

днес проблем. Живеейки слепи и глухи за истината, завладени от идеята за неспирен празник, постепенно се превръщаме в плъховете, от които сме искали да се отървем, а малчуганите са объркани и изгубени в този междинен и необясним свят. Въпросът е: Искаме ли тази съдба за децата си? Имам чувството, че след като прегърнахме „западните модели на живот“ ние доброволно предадохме нашите деца в чужди ръце. Буквално в края на представлението се появява Роналд Макдоналд с една пазарска количка и взема от публиката децата.

Детето ми беше отнето. Знаем, че е глупаво, но се разстроих. Незабравима ще остане в съзнанието ми и реакцията на жената пред мен – сама и плачеща – детето, макар и фалшиво, го няма, а тя е съсипана и свита на стола. Бе разбрала, че „веселият свят“, който обитаваме, уви, е нищо повече от сляпа наша илюзия за живот. Представлението е амплитудно в емоционален план – смешните моменти са повече, но след края безмерната тъга безмилостно те обзема.

Ако се върнем на думата „бежанци“ в анкетата, която попълних, спектакълът придобива повече от актуални измерения, поставяйки ни от другата страна на „барикадата“. Това, което се случва на сцената, представя нас самите, а ние, долу, в тъмното, сме именно бежанци. Мислим си, че се преселваме на по-добро място, но се оказва, че попадаме в кошмара на чужда действителност. На пръв поглед весел и безгрижен, но в същността си – кошмар.

Освен категоричните послания, имаше сериозно попадение и във визуалната страна на спектакъла от гледна точка на сценография и костюми. Работата на Александър Алексеев показва една естетика, която хармонично се преплита с идеите на представлението. Като започнем от

шапките на актьорите, които те носят в началото с надпис на латиница „Hahahameln“, а под него кръстосани вилица и лъжица (съвсем спокойно можем да ги свържем със сърп и чук и заведението за бързо хранене), затворническият костюм на водещия, идеята за бебетата тип „направи си сам“, белите платна, използвани за театър на сенките в определени моменти и, не на последно място, конусовидните сиви шапки от картон, които, поставени на главата, изглеждат карнавално, но поставени пред лицето автоматично наваяват асоциация за плъх. Тоест зрителите, които не са получили бебе, а шапка, са плъховете!? И какво значи това? Че с всяко ново заселване ще има плъхове? Разбира се с това не се изчерпва визуалната среда, но ще оставя останалата част в тайна. Актьорското присъствие и на осемте актьора на сцената беше категорично въздействащо. Всеки един от тях убедително успя да пресъздаде образа си, като не губеше вниманието ми дори за миг.

Считам че политическата страна на представлението беше ясно изведена. Единственото, което ме смути, бе отношението към Свирача. За да бъдат оправдани действията на гражданите, той е обвинен несправедливо. В оригиналната история този момент липсва, но може би тук е изведен, за да покаже склонността ни все да обвиняваме, защото така е по-лесно за нас самите.

Нуждата от това представление е голяма. Това е спектакъл за възрастни, чийто екип се осмелява да каже някои тъжни истини, при това по един оригинален и най-вече разбираем начин. Аз не искам да се заселя в Хамелн, но, като се замисля, май живея в него от 25 години. Дали не е време да спрем с безкрайните празненства и да осъзнаем, че плъховете, които гоним, сме самите ние? ■

## About the Rats and the People

Svetlomira Stoyanova

Welcome to Ha-Ha-Hameln! This is a town, where “ha-ha” sounds quite sinister. Have you heard the story of “The Pied Piper of Hamelin” or “The Rat-Catcher of Hamelin”? A piper, who saved the town from the invasion of rodents. An amazing story, but lacking a truly magical ending. In this German folk tale after the rats

were expelled, the piper returned to the town of Hameln to receive his remuneration, but that was refused to him. In revenge, he started playing with his magic pipe again and this time he was not followed by the rats, but by the children of the town.

I was not sure what to expect, but certainly I was not ready for



what the Puppet Theater of Plovdiv had prepared for us – The Children from Hameln”. A few minutes before the start of the show, I heard a male voice, which invited everyone into the “ante-chamber” of Hameln. I entered and started filling a survey on accommodation. At first, I felt this was funny because the idea of this type of interaction could not be conventional or at least for me, it was something new. I did not even pay attention to the word “refugee”. And then, again a surprise – in the hall nobody entered as he/she was in fact; they all accepted a role – to receive a conic hat, made of cardboard, with holes on it or a baby. I became a mother. They gave me a cushion with eyes, attached to it (2 white balls for table tennis). I passed my hand through the rope, which attached the eyes to the body and “my child” moved a little bit; as if it came to life. After everyone had received his/her corresponding “attribute”, we were invited into the hall. There we were received by people, who handed out plastic bottles and baby clothes for “the new parents”. After that, they explained to us how to use them. On both sides of the aisles in the hall there were placed white canvases, hanging from the ceiling. These showed that we, the audience, were already in the town of Hameln – the seats between the canvases were “closed” by then. I had the feeling that I was going over a red carpet, as if I were important and significant in this almost utopian town. Even before the beginning of the performance, the communication with the audience was so powerful and there was such a playful touch in the voices of the actors that I totally forgot I was “moving” exactly to Hameln.

The performance began. On the stage, a man (Rumen Karamanov) appeared. His behavior resembled a TV presenter.

The beginning happened in an emotional ascending mode. The presence of Mr. Karamanov was so compelling that I was expecting with interest what followed. The game with the name of the city – Ha-Ha-Hameln (the inscription in big letters stood out in front of the stage facing the audience) suggested a strong irony. And on the stage there were again white canvases and models of the town – typically German. The stage space “breathed” with the actors on the stage. At some time they defiled in front of us, looking satisfied of their seemingly silly costumes (a fork, which runs through the waist of a young lady or a nail through the head). The puppets in the show were the same as those that part of the au-



„Децата на Хамелн“  
“The Children from Hameln”

dience received in the hall. I played with mine during the whole time. Suddenly this cushion with two balls becomes your favorite toy... No, it is even something more – without wanting to get affection. And still, you dress it up, give it a name and accept the function of a parent, even as a joke.

According to the German fairy tale, the people of Hameln lived lavishly. In the beginning they were preparing for a celebration, which we would witness. Everyone was happy, satiated and satisfied. We were anticipating another holiday and occasionally we would see the shadow of the la-

boring man on the hanging white canvases. A bliss, right? They looked silly, but sincere. Do you know exactly when the smile was gone from my face? At the moment, that those people were electing the mayor of town. In order to enhance the impact, the applicant looked like crazy and his speech was slurred. The presenter accepted the function of an interpreter, so that the residents of the town (and also we in the hall) could understand what he was saying. Apparently, we were “lost in translation”. He consulted the opinion of the audience, but it turned out that it was not important, because we had not paid the taxes and our voice would not matter. Then I realized – this is a political satire and even a very acute and clever one in the forms that it used. In Bulgaria the political theater “chases the missing part”. I guess there is a reason for that and I still believe that it is on demand. The director Sergei Stolyarov is not Bulgarian, but this is not so important in this case, because the messages that he sends are universal. Most likely, the choice for this story is not random – the image of the children is associated with a painful problem nowadays. Living like blind and deaf for the truth, fascinated by the idea of an endless holiday, we gradually turn into the rats, that we wanted to get rid of, and referring to the kids – they are confused and lost in this interim and inexplicable world. The question is: Do we want this fate for our children? I have the feeling that once, after we embraced “the Western models of life”, we delivered our children voluntarily in the wrong hands. Literally, in the end of the show Ronald McDonald appeared with a shopping cart and took the children away from the audience.

My child was taken away from me. I knew it was silly, but I got upset. The reaction of the woman

in front of me would also remain unforgettable. She was alone and crying, and the child, even if false, was not there, and she was ruined and shrunk in her chair. She had understood that “the happy world”, that we inhabited, was nothing more than our own blind illusion of life. The performance was emotionally deep – the funny moments were many, but after the end an immense sadness overwhelmed on us with no mercy.

If we had to go back to the word “refugees” in the survey, which I filled, the performance had acquired more relevant dimensions, putting us on the other side of the “barricade”. What happened on the stage represented our personalities, and we discovered that we were, deep inside of us, namely refugees. We thought that we were moving to a better place, but it turned out that we fell into the nightmare of another reality. Seemingly cheerful and care-free nightmare, but in fact – a nightmare.

Besides the explicit messages, there was a great achievement in the visual part of the show in

terms of stage design and costumes. The work of Alexander Alexeev showed an aesthetics, which harmoniously intertwined with the ideas of the show. Starting from the hats of the actors that they were wearing at the beginning with an inscription in Latin “Hahahameln”, and under it a crossed fork and a spoon (we can absolutely connect them with the hammer and the sickle, and the fast food places), going further to the prisoner’s suit of the presenter, the idea of the babies – type “do it yourself”, passing also through the white canvases, used in some moments for shadow theater and last, but not least, the conic grey hats made of cardboard, which were placed on the head and looked like carnival, but placed in front of the face, automatically invoked the association of a rat.

Therefore, the viewers who did not receive a baby, but a hat, might have been the rats!?! And what did that mean? That each installation would bring more rats? Of course, this did not exhaust the visual environment, but I would rather leave the last part in secret. The

actor’s presence of all the eight actors on the stage was definitely powerful. All of them managed to recreate their characters convincingly, not losing my attention for even a moment.

I consider that the political aspect of the show was clearly displayed. The only thing that disturbed me was the attitude to the piper. To justify the actions of the citizens, he was accused unjustly. In the original story this moment was missing, but here it was displayed maybe in order to show our inclination to blame each other all the time, because that is always easier for us.

The demand for such shows is great. This is a show for adults, whose team dares say some sad facts in an original and particularly understandable way. I do not want to move to Hameln, but thinking about it, it seems that I have been living there for 25 years. Isn’t it time to stop with the endless celebrations and realize that the rats, that we chase, are actually we ourselves? ■

Translation by **Nadia Zhereva**

## Театър като на война

Катерина Георгиева

Спектакълът „Чедо“ се ражда в позната шура компания. Компания от жени-космоси, жени-мениджъри, жени-строителни работници с ярко необуздан речник и непривична интелигентна лудост – режисьорката Магдалена Митева, актрисите Биляна Бозинарева и Радослава Неделчева и директорката на КТ – Видин Павлина Трифонова. В шеметния сценарий присъства само едно мъжко име – Здравко Бешенджиев, чието дело е музиката. В този ансамбъл от огън и усърдност в полунощ резултатът е любопитен – от гледна точка на изразни средства, предистория, актьорски ансамбъл и срещата, разбира се. Срещата между няколко различни и противоречиви личности в сферата на театъра, творенето, женствеността, примесена с мъжествена издръжливост и инат. Прекрасният инат, че там, зад видимото,

има нещо друго, което може да се появи като подобрият дух чрез езика на театъра.

В този смисъл (и всички останали, които ще си пожелаем) спектакълът „Чедо“ е колоритно и емоционално заиграване на митовете – митът, че фолклорът е нещо неприкосновено и с него не можеш да се шегуваш. Театралният експеримент се ражда на ръба между самоиронията и забавлението, но поднесени с много актьорски професионализъм и внимание. Познатата ни Биляна Бозинарева и съвсем новото „чедо“ на театъра Радослава Неделчева изиграват на сцената един съвременен вариант на отношенията дъщеря-майка, в които импровизацията и веселото надиграване взимат връх над клишетата и традиционните схващания за развитието в тази изконна връзка, особено ако едната иска бебето