



The Italian Cantastorie

Mediation and Detachment

MAURO GERACI:

We have talked about the storyteller as a multimedia artist. We haven't talked about the storyteller as a cultural mediator, as someone who acts as an intermediary between the story depicted on the poster and the audience. The storyteller's detachment is a crucial aspect of his poetics. By detachment I mean to distance oneself from the story.

"Ladies and gentlemen, what I'm about to tell you is a version of the story depicted here... I'm just presenting it to you, so that you have the chance ... to form a different opinion from what is normally accepted"

I distance myself from the story so that people can somehow... look at the facts with a more critical approach.

Another aspect of a storyteller's role is that of positioning himself between the story and the audience, But also between the presentation of the story and its representation.

Presentation of the story is for example when the storyteller says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you look at

the first frame you'll see what is happening

"In the second frame you can see what is about to happen"

"Did you see what has happened in London... in Cambridge? This or that has happened"

In this case I'm not representing but rather presenting the a story that I narrate in the lyrics, a story depicted in the posters which I am also showing. Then, when I begin to sing I'll have to start doing the representation. As an actor I have to be able to do the officer, the woman, the child, and all the characters involved in the events.

Eventually I will have to be able to go back to the level of the presentation. Therefore a storyteller also mediates the portrayed events and people's ideas, notions, and versions of those events

(Performance)

Until one day, ladies and gentlemen, he told his wife "Basta, my wife! Basta, Ianna!

– that was her name – Basta! I don't resist anymore here in the continent,

I feel too homesick for Sicily. I want to go back there, to Messina.

I want to open an art workshop with my son and my brother. Let's go!"

So many times he said "Let's pack and let's go back to Sicily"

Until one day he decided