

необятни, а зад тях има още и още безкрайност, която открива нови възможности. Разбираме, че сме малки като вълшебниците, които се крият под леглото, за да ни извадят със закачка от света на цифрите и реда („Малки вълшебници“, КТ-Варна), малки като чаровния миниатюрен Шлемиел („Когато Шлемиел отиде във Варшава“, КТ-Марибор, Словения), който не стига да Варшава, защото постоянно се връща в своя град по необясними причини. Малки, но смели като Мечо и Тигър („О, колко хубаво е в Панама“, СКТ-София), които тръгвайки за Панама намират в лявата посока отново своята къща, която винаги е била и ще бъде първообраз на Панама в света на мечтите и фантазията. Спомняме си, че чисти и ограничителни категории като „красиво“ и „добро“ могат да бъдат заменени със същата сила от „грозно“ и „гротескно“, защото и извън представите ни за хармония и симетрия съществуват светове, подлатени от чувства, мисли, идеали („Грозна приказка“, КТ-Пловдив). Гледах спектакъл за най-малки („Жълто“, Цен-

тър за изкуства „За Родопите“ – Бостина) и си припомних, че там трябва да сме внимателни, но и много смели, защото именно те, най-малките, се нуждаят от „покана“ в света на изкуството чрез играта на въображението и най-лесно биха разпознали скучната илюстрация на сцената. Оказа се, че малкият зрител, който сега прохожда, най-откровено и страстно е привлечен от театралната игра и не иска да чака, за да се присъедини към актрисата, акомпанирайки ѝ в изграждането на сценичното действие (адмирации за Десислава Минчева, която продължи стоически да изгражда образа си, интерпретирайки със закачка поведението на децата и създавайки от него миг на непреднамерена емоционална среща и взаимодействие с публиката).

Мила, много неща разбрах и много не разбрах. За това те чакам следващия път. Да си разбираме и не разбираме заедно. Защото в кукления театър не всичко е такова, каквото изглежда. Нали помниш... марионетка, ръкавица, портрет на Годо и шапка с перце. ■

## A letter to my absent friend

Katerina Georgieva

Recently, the puppet theater keeps on showing clearly its stubborn character. For an evening, it embodies several forms – it pronounces three monologues – comic, dramatic and absurd one. And after that it suddenly turns aside and completes the turn *“demi-pliet”*. It bows gently and immediately disappears from the stage. Going out of the hall, we shall notice that the Puppet Theater holds a marionette, a glove, the portrait of Godot and a feathered hat. We go back home confused, with the feeling that we have been witnesses of some peculiar mystery. As a promise to our friends, which sounds like this: “Here, in the midnight hours of the late summer, I the undersigned Puppet Theater promise to behave always a little crazily. If I take the wrong way and go the right for quite a long time, then let my right ear be cut off!” And the festivals are the place where the promises sound as a noisy mix between sincerity and joke.

The International Puppet Theater Festival “Three are too many – two not enough” held under the motto of this year “A tale at every step” reminded of the beautiful ambiguity to form part of the puppet theater today. The puppet spirits vacillate between the preservation of the mystery, the proving of a well-founded style and approach, the variations between the tradition and the modernity, the uncertainty of searching new means of expression and the repetition of such. This situation of

self-knowing is also analogical to our presence “on the stage” – from there we observe both as children and adults. The complexity of these relationships lies in their compound character – the children want to stay in the world of dreaming and naivety, fantasy and playing and with all these be part of the world of the adults. I am talking also about you – the audience, my dear laughing children. And so... the puppet theater is the place for meeting children and the adults. It is getting more and more exciting and worthy. Bit of crazy and truly vivid. This meeting always reinvents the horizons of the dreams, that we pursue – creative, personal, adventure. The XXI edition of the Festival bears the whiff and the last uttered words of the meeting between the big and the small dreamer. The words are quickly sketched out, breathless, instant and a bit fancy. One of them believes, but does not want to look laughable. And the other one wants to keep his right to be funny forever. The communication throughout the Festival (which sometimes is remembered longer than the program) is always dynamic and uncompromising – it rearranges senses, priorities, it measures, it gives a toast to itself and relates forgotten jokes. Sometimes I think that namely this type of communication and its unprepared program are what make the festivals happen. We have watched some of the shows, others are well-known to us because of their style and means of expression, and there are those

of them that do not impress us much. It is like meeting an old friend – you are happy if something positive has happened with him and you are feeling sorry if he has not changed for the better. And since it is time that I have not seen a friend of mine, she went to study in Italy, what I will do is write her a letter. I will dare tell her about the festival that she was not able to visit. I will entitle the letter “Three are too many – two not enough“ – for those who were absent“.

*Hello Mila. I am writing you from Plovdiv. Here the weather is warm, as you know. The autumn is in and it sets the beginning of all cultural events. You may remember that moment when you would race upon the programs and the steep streets in the Old City of Plovdiv, you would even feel dizzy and wonder why the calm summer is gone. Here, the Festival “Three are too many – two not enough“ has started. Actually, I know that you are jealous, because you like all those funny actors and their stories about rehearsals and stage directors (sometimes invented), but I will try to transmit the atmosphere for you. I will seal up a yellow leaf and a clown’s nose and I will send them to you in Trento, so now please put on comfortable shoes and a large sweater. The streets are full of people, who seem to have waited precisely this time of the year to come back in Plovdiv. At every step the art is watching, be careful. It is getting tiring but while you reach the stage, you meet several types of people, who will make you feel really happy. On the central street an interesting woman is living and she is dressed in flour. She is looking with curiosity, she does not move a bit and you can see her eyes wandering in different directions. Most of them try to achieve certain harmony, a balance, be beautiful or at least sparkling. This woman – Ashton Ka (Nadezhda Goncheva) has something pretty merry and comical in her. Oh Mila, you can laugh on me, but if there was a fifth character in the “Wizard of Oz“ then this would definitely have been her. After that the walk goes on with the Roman Stadium, where a Spanish bandit (Hiltoff and his “Radio Salmonella“), who also pretends to be an artist will welcome you. The people have sat around him at Djumaya Square and partner him fittingly. Yes, do not think that they are just an audience. The viewers participate with their own sketches, personally directed by the pirate-clown. The merry-making continues with the breaking of eggs. Hypothetically, over the heads of the people from the audience, but if you could imagine that, you might teleport yourself to a strange Roman ritual. Here, under the broiling sun of Plovdiv, I convince myself again in the complexity and the elusiveness of the slapstick. The point is you should break an egg on the pavement, pay court to the lady behind your back and along with all that, conduct the rhythm of the audience. Playing on the street means creating a theater and a situation from something, which still does not exist – the event, happening on the side-walk, which is born at this moment and which you have to catch with precise speed*



„Когато Шлемиел отиде във Варшава“  
“When Shlemiel went to Warsaw“

*and valuation. The circus skills, the acrobatics, the tricks, the street slapstick, the play with fire, the live music (Fire and Shadow Theater “Fireter“, Bulgaria; Firebirds, Hungary; Fofichino Mag, Italy; Bushwhackers, Bulgaria) – all that tears off a piece of the present life and bricks it in the creative “now“, filling it with improvisation, winking and many metaphors. The program TheatAir proves the necessity of extremism in the art – it is like running as fast as you can towards the new horizon and in the distance you will notice only glimmering lights. The street art in its multiple and compound genre characteristics is running with a high speed against the stream. The staging is a gag and the actor becomes a physical magnitude, an atom which produces energy and motion in all directions with the speed of lightning. The audience is both a tender lady and a dangerous beast and therefore the self-discipline, the patience, the imagination, the abilities and the courage of the actor, are dominant elements in the equation. In the base of creation lies improvisation, if you still wonder why you missed the most important part. The actor is reborn a thousand times in a minute and the improvisation lets him breathe. The street is the natural scene for the development of his sensibility and sense towards the audience.*

*I got a bit distracted, Mila, but I have always been interested in watching different actors and their behavior in a determinate situation. That is why my curiosity to the street program is so strong and frankly put. I will not go into great details, but I still ask you to reflect on this some evening before you fall asleep. Imagine how the relationship between the actor and the spirit of the street is established, the catch of this spirit with only one gesture, the power and the impact of fire and its transformation into a bright and vivid mean of expression, the unplanned happening “outside“, creating a non-archived moment of full valuable experience and approach to art. Reflect, close your eyes. Do you feel the delicate fragrance? This is because you are already on the stage. It is a bit dark, but always rather noisy. You can hear the people’s steps, creaking seats, last dialogues and late news.*

*On the stage the things are different. Another mystery*

is happening, when the absorption of air can be heard louder than some of the actors' cues. Do you remember when I told you about the breath in the theater? The breath plays a peculiar role – it can be creational, but also very destructive. Between the insufficiency of the two and the excess of the three this breath is born. A little theatrical air is never enough for you, but the excessive use of it could make you dream. This year the festival brought me a very pleasant and warm return in the space between home and the hug of a friend. So Mila, this definitely makes me return to the beginning of my narrative. We are watching performances in our capacity of grown viewers, stalking among concepts such as “style”, “genre”, “aesthetics”, but when touching upon generally important topics, we understand how small inside we are actually. The dust of the homeland, the building of strong human relationships such as friendship and love, the journey as a teleportation to yourself, the imagination and its vehement capacity to change worlds – all that remind us of the mischievous child, hidden in us, who feels like turning the world upside down, in order to find himself once again. The good pirate and sea navigator, who cannot keep calm, because the horizons are vast and beyond them there is the infinity, which creates new possibilities. We understand that we are small like the wizards, that hide under the bed to distract us from the world of the numbers and the order with a joke (“Little wizards” – Puppet Theater Varna), small as the charming tiny Shlemiel, who does not reach Warsaw because he keeps on returning to his home town for unexplainable reasons (“When Shlemiel went to Warsaw” – Puppet Theater Maribor, Slovenia). Small, but

brave like Bear and Tiger who set off for Panama but find on their left the old house, which has always been and will be a prototype of Panama in the world of dreams and fantasy (“Oh, how nice it is in Panama” – State Puppet Theater, Sofia). This is how we remember that pure and limiting categories as “beautiful” and “good” can be replaced with the same intensity by “ugly” and “grotesque”, because excluding our ideas for harmony and symmetry there are worlds, filled with feelings, thoughts, ideals (“Ugly fairytale”, Puppet Theater, Plovdiv). I watched a show for the smallest viewers (“Yellow” – “Pro-Rodopi” Art Center, Bostina) and I remembered that we should be careful, because precisely they, the smallest, would need an “invitation” to the world of art, using the play of imagination and would easily recognize the boring illustration on the stage. It turned out that the small viewer who now learns how to walk is sincerely and passionately attracted by the theatrical play and does not want to wait to join the actress and accompany her in the building of the stage action (admiration for Desislava Mincheva, who continued to build her character with stoicism, interpreting the behavior of the children with a sense of humor and creating from this a moment of spontaneous emotional meeting and interaction with the audience.

Dear Mila, I understood and did not understand many new things. And that is why I wait for you next time – to understand and not understand together with you. Because in Puppet Theater not everything is what it seems. You remember, don't you... a marionette, a glove, a portrait of Godot and a feathered hat. ■

Translation by **Nadia Zhereva**

## Пловдивски разговори

Боряна Георгиева разговаря с участници във фестивала и с членове на журито

Със **Сергей Столяров** – режисьор, Русия

**Защо избра точно тази приказка?**

Мисля, че от всички немски народни приказки, тази е най-славянската. У немците всички приказки са за практични хора. Бащата умира и говори на синовете си, че е закопал имане и те започват да го търсят, да си го делят, през пролетта засяват, есента събират реколтата и така нататък. Ето немската практичност в приказките. А тук исто-

рията е за хората с мечти, за бездомни улични музиканти. Те имат големи мечти, но когато си намират малко, топло местенце това им е напълно достатъчно, за да продължат да мечтаят, а не да работят. Това е абсолютно славянска тема. Великият руски събирач на приказки Афанасиев нарече своята книжка „Народът – художник“, защото ние сме руснаци, обичаме да мечтаем, а когато нещо си си намислил, може и да не действаш. Защото вече го имаш, целият свят е в твоята глава.

**Какви въпроси задаваш с този спектакъл?**

Мисля, че художникът и театърът като колективен художник е длъжен да поставя културни задачи пред публиката. Той не отговаря на въпроси, а поставя културни задачи. Колкото културни, толкова и философски, защото имат пряко отношение към нашето възприятие за света с очите на художника. Когато погледнем на света по този начин, той става малко по-различен. Въобще задачите на художника са да от-