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**Halo, can you hear me?, children from Jonkowo
and surroundings
spectacle made within Summer in Theatre (Lato
w Teatrze) programme**

Kids have rights!

Halo, czy mnie słychać? is a spectacle – manifest created with help of adults, but by children. Youngsters from Jonkowo took us for a journey inspired by works of Janusz Korczak: about adults, children, and also about dreams. Many years have passed since the times of Korczak, but it seems that the way kids feel treated by adults hasn't changed much. Polish educational system is influenced by the one founded on the idea of one, homogenous, mass education of XIX-century workers – in which multiplication of the knowledge arbitrarily given from the top, "learn, pass, forget" was and is the core/essence of the role of school. School in which we spend most of our childhood and first years of youth. Relations with others are somewhere in the background, school bells replace the blood pulse, grades – smile and kindness, and school walls replace the freedom of creation and of opinion. What happens in school influences relations and life outside. Teachers and parents pass on the treatment they have experienced themselves. Nobody asks for dreams and if some do – they are usually children, cause parents don't believe in dreams anymore. "Fish and children don't have a voice" – as polish proverb says – "Not true!" – answer kids themselves. Are we able to hear them? Are we actually able to listen to each other? Do we really need a division kid – adult, object and subject? Doesn't a kid have a right of self-determination? For those and other questions kids from Jonkowo were answering during the show and a place of the performance – their school complemented the meaning of the manifest.

Spectacle proved that it's possible to trust, the children, listen to them, give them back their own loud voice and believe that they will take and confront the responsibility. Adults were there to support and not to order nor split tasks. Children overtook the stage. They became actors and musicians: they played instruments, their statements were expressed by words and movement. They had fun, weren't standing on the stage forced to recite patriotic poems about people they do not know – like it usually happens on school ceremonies. They told us about something they have experienced and something important for them, and they spoke with all of their hearts. It happened that they forgot what to say – what strengthened belief in equality, that each of us is a human, not a perfect creature – we all make mistakes and it's not embarrassing – unlike we are thought by traditional school and it's grading system.

Following the thought of Janusz Korczak, coordinators of Summer in Theater claim that kid is the same human being as adult is, but with less experience. It doesn't need instruction, somebody above, ma-

ster, only access to space where freedom in on the first place. Older child as an adult is a partner, Road companion. Important thought is also the one about beauty of being different and unique. In one scene youngsters throw up handkerchiefs screaming out: "Whirlpool. Happiness. War. Duck." – for me it was a symbol of diversity. Manifestation of right of self-expression and other perception of reality. Each of young actors is different, dreams differently, believes differently and realize those dreams in different ways.

Spectacle finished with the invitation for common dance with accompaniment of music I remember from childhood, when I choose my first audio cassette it was Reni Jusis's Zakręcona. Actors invited the audience to play on their principles. Each of us is a child, as each of us is an adult – we have right of laughing, crying, not listening to sentences like 'do not cry, you are a big boy already' or 'do not act as a child'.

Additional surprise of the final were colorful powders inspired by Hindu Holi tradition. The school yard – at least for the moment – looked like children wanted it to look: 'We say NO to grayness!' and the last banner presented during the show reminded what is it all about, for us, for them, for people in general, simply: 'Love for everybody up to the nines!'.

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