



Installation by "Het Pakt" for the Bella "Skyway" Festival in Torun, Poland.

## *Under one small star*



"Het Pakt" creates for the Bella Skyway Festival 2014 a unique site installation. This installation unfolds as a pure mix of artistic features of work by Het pakt with the uniqueness of the location as well as an adaptation of ingredients from the cultural identity of the Polish country and city. The installation works and intervenes on poems by the Polish poet **Wisława Szymborska**.

We create in a "Het Pakt" format that features a chorus to interact with the site. The artificially assembled choir consists of singers / residents / reciter who deliver their contributions individually. Each participant will be recorded separately

(sound and picture) and this voice is later combined with all the other participants into a virtual choir. This format we applied to the installation Fado Morgana in Lisbon, Buda Song in Kortrijk, Songlines in Brussels and Songlines – Adamo in the European Cultural capital 2015 in Mons/Belgium.



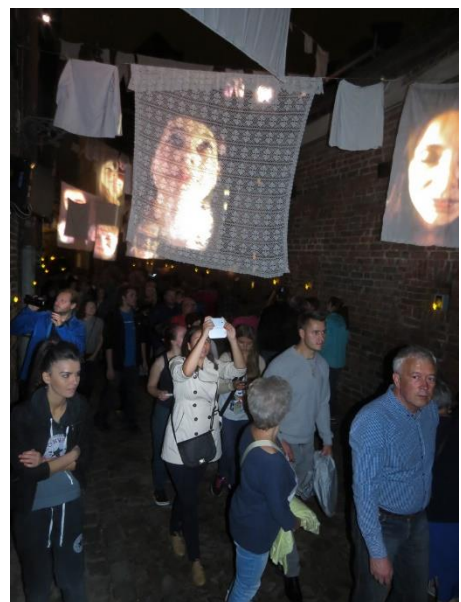


We ask Polish immigrants (Belgium) to read the text of a poem in their own personal way. This poem will get all sorts of translations by the individual approach of the performer. Liting, quiet, loud, whisper, dreamy according to their own feelings and temperament. We ensure that all individual readers keep the same pace and rhythm. So these voices can be synchronized and united to 1 speaking and singing choir afterwards. These people are also photographed in a dreamy style by using our own photographic technique namely the camera obscura.

The portrait is a close up and the person keeps his or her eyes closed. These pictures are projected onto hanging clothes (screens) in a particular street (Bankowa street) in Torun.



The screens hang throughout the length of a narrow alley showing the projected image, a portrait of a Polish person. The projectors that generate the image are hidden in various niches, ledges or windowsills. This project is protected from inclement



weather and may remain unhindered during the festival. Each portrait has its own sound box that displays the sound of the spoken text versus chants of the projected figure.

The whole street / alley is thus converted into a gallery of light and sound. The songs have a



direct approach because they are grafted on the cultural identity of the residents. As the visitor walks through the streets, they discover the several projected photographs next to the recognizable Polish singing and whispering.

Now and then homesickness sounds through poetry or song. People in search of happiness, far from their own country, cherish the thoughts of their homeland in all of emotional intensity.



## Wisława Szymborska

### Pod jedną gwiazdką

Przepraszam przypadek, że nazywam go koniecznością  
Przepraszam konieczność, jeśli jednak się mylę.  
Niech się nie gniewa szczęście, że biorę je jak swoje.  
Niech mi zapomną umarli, że ledwie tłą się w pamięci.  
Przepraszam czas za mnogość przeoczonego świata na sekundę.  
Przepraszam dawną miłość, że nową uważam za pierwszą.  
Wybaczcie mi, daleki wojny, że noszę kwiaty do domu.  
Wybaczcie, otwarte rany, że kłują się w palec.  
Przepraszam wołających z otchłani za płytę z menuetem.  
Przepraszam ludzi na dworcach za sen o piątej rano.  
Daruj, szczuta nadziejo, że śmieję się czasem.  
Darujcie mi, pustynie, że z tyżką wody nie biegnę.  
I ty, jastrzębiu, od lat ten sam, w tej samej klatce,  
zapatrzony bez ruchu zawsze w ten sam punkt,  
odpuść mi, nawet gdybyś był ptakiem wypchanym.  
Przepraszam ścięte drzewo za cztery nogi stołowe.  
Przepraszam wielkie pytania za małe odpowiedzi.  
Prawdo, nie zwracaj na mnie zbyt bacznej uwagi.  
Powago, okaż mi wspaniałomyślność.  
ścierp, tajemnico bytu, że nie mogę być wszędzie.  
Przepraszam wszystkich, że nie mogę być każdym i każdą.  
Wiem, że póki żyję, nic mnie nie usprawiedliwia,  
ponieważ sama sobie stoję na przeszkodzie.  
Nie miej mi za złe, mowo, że pożyczam patetycznych słów,  
a potem trudu dokładam, żeby wydały się lekkie.

## Pod jedną gwiazdką Under One Small Star

★ Het Pakt, Belgia / Belgium  
📅 26–30.08.2014, 20.30–24.00

Het Pakt wrócił! Wszyscy, którzy pamiętają kapryśne białe namioty „El Sol” z 2011 roku oraz prześmieszoną historię „Duck Soap” z 2012 roku z pewnością nie mogą się doczekać, aby znowu zobaczyć ich realizację. Będąc po raz trzeci w Toruniu, artyści zainaugurują nową przestrzeń festiwalową — ulicę Pod Krzywą Wieżą. Het Pakt zbuduje miejski dom dla polskiej poetki Wisławy Szymborskiej i pozwoli, aby opowiedział o tym chór głosów. Ta oryginalna forma była już prezentowana z wielkimi sukcesami w Lizbonie, Brukseli i belgijskim Kortrijk. Chór składa się z wykonawców — polskich emigrantów w Belgii. Artyści uruchamiają pamięć publiczną, jako kolektywne tworzenie ludzkiego istnienia, nieskończenie zróżnicowanego w swoim konkretnym wyrazie. Patrząc na twarze wyświetlane na poruszającym się płótnie, z ich paradoksalnie zamkniętymi oczami, wchodzimy w kontakt z nieskończonymi odcieniami ludzkiej ekspresji.

Het Pakt are back! Anyone who remembers the whimsical white tents of “El Sol” in 2012 and the hilariously moving story of “Duck Soup” in 2013, will be anxious to meet them again. For the third time in Toruń, they are happy to inaugurate a new space in the Festival — Pod Krzywą Wieżą Street. Het Pakt will offer the poems of Polish poet Wisława Szymborska an urban home and let it be told by a choir of voices. This highly original format was previously applied with enormous success in Lisbon, Kortrijk and Brussels. A previously recorded chorus interacts with the chosen site. The artificially assembled choir consists of singers — in this case, Polish immigrants in Belgium — who delivered their contributions individually. This is all about public memory as the collective crafting of Human essence, infinitely diverse in its concrete and situated expression. For watching these faces projected on the moving cloths, their eyes paradoxically closed, we get in contact with the infinite shades of Human expression.

### UNDER ONE SMALL STAR

My apologies to chance for calling it necessity.  
My apologies to necessity if I'm mistaken, after all.  
Please, don't be angry, happiness, that I take you as my due.  
May my dead be patient with the way my memories fade.  
My apologies to time for all the world I overlook each second.  
My apologies to past loves for thinking that the lates is the first.  
Frogive me, open wounds, for pricking my finger.  
I apologize for my record of minutes to those who cry from the depths.  
I apologize to those who wait in railway stations for being asleep today at five a.m.  
Pardon me, hounded hope, for laughing from time to time.  
Pardon me, deserts, that I don't rush to you bearing a spoonful of water.  
And you, falcon, unchanging year after year, always in the same cage,  
your gaze always fixed on the same point in space,  
forgive me, even if it turns out you were stuffed.

My apologies to the felled tree for the table's four legs.  
 My apologies to great questions for small answers.  
 Truth, please don't pay me much attention.  
 Dignity, please be magnanimous.  
 Bear with me, O mystery of existence, as I pluck the occasional thread from your train.  
 Soul, don't take offence that I've only got you now and then.  
 My apologies to everything that I can't be everywhere at once.  
 My apologies to everyone that I can't be each woman and each man.  
 I know I won't be justified as long as I live,  
 since I myself stand in my own way.  
 Don't bear me ill will, speech, that I borrow weighty words,  
 then labour heavily so that they may seem light.



## HET PAKT BELLA SKYWAY FESTIVAL Pod Krzywą Wieżą Torun-Poland

"HET PAKT" creates for the Bella Skyway Festival a unique site installation.  
 The installation works and intervenes on poems by the Polish poet Wisława Szymborska.



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 This poem will get all sorts of translations by the individual approach of the performer. Lifting, quiet, loud, whisper, dreamy according to their own feelings and temperament. We ensure that all individual readers keep the same pace and rhythm. So these voices can be synchronized and united to 1 speaking and whispering choir afterwards.  
 The whole street 'Pod Krzywą Wieżą' is converted into a gallery of light and sound. As the visitor walks through the streets, they discover the several projected photographs together with Polish whispering voices.  
 Now and then homesickness sounds through this poetry.  
 People in search of happiness, far from their own country, cherish the thoughts of their homeland in all of emotional intensity.*

[www.hetpakt.com](http://www.hetpakt.com)

**west-vlaanderen**  
 de gedreven provincie