

And when the human body is gone, who will dance then?

I am writing this after the first phase of rehearsals of *ICARUS*.

I have long been drawn to myth, but Icarus feels different. It leaves no escape: it is linear, inevitable, almost disarmingly clear. I am not interested in retelling it. For me, narrative is never something to illustrate, but something that generates tension, images, and possibilities.

ICARUS unfolds as an exchange between myself, visual and sound artist Camilla Metelka, and dancer Cristian Cucco, for whom the work is created. It begins from a simple but persistent drive: to exceed limits, to abandon the body, to reach toward a dangerous illusion of transcendence.

And yet, the more we work, the more the body remains.

Or perhaps, it transforms.

The process is built on a one-to-one relationship. With Cristian, this creates a very intimate space. I give inputs and then observe—often for long durations. In that extended time, something else emerges: fragments, resistances, unexpected directions. The material appears rather than being constructed.

The structure of the work is minimal: one body and one source of light.

But light is not just a stage element. It becomes pressure, attraction, promise. It grows stronger, more intense. For Icarus, it is not blindness—it is ecstasy.

Light and air, air and light.

At the same time, sound constructs the space. Camilla's composition does not accompany the dance; it acts as an architectural field—the air itself. Through vibrations, polyphonic layers, and fragments of voice, the invisible becomes tangible. The body does not simply move within sound; it is continuously shaped by it.

Sometimes I wonder: what if dance were only an echo?

A bodily memory, distorted through time?

A forgotten language that no longer exists, yet still vibrates?

Perhaps we are not the ones dancing.

Perhaps it is what remains of us.

ICARUS is not about the fall.

It does not celebrate the flight.

It is the crossing of a threshold—between presence and absence, memory and disappearance, the human and what comes after.

And within that unstable space, something still insists on living.

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Infos: <https://www.matteocarvone.com/icarus>