

Theatre Village 2017

22 – 28 July

the beginnings, the art of coexistence

Węgajty 22-28 lipca 2017
WIOSKA TEATRALNA



By way of introduction – a trio of voices

Theatre Village 2017. This year there is a culmination of a certain tendency. From edition to edition, the village had been becoming more and more of a big common workshop. Also this year, workshops preparing the Village are very important: the cycle of the Other Theatre School, the cycle of Summer in the Theatre and others. It is an important phenomenon that various forms of expression are created as if commissioned by the Village. The commissions are more or less articulated. Their realization is sometimes intuitive. However, there is a distinct direction. And some people manage to handle really courageous ideas. It is also important that at the starting moment of the festival, there are still many unknowns, everything is before us. A chance for adventure.

THE ART OF COEXISTENCE In the times when people find it harder and harder to accept the differences which divide them, coexistence becomes an art.

THE BEGINNING Not only to make a beginning. Not only to think about something new, to imagine, to touch it. But – to make a step further, to try to fulfil it straight away. Risking, knowing that you will reach only the raw state. “Raw state, no finishing, no polishing, no beautification, decoration or excessive celebration, no dull afterword, no “looking forward...” (*Pomiędzy*, wyd. Oficyna Przyjaciół 2017, p. 39)

Wacław Sobaszek

Laboratory of „between”. Between me and you. Between grand events of history. Between you and the goal you want to achieve. Between me and the values I confess. Between “us” and “you” ... there is a vast, invisible world of little gestures, tiny choices, gazes, avoiding gazes, moving things from place to place, wiping tables, not wiping tables, appetite for raspberries, shrugging your shoulders, throwing a word in passing, just so you can make it for the football match, avoiding another word due to having no courage, stomping loud to protect your right to be, stomping loud just in case nobody noticed you’re there, escape into buying ever new pairs of shoes, escape from Great Horror, escape into an offer of a travel agency, feeling like upturning the table, willing to forget the humiliation, cigarette smoke, steams of booze, ordinary lust, astonishment at a sprout rising in black soil, biting longing, laughing for no reason, the Himalayas of fatigue, the mists of just doing nothing.

It is exactly this world which we ought to explore, to drag out into daylight.

Erdmute Sobaszek

The space of indifference, built for generations between artificially propelled need of profit and what is natural, seems to be reaching its peak. Societies, blinded by consumers’ disease, succumb to the progressive act of separating themselves from the primeval order of life. The strength of this process has effectively made us insensitive to empathic perception of the world together with other beings. Persevering in this indifference we remain insensitive to the shortcomings of social relations around us. We turn our eyes away from those in need and we don’t hear their cries for help. We become deaf to announcements about the irreversibility of changes which we introduce on the planet, to the weeping of other people and screams of maltreated animals. No wonder then that in this process, shouting with greed, the deathbed whispers of massively annihilated trees are barely audible. In the crazy dance of spending, buying and earning we passively look, generation by generation, at the deforestation of our once green planet. Before our eyes, thousands of hectares of forests stop breathing. Trees which could be our great-grand-fathers, fall and die without saying a word... let us be their voice. The creative action we have planned aims at building a bond between the world of people and the world of plants. The experiments of confrontation of different points of viewing reality, can be helpful in the attempt of recreating the mental space of coexistence of only apparently independent worlds. The analysis of common areas of feeling shall be an inspiration for creating an installation to soothe the horrified dreams of still living trees.

(The text is an invitation to the action of the group „Fałdy” („Folds”) entitled „The Trees’ Dreaming” on the second day of the Village)

Anna Drońska
