

**Turning points – flashbacks. Karol Okuniewicz on
Turning Points by The Other Theatre School (dir.
Wacław Sobaszek)**

I was going to the performance full of expectations. Festival's name – Turning point – sounds mysteriously, promising, though. Like something positive, ascribed to nature, emanating the energy of summer. Something summer-like in taste. This is not how I imagined then the beginning of the performance. The oneiric reverie of the first protagonist turns into a surrealistic grotesque culminating in an inevitable disaster. Calm down, it's just theatre. Calm down it's just a dream. The rescue is to return to normality. Well, is it a sure thing? What if this Turning point is not a manifestation of the cyclical harmony of the world but its rebellion against us? Dreamy foreshadowing flashes and meaningless awakenings?

The performance interwove into alternating braid of etudes and songs, protest and idle gaze, epos and documental realism, and borders of these worlds were mingling. At times I was sure that it was we who came to act, and actors behind the partitioning wall almost die laughing, whispering how they do like the audience acting every now and then with their infinite astonishment. These naive, dumbstruck faces, saying they would really like to understand, to get a grasp of anything. To relish any accessible part of reality.

How much more accessible, at first glance, is the categorised reality! Leftist dykes and good-hearted people, right-wing politicians and environmentalists (from the castle over the Notec) are a very helpful navigation. How illusory will it turn out to be in our peregrination towards another man if we ask ourselves, what are the other things in the performance, we did not manage to get the grasp of? Have we not we missed something meaningful holding on to notions we know best?