



International Fringe Encore Series New York 2025

Award Fringe Milano Off 2024

Jury Award Crash Test Theater Festival 2023

Audience Award Crash Test Theater Festival 2023

# I//HATE



dramaturgy **Valentina Diana**  
with **Luca Serra Busnengo**  
lights and sounds **Nicola Rosboch**  
scenes **Marco Ferrero**

scene photo **Stefano Roggero**  
scene video **Fabio Melotti**  
graphic design **Silvia Genta**

concept and direction **Maurizio Bàbuin**

---

with the support of  
Arci Torino / Piedmont Region / Artedrama  
in collaboration with  
Teatranza – space for the arts and the person

First episode of the trilogy project  
**INVESTIGATING EVIL**

**SANTIBRIGANTI TEATRO**

Via Palestro 9 - 10024 Moncalieri (TO) • P.IVA / C.F. 08391370015  
Tel. 011 64 57 40 • Fax 011 74 35 024 • [santibriganti@santibriganti.it](mailto:santibriganti@santibriganti.it) • [www.santibriganti.it](http://www.santibriganti.it)



The project of Santibriganti Teatro, was born from some reflections on proto-criminal deviances and their developments, often arising in adolescence. The intent is precisely to investigate the birth and development of evil, which is mostly male, because the gap is disproportionate: for one woman who stains herself, there are a hundred men who commit crimes, hurt, rape, kill, hate, considering the facts, more or less serious, that we become aware of and the much more numerous ones that remain unknown. The objective is to develop a reflection, particularly strong, that focuses on categories and their derivations sadly protagonists of our contemporaneity.

*He, the hater, the male, will reveal himself, will provoke, will have no qualms or shame, will say what he thinks to the end, will be stinging, will confess what he feels, will shout his HATE to the four winds. Now he can finally do it: he is and is cleared by custom. But he will also have fun provoking us, he will challenge us not to be hypocrites and to bring out the racist that perhaps deep down is in each of us, even if well hidden. And, naked and raw, he will proclaim himself the black prophet of a mystical future yearning.*

*The apologue will be a harangue, a confession of faith, its intent will be to convince those who will see and hear.*

*He, the male, is alone but with everyone: he will provoke, insult, flatter.*

*He will not follow a narrative logic, a story.*

*Him, in his room where everything is thinkable and a pc a tv weights a bed music at full blast if needed.*

*Him, will have uniforms, clothes that are military or civilian anyway signals that he will use as a male that he is.*

*Him, bulloskin because the adolescent past will return in an obsessive form.*

*He will speak, he will babble quotes, statements of others, which will give strength to his convictions.*

*Him, but also the thoughts, the mouth and the actions of others.*

*For him, the end will not prove to be consolatory, much less redeeming or expiatory.*

*Will there be survivors? Or a song, a blinding light, an image, a secular prayer, the cry of a newborn baby, the voice of a mother?*

This will be the first of three demonstrations of the ferocious male, master, ancestrally devoted to the fight, no longer to conquer sustenance, but basking in positions of power that bathe in pleasure or losing oneself in the search for a status that is the fruit of legacies that are no longer tolerable. Shedding light on the murky, getting used to seeing, examining the process from the inside, from the point of view of those who do evil, without labeling, excluding judgment, exposing the cases in their nakedness because crudeness alone can illuminate and knowing and understanding helps to overcome. To choose the word.

The trilogy project *Investigating Evil*, includes as first play: *I/HATE*, the second will deal with pedophilia: *O Jesus of burning love*, the thirds investigate violence against women: *Love you to death*

## **SANTIBRIGANTI TEATRO**

Via Palestro 9 - 10024 Moncalieri (TO) • P.IVA / C.F. 08391370015

Tel. 011 64 57 40 • Fax 011 74 35 024 • [santibriganti@santibriganti.it](mailto:santibriganti@santibriganti.it) • [www.santibriganti.it](http://www.santibriganti.it)



### *Cohabiting with a Nazi skinhead*

*Usually, when I write for the theater, I proceed by falling in love: I look for a way to observe the characters, even the roughest and most ignorant, from an emotional, tender, human point of view. In this case it was different. I had to create space in myself for a brutal being, a being who took up his space and asserted his vision, which was not mine. I had to cohabit with this mug who, some evenings, inhabited my house, shouted and sweated on my sofa. He was sad, I even felt sorry for him, but even though I understood his story, the reasons that had led him to be who he was, we could not become friends. I was at his service and I served him, I gave him space, I offered him voice and words. He never asked questions, he dictated, and he wanted nothing to do with me. It was a difficult cohabitation, because sometimes I would have liked to show him how things could also be looked at in a different way, with more nuances, with fewer enemies. When he left I breathed a sigh of relief, closed the door, turned the key twice, and hoped I'd never see him again.*

Valentina Diana

### **Audience Award Crash Test Teatro Festival 2023**

### **Jury Award Crash Test Teatro Festival 2023**

#### Jury Award Motivations

chaired by Sonia Antinori with Mauro Montalbetti and Giulia Alonzo

*In an edition characterized by a passionate approach to contemporary themes, which is characterized as urgent theater, the commission unanimously awards the CrashTest Prize 2023 to IO//ODIO by the Santibriganti Teatro company.*

*For the courage to bring to the stage with clear objectivity an alarming theme - which leads back to the news - through an uncomfortable character.*

*This choice allows spectators, even the youngest, a participation that, ultimately, reveals contradictory feelings leaving us in disquiet.*

*A show that forces self-reflection, a spark of catharsis and liberation without moral discounts.*

### **SANTIBRIGANTI TEATRO**

Via Palestro 9 - 10024 Moncalieri (TO) • P.IVA / C.F. 08391370015

Tel. 011 64 57 40 • Fax 011 74 35 024 • [santibriganti@santibriganti.it](mailto:santibriganti@santibriganti.it) • [www.santibriganti.it](http://www.santibriganti.it)



## **Reviews**

### *A visceral experience*

lo//Odio is an unfiltered, immersive confrontation with the mechanics of hate. Raw, unsettling, and at times exhausting, the show pulls audiences into the mind of a man consumed by his fury, never letting up for a moment. It captures the disturbing realities of radicalization and ideological obsession with unnerving precision.

The performance unfolds as a monologue that doesn't waver in intensity. This deliberate choice mirrors the way hate festers unchecked. Luca Serra Busnengo's character's anger is a steady, unrelenting force, creating a suffocating atmosphere that refuses to provide relief. This is not an easy role but Busnengo delivers a strong performance. He navigates this challenge with impressive stamina, sustaining a demanding emotional pitch. His portrayal is striking in its commitment, embodying the contradictions of a man who sees himself as both a victim and a warrior.

lo//Odio exists more as a visceral experience than a structured theatrical piece. The performance maintains a single emotional note—rage—without modulation. While this may be intentional, the lack of variation leaves little space for tension to build or ideas to develop. The moments when Busnengo shared details of his life were precious. It offered a quick entry point and lessened the emotional grip, if even for a breath. A stronger arc, or even brief instances of contrast, could give the audience more to hold onto, making the message even more impactful.

lo//Odio is undeniably powerful in what it sets out to do. It refuses to sanitize or justify its subject matter, offering no easy resolutions and no comforting takeaways. Instead, it forces its audience to sit with the discomfort of what happens when hate spirals with no end in sight. As a piece of commentary, it is searing. As a theatrical experience, it challenges traditional structures in a bold way.

In the end, lo//Odio doesn't offer a way out—it simply lays bare the mechanisms of hate and leaves the audience to grapple with what they've witnessed. It is unrelenting, uncomfortable, and sadly relevant.

**Yani Perez - All About Solo**  
January 30- February 7, 2025  
SoHo Playhouse - NYC

**SANTIBRIGANTI TEATRO**

Via Palestro 9 - 10024 Moncalieri (TO) • P.IVA / C.F. 08391370015

Tel. 011 64 57 40 • Fax 011 74 35 024 • [santibriganti@santibriganti.it](mailto:santibriganti@santibriganti.it) • [www.santibriganti.it](http://www.santibriganti.it)



*The black mirror of all the hate in the world*

The theater hall welcomes us with a bare and metallic set full of artifacts of the hypertrophic culture of the contemporary, television with its back to us, computer and webcam, stereo system, a single bed, dumbbells for biceps: a real punishment cell for the shocked minds of today. The echoes of *I Soliti ignoti* arrive from a television backstage, a live irruption of the world out there that roars and darkens with cheap entertainment. Carlo, the protagonist, stocky and muscular redeemed from a life of abuse by suburban bullies, is now a naziskin, fascist, racist, colonialist, chauvinist who organizes a live webcam for a group of acolytes of evil. His arrogant anger and his naive escape into stereotypes of hate are vomited without excluding anyone: immigrants, women, politicians, meek people. For an hour and a half he vomits his uncontrollable disgust, praising the Duce and Hitler, using swear words without any censorship, erasing any reasoning for a cavalcade of misery and frustration, seasoned with the cult of physical exercise and neo-Nazi music. The audience is overwhelmed by so much hatred and so much rancor, the violence of the words is a punch in the stomach, a deadly machine gun fire without any mercy towards all the values of Western culture of freedom, tolerance and inclusion. And thanks to this we can observe the black boil of our society, we can take a trip to hell and back, like Dante, but without Virgil, marvel every now and then at feeling tenderness and empathy for such a dark character and the son of a life of solitude, violence and degradation. Valentina Diana's text gives us a truculent, merciless and absolutely realistic fresco of this dark side of the world, the one we would never want to see, never hear, that we would like to forget and pretend it doesn't exist; and instead it exists and pulsates and beats, sets fire to the peripheries of the species and paws the ground, shrunken, repressed, incredible to believe, inside each of us. Only by observing and knowing evil can we create the antibodies to fight the virus of hate. Luca Serra's interpretation is an actor's test of strength, tenacity, endurance, immersion that will make your head spin, a superb interpretation, in a swing of emotions.

Maurizio Babuin's direction is a canvas of crescendo towards the final twist, an invisible plot that surrounds the spectator, without any judgment towards what happens on stage, and puts a black mirror in front of our consciences. A hard, merciless, violent, but necessary, painful and pure show, a catharsis, a forgiveness for all the anger that, often, we do not know how to manage.

**Alan Mauro Vai - Teatrionline**  
October 4, 2021

**SANTIBRIGANTI TEATRO**

Via Palestro 9 - 10024 Moncalieri (TO) • P.IVA / C.F. 08391370015  
Tel. 011 64 57 40 • Fax 011 74 35 024 • [santibriganti@santibriganti.it](mailto:santibriganti@santibriganti.it) • [www.santibriganti.it](http://www.santibriganti.it)

*I hate, the hell of a soul*

...First of a trilogy "Investigating Evil", the show wants to shock the audience, showing them the worst of the life of a young man, who as the scene progresses loses the connotations of age, becoming what everyone can find in himself and of himself, of evil, of discomfort, of loneliness, of isolation, of aggression, but which on the stage can find an outlet, with the excuse of being only an invention. But, if the story itself is an invention, the intentions of the creator of the character are true and to be investigated, while he prepares with sincerity and courage to throw on the stage what we are, playing between identification and estrangement from a negative character.....After having cut piece by piece every possibility of leaving his room, the representation of a man is completed whose only contact with others occurs only more on the internet, in a monologue soliloquy with no other interlocutor than himself. Thoughts, continuous spitting of sentences and contempt for men and women, for immigrants thrown on the beach with the conviction that even the child on the sand, better if with his teddy bear, is the maneuver of a rampant power with its octopus arms, to induce compassion reduced to pity that should not dwell in a male being. The bulloskin, brings together in the definition the miseries of a bully elevated to the grandiose cruelty of a neo-Nazi, but the creature on stage seems just like that Frankensteinian of Shelley, assembled pieces of the waste of a humanity adrift, but whether one realizes it or not, no one, not even an author the most lucidly ruthless towards his negative character, fails to show what hatred really is. The 'creature' is still 'his' creature, which carries within itself something of its creator who in turn is a creature of a historical moment, of the society in which he lives and that the author, being an artist, feels the duty to contribute to making something better and dignified and promising good futures. So the character who seems to have detached himself from his creator and lives a despicable life of his own, asks to be listened to and seems to tell us: it must count for something that I too was a child and that I was fat and they made fun of me...fatty fat! And here is the bullyskin in a powerful interpretation by an actor whose interpretative skill does not always succeed in making us hate the despicability of the character to the core, keeping the spectator suspended between hatred and compassion and even understanding, while it can happen - and who knows what it depends on - that on stage we find ourselves scared of ourselves, because what is being represented is what we all have inside but we do not dare to say, because that is us, a mass of prejudices, suspicions, recriminations, unconfessed desires to unload all the blame for our ailments on the weakest: we are all bullies and even Nazis. I could go on and on: as I write, thoughts upon thoughts develop, so one could say that this show has made you think, each in their own way of course. Some were shocked, immobilized in their seat; this did not happen to me, perhaps this happens to those who are more versed in the art of theater, so while the catharsis proper to art, especially theater, was taking place, while I found in myself many of the negativities of the character, each element was harmonized into a whole: realizations of the intentions of the staging, through the skill of the actor favored in this case by physicality, the exposure of a body whose beauty has increased through exercise - character and performer interpenetrate -; a scenography that transmits the misery of an increasingly exasperated solitude; the direction that with a careful and controlled discretion so as not to overflow into caricatural falsehoods, and all the rest, sounds and lights, without ever overlapping with the drama of the character...

**Maria Silvia Caffari**  
viewed on October 8, 2021