

I apologize

Baltoscandal has nothing to do with the scandal. The name comes from the words *Baltic* and *Scandinavia*. It is the contemporary theater festival in Rakvere, in the north of Estonia. The town is only a little bigger than Limbaži. The audience of the festival is around 5000 people. They come from all around the country and also from other countries. Performances start around 2:00 pm and end around 1:00 am. It lasts for 4 days.

Why all this is something to write about for Limbaži people? First, it is great festival for people interested in the theater. Second, it made me think, why some performances make me angry. Should I try to understand and analyze art work, which make me wishing to leave? I decided to share my impressions after seeing one of the performances - *I apologize* by Gisele Vienne from France.

It is simplified approach but every performance has three layers – what we see, hear, smell, taste and touch; what it means for us and how those two things combine.

I see the stage full of coffins; some of them are covered with blood looking spots. Young man carries around human size female dolls, which also got some red stains on their clothes. Voice over speaks for him about drugs and sex. He has no money and he is depressed. The man pours some red liquid from the bottle on the doll's head and on the floor. He plays with dolls taking them out and putting back into coffins. He kisses with another man covered with tattoos and piercing. At some point the tattooed man stands front stage naked. There is a lot of heavy music. I might continue, but I think you might be angry already now.

I also got angry, I wanted to leave, many people left. I stayed because if I am writing about theater. To save myself I looked behind the form I saw. I can say that the performance is not about blood, violence and homosexual men. I can say that it is about lonely, lost, mad and addicted to drugs man committing suicide at the end. I can say that it is about the world not always being a nice place. I can also say that the performance was vary well put together. But it didn't mean much to me because I don't know any drug addict. It happened that I don't know any mad person. I come from nice small town Limbaži, which is my home and my shelter from the big bad world.

Still the performance got me, it touched me, and it kicked me. That was because of the way in which images and ideas where put together. As the director said at the press conference – she wants to stimulate audience's senses. They made me get it without knowing what it means to be addicted to drugs or to want kill myself. They made performance to work without my own experience.

I didn't feel happy. Should we be entertained by art work, should we feel comfortable? My subjective value criterion is the feeling that I'm better person after watching some art work. Did I become better after this performance? I don't know. Would I go and see it again? Never. Still I appreciate my experience; I appreciate author's ability to push some unknown ideas into me. And they are also very polite because of naming the performance *I apologize*.

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