

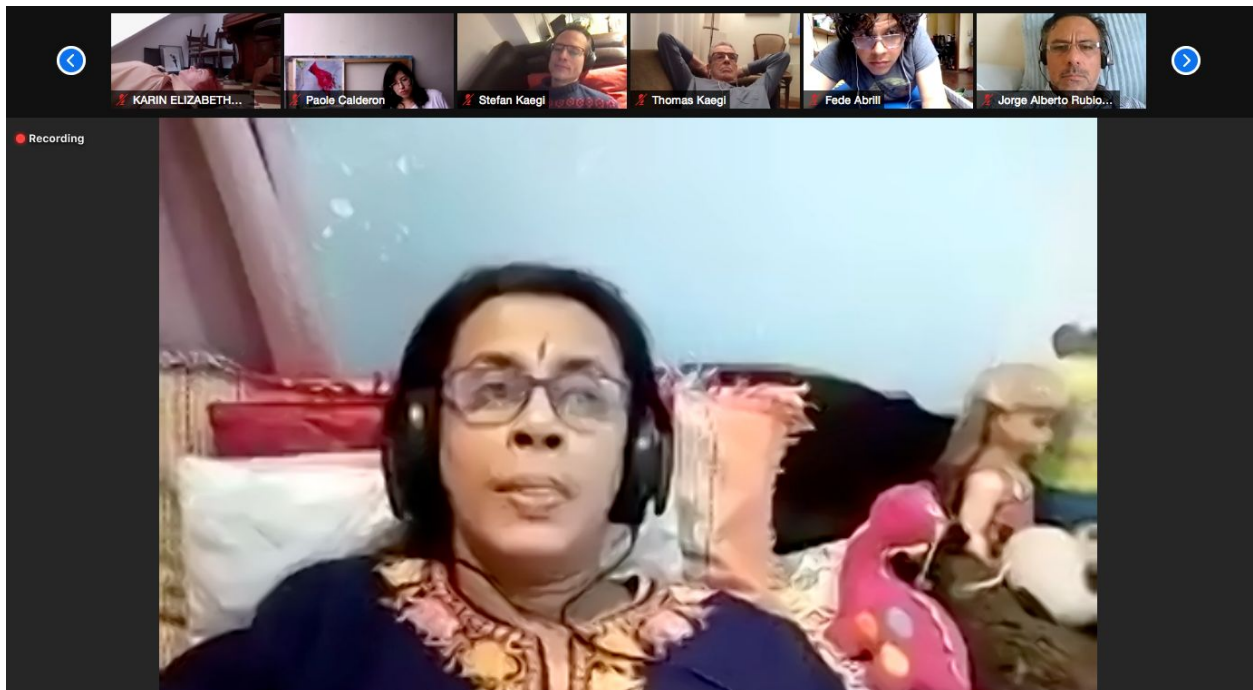


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## Online Theatre: our review of *Call Cutta at Home* by Rimini Protokoll

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This is our review about the show by the German Swiss group, which was presented in Temporada Alta Festival, organized by the French Alliance of Lima.



From India, Madhu shows the interior of her house. Later, she will invite the audience to tea, one of the many dynamics of *Call Cutta at Home*.

***As surely happened to the enthusiasts of the shows of Rimini Protokoll company, —with a single remaining performance at the festival Temporada Alta— it fell short.***

The flat is unavoidable, both because sanitary bans prevent the arrival of other of their most disconcerting shows —I am thinking about *Nachlass*— and because the discredit that virtual theatricality has earned freehand, which, with honorable exceptions, has found refuge in Zoom.



Even so, *Call Cutta at Home* ends up standing out from the rest of its peers that develop on that platform, in form and substance.

It should be kept in mind that this work found new forms through the years and circumstances. Using the telemarketer resource, *Call Cutta* began with a telephone call that could surprise at any moment; then, in *Call Cutta in a box*, there is a call that the spectator kept while interacting with a room created by the company. Using Zoom was the next logical step. Because while there are those who still defend that the theater has an immovable pillar in the physical copresence, Rimini Protokoll has been working with virtuality since 2005 and for that reason it is not less theater.

As a nod to the past, the collective call begins with a red curtain that is soon replaced by the protagonists of the play. Sunny and Madhu open the doors of their house. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they turn on their cameras. They warn that this work will not be "pretend". Everything is real. They are real and share their experiences when they worked at a call center in Calcutta. The audience is real too. The cameras turn on. Cindy, Luisa, Fernanda, Jana and other faces appear. Zoom allows the traditionally invisible—even the public—to have a face.

From then on, Sunny and Madhu show the techniques they used to use to connect with people. The weather at Lima, the work of the telemarketers and the pandemic are the first themes presented. Then they talk about Pilar Mazzetti, her resignation from the Health Ministry and alleged corruption in the fight against the coronavirus. How do you know so much about Peru? Talking about these issues—which are accessed by a single click—give a sense of belonging and, although they may have a different accent or speak in English, they feel close. This made it easier to sell to the United States, Australia and other countries.

But here everything is transparent. Sunny asks people to sit under their desks: this is how she feels now that it is so difficult for her to leave her home in Estonia. Madhu shows his altar and the images of the god Gopala, and says that she usually prays there with her daughter. Cindy says she had coronavirus while she explains who appears in an



old photo she holds. Others add that they would like to reincarnate as birds. Then everyone will dance, isolate themselves wide, and lie down on the bed or on a sofa.

In the five acts that *Call Cutta at Home* lasts, the audience, Sunny and Madhu talk about death, share a tea, understand that each one of those present is an endless universe. Zoom, such a protagonist when the Internet connection fails, is the tool that takes different settings (the houses) and combines them in a large theater. How else could we create such an intimate bond with people who live so far away? How could we understand that behind every uncomfortable call in which they want to sell us a product, there are people like us?