

A final word from Jaszczur

There is a theatre hall. There is energy. There is a community. There are no divisions. Do you understand it? There are no divisions. I am looking for words, means and all that in order to avoid pseudo-intellectual babble, but I can not. I just want to say that I see beauty. A beauty that I would like to keep with me, but the tickets are already bought.

I'm at a theatre workshop. I asked the tutor to be in the room during the workshop. Observing, not participating. It's an honour. The last day of the festival, there are fewer people at the workshop, there were more yesterday. There are less and less of us, but fortunately, we leave as bigger and stronger people. Because energy does not die. Energy is hiding and this is a hit!

I would like to hug each and every one of you. I am asking you to hug others. I would also like to wish you all that the energy of the Village could stay with you for the next year. Maybe I am expecting too much, maybe I'm naive. However, I know: miracles can happen.

Imagine a person who is speaking to the whole world. This person says: „There is a place on our planet where skin colour does not matter. People sentenced to imprisonment can dance and jump here and nobody is feeling threatened. The food is fresh, prepared with a smile, there's music in the background. Someone feels moved, someone does not believe their eyes, someone prays to trees. Children learn from adults, adults learn from children. We watch performances that may change the world, and if not, we will discuss what we can do to make the world a better place. Not everyone loves each other. But there's respect." Would people believe this person?