



KATJA ŠIMUNIĆ

“A SHORT ESSAY ON THE DANCING BODY

OR

WHEN I DANCE, I DANCE, WHEN I SLEEP, I SLEEP”

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When I Dance, I Dance, When I Sleep, I Sleep”

Producers: Nives Madunić Barišić & Katja Šimunić

Writer and director: Katja Šimunić

Composer: Maro Market

Sound engineer: Marija Pečnik Kvesić

English translation: Ivana Ostojčić

Voices: Dunja Fajdić & Zrinka Lukčec

Length: 7 minutes

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Croatian Radio and Television / Drama Department

Summary:

This short radiophonic form could be subtitled as acoustic choreography or reflection of dance through the inflection generated by sound waves modulated by other sound waves or by themselves. Some of the questions of the impossibility of archiving dance art are also the questions of how to record a dancing body, how to capture a body that produces dancing sounds? How to transfigure stage performing art, id est dance, as a theatre art into an audio record?

*Sounds of dance.*

SHE, DANCER: “...When I Dance, I Dance, When I Sleep, I Sleep”

*Sounds of dance.*

SHE, DANCER: ... I dance, when I dance, I dance...

SHE, NARRATOR: “Since what I seek barely exists and since it is in its essence ‘almost nothing’, a ‘don’t know what’, something effortless among all those effortless things, this frantic exploration strives above all to testify to the intangible, whose manifestation could be felt but not confirmed, since it vanishes as soon as it appears, since the first time is also the last.” Vladimir Jankélévitch, *Somewhere in the Unfinished*.

SHE, DANCER: ...when I sleep, I sleep...when I dance, I dance... when I sleep, I sleep...

*Music. Sounds of dance.*

SHE, DANCER: ...when I sleep, I sleep...when I dance, I dance... when I sleep, I sleep...

SHE, NARRATOR: All dances... testify to the intangible...

SHE, DANCER: ... when I dance, I dance...

SHE, NARRATOR: ...whose manifestation could be felt but not confirmed, since it vanishes as soon as it appears, since the first time is also the last.

SHE, DANCER: ... when I dance, I dance... I dance...

SHE, NARRATOR: Being involved in dance art assumes courage and light-headedness. For every dance performance is both the first and the last.

SHE, DANCER: ... when I dance, I dance...

*Music.*

SHE, DANCER: ... when I dance, I dance...

SHE, NARRATOR: And carries with it the oblivion of this very dance experience, oblivion of this dance tangibility which incarnated in something irreproducible. What happens to a dance work after the performance?

*Sounds of dance.*

SHE, NARRATOR: Where does it go? What state of matter does it assume? In whose memories, fragments, flickers of memory does it mirror?

SHE, DANCER: ...I dance...

SHE, NARRATOR: Dance remains and does not remain. It remains in the memory of the audience, in critical writings, in photographs, videos.

Extremely rarely in notations. But it never remains the identical dance work we saw because in all those memories of oblivion, even if they are visually or textually meticulously materialised, the essential is mangled. The movement itself is hopelessly left out. As well as what is *between* movements.

*Music. Sounds of dance.*

SHE, NARRATOR: ...Vladimir Jankélévitch... Henri Bergson... Michel Montaigne... To paraphrase Bergson, at this point it is something simple, infinitely simple, so extraordinarily simple that the dancer has never succeeded in dancing it. And that is why he went on dancing all his life. It is, of course, capturing time in a dance gesture. Irreversible time. For, dancing is possible only at the moment of de/construction of one's own dance. A written record about this moment is always only subsequent. Random, as it is already contextualised by Other and Otherness. Contaminated with a receptive impression imbued with the entire personal habitus of ideas and senses of the one observing the seen, the experienced dance performance.

*Music.*

FEMALE VOICES (Narrator, Dancer, Writer): I dance, I dance, I sleep, I dance, I dance, I sleep, I sleep, I dance, I sleep, I dance, I dance...

SHE, NARRATOR: ...something simple, infinitely simple, so extraordinarily simple that the dancer has never succeeded in dancing it...

*Sounds of dance.*

*Music.*

SHE, NARRATOR: Something simple, infinitely simple, so extraordinarily simple that the dancer has never succeeded in dancing it.

*Music.*

*Sound of dance.*

*The end.*