

Olo on the *From camp to the ramp*

And what do I need it for?

It's one of those evenings which you begin with completely uninteresting invitation for a party of friends who brought some pictures from the trip and want to show them. More or less a thousand of unprocessed photos, partially blurred, fingers in the frames. Perhaps even a nice journey, but these thousand shots goes on for an hour and a half, maybe even three hours, so at the end you have enough. You would like to go home not to see people for the entire coming week. You would like to, but...

You would like to, but there is this crazy and completely wicked up or stoned guy waiting for you. Seems he is waiting, there is no certainty, because music is on and the guy is not visible. You know he is somewhere here, because somebody switched on the music, the screen is lit, somebody is moving the cursor. And that's when a question strikes me: And what do I need it for? What for do I need to do a theatrical review?

Finally, the music ends, cables get connected, Jaszczur pops in being a bit funny, attacking the audience, imposing himself, filling up the whole space. Sometimes it's a bit scary, cables disconnect again, and Windows desktop is trying to take back its space on the stage, sometimes the monodrama changes into a stand-up and sometimes into a dialogue with the technician. It's very personal, Jaszczur gets closer to us. A chaos, a beautiful chaos.

One thing changes imperceptibly: a question why I need it for slips away, this question loses its importance during the performance. I forget that earlier an hour and a half was stolen, that there was a moment when I didn't want to attend any performances ever again. I forget about being angry at myself that I volunteered to write this review. And it becomes clear that Jaszczur is not stoned, but inspired, beautifully inspired.

In fact, about the performance itself one could write whatever they wanted. Could be with delight and could be with rebuke... All that what is needed for the performance was there. Great narration, on point, witty, touching the genius. Scenography was overloaded, but not necessarily more equipment

than talent. Although, it collapsed technically.

We, on the audience, we laughed. We were all very together. Together we got angry, we were afraid, but also together we were skilfully (or helplessly – but effectively) taken out by Jaszczur from that state, most often by laughter. Maybe it was naïve, maybe it would be worth to work and polish the performance. But, after all, we got a performance totally unique, exceptional in every way. Through its rawness and coarseness, a performance very accurate and exceptionally valuable. And wise. Unformed nugget, which – I think – after polishing could lose a lot, because in this quasi-naivety lies its force.

Worrying about our Polish, national, interpersonal future, thanks to Jaszczur I am a bit less afraid. After five hundred years a jester came back to its right spot. And perhaps that is what I needed it for.