

**Mind, Body and Everything in Between: Implementing mindfulness in public performance**

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## **Index**

### **Week 1**

Yellow flower shelter

### **Week 2**

Three Walks Map

### **Week 3**

Reflection

### **Week 4**

Understanding you through my body

1. Movement/drawing
2. Facial movements / words
3. Movements / words
4. Words / Phantomime

### **Week 5**

I am - everything else is

I am - the body is

### **Week 6**

Artists at work

### **Week 7**

The princess of Weimar

### **Week 8**

The Act of Kindness

**Yellow flower shelter**  
Week 1

Our outside must dance with our inside. Our outer must hold out inner.

The dance is the thread onnecting  
my garden (body) and my fortress (soul).

## Performance

00:00:50, two channels video, 2 (stereo)

### 1)\_Serbia\_No dialogue with walls\_

Sometimes there is a conflict with the walls. They simply do not want to collaborate. I was forced to move out of the space I lived in, the space I loved the most in Belgrade – my home. For more than 10 days I felt hopeless trying to find the corner in the flat where I can feel comfortable. That was not my dwelling. My clothes and all the

### 2)\_Germany\_22m2 of home, far away from home\_

"Please, invade me!" the walls in a new room said.

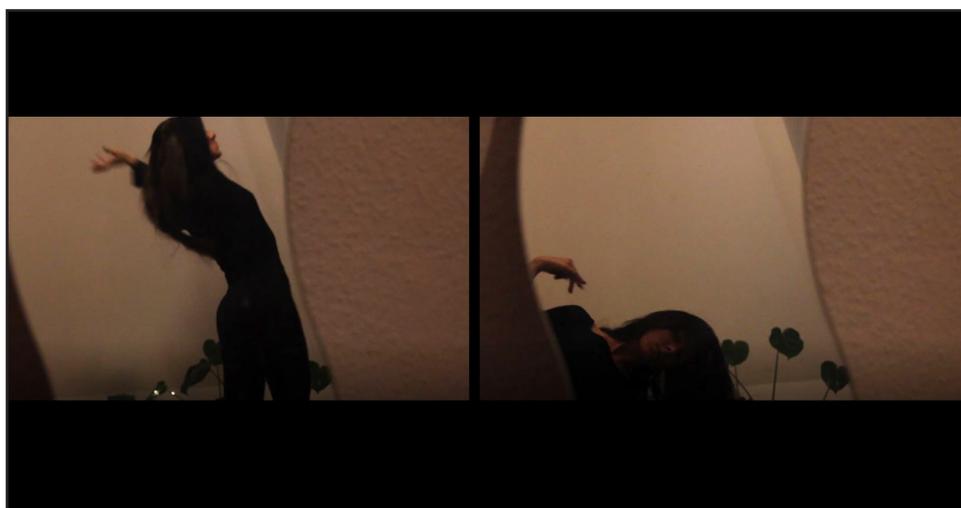
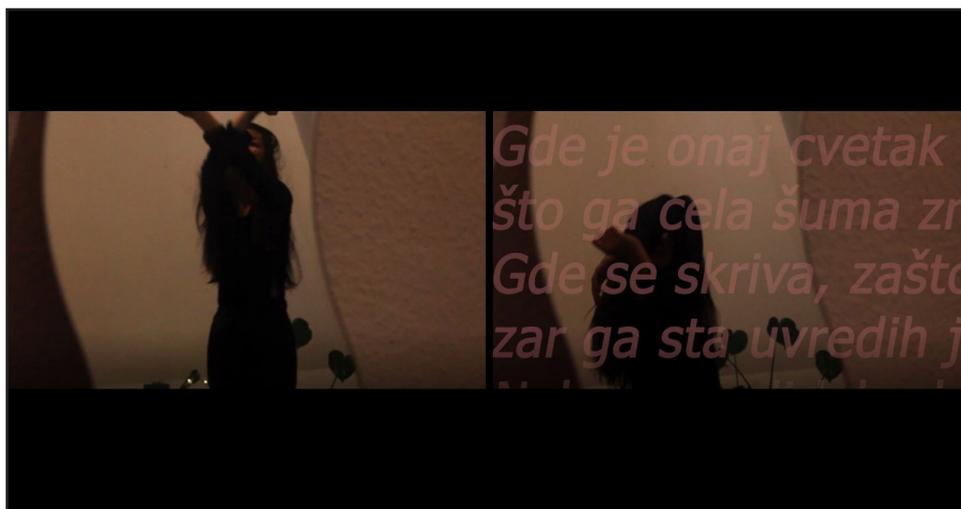
Personal space is the most important space and that no matter what size it is, its existence is a must. Moreover, our own body is the space that holds our minds and soul.

Invading a space means bringing all that your soul needs to make it yours. To ennoble a space, people usually bring their favorite objects, pictures, and memories. These symbols can make any place home once we realize that our body is the only private space we are going to have forever and, that is a gift. As a present needs a suitable package, our body needs space to breathe in when it gets tired. The place where it can embody its emotions and free the mind.

I brought my dance and a song that makes me feel safe. This is my home now.

The name of the song is "Cvetak zuti" (eng. Yellow flower), the one I used to sing to my friends, my partner, mother, and myself when I needed to. While I was camping in the middle of the forest, in the storm and the dark, I was singing about the yellow flower on a meadow and the tent became my fortress. Every time I remember how beautiful it was to sing it for them. Now, when I am in unknown territory it is scary, but I gave an outer space for my inner being.

The dance is something that I have to do, like itching. There is no choreography, just basic movements, and the exploration of empty space I am surrounded by – its sound, colors, and air quality.



**Three Walks Map**  
Week 2

My mind is wandering. My thoughts are splashed everywhere.

This is the first object I received the moment I arrived in Weimar – city map. Although it is a small town, I would be lost every 5 min at the beginning. I do walk a lot, but mostly under the pressure with a pile of thoughts related to what I have to do next. Sometimes, I feel like the Super Mario of my own life. This is a game and I must win, I must do everything in one day, finish it.

### 1. First walk: Home

12.11 / 5 PM

It is so difficult to manage our pace with our breath without concentrating on it. Every little detail can distract you. Note: too many lights, like a club, fire truck, Lidl, traffic lights, ambulance, children on bicycles, a lot of fun, I can not focus, but I do enjoy this party around my house. I am going around and around...

### 2. Second walk – Meadow power

14.11 / 12 PM (noon)

The most beautiful one. It lasted for about 3 hours.

### 3. Third one – Red lipstick pressure

14.11 – 6 PM (an imaginary one)

This one presents my biggest, everyday struggle. However, I decided to include it, because I found it as important as the previous two. For this one, I wanted to plan the route. It was the only one that I prepared for. I wanted to pass through the streets that I have never been to. I made a shape on the map with the color I felt the most at the moment – a pinkish line looking like a duck. I planned for everything. I felt amazing knowing that after the walk I am going to the friend's yard to have some pancakes and wine. I wanted to put on my red lipstick and have Saturday night. But nothing happened.

No walk. No pancakes. No red lipstick.



**Reflection Week**  
Week 3

A lot of words.

I love my journal. I take it wherever I go as if it is an extension of my hand. Part of my body.

again I pre-associated Nadya  
hanging out with others  
substituted her need for  
meditation with her role  
is amazing! I am a walker  
warrior.  
this grass and water sounds  
I am  
walk was special because  
see it and what is rare,  
that pressure of doing  
nothing for higher objective.  
read - it must influence  
walk - it must make the walk  
if doesn't  
Meadow place, 4:30 PM

(walk II)  
I do not know where I am  
I was following the instinct  
it led me to this neighborhood  
There is a meadow which is perfect  
for what I want now.  
No people. No distractions  
- It was so difficult to follow a  
be present in my own mind  
with all that crowd.  
I am assessed, I felt it  
I was observing as well.  
I found some weird objects  
in people's yards, plants on  
walls and signs.  
It reminded me how much I  
appreciate my company (myself)

## A brief note about time

This is a short note about time  
Which I remember since my childhood

It is not about a clock, but the matter  
I write it while walking, it is liberating

This is a short note about time  
That is my right to remember you  
And all that your experience has brought  
Because of the facts that you created the footing  
And I want to create a chance for you  
To rebuild yourself.

With flashes of fear and the future that is arriving,  
in a brief note on time.

I make a note, to remember you.

Your long gray hair and fingers tangled  
in threads by which you string my days  
I love your scent and your free mind  
I love your scars and wounds  
You are the mother and you will always be  
Every living person finds their shelter here  
In your selfless realm,  
in your lap,  
in a brief note about time,  
I will remember my roots.

Your wrinkled skin and the days when they were not happy  
It means that life was rough and that you were bigger than that  
Let your gray hair wrap around your fragile shoulders  
Your faithful soldiers remember them with pride  
within every revolution.

**Understanding you through my body**  
Week 4

drawing to movement; writing to movement; movement to words.

In collaboration with Caro, we four translationes were made on Hederplatz in Weimar.

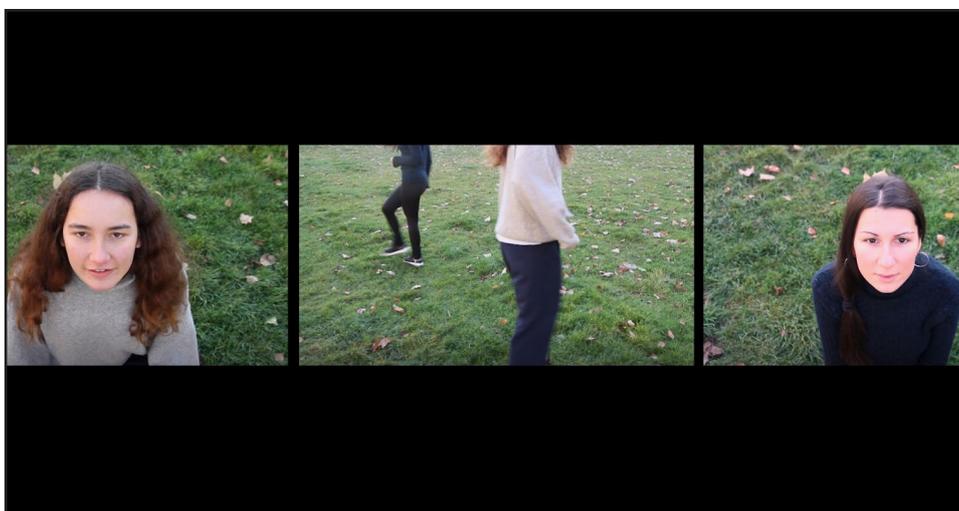
1. **Movement/drawing**, video

2. **Facial movements / words**, video



3. **Movements / words**, three channels video

4. **Words / Phantomime**, video



**I am - everything else is**  
**I am - the body is**

Week 5

My skin is my house. I stretch it. I touch it.  
I want to believe that it will never get peeled.

Otherwise, how will I know where am I at the moment? How will I ever feel safe?

If I put myself in the space, it suddenly starts existing, as I am (the body is) the bridge  
connecting the inner and outer.

**I am - everything else is**, video 00:00:30

**I am - the body is**, digital collage

HOUSE (eng.)– KUĆA (Serbian)

HOME (eng.)– DOM (Serbian)

I am home – Ja sam dom (Serbian) - I am my home (metaphase Serbian- English).

In Heidegger's work being at home is different from a dwelling somewhere. While translating the terms home, house, space, dwelling, etc from English to Serbian (mother tongue), I recognized that the boundaries that Heidegger refers to, do not stop one thing from being what it is, but present the point where another thing starts existing. Space is something that has been made room for, something that is cleared and free for settlement and lodging, within a certain boundary. A boundary is not that at which something stops, but at which something else begins to be present. Therefore, my skin (physical boundary) is not where I stop existing, but where my being in a different shape begins to be present (mind and soul dwelling).



**Artists at work**  
Week 6

Mirroring - tension - strength - weight - reversion - pace - stillness - axes - contacting

Video performance, 00:05:50

Collaboration: Egor Gavrilov, Emil Trop and Nadja Kracunovic

On that Saturday 1 PM at the Hauptbahnhof in Weimar we chose one of the places that were offered on the board. The train we picked spontaneously went to the place called Bad Berka and we got out of it just one station before the end of the route, Tonndorf. The location seemed perfect because there were no people (no expectations), no rules (we rule the world), a meadow, and a small forest.



We played.

We enjoyed.

We experimented.

We performed.

We worked.



**The princess of Weimar**  
Week 7

Newborn, powerful, glittery, and super feminine.

This world is a stage and I would like to perform.

## Performance - social role

There were moments when I wish I could be a princess, I wish I could make my cheeks pinkish and play with my new purple dress. My dolls would be nice and smell good, like lavender. My hair will be full of braids with many colorful hairpins. The flowers on my face and glitter are everywhere. I want to have a crown and be the most beautiful one in the kingdom.

Combining both my need to be powerful and independent with the feminine energy and beauty, the princess was created. She stands proudly on the field of her frozen kingdom.



I strongly believe that being mindful and closer to ourselves is like a board game. You have a table with many fields that present your identities and you aim to collect them all, to win. The objective is to be complete and have one person being fully aware of their multiple personalities/identities.



**The Act of Kindness**  
**Week 8**

Nimand braucht Hilfe?

Performative action / gesture of kindness  
Collaboration with Egor Gavrilov



**Final work**

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