

Création Studio Théâtre National Wallonie-Bruxelles 2023-2024  
Performance freely inspired by Elena Ferrante's book

# Les Jours de mon abandon

Elena Ferrante  
Gaia Saitta



# Something that falls... and falls

*They're waiting for me down below, she answered.  
I can't stop. Excuse me.*

*And then Marta realized they weren't the only ones falling.  
Along the sides of the skyscraper other young women  
were gliding through the void, their faces tense in the  
excitement of flight, waving their hands as if to say: Here  
we are, we are here, it is our time, welcome us and cele-  
brate us, isn't the world ours?*

Dino Buzzati, *Jeune fille qui tombe... tombe*, in *Le K*, 1966

Italy, late 1990s. Olga is 40 years old and has two children. She is the wife of Mario, an engineer. She grew up in a society where the dominant system of patriarchal and sexist representation has effectively done its job of undermining: from a child dreaming of being a writer and a revolutionary, Olga suddenly finds herself a married woman and a mother. As things are supposed to be. She models her identity to satisfy the expectations of this system which ends up becoming her only universe. Then, one ordinary day, her husband leaves her for a very young girl.

It's the oldest of soap operas, a story we know all too well.

*The Days of Abandonment* depicts the aftermath, condensed into a single, sustained rush: the freefall into darkness. No more the married woman, gone is the good mother. Olga enters a kind of bestial, ferocious state, in which she loses herself. She becomes vulgar, violent, unpredictable, grotesque. For days and nights, she lives in detachment from things and beings, prey to a feeling of permanent danger. Faced with the fear and the ghosts this engenders, Olga fears for her mental health, fears for her children, whose very existence she could forget at any moment. Everything is falling apart: reality, her world, her body. She is not even able to open the door of her house anymore. She thinks she is dying.

*Reason and memory had flaked off, sorrow that lasts too long is capable of this.*

*I had believed I was going to bed and yet I had not.*

*Or I had and then had got up.*

*Disobedient body. It wrote in my notebooks, wrote pages and pages.*

*It wrote with the left hand, to fight fear, to hold off humiliation. Probably it had happened like that.*

*The Days of Abandonment*, Chapter 27, page 185

*The anxiety of falling out of the web of certainties and of having to relearn life without the certainty of knowing how to do it. Relearning how to turn a key, for example.*

*The Days of Abandonment*, Chapter 31, Page 206

And then it stops.

No tragic grand finale, but a sudden realization, like turning on the light after a nightmare. Olga opens her eyes.

She is there, completely. Neither fragile nor maladjusted, contrary to what her lethal social designation had led her to believe, her body resists and frees itself.

*- I had an excessive reaction that pierced the surface of things.*

*- And then?*

*- I fell.*

*- And where did you end up?*

*- Nowhere. There was no depth,  
there was no precipice.  
There was nothing.*

*The Days of Abandonment*, Chapter 47, Page 275

It is the first day of Olga's life. She prepares breakfast for her children. Cooking in order to nourish. Rediscovering the gesture. Freeing it from prejudice. Rewriting history.

Everything has to be recreated. Self, words, grammar. The world.

New words, new worlds.

*Where am I? Into what world did I sink,  
Into what world did I re-emerge?  
To what life am I restored? And to what purpose?*

*The Days of Abandonment*, Chapter 42, Page 256

# Intention

The first time I read *The Days of Abandonment* by Elena Ferrante, I couldn't breathe before the end of the story. I held the book away from my body, as if to keep its protagonist and its environment at a distance. The Italy of the 1990s is my mother's Italy, more so than mine, yet its mark still sticks to my body. This country where there is only one way of life, the one we learn on television, permanently turned on in all the houses.

The sole model of family, love, success. The devotion to normality and its dictates. The well-being that money brings at the end of the month, the car, the dishwasher, the well-mown lawn. The horror of the unknown, of diversity. The refusal of depth and complexity. Olga, despite her wit and intelligence, perfectly reflects this world. She could be my mother at that time.

Olga marries Mario the engineer. For this, she quits her job, renounces her youthful aspirations and goes to live in northern Italy, leaving behind the misery of the south. She becomes a perfect wife and mother, has two children, Ilaria and Gianni. Olga means «holy». Of Chekhov's three sisters, she is the conscientious one, the obedient one, the one who res-

ponds to the desires of others. Until Mario leaves her, for the very young Carla, who is less than half her age.

If it had stopped there, I would have neither the desire nor the need to tell this story. But Elena Ferrante shows us the hidden side of the story. She takes us by the hand and introduces us to another Olga.

Once the assigned identity is shattered, the mythical woman appears. The scandalous and powerful woman, who extracts herself from her era to tap into an archetypal time, which concerns me and shakes me from within. The woman who gives me the desire and the strength to become the person I am. Beyond gender and against all odds. This story, yes, I have the urgent need to tell it.

**He vomited, I have a headache,  
where is the thermometer,  
bowwowwow, react.**

Elena Ferrante, *The Days of Abandonment*,  
Europa Editions, 2005

# intermediaries, i.e., characters

*These tragedies are written in verse, I probably needed a pretext, intermediaries, that is, of characters, to write verses.*

Pier Paolo Pasolini, *Un discorso di Pasolini sul teatro e sulla poesia*, *Il Corriere del Ticino*, 13 November 1971

*The Days of Abandonment* is a tragedy, a work that shows no mercy. The contemporary Medea who no longer needs to kill to exist.

It reveals the woman we do not want to look at.

Why?

Because she is violent, obscene, ugly?

Because she is cruel with her children?

Even in rebellion, we like women to retain a certain grace, to preserve their «femininity». Let her stay in her place.

Personally, when I read Elena Ferrante, I said to myself *No, it's too much, a woman wouldn't say that, she wouldn't do that to her children*. I have integrated the codes of patriarchal society so well that I have to fight against my own prejudices. I believe I am freed from the macho social vision in which I grew up, but it holds me back and still works in the dark recesses of my unconscious.

To adapt Olga's story to the stage, to extricate myself from this system and think differently, it takes a radical gesture. Also, I remove from the stage all the male characters or representatives of this patriarchy, such as the husband, the neighbor – who at a certain point becomes her lover –, or even the husband's mistress. The characters only exist through Olga.

On stage, there is a woman.

And with her, those who accompany her in her emancipation and who are not part of the «old world»: her children, aged eight and eleven, a black German shepherd and a ghost, a shadow of her past.

## Olga

Olga, 40, is the perfect woman and wife. She is the mirror of all the mothers of my generation. I know her. She's the mother of my friends, she's my mother. But Olga is not only that. She is my education, my social and cultural references, everything I ran away from and what I am fighting against. Olga languishes inside me. Olga is me.

In her revolt, she repulses me, frightens me. I can't help judging her way of doing things, her brutality, her grotesque, undignified tragedy as unseemly. But she makes me watch her as she uses her body to give birth to herself. Her movements, her voice, her rage, her violent choice of words. Her tremors, her visions, her ability to look and to name are the source of the new woman to be born. The woman who must no longer be tamed, enslaved.

She is my initiation.

I play Olga.

## The children, the German shepherd and the poverella

### Ilaria, the daughter

Ilaria is the little eight-year-old, lively and full of intelligence. She would like to become exactly like her mother. And because of this, Olga comes to hate her. One day, the little one arrives all made up and dressed in her mother's clothes. Olga, furious, washes her face so violently that the child screams, trying to free herself. Despite the violence, Ilaria fights for her mother, because she instinctively understands the vital importance of what is at stake for Olga. And for herself, one day.

### Gianni, the son

Gianni is Olga's eldest child. He is the only male figure left after the father leaves. He quickly falls ill and will remain so almost throughout the entire story. Olga, in a delirious state, cannot take care of him. Only when she regains her senses can he heal. If the mother is ready, the son can grow again, but perhaps differently.

### Otto, the German shepherd

Otto is probably the most poetic presence in the story, he is Mario's dog. Having remained at home, he is for Olga the only link with the outside – he has to be taken out on walks. He carries within him the purity of nature, the absolute fidelity of the domestic dog, the candor of just being what he is.

Otto is also the silent witness to Olga's transformation. He accompanies her in her release and he pays the price. As in any great story, death happens, swiftly and necessarily. Here it falls to Otto. We will never know the real cause of the dog's death, which becomes all the more symbolic. Faced with twisted and violent humanity, Otto is the perfect sacrificial victim. He, the wolf, the only good guy in history.

### The *poverella*

A shadow emerges from Olga's childhood memories. «*The poverella*», the neighbor from Naples who was suddenly left by her husband and whom Olga, then eight years old, would hear crying at night, her voice desperate and broken. In grief, the *poverella* ends up drowning.

Since childhood, she has set herself a very clear goal: never, ever become like the *poverella*! As a child, far from the torments of love, Olga dreamed of becoming a great writer – her female characters should not resemble Anna Karenina or all those *women destroyed* as described by Simone de Beauvoir. She wanted to be different, to create women with rich resources, women with invincible words.

When her adult world, already far from her literary ambitions, crumbles and she cries her eyes out for Mario, the shadow of the *poverella* appears to her.



# Creation: the linguistic ritual

## The body of words

Elena Ferrante's writing is dangerous writing. She breaks language in order to touch life. She uses violence, cruelty, brutality, ridicule, pathos, loneliness. Anything frightening and destructive is vital to knowing yourself and the world. You have to hold on and go through it, with all the risks that this journey entails. Including loss. Including death.

Die in order to be born. Let go in order to receive. Lose in order to finally find.

Olga's abandonment, far from being negative, is a necessary step in her process of revelation. The initiation where the ritual is to be created. A linguistic ritual first and foremost.

Words, in Ferrante's writing, have the value of a gesture. This is performative speech.

To say is to act.

*A recurrent expression of my mother's came to mind.*

*«Stop or I'll cut your off hands,» she would say when I touched her dressmaking things.*

*And those words were like a pair of long, burnished steel scissors that came out of her mouth, jawlike blades that closed over the wrists, leaving stumps sewed up with a needle and thread from her spools.*

*The Days of Abandonment, Chapter 42, p 256*

In the work onstage, I have to go back to the body of the words.

Physical work is necessary, so that the word is anchored and resonates from the truth of the movement. I have to give space to everything that is preverbal. The hesitation, the trembling, the stuttering, the aphasia, to make the space between the words resonate and so that Olga's voice retains its contradictions and its inner struggle.

## Apnea work

During endless sleepless nights, only the breathing of the children and the dog can be heard. Not that of Olga who wanders around the house in a kind of permanent state of apnea.

Her apnea is not just a lack of air, it is a decision, the act of resistance. Against who she has become, against her husband and children, against society as a whole.

This is why I want to take lessons in freediving and continue the experience with Maribeth Diggle, whose originality in her soprano research work also involves breath work. The idea is to reach a physical state with which to build a moving and sonorous score, which translates Olga's drama on stage.

The work allows me to highlight breathing as a condition of speech. A deep reconnection between breath and words as a vital prerequisite for communication. The new breath is the condition of the rediscovered and vulnerable speech articulation, where no word is given in advance and acts as a creative space.

It is the performative act that shouts the necessity of the foundation of a new grammar for a new society to be possible. To understand again what love means.

## Shadow work

*Our petrified idea of the theater is connected with our petrified idea of a culture without shadows, where, no matter which way it turns, our mind (esprit) encounters only emptiness, though space is full. But the true theater, because it moves and makes use of living instruments, continues to stir up shadows where life has never ceased to grope its way.*

*Antonin Artaud, Le Théâtre et son double*

We must give substance to Olga's shadow.

The *poverella* is a shadow, that of Olga, her unconscious, her hidden part. The fact that the *poverella* drowned is the direct cause of Olga's apnea. The *poverella* is Olga.

## Work on the nature of things

I was very touched by the moments when Olga simply looks at Otto, the German shepherd. Watching an animal be an animal has the power of absolute truth. I will ask a dog to be there with me on stage. To watch it. To talk to him. To apologize. If he listens, I'll be grateful to him. If he doesn't want to, it will be his good right.

The presence of a child on stage has the same value: the obligation to play in the present.

The dog and the children are onstage like elements of nature. As a reference of what lives. They are Olga's moments of awakening. While, drowned in her consciousness, her time compresses or expands infinitely, they force her to breathe again, to re-emerge into reality.

*I'm interested in creatures that inhabit borderlands. Dogs inhabit the borderland between the civilized and the wildness that lies just beyond. Dogs are about unfreedom. Dogs are degraded wolves. They're about the realization of man's will in nature. (...) Today, I think that we have an obligation to learn from dogs. I think that we can become better human beings by paying attention to the relationships that we're in with dogs.*

*Together we can not only survive, but flourish. We can learn to be present and to be real.*

Donna Haraway, Interview in the Santa Rosa Press Democrat on September 14, 2003

**Everyone tries to escape,  
no one succeeds.  
We remain prisoners of the self  
that we hate.**

Lucretius, *On the Nature of Things*, Book III

# The stage as spaces of the soul

Olga, broken, undertakes a mad and desperate quest for herself, in which everything is mixed up: her apartment, the space of her thoughts and her fears, the park where she walks her dog. There is no more separation. We are witnessing a real dissolution of the margins (Smarginatura, to use an expression of Elena Ferrante's). Everything is filtered by the single subjective plane that is Olga's gaze. There is no difference between subject and object looked at, between psychic space and physical space.

*The rules say that to tell a story you need first of all a measuring stick, a calendar, you have to calculate how much time has passed, how much space has been interposed between you and the facts, the emotions to be narrated.*

*But I felt everything right on top of me, breath against breath.*

*The Days of Abandonment, Chapter 19, Page 143*

## What I see

We are at Olga's place. Her apartment, her kitchen, her husband's office, all of Olga's daily spaces are a reflection of the society that keeps her on a leash. To reformulate relationships, you have to rethink spaces, blow them up and reclaim them. To put the house on stage, you have to make a radical gesture. With the scenographer Paola Villani, we decided to blow it up. The stage is a construction site: of the old house, there is only the metal frame. The walls were shattered. The boundary between interior and exterior no longer exists. We simultaneously see the physical space and the mental space of Olga – her head, her heart, where there is no longer any true or false, or points of reference.

Between inside and outside. Neither before nor after. Day Night. Opened closed. Breath/apnea. Only one question persists: is this the destruction or the construction?

## What I hear

How to tell the story of the upheaval of Olga's world onstage? There are no wonders in Olga's country. What appears to be a hallucination or a long psychotic episode is actually a woman's burst of lucidity after a lifetime of captivity. Olga perceives, feels the world differently. I imagine with the composer Ezequiel Menalled, a sound space that translates the psyche of Olga. The house is organic, living matter. Similar to a sound box, it vibrates according to Olga's internal movements, her breath, her perspiration, her heartbeat. A dripping tap, ricocheting granules of sugar, the broken glass of a bottle, the blades of the broken old fan, everything resounds since Olga's abandonment. We play with intradiegetic sounds, to mark out the rhythm of her thought, her despair, her rage, and finally, her vision and her understanding.

## The audience is like the world

The scenic device blurs the distinction between actors and audience. The stage thus has the quality of an installation that the public can traverse, inhabit.

*Life is light, there's no need to let anyone make it heavy for us.*

*The Days of Abandonment, Chapter 33, Page 214*



# The team

## Gaia Saitta Director

Born in 1978, Gaia Saitta is an Italian artist based in Brussels. Gaia Saitta holds a degree in Communication Sciences from LUMSA University in Rome, and graduated in 2003 from the Conservatorio Nazionale d'Arte Drammatica «S. D'Amico» in Rome. She is an actor, director and playwright.

Her research explores vulnerability as a poetic and cognitive space. Straddling the line between fiction and reality, she places the performer's body at the center, mixing different stage languages and always questioning the role of the audience.

In Belgium she collaborates with the company Ontroerend Goed, Lisi Estaras and Quan Bui Ngoc of the company Les Ballets C de la B. In Italy, she works with Giorgio Barberio Corsetti, Luca Ronconi, Manuela Cherubini, Marcela Serli. In France with Olivia Corsini, Serge Nicolai, Mikael Serre, Abou Lagraa and Anatoli Vassiliev. She is co-founder of If Human, an international artist collective based in Brussels.

She directed *Fear and Desire*, the collective's first creation invited by Sidi Larbi Cherkaoui to the Equilibrio Festival in Rome. Among her creations as a director: *Ne Parlez Pas d'Amour*, produced with composer Carlo Boccadoro (If Human/Unione Musicale/Torino Danza/Les Halles de Schaerbeek, 2014); *Useless Movements* (CC Westrand-Dilbeek/If Human, 2015); *LEAVES*, traveling installation/performance in collaboration with Benedetto Sicca, Giuliana Rienzi and Marco Giusti (If Human/LUDWIG/Les Halles de Schaerbeek, 2016).

Between March and May 2020, during the first lockdown, she created *In Vulnerability*, a collective film project produced in collaboration with Charlie Catrall and Giuliana Rienzi, which brought together around one hundred participants from all over the world. In July 2021 she presents *Senza Fine*, a piece inspired by the book *L'ordre du temps* by physicist Carlo Rovelli, (Théâtre Monfort-Paris/Les Halles de Schaerbeek/If Human) in Paris at the Paris Summer Festival.

Her creation *Je crois que dehors c'est le printemps*, in collaboration with Giorgio Barberio Corsetti, (Théâtre National Wallonie-Bruxelles/If Human/Les Halles de Schaerbeek/Le Manège - Scène Nationale de Maubeuge, 2018), previously presented in Paris at the Théâtre Monfort and in Switzerland at the Théâtre Vidy-Lausanne, will be reprised next season at the Théâtre National Wallonie-Bruxelles and the Théâtre de Liège.

Associated with the Halles de Schaerbeek in Brussels between 2013 and 2020, Gaia Saitta is currently an associated artist at the Théâtre National Wallonie-Bruxelles.

## Sarah Cuny Assistant director

Sarah Cuny is a playwright and director. Having qualified for admission to the ENS in literature in 2008, she graduated in 2012 from EDHEC in management and commercial law. For 4 years, she practiced as a lawyer. After joining the Cours Florent in Paris in 2016, she trained from 2019 at INSAS / directing department in Brussels. Between 2020 and 2023, she wrote and directed *C'est l'histoire d'un héros* and *Lavomatic*. In 2022, she worked as a playwright on *Une vie allemande* directed by Simon Paco and as an assistant director on *Happiness Island* and *Mafiosas*, both directed by Ludmilla Reuse. The same year, she created the lighting for the graduation show *Ma Solange, laisse-moi t'écrire mon désastre*, *Alex Roux* directed by Guillemette Laurent at the Théâtre National Wallonie-Bruxelles.

## Mathieu Volpe Scriptwriter

With an Italian father and a Belgian mother, Mathieu Volpe grew up in southern Italy before studying directing at the Institut des Arts de Diffusion (IAD) in Louvain-la-Neuve in Belgium. His short films have been presented in many international festivals such as Locarno, Turin, Dok Leipzig or Fipadoc. His first feature documentary *Une jeunesse italienne*, shot in both Italy and Burkina Faso, had its world premiere at the Festival dei Popoli in Florence in November 2022. At the same time, he directed his first fiction feature *L'or rouge*, produced by the Dardenne brothers and winner of the Emerging Filmmaker Award at the Jerusalem International Film Lab.

## Paola Villani Stage design

Paola Villani is an independent designer and scenographer. She collaborates with artists and directors moving between visual art, performance art and theatre. She has been a finalist for the UBU prize for best scenography three times: in 2018 for *Curon/Graun* by OHT, in 2019 for *Il canto della caduta* by Marta Cuscunà and in 2021 for *Earthbound* by the same director. She has been a regular collaborator of Romeo Castellucci (Societas Raffaello Sanzio), as technical director. From 2007 to 2014, with Daniel Blanga Gubbay, she led the performance art project *Pathosformel* which received the UBU réalité émergente award (2009), the Iceberg award for young artists (2009), the special mention of the Premio Scenario (2007), and was selected for the support and production project Fies Factory promoted by Centrale Fies.

## Ezequiel Menalled Musical composition

Ezequiel Menalled is a versatile composer and conductor. A graduate in composition at the Royal Conservatory of The Hague, he taught there from 2008 to 2016. He specializes in works ranging from soloist to large ensemble, with or without the use of electronics and other technological media. In recent years, he has been experimenting with notations that combine the traditional system with active decision-making on the part of performers. Additionally, his music expanded into an interdisciplinary frame with other art forms such as film, theatre, dance, photography and opera. In 2003 he founded the Dutch Ensemble Modelo62 and has been its musical and artistic director since then. He is also a passionate music teacher with wide experience both in the institutional as well as the private fields.

## Jayson Batut Actor

Jayson Batut is an actor and dancer. After having followed the Lassaad training in Brussels, he joined the fourth class of l'École supérieure d'art dramatique du Théâtre National de Bretagne under the educational direction of Stanislas Nordey. There, he trained with directors and choreographers such as Claude Régis, Bruno Meyssat, Éric Didry, Loïc Touzé, Latifa Laabissi, François Verret and François Tanguy. In 2005, he followed the Essais training at the C.N.D.C in Angers. In 2013, he followed the teaching of Susan Batson in New York. In 2018, he participated in Danseweb. Since 2003, he has evolved in the world of theatre, dance and performance art where the classic rubs shoulders with the most daring avant-garde, under the direction of the likes of François Tanguy, Stanislas Nordey, Nathalie Garraud, Manah De Pauw, Latifa Laabissi, Pieter Ampe, Boris Charmatz., Hermann Hezig, Lénio Kakiéa, Meg Stuart, Caroline Breton and Hannah De Meyer. In film, he played Miss Mandel in the remake of Lucas Guadagnino's *Suspiria* (2018), as well as in the short films *Les hauts pays* (2016) and *Nuits sans sommeil* (2020) by Jérémy van Der Haegen.

# Calendar

## Première

15 > 19.05.2024

Théâtre National Wallonie-Bruxelles

> Kunstenfestivaldesarts

# “If I Were”.portrait — Gaia Saitta

If I were an animal, I would be a whale  
If I were a flower, I would be a daisy  
If I were an element, I would be water  
If I were a gem, I would be a diamond  
If I were a season, I would be spring  
If I were a time of day, I would be the afternoon  
If I were one of the five senses, I would be taste

If I were an island, I would be Bali  
If I were a city, I would be Rome  
If I were a planet, I would be Earth  
If I were a landscape, I would be the horizon line  
If I were a room in the house, I would be the living room

If I were an everyday object, I would be a cup  
If I were a vehicle, I would be a scooter  
If I were a garment, I would be a skirt

If I were a music album, I would be David Bowie's *Space Oddity* (1969)  
If I were a fictional character, I would be Pippi Longstocking  
If I were a word, I would be “loneliness”  
If I were a movie, I would be *Eight and a Half* by Federico Fellini (1963)

If I were a celebrity, I would be Pina Bausch  
If I were a cartoon, I would be *Tweety and Sylvester* created by Bob Clampett and Friz Freleng (1942)  
If I were a super power, I would time travel  
If I were a mythical creature, I would be the phoenix  
If I were a video game, I would be Tetris designed by Aleksei Pajitnov (1984)  
If I were a song, I'd be *Across the Universe* by the Beatles

If I were a style of music, I would be Rock  
If I were a photo, I would be a black and white photo  
If I were an art, I would be poetry  
If I were a historical event, I would be the Big Bang

If I were a dish, I would be Pasta al Pomodoro  
If I were a dessert, I would be a Sacher Torte  
If I were a candy, I would be a square of chocolate  
If I were a fruit, I would be a peach  
If I were a drink, I would be a glass of red wine  
If I were a smell, I would be the sea

If I were a sport, I would be walking  
If I were a party, I would be your birthday

If I were a number, I would be 8  
If I were a noise, I would be the noon bell  
If I were a motto, I would be *Oggi è quel domani che ieri ci faceva tanta paura* (Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday)

If I were a hashtag, I would be #metoo  
If I were a bad habit, I'd be sleeping late  
If I were a quality, I would be enthusiasm  
If I were a dirty word, I would be “shit”  
If I were an emotion, I would be joy  
If I were a pleasure, I would be love  
If I were a desire, I would be growing  
If I were a dream, I would be understanding

— Questionnaire by Sylvia Botella in May 2023

# Les Jours de mon abandon

## Elena Ferrante Gaia Saitta

Gaia Saitta is an associate artist at the Théâtre National Wallonie-Bruxelles.  
Création Studio Théâtre National Wallonie-Bruxelles

Concept, adaptation, director **Gaia Saitta**

Artistic collaboration **Sarah Cuny, Mathieu Volpe, Jayson Batut**

Text and dramaturgy **Gaia Saitta, Mathieu Volpe**

Direction assistant **Sarah Cuny**

With **Jayson Batut, Flavie Dachy / Mathilde Karam, Gaia Saitta, Vitesse (the dog)**

Scenography **Paola Villani**

Costume Design **Frédéric Denis**

Music creation **Ezequiel Menalled**

Light operator **Amélie Géhin**

Stage Manager **Giuliana Rienzi**

Sound operator **Pawel Wnuczynski**

Video designer and production **Stefano Serra**

Stage Technician **Thomas Linthoudt**

Video design **Stefano Serra**

Dog coach **Casting Tails, Tim Van Brussel** (work carried out with respect for the animal)

A show by **Gaia Saitta / If Human**

Inspired by/Based on *I giorni dell'abbandono* by Elena Ferrante © 2002 by Edizioni E/O

Production **Théâtre National Wallonie-Bruxelles**

Coproduction **Kunstenfestivaldesarts, Piccolo Teatro Milano – Teatro d'Europa, CSS Teatro stabile di innovazione del FVG,**

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