

One Night Some Girls Somewhere Are Dying

Neke Noči Neke Deklice Nekje Umirajo

Katja Gorečan & Mojca Kasjak

What happens when violence against the body causes loss. As in the intimate history of women, in which their position of the non-existent manifests. This is why women in this (social) imaginary are silent and give their body, so that power, meaning, the life of another might be inscribed in it, as though they themselves are inscribed in the position of the non-existent and the invisible. What happens when your body is no longer yours? As non-existent in and of itself, as a state when it belongs to someone or something else (to some other meaning). The development of the body is endangered, as movement and contact with the outside world is prohibited. What can the uneasiness of restraint cause? The body becomes the property of someone else. Is there an alternative – a resistance to this condition? Girls use their bodies in several phases for the safe surroundings of their stay: a body that does not dwell, a body that emerges, a body that grows, and a body that expands and takes up the space that belongs to it. It is all about **embodied memory**.

Stories written by the body on the theme of embodied memory.

One night some girls somewhere are dying

Author of poetry: Katja Gorečan

Translation by Rudi Filipovič

What were we before we became this is dying
What were we before we were forced to be the non-being
What were we before someone said your body is no longer your body,
it's withering away

The spirits are floating all over the walls of the house.
That's why we love them because they remind us
that something once lived here. Before there were apartments,
they lived in these basements,
in these dusty attics.
Before us, they lived in the ground and now that ground is falling down.

Some years, some life;
Lies down on this bed; calmed
Some minutes; swaying
Some hours; floating
Some days; there is nothing left anywhere
Some months; where is the life I gave birth to
Some years; I can't find it
Some life

We saw our mother dying
In despair
We saw her eyes
We saw a face that was not hers
And we were unable to save her
Our mother died in our arms

I saw my mother dying

Walking on the ground
I saw my mother without a face
Walking in the air
I saw my mother unable to get up
Walking on water
In despair
I watched my mother for days
And father
The father was nowhere near
I watched my mother lying down
Lying in the dark
Looking around in the dark
Looking for
Looking for whom?
Looking for father without words
Without words

That night, in a dream, she gave birth to a dead child just like all her mothers before her. She was giving birth to a dead child for a while, giving birth in the absence of words. She didn't yell nor scream, when quietly letting the child out of her body. And now she feels nothing, nothing anymore.

What's wrong, little girl?
You seem so very sad
- What's wrong?
Nothing's wrong
My heart hurts a lot
What's wrong?
Nothing's wrong

I'm bleeding but I don't know where my blood is going

I will sleep with you and plant my God into you

And threatened me
To kill us all

All that there is to life)
Kill
Slaughter
Burn

I'm bleeding but I don't know where my blood is going

I'll hug my body, I'll hug my bones

If you find me and I find you /
I promise you / I will stay with you /
when you cant sleep.

...

I will rise above the demons / black shadows /
/ which circulate above our bodies.
Because now I know they are just shadows.

...
I promise you / I won't walk away when I feel
ugly / dirty / fat / rotten / decaying /
inferior to life / if you see my eyes /
filled with fear /
promise / you will not judge me
nor despise me, but understand me / I have fears.

...
When I am all bones and drained
when my face disappears /
you will not see anything in me anymore /
I'll exchange day for night / wander through the forest /
and everyone will ridicule me and
everyone will warn you /
run away / run away!

...

Then stay.
You will give meat to the bones.
If you find me / I'll find you / and we'll meet again /
I know now / if I don't live the way you live / it doesn't mean /

that I am wrong / that you are wrong.

...

It means that we are right, living as we are.
And when they come / the great deaths /
I'll hold your hand / you'll hold me /
and all the fears will go away.

...

We'll subside like two drops into the ocean.

Credits:

Authors of project: Katja Gorečan in Mojca Kasjak
Author of poetry and dramaturgy: Katja Gorečan
Choreography, staging, direction, executive production: Mojca Kasjak
Dramatic interpretation of poetry, author of musical poetry, and direction: Alenka Vidrih
Performers and co-creators, movement: Petja Golec Horvat, Ivana Kocutar, Ajša Mara Kacjan, Simona Bobnar Radenković
Sound design: Toni Soprano Meneglejte
Light design: David Orešič
Costumography: Milena Petelinšek
Production of festival in the frame of Platform for Contemporary Dance, Zavod MOJA KreacijA, Plesna izba Maribor
Coproductio: Maribor Puppet Theatre
Partners: Vetrinjski dvor mansion – Narodni dom Maribor, MKC Črka
With the support of: Ministry of Culture of the Republic of Slovenia, City of Maribor

Kaj se zgodi, ko nasilje nad telesom povzroči izgubljanje. Kot v intimni zgodovini žensk, v katerih se kaže njihov položaj neeksistenčnega. Zato ženske v tem (družbenem) imaginariju molčijo in dajejo svoje telo, da se vanj vpisujejo moč, pomen, življenje drugega, kot da so vpisane v položaj nebivajočega in nevidnega. Kaj se zgodi, ko tvoje telo ni več tvoje? Kot nebivajoče po sebi, kot stanje, ko pripada nekemu ali nečemu drugemu (nekemu drugemu pomenu). Ogroženo je razvijanje telesa, saj je prepovedano gibanje in stik z zunanjim svetom. Kaj lahko povzroči tesnoba omejevanja? Telo postane last nekoga drugega. Ali obstaja alternativa – upor proti temu stanju? Deklice za varno okolje svojega bivanja

uporabijo svoja telesa v več fazah: telo, ki ne biva, telo, ki vznikata, telo, ki raste, in telo, ki se razširja ter zavzame svoj prostor, ki mu pripada. Gre za **utelešen spomin**.
Zgodbe, ki jih piše telo na temo utelešenega spomina.

Biography

Katja Gorečan graduated from the Department of Comparative Literature and Literary Theory, and completed a Masters degree in dramaturgy and performing arts at the Academy of Theatre, Radio, Film, and Television (AGRFT). In 2007 she published her first collection of poetry, *Angels of the Same Origin*, and in 2012 the anthology *The Suffering of Young Hana* (Centre for Slovene Literature), for which she was selected for BJCEM (Mediterranean Young Artists Biennale), as well as nominated for the Jenko award. In 2017, House of Poetry published her third book, **One Night Some Girls Somewhere Are Dying**. She is currently pursuing a Master's degree in Arts Therapies at the University of Ljubljana.

Mojca Kasjak is an independent artist in the field of culture. She is a dancer, choreographer, dance pedagogue, executive producer, as well as the program and artistic director of the Platform of Contemporary Dance festival. She has earned degrees in Geography and Sociology, as well as a specialization at the London Contemporary Dance School in the UK. She has authored many projects and dance performances, and has been the winner of individual awards. In 2017, she founded the Institute for Contemporary Dance Art, Creativity and the art of living, MOJa KreacijA Maribor (My Creation). She is currently pursuing a Master's degree in Arts Therapies at the University of Ljubljana. She is also the state selector for the following year at JSKD/Public Fund for Cultural Activities.