

## **" Too Loud A Loneliness "**

/ ... / In this performance there is a rhythm built up by a monotonous tap of shoes, text repetitions, the sound of a soulless mechanic press, reappearing darkness inhabited by words and unbearably buzzing sheet metal. A dull, voiceless accordion chokes silently with air. The stage is dense with words, sounds, quotations from books, disquieting shadows which wave across the shabby walls ceiling and floor of the performance hall in Grodzka Street. But first and foremost, the show was filled up with the actor. At the end, when the protagonist, pressed in the machine, leaves the basement carried by a kite - God, there still remains a fragile and surprisingly up-to-date lament of a feeble "me" in the defence of the pressed values. In the defence of all values, because beyond them there is only pulp and stink of rotting paper./ ... /

**M. Haponiuk**

## **" Invocation "**

/ ... / F.Kafka, W. Whitman, T. S. Eliot, the Book of Job, St.Lucas 's prayer, the music of Bach, M. Gomółka, Waclaw of Szamotuły - so many omens of thoughts and emotions enclosed within the above-mentioned names, omens fulfilled. Darkness interspersed with light streaks, the beauty and ugliness of the matter of things become sings transferred in the reality of symbol. Here is a Magical Theatre that does not go beyond the borders of false, and - let 's be cautions about the notion - a Ritual Theatre invoking the viewer 's ability to feel the metaphysics of his own being./ .../

**M. Skuczyńska**