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## CLOSED DOOR, OPEN DOOR

(NOTES AFTER

THE CAROLLING EXPEDITION 2011)

Magic, that is – simplicity.

When in a house into which carollers come, the Hosts switch off the telly, the optics change. The attention shifts, focuses on what is happening live, between people, in the middle of the kitchen or the living room. The fact that someone switches the television off means that it is worth risking a deviation from the norm, and that already is really something.

Declaring some values comes much more easily than practicing them.

Carolling is values in practice. Such values as the meeting, being together, reciprocity.

The character of the goat who falls dead and then is resurrected, the ending of the King Herod scene, the singing of the good wishes carol to the Hostess and the Host. In every house practically the same, but every time – here and now – especially for this family, no other. It is important to me, the well-wishing, to wish people well.

Carolling may only happen when they open the door before You.

The experience of joy, its communal dimension.

And what if they don't open the door?

An experience of discouragement, quickly growing frustration, with which one has – equally quickly – to do something: by herself/himself, because nobody will do that for me.

In the house of the Graba family in Dąbrowa Dolna, the discouragement we had felt a moment ago becomes distant past. The energy starts coming back, going round quicker and quicker.

I suspect that on leaving this house, where this wonderful carolling happened to us and in which we experienced the most generous gratitude, everyone felt just as much grateful towards the hosts.

The more you give of yourself, not really by forcing yourself, but by being honest, the more you can feel you have been given a gift.

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Rehearsals in the theatre and later in Nowica.

Improvising around Wei Yun Lin's poem and other texts – one of the actions that come from the centre

and are very important to me. (Wei writes: „Love the Corean war, the Tibetan massacre, terrorist attack, / like the fountain, the dove, the dogs in the park. (...)  
Love politicians' empty talk, / at the same time, love the stumblings of democracy on its way. Love sexual scandal, gossip, corruption, / the way you love the embryo leaping in the belly.”)

Close encounter of what's intimate with what is outside. Also of what's local, with the global.  
Jan's story about the round table, at which the representatives of one-hundred-twenty nations sat to answer one-hundred-twenty questions gathered all around the World.

In Nowica it proved that one can combine celebrating Christmas and the Sabbath.

In the old school building in Nowica, when the dance was really going on at full steam, in two neighbouring rooms, two musical words were vibrating, or perhaps rather two aspects of the same world. They came to exist together, without disturbing each other in any way. One could freely pass from one to the other, and when you opened the door, the sounds coming from the other room were like a whiff of fresh air.