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Review: Too Late! Antigone (contest #2)

By *Editorial Test*

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Meta Title:

Too Late! Antigone (contest #2) reviewed

Helen Shaw

Excerpt:

Review: *Too Late! Antigone (contest #2)*, part of Under the Radar 2011

Abstract:

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Meta Description:

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****** (FOUR STARS)**

Public Theater (see [Under the Radar 2011](#) ^[2]). Devised by Enrico Casagrande and Daniela Nicoló. With Silvia Calderoni and Vladimir Aleksic. 1hr. No intermission.

When you find out that the Italian physical-theater import *Too Late! Antigone (contest #2)* ^[3] tackles Sophocles' high-body-count tragedy and stars a woman who is the living manifestation of a weapon, you would be forgiven for believing you are in for an aggressive evening. And yet this brief, elliptical show manages, in its deconstructed way, to model a civil discourse. From the outset, actors Silvia Calderoni and Vladimir Aleksic take care of us, murmuring solicitously as they usher us to our seats on either side of their narrow performance space. Once they've settled us comfortably, the two take on the classic's characters: Calderoni plays a mustached Haemon, then strips nearly nude to be Antigone, while Aleksic contents himself with that patterncard of overbearing hegemony, Creon.

Creator-directors Enrico Casagrande and Daniela Nicolo pretend the show is a game, letting the actors chat in their real-life personae, then spin a bottle to determine who goes first in their mini-contests. These involve risk and sweat and taxing choreography; eventually the scenarios seem to be striking at the fabric of the mythic source itself. Of course, it's all a ruse. *Too Late*, despite the acid-green lighting and the Milosevic references, doesn't actually glorify confrontation. Casagrande and Nicolo are making a sophisticated sketch of the interrelationships of power, so Creon is both a Berlusconi-esque creep and a bewildered father figure. There's no implacable hatred

here, and we wonder if Creon, even in the midst of all his bombast, must have rather loved his troublesome niece. The whippet-thin Calderoni, a kind of human javelin, dangles from lighting fixtures, hurls herself at a rubber-masked Aleksic and draws anarchist credos on her body. Yet, in a way that feels like a prescription for ugly political times, her tough-and-tender performance never lets us forget that her sworn enemy is being played by a dear and sympathetic friend.

Too Late! Antigone ^[4]

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