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ABOUT THE BEAR,
FOR A LONG TIME FORCED
TO EARN HIS BREAD
WITH DANCE

(AFTER THE CARAVAN OF THE SOUTH 2011)

August 2011 – the Caravan of the Wegajty Theatre moves along the 20th meridian east of Greenwich, along the track of the woman suffering from long-sightedness – that is: Europe. Who is she and where are her borders, in what political clothes does she clothe her fertile soils and what people beat her with their dance?

Before we set off, however, I am packing my suitcase. I take with me a spiritual companion: the newest issue of the European magazine *Lettre Internationale*, No 93 – with the pictures of the Belgian multimedia artist, a playwright and director, Jan Fabre, with Arkadij Babchenko's report describing the experience of the war and of killing and with the moving story of the Chinese writer Liao Yiwu. Added to this luggage: a hat against solar explosions – a tangible heritage of a sublime, aristocratic culture, for the protection of eternal paleness.

(...)

To define Europe anew. That is the task of art, politics and probably – of everyone of us separately. And just look: the European citizens under the cover of World Wide Web have done their best to propagate all around the world the thesis of “Eurabia”. It was formulated in detail and published in a 1500 pages long manifesto by the assassin Breivik. The Norwegian massacre was a call to protect the native European blood. But why are the citizens of Europe so much scared of the Arab world? What has become of the solidarity with the young Arabian revolution? And how come that before our eyes, at the coast of Lampedusa, people are dying, and their dying is sanctified by the European directives? That’s one of Europe’s dresses: a senses-deceiving mirage of a caravanserai, not everyone allowed in.

There are also those who have managed to pass through the gate, though. In Albania everywhere we come across new luxury cars with Italian numbers. But what does life away from the beloved ones look like? And what happens when you come back to your supposed homeland?

„A dancing bear, having wrenched himself free, came back to the forest, and soon, as he was taught, he danced, on his hind-legs, for his gang, with great mastery. “Look! – he roared – this is art: this is what you can learn in the world. Try to do as I do, if you like my dance and if you can!” “Oh, go away with such art – an old bear purred – be it even the most difficult and rare.” (G.E.Lessing)

Many such dancing bears – me included – go through

Europe. They have learnt to live quietly, without leaving deep tracks behind. If that weren't enough, they are also occupied with removing tracks left by others. Ilir mentioned that the recent problems with the removal of garbage in Naples were caused among others by the immigrants' strike. Well, when the time of settling down in a country comes, it may sometimes give the hosts bitter hiccough.

There is a need for specific actions building bridges above divisions and obstacles, creating more stable bases for communication. Our expedition along the twentieth meridian let us reach – with our theatre – people who are ready to fasten one end of the bridge on their side. I have a feeling that this journey, like an acupuncture session, has set in motion a freer Chi flow. And with real joy I would visit our hosts and neighbours again. To get to know this woman, sick with long-sightedness, even closer.