautiful tree stands in the middle, its purple flowers blooming against the blue sky: a breathtaking natural beauty. For me, this tree is the symbol of these children's rebirth, filling their eyes with its colors and holding them safely within its branches.

The first meeting with the children is very intense. They were all abandoned and I don't really know what meeting a foreign adult, a stranger like me, could mean for them. As I introduce myself I see shyness in their eyes, but also a desire to meet and open up; I already felt this in Bologna, but being a guest in their home is very different.

Here, at Mthunzi, we meet a group of young Italian volunteers who have already been there for a month, after deciding to dedicate their holidays to the children. The trust and great emotional connection established by the group allows me to get to know the children slowly, to gain their confidence little by little, giving value to our meeting: after all, I don't know much about their country and its history, and I don't want to be in the spotlight.

Father Kizito tells me about the copper crisis, AIDS devastation and some cultural aspects, while Giacomo introduces me to everyone who works in the centre, illustrating their roles and skills.

Then, I meet the children.

Instinctively, they appear cheerful. They are free, smart, curious, proud, receptive, sweet, polite, respectful and, above all, they crave affection. They need attention, because they want to be loved. I smile shyly and I keep doing what I usually do: I listen, I play and I try to be real. I never force it and I watch them closely.

During this month I watch a lot and speak very little. I leave the chance to bond with the children to the rest of my group, trying not to get too involved. I introduce myself as Big Bruno, to tell me apart from the "younger Bruno" of my company, and from that moment I become just that: *Big*. And Big can be a father, a master or a boss -the exact meaning does not matter: from now on, it will be my name and role.

Work was hard and intense, but in this journal I'm going to summarize briefly what happened, and I promise we will find a better way to tell this experience in the future.

While in Lusaka, the beginning of "Barefeet", an international performing arts festival, was a good chance to give a direction to our work. The boys we worked with are great dancers and musicians, but they don't have the ability to create a complete show, to fill it with contents and find a story to be told. This is what we tried to pass on to them.

In a couple of days, we put together a ten minutes piece, "Mars vs Venus", thanks to an amazing synergy paired with great trust. We took it to the festival, where the kids at the chance to enjoy and live theatre to the fullest, together with other groups from the city and from all around Zambia.

Then, the festival organizers asked me if we could be part of a shared performance at the national Museum. It was crazy! We had two days to prepare a scene, with very specific theme: a very important wedding with a third wheel involved. That meant we had to prepare a four-minute poetic scene!

Then, something truly amazing happened.

I managed to write a text and submitted it to the group on the same day and they said: "We are in", and we got down to work on it. They had to face many challenges: learning a text, creating a group scene, keeping a strong control of the body and eye movements, working on a poetic and tragic interpretation -all things that do not belong to their way of doing theatre. Luckily, all these new things intrigued them, and what appeared to be the hardest of times became, instead, the starting point of a stronger harmony and gave them the knowledge they could do great things together.

Then came the *coup-de-théâtre*: on the last day of the festival, the Mthunzi centre was awarded two prizes for the "Mars vs Venus" performance: the first award was for best masks, the second one to reward the most creative and inspired group.

A great emotional moment for all of us. But the best part of the whole experience was meeting and working every day with those amazing kids, so full of poetry and life. It is great to see that beauty can beat evil.

Thanks to all Mthunzi boys and to everyone who works to bring some beauty in our lives.

# MONTE SOLE AND THE SILENCE

by *Gabriele Marchioni*

Author, actor, art director and workshop coordinator for *La Baracca - Testoni Ragazzi*

translation by  
*Alice Gambetti*

**W**ithout silence, I wouldn't have been here writing. Silence is a bizarre word which is recurring three times in this story. Once it makes you lost, then it makes you annoyed and finally it wrap you up.

It may happen to everybody to set off a path, walking in the woods and getting away from other people voices, street noises, finding yourself in the middle of a clearing. The woods behind your backs, and the certainty of being completely alone. Thinking about how unique this event is, you can start playing with noise, understanding that the sounds you hear only exist because you are producing them. Without this... it is just silence. At the beginning is a kind of funny and bizarre feeling, but in a after a moment I feel like I need to proceed, to keep walking, otherwise I will feel like I'm losing too much of my time. My head stops listening, and I start thinking about the time when these places, this clearing, these mountains were studded by little towns and houses. And now there is nothing left of them. It is this "nothing" that makes me stop walking and maybe for a while I can really understand how many things got erased: noises, screams, laughs and tears. I try to listen again, but I am not able to understand this silence anymore because I have realized it is a trick: not silence, just absence.

I have bumped into the second silence quite often, but I have always get rid of it by shrugging it off from my shoulders as soon as it was gone. Reading some documents to prepare the show, I run into an eye-opening text written by a guy. He was talking about the uncomfortable feeling he experienced during a "one minute silence" when he would have totally preferred a minute of free shout.

The guy was describing the very same unsuitableness feeling I perceived in front of the big events, distant and alienating.

When I see something I cannot understand I need to shout out loud.

I still had no idea of how the show would have turned out to be, but I was sure I wanted the audience to use the silence as a nest that offers repair till the end of the story.

Luckily, when guys are coming to the theatre, they naturally avoid the comfort of staying there in silence just waiting for the show to end. It is hardly never a possible reaction, because of course if the show is not captivating you can feel it, but it never passes unnoticed.

This is the reason why the third silence is even more significant.

It happened rarely that I got this feeling of complicity between audience and actors, and maybe it was because they were almost of the same age, or because the passion and the effort they put on it was leaving an impression. And I am not only speaking about the guys on the stage performing the life of Monte Sole village and the tragic days that erased it. I am not only speaking about the people who took care about the direction, the lights, the soundtracks or the script. Above all, I'm talking about the 12-13 years old audience, who never took the liberty to neglect their presence in the story. There was silence because nobody was daring even to cough.

You can watch the show online on youtube, you can find the show profile on our website, but to live an experience like this, you should had been there, because trust me, it seemed to be in Monte Sole for real.



*"Monte Sole" is a production by ErraBANDA, a group of 12 people, from 15 to 25 years old, that joined the two years theatre-training course of La Baracca- Testoni Ragazzi, lead by Gabriele Marchioni and Bruno Cappagli. The show has been put on stage at the end of the studio, during season 2013-2014, and it adresses a public of young people, from 11 years old on.*



# EDUCATING ABOUT DIFFERENCES

*Meeting with Daniele del Pozzo  
Artistic Director of Gender Bender - Bologna*

*translation by  
Alice Gambetti*

***T***eatro Arcobaleno is a project promoted by Gender Bender Festival together with La Baracca - Testoni Ragazzi, Teatro Fondazione and Pubblico (Casalecchio di Reno's Theatre), in cooperation with CSGE Gender and the Education Study Center of "Giovanni Maria Bertin" Educational Science Department.

## ***How did this cooperation start?***

Everything started about three years ago, a good feeling born during an event organized by Gender Bender. During a round table, we were discussing whether it was possible to talk to children about gender differences. And which language to use?

Considering theatrical language the best option, and keeping in mind the presence of important realities, such as La Baracca - Testoni Ragazzi, in Bologna, we organized a workshop with teachers, psychologists, pedagogues, educators and Famiglie Arcobaleno (the Italian Same-sex Parents Association). We found out we had many ideas and values to share with them, and we decided to start with this "Teatro Arcobaleno" project.

Once we had clear how important was this issue, we had to find the way to make it usable and sharable. We thought that a specific theatrical showcase might have been a good idea: a sort of frame for shows which were already touring in Children's theater, offering an additional interpretation. We didn't invent anything new, we just connected the existing dots. One of the most interesting things, is that the personalities involved in this project are really different one from the other. By joining different experiences, this project allowed the creation of new bridges among people who are not usually in contact. The issues were thorny and delicate, but we need to do it, we had the responsibility to share our experience and our knowledge. We have to do the dirty job.

## ***What is the meaning of educating about diversities?***

It means taking a responsibility. It means declaring that differences do exist. Without any kind of judgment, being ready to discuss, being ready to listen. Always questioning, and being sure that you have not it all figured out. Spending a lot of time to meet different people, to listen to them without running away when we feel like our values are called into question.

***The feeling is like there is a bit of fear of talking about such issues with children. Somebody thinks that during their growth, when children are building their personalities, the fact of coming in contact with gender differences could confuse and disorient them.***

I think this is a great injustice against children. They are not our property. Our task is to help them during their growth, in order to make them able to express their potentialities, strongly represented by desire. A child is most of all a desiring being.

I think the first duty of a parent or an educator is to avoid frustrating the natural development of the child. It is not up to us to decide whether they will be a mechanic, an architect, a dancer. What we have to do is to give them the possibility to live in the most balanced way possible, growing up knowing they are loved, protected and supported. Supported along their desires, which should not frighten us.

I find it amazing that with children you can talk about anything. You can talk about death, too. And yet death is fine, but desires make us uncomfortable? This is something we should think about.

### ***Why a project like Teatro Arcobaleno is that important?***

Teatro Arcobaleno offers tools and concrete examples of how to develop a discussion about differences. We are used to talk about geographical, religious, cultural or social differences. Then why shouldn't we talk also about gender differences, just as much relevant?

Shows like the ones selected for Teatro Arcobaleno Project, together with an educational path for both teachers and parents can bring the instruments to face this issue. Languages are at the same time simple and full of meanings and this makes them really easy to use.

The goal is to provide ideas, images. Then the questions arise naturally, and the important thing to do is to offer answers that make sense.

### ***Thinking about male and female models suggested by our society (toys, clothes, sports...) where is the line between "gender roles" and "gender stereotypes"?***

We are surrounded by many different models that need to be interpreted. All of us use them, put them together, call them into question, and then look for new ones; we can use a model for a while, and then exchange it for another one. Male/Female roles as gender models are essential to our society, and we need them in order to understand how the society itself works. Roles are a part of our relational grammar, and they are necessary to develop a language. The difference between roles and stereotypes is in the use we make of them.

### ***How much is important to identify yourself in a model for building your own personality? How gender stereotypes influence and limit the building process of being male/female instead?***

I am not a pedagogue, therefore I can only talk about my personal experiences. I believe emulation is the principal instrument of building one's identity: copying and sharing behaviors. We need to imitate a model in order to see how it fits to us. And only then we can decide whether the model is just a stereotype or is the real answer to our need or desire.

A model is not forever. We get old, our habits change, our body and our desires change too.

The attention is focused on the children because childhood is the most explosive step in building up one's own identity.

On the other hand, if we consider this from different point of view, we can say people keep adapting their identity through along their whole life: adolescence, maturity, golden age. Each time, the steps are made to re-discuss the old system, because of all the changes happening in our bodies and in our desires. Using the same model forever could be dangerous and it could make the stereotype real.

Looking beyond, models are useful instruments to build something that will make us aware that we are becoming something else. And this is what happens from the day we are born, to the day we die.

### ***Desire is a recurring word...***

Because it is the only authentic thing. You can tell yourself anything and its opposite, and you might even believe it all, but there are two things you cannot lie about: desires and emotions.

# Si può cambiare.

3/11/12



COSÌ È UN PO' BRUTTO.



QUESTO PERO' È BELLO.



CAMBIA MO'?



SÌ. PROVIA MO'.



FIN.

LIBERAMENTE ISPIRATA AL GIARDINO R'ESISTENTE - Bologna 25 APRILE 2012.

WE CAN MAKE A CHANGE

This way it's a little ugly.

This is beautiful, though.

Shall we make a change?

Yes. Let's try.

loosely inspired by Giardino R'esistente

# Icaro 30 years later...

"First of all, Icaro is a wish. A wish to go ahead and go deeper with a fight that began nine years ago, when 4 friends established La Baracca..."

The first issue of Icaro magazine, edited by La Baracca from 1984 to 1990, started off with these words. "...Icaro wants to be a tool for debate and inspiration, open to the contribution of all the ones who think they have important ideas to share through the written word, an apparently old-fashioned language in which we believe and that we hope to rediscover, even in this age of electronic communication's supremacy".

30 year have passed and this wish is still, or even more, up-to-date to us. La Baracca's friends are many more and we dedicate this new flight to all of them...

Anna L. Testoni  
1984  
1990

Il punto sul teatro ragazzi  
di Anna L. Testoni  
1984  
1990

# Icaro

## Il punto sul teatro ragazzi

**I**l punto sul teatro ragazzi è un numero che si è creato nel tempo, un punto di riferimento per chi si occupa di teatro ragazzi in Italia e all'estero. È un punto di incontro per chi si occupa di teatro ragazzi in Italia e all'estero. È un punto di incontro per chi si occupa di teatro ragazzi in Italia e all'estero.

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**Il sommario (come si conviene)**

**Armatevi e scrivete**

**Abbonarsi è un "dovere"**

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# To our supporting members and Icaro readers

This magazine is written by La Baracca - Testoni Ragazzi supporting members and friends, and it is therefore open to the ones who have proposals and reflections to share. We thus invite you to get in touch with us if you are willing to write an article on the next issues. The editorial staff is going to select the most interesting proposals, hoping that all of you may share our work. In the meanwhile please send us your suggestions, critiques, ideas and all that may help Icaro fly.

[teatrochecresce@testoniragazzi.it](mailto:teatrochecresce@testoniragazzi.it)



We chose write a magazine available for free to all the ones who would like to read it. We do not lack neither enthusiasm nor ideas: we would like to translate every single issue and we are also thinking of creating an online version.

Whoever is willing or has the chance to help us and make this dreams come true can support the magazine with a donation. Even a small gesture can make our a project grow big. (In order to get information on donations please visit our website or contact us)