

TRENČÍN
2026
Európske hlavné mesto kultúry

Simone Sandroni
Ked' víla spieva

DIVADLO



TANEC

Slová, ktoré zaznejú počas predstavenia
a sú súčasťou príbehu a atmosféry.

They Laugh before they go

Smejú sa, skôr než odídu.

Pod studenou a temnou vodou otvárajú oči dokorán, aby lepšie videli, no to, čo vidia, ich neupokojí. Nádej sa mení na hrôzu, keď pochopia, že prenasledujú svoju vlastnú predstavu a že to nie som ja. Zadržia dych a plávajú nahor, zatiaľ čo ich premočené oblečenie ich ťahá nadol.

Keď sa dostanem tam, kde sa voda stretáva so vzduchom, znovu sa k nim priblížim. Pozriem sa im do očí a upokojím ich úsmevom. Pohladím ich a pomaly spúšťam ruky pozdĺž ich bokov. Robím malé grimasy: prekrížim oči, nafúknem líca, pokrčím nos. Pozerajú na mňa a z nozdier a úst im unikajú malé záchvevy smiechu a voda okolo nás bublá.

Vtedy im začnem prstami tlačiť do bokov.

Prvý stisk.

Druhý.

Potom tretí.

A smiech sa stáva nepretržitým.

Štekľím ich ďalej, čoraz silnejšie. Smejú sa a inštinktívne sa ma snažia zastaviť.

Chytia ma za ruky, no tým prestanú plávať.

Začínajú pomaly klesať.

Pokúšajú sa ma pustiť a znovu plávať, ale už je neskoro. Ich ruky hľadajú vo vode niečo o čo by sa mohli zachytiť, zatiaľ čo sa stále smejú a lapajú po dychu.

Ja ich naďalej štekľím a smejem sa spolu s nimi.

Pozeráme si do očí.

Potom im voda začne vnikáť do úst, nozdier a plúc. Smiech sa mení na záchvaty kašľa. Výraz v očiach sa mení: prekvapenie ustupuje panike.

Stále sa ma pokúšajú zastaviť, no ich ruky sú čoraz pomalšie.

Prestanú sa smiať.

Ruky a paže sa roztvoria.

Tvár stuhne.

A pomaly ich temná, studená a pokojná voda prijme. Smejú sa, skôr než odídu.

A Fairy Tale

Mliečna belosť jeho tváre jemne oddeľovala jeho postavu od hustej temnoty. Svetlomodré oči skúmali tiesnivú noc. Jeho kroky postupovali neisto a ustráchané, akoby nechcel zaťažiť tú nestabilnú zem.

Bol to pocestný.

Kráčal sám krajinou vody, kde zem necháva rybníky, aby ju obklopovali, a rybníky sa opierajú o studenú, vlhkú zem, až je v tme nemožné rozlíšiť jedno od druhého.

Ten pohľad som videla už tisíckrát. Ten istý vystrašený pohľad pocestných, ktorí sa od nepamäti strácali na týchto miestach.

A predsa sa tej noci vo mne niečo stalo.

Neistota a strach v tých svetlých očiach, podobných morskej vode vsadenej do čierňavy, vo mne vyvolali niečo, čo nepatrilo k mojej prirodzenosti.

Súcit.

Vznášala som sa vo vzduchu, pre pocestného neviditeľná. Bola som tak blízko jeho tváre, že som cítila jej teplo, jeho hrôzu.

Videla som, že sa chystá urobiť ďalší krok.

Pod tým krokom už nebola zem.

Bola tam čierna voda.

Zľutovala som sa nad ním a nechcela som, aby ho urobil.

Vtedy som urobila niečo, čo moja prirodzenosť nikdy predtým neurobila.

Odplávala som vzduchom ďalej a umiestnila sa po jeho pravici.

Potom som sa rozžiarila.

Stala som sa preňho tým, čím je maják pre loď stratenú v tme, svieca v okne pre rybára, Severka pre pocestného.

Stala som sa jeho mesiacom.

Jeho tvár sa prudko otočila ku mne. Jehoorské oči sa upreli na moje svetlo. Zalapal po dychu a začal ma nasledovať.

Jeho kroky boli v blate stále neisté, no keď jeho chodidlá dosiahli suchú zem a pod nimi začalo šuškať lístie, stali sa istejšími.

Odviedla som ho od vody.

Zachránila som ho.

Ale niečo sa zmenilo.

Pocestný už nehľadal cestu, ktorá ho mala vyviešť z tej noci. Pozeral iba na mňa.

Moje svetlo sa stalo jeho smerom.

Dôvodom, prečo kráčať.

Dôvodom jeho cesty.

A zatiaľ čo on nevedomky vzdŕaľoval od vody pod hladinou rybníka, niekto čakal.

Mal zelenú tvár a úškrn zároveň detský aj desivý.

Pozeral nahor, smerom k tej tenkej línii, kde sa voda končí a začína vzduch.

Bol to Vodník, pán vôd.

Odjakživa žil tam dole, zrodený zo strachu ľudí a z neznáma, ktoré si predstavujú pod hladinou vody. Čakal na pocestných, ktorí stratili cestu.

Vodník však netúžil po ich telách.

Čakal na ich duše.

Zbieral ich.

V tú noc čakal na ďalšiu dušu, akoby bola jeho prvá.

Lenže pocestný už nemieril k nemu.

Ja som ho odviedla od vody.

Hore, na suchej zemi, ma pocestný naďalej nasledoval. Šuchot suchého lístia pod jeho nohami udával čoraz rozhodnejší rytmus.

Nechala som ho priblížiť sa.

Videla som, ako sa mu rozšírili zreničky v tých svetlomodrých očiach. Cítila som teplo jeho tváre.

Potom sa jeho pohľad zmenil.

Už som nevidela strach človeka, ktorého som chcela zachrániť.

Videla som túžbu vlastniť to, čo mal pred sebou.

Ale keď som to pochopila, bolo už neskoro.

Tie ruky, ktoré mi ešte pred chvíľou pripadali slabé, sa zmenili na pascu. Jeho teplo, ktoré vo mne prebudilo súcť, sa pre mňa, odjakživa žijúcu v slobodnom vzduchu Zeme, stalo dusivým.

Necítila som strach. Strach nepatrí k mojej prirodzenosti.

Cez malú škáru medzi jeho prstami som videla oko, ktoré ma pozorovalo.

A v tej zreničke som uvidela niečo, čo som predtým nevidela.

Priepasť.

Rovnakú čierňavu ako voda, v ktorej čakal Vodník.

Vtedy som zhasla.

Prestala som žiariť a stala som sa tmou.

Pocestný okamžite otvoril ruky. Z hrdla sa mu vydral nahneváný zvuk. Začal ma v tme zúfalo hľadať,

presvedčený, že stratil niečo, čo už považoval za svoje.

Bola som opäť slobodná.

Pozorovala som ho, ako ma hľadá.

Potom som sa potichu vzniesla späť.

K rybníku.

Do stredu čiernej vody.

Pod hladinou Vodník uvidel, že sa vraciam.

Dosiahla som stred rybníka.

Zastavila som sa.

A rozžiarila som sa.

Moje svetlo preťalo tmú.

Na brehu sa zvuk krokov pocestného zastavil.

Uvidel ma.

Okamih ticha.

Potom sa rozbehol.

Najprv som počula, šuchot listov pod jeho nohami.

Potom blato.

Napokon zvuk krokov brodiacich sa vo vode.

Bežal za mojím svetlom.

Vstúpil do rybníka bez zastavenia. Keď bol dostatočne blízko, vrhol sa celým telom ku mne a jeho ruky opäť vystrelili, aby ma chytili.

Ja som zostala nehybná.

Jeho ruky prešli cez moje svetlo.

Tma rybníka ho pohltila. Mával rukami a vo vode hľadal oporu, ktorá nemohla existovať. Jeho bledá tvár sa neustále menila: prekvapenie, frustrácia, hrôza, panika, hnev.

Nižšie sa Vodník smial.

Roztváral svoje zelené ruky a tancoval.

Pocestný sa naďalej ponáral.

V istom okamihu sa prestal zmietť.

Zdvihol tvár ku mne.

Z hlbín na mňa uprel prosebný pohľad. Zdalo sa že ma žiada o odpustenie. Akoby sľuboval, že sa ma už nikdy nebude pokúšať chytiť, ak ho ešte raz zachránim .

Jeho prosba sa však naďalej ponárala spolu s ním.

Potom vybuchol hnev.

Voda okolo jeho tela sa naplnila bielymi bublinami vzduchu. Zvíjal sa v prudkých pohyboch, udieral do prázdna.

Potom sa všetko náhle zastavilo.

Telo pokračovalo v klesaní.

Pokojne.

Poddajne.

Neúprosne.

Vodník ho prijal do svojich zelených rúk.
Chvíľu si ho prezeral s výrazom spokojnosti a
vlastníckej pýchy.
Ale Vodníka to telo nezaujímal.
Bola to iba schránka.
Čakal na to, čo sa ukrývalo v jej vnútri.
Keď duša pocestného opustila telo, Vodník schránku
pustil a okamžite natiahol ruky. Dlhými nechtami
uchopil dušu s jemnosťou, ktorá kontrastovala s jeho
chamtivosťou.
Jej svetlo na okamih osvetlilo Vodníkovu zelenú tvár.
Potom vytiahol malú nádobku.
Uväznil do nej dušu.
A položil ju na policu, ktorá akoby nemal konca.
Boli na nej tisíce ďalších nádobiek.
V každej pulzovala jedna duša.
Vodník chvíľu obdivoval svoju novú korisť.
Potom sa vzdiali a začal šťastne tancovať.
Vtedy zaznel spev úsvitu.
Vodník sa zastavil.
Obrátil sa chrbtom k svojej zbierke duší a začal
stúpať k hladine.
Opustil hlbokú tmú rybníka a pomaly prekročil
hranicu medzi vodou a vzduchom, medzi nocou a
dňom.
Mokrý, akoby takým mal zostať na večnosť, si sadol
na kmeň ako na trón.
A počúval.
Spev úsvitu silnel.
Pripomínal, že v prirodzenom poriadku vecí po tme
prichádza svetlo.
A po svetle opäť tma.
Ja som sa ešte chvíľu vznášala nad vodou.
Potom ma jemný vánok odniesol.
Nechala som sa ním unášať.
Aby som sa opäť stala tým, čím som.
Niečím, čo existuje, ale čo nemožno vlastniť.
Niečím, čo možno nasledovať, stretnúť, prejsť tým.
Ale nie chytiť.
Stvorená žiariť, nie byť vlastnená.

English version is below

Ďakujeme partnerom



TRENČIANSKY
SAMOSPRÁVNY
K ♦ R ♦ A ♦ J



MINISTERSTVO
KULTÚRY
SLOVENSKEJ REPUBLIKY



Premiéra tanečnej inscenácie *Keď víla spieva*, Simone Sandroni (IT) je aktivitou projektu *Trenčín žije divadlom*, ktorý je súčasťou *Trenčín 2026*. *Trenčín 2026* finančne podporujú Mesto Trenčín, Trenčiansky samosprávny kraj a Ministerstvo kultúry SR. Partnerom je Európska únia.

TRENČÍN
2026
European Capital of Culture

Simone Sandroni

As the fairy sings

THEATER



DANCE

Words spoken during the performance
that are part of the story and atmosphere.

They Laugh before they go

They laugh before they go.

Under the cold, dark water, they open their eyes wide to see more clearly, but what they see does not reassure them. Hope turns to horror when they realise they are chasing their own reflection and that it is not me.

They hold their breath and swim upwards, while their soaked clothes pull them down.

When I reach the place where the water meets the air, I approach them again. I look into their eyes and calm them with a smile. I stroke them and slowly lower my hands along their hips.

I make little faces: I cross my eyes, puff out my cheeks, wrinkle my nose. They look at me, and little bursts of laughter escape from their nostrils and mouths as the water bubbles around us.

Then I begin pressing my fingers into their hips.

The first squeeze.

The second.

Then the third.

And the laughter becomes unstoppable.

I keep tickling them, harder and harder. They laugh and instinctively try to stop me.

They grab my hands, but in doing so, they stop swimming.

They begin to sink slowly.

They try to let go of me and swim again, but it is already too late. Their hands search the water for something to hold on to, while they continue to laugh and gasp for breath.

I keep tickling them and laughing with them.

We look into each other's eyes.

Then water begins to enter their mouths, their nostrils and their lungs. Laughter turns into fits of coughing. The expression in their eyes changes: surprise gives way to panic. They keep trying to stop me, but their hands are becoming slower and slower.

They stop laughing.

Their hands and arms fall open.

Their faces become still.
And slowly, the dark, cold and calm water takes
them in.
They laugh before they go.

A Fairy Tale

The milky pallor of his face gently separated his figure from the thick darkness. His light-blue eyes searched the oppressive night. His steps were hesitant and fearful, as if he were afraid to put his weight on the unstable ground.

He was a traveller.

He walked alone through a land of water, where the earth lets ponds surround it, and ponds lean against the cold, damp ground, until in the darkness it becomes impossible to tell one from the other.

I had seen that look a thousand times before.

The same frightened look of travellers who had been losing their way in these places since time immemorial.

And yet, something happened inside me that night.

The uncertainty and fear in those pale eyes, like seawater set into the darkness, stirred something in me that was not part of my nature.

Compassion.

I hovered in the air, invisible to the traveller.

I was so close to his face that I could feel its warmth, his terror.

I saw that he was about to take another step.

There was no ground beneath that step.

There was black water.

I felt pity for him and did not want him to take it.

And so I did something my nature had never done before.

I drifted farther through the air and placed myself to his right.

Then I began to glow.

I became for him what a lighthouse is to a ship lost in the darkness, a candle in a window to a fisherman, the North Star to a traveller.

I became his moon.

His face turned sharply towards me.

His sea-coloured eyes fixed upon my light.
He gasped and began to follow me.
His steps were still uncertain in the mud, but when
his feet reached dry ground and leaves began
to rustle beneath them, his steps grew steadier.
I led him away from the water.
I saved him.
But something had changed.
The traveller was no longer looking for the path that
would lead him out of the night. He was looking only
at me.
My light became his direction.
The reason he walked.
The reason for his journey.
And while he unknowingly moved farther away
from the water beneath the surface of the pond,
someone was waiting.
He had a green face and a grin that was both
childlike and terrifying. He looked upwards, towards
that thin line where the water ends and the air
begins.
He was the Water Sprite, lord of the waters.
He had lived down there since time immemorial,
born from people's fear and from the unknown they
imagine beneath the surface of the water. He waited
for travellers who had lost their way.
But the Water Sprite did not desire their bodies.
He waited for their souls.
He collected them.

That night he waited for another soul, as though it
were his first.
But the traveller was no longer heading towards him.
I had led him away from the water.
Up on dry land, the traveller continued to follow me.
The rustling of dry leaves beneath his feet formed
an increasingly steady rhythm.
I let him come closer.
I saw his pupils widen in those light-blue eyes. I felt
the warmth of his face.
Then his gaze changed.
I no longer saw the fear of the man I had wanted to
save.
I saw the desire to possess what stood before him.
But by the time I understood, it was already too late.
Those hands that only moments before had seemed
weak to me had become a trap. His warmth,
which had awakened compassion in me, became
suffocating to me, who had lived forever in the free

air of the Earth.

I felt no fear. Fear does not belong to my nature.

Through a small gap between his fingers, I saw an eye watching me.

And in that pupil I saw something I had never seen before.

An abyss.

The same darkness as the water where the Water Sprite waited.

And then I went dark.

I stopped glowing and became darkness.

The traveller immediately opened his hands.

An angry sound escaped his throat. He began desperately searching for me in the darkness, convinced that he had lost something he already believed belonged to him.

I was free again.

I watched him searching for me.

Then I quietly rose back up.

To the pond.

To the centre of the black water.

Beneath the surface, the Water Sprite saw me returning.

I reached the centre of the pond.

I stopped.

And I began to glow.

My light cut through the darkness.

On the shore, the sound of the traveller's footsteps stopped.

He saw me.

A moment of silence.

Then he ran.

First I heard the rustling of leaves beneath his feet.

Then the mud.

Finally, the sound of footsteps wading through the water.

He ran towards my light.

He entered the pond without stopping. When he was close enough, he threw his whole body towards me, his hands reaching out once again to catch me.

I remained still.

His hands passed through my light.

The darkness of the pond swallowed him.

He waved his arms, searching the water for support that could not exist. His pale face kept changing: surprise, frustration, horror, panic, anger.

Below, the Water Sprite laughed.

He spread his green arms and danced.

The traveller continued to sink.

At some point, he stopped struggling.
He raised his face towards me.
From the depths, he looked at me pleadingly.
It seemed he was asking me for forgiveness.
As if promising that he would never try to catch me again if I saved him one more time.
But his plea continued to sink with him.
Then anger erupted.
The water around his body filled with white bubbles of air. He writhed in violent movements, striking at the emptiness.
Then everything suddenly stopped.
The body continued to sink.
Calmly.
Passively.
Inevitably.
The Water Sprite received him into his green hands.
For a moment, he examined him with an expression of satisfaction and possessive pride.
But the Water Sprite was not interested in the body.
It was only a vessel.
He was waiting for what was hidden inside.
When the traveller's soul left the body, the Water Sprite released the vessel and immediately reached out his hands. With long fingernails, he grasped the soul with a gentleness that contrasted with his greed.
For a moment, its light illuminated the Water Sprite's green face.
Then he took out a small vessel.
He trapped the soul inside it.
And placed it on a shelf that seemed to have no end.
There were thousands of other small vessels on it.
Each one held a pulsing soul.
The Water Sprite admired his new prize for a moment.
Then he moved away and began to dance happily.
And then the song of dawn began.
The Water Sprite stopped.
He turned his back on his collection of souls and began to rise towards the surface.
He left the deep darkness of the pond and slowly crossed the boundary between water and air, between night and day.
Wet, as though he were destined to remain so forever, he sat on a tree trunk like a king upon his throne.
And listened.

The song of dawn grew stronger.
It reminded him that in the natural order of things,
light follows darkness.
And darkness follows light.
I hovered above the water for a while longer.
Then a gentle breeze carried me away.
I let myself be carried by it.
So that I could once again become what I am.
Something that exists, but cannot be owned.
Something that can be followed, encountered,
passed through.
But never caught.
Made to shine, not to be owned.

We thank our partners



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MINISTRY
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OF THE SLOVAK REPUBLIC



Premiere of the dance performance *As the fairy sings*, Simone Sandroni (IT) is activity The "Trenčín-All-Theatre" Project, which is part of Trenčín 2026.

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