

спектакълът на холандците е ценен именно с тази си дискуссионност, носеща паралели на вечното „ели това театър?“ и как вълнува той своята публика. Моят отговор е многостранчив, но простичък – е това театър, но друг вид театър, който ние нямаме честата възможност да гледаме и не разбираме, защото в основата му стои идеята за подсъзнаването и картинното, при него липсват окончателните напъни да забавлява и занимава публиката активно, единствената му мисия е чрез тишината и бавността на случването си да доведе зрителя до негова лична точка на възприятие, в която концептуално може да се изгуби или намери – въпрос на избор и преборване на очакванията. Има театър, който не иска от нас да го харесваме, разбираме или аплодираме, но е такъв, който отваря възможност за преосмисляне на стандартизирани понятия и вкусове, които лесно виреят в подножията на българския театър – и драматичен, и куклен. Нека не забравяме и къде е Холандия – тя откровено се колебае между земята и водата и в тази среда на постоянни „енигматични“ промени в състоянието си, тя присъства с една съвсем друга култура, по-скоро склонна да ни отклонява, отколкото да ни застопори в захлаци и ръкопляскания. А те категорично намериха своето място в далеч по-игровия и познат като

театрален похват френски „Одисей с лопата“ на театралната компания на Филип Жанти, развълнувал мен много повече с актьорското си присъствие и мощ на играта. И тук се срещаме с леко налудничаво и иронично пресъздаване на класиката „Одисей“, намерена в едно импровизирано пътешествие на кукли-тирбушони, аспержи, лъжици, взимащи си вана в купа с вода, найлонокеан и какво ли още не. Но не това е неочакваното, а бунтарското присъствие на актьорите, които паралелно с разказването на историята, осмиват себе си, нея и дори начина, по който създават спектакъла – чиста форма на комичност и абсурд, в която представлението се ражда от шегата „нека сега да направим декор, а после единият актьор ще излее чаша вода върху главата на другия, за да изиграе ролята, за която копнее“. В този ред на мисли си пожелаваме много по-малко чаши с вода, изляти върху главите на фестивалните мениджъри и много повече шанс за покана на спектакли, които ще разширяват театралните ни хоризонти. „Пиеро“ се опитва да го прави с инаго очарование, взимайки чашата с вода и изливайки я върху главата си, с което на шега заявява: „Добре, нека го направим сега този фестивал и мокри!“ А театърът може да е всичко и нищо, нека го дискутираме... ■

## Gourmet, Fast Food, and Lunch Menu

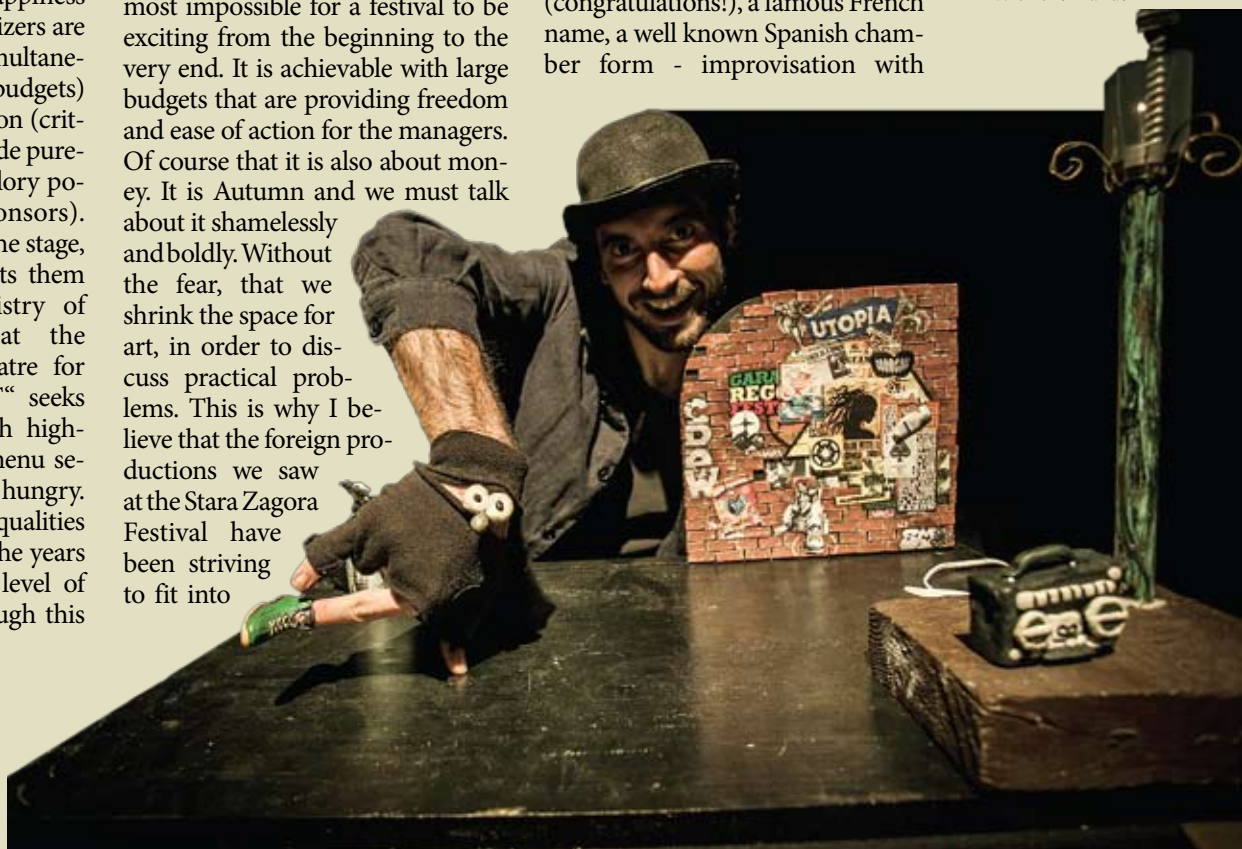
Katerina Georgieva

Theatre festivals nowadays are increasingly resembling us – with a minimal budget they try to create the maximum effect and achieve the quality they dreamed of. The costs are big and the happiness comes in pieces. The organizers are like circus artists who simultaneously juggle with skittles (budgets) in the mouth of an angry lion (critics and the audience) and ride purebred horses or thirsty for glory ponies (artists and sponsors). Somewhere at the back of the stage, an apathetic mulatto targets them with cleavers (The Ministry of Culture). I'm sure that the International Puppet Theatre for Adults Festival "PIERROT" seeks to "feed" its audience with high-quality productions. The menu selection aims to leave no one hungry. One of the most valuable qualities of this festival is that over the years it strives to maintain the level of intrigue in its menu, although this

does not always come to an end for a number of objective reasons (reduced or minimal budget, lack of a jury with a broader look...). I have also convinced myself that it is almost impossible for a festival to be exciting from the beginning to the very end. It is achievable with large budgets that are providing freedom and ease of action for the managers. Of course that it is also about money. It is Autumn and we must talk about it shamelessly and boldly. Without the fear, that we shrink the space for art, in order to discuss practical problems. This is why I believe that the foreign productions we saw at the Stara Zagora Festival have been striving to fit into

the conditions they were offered, without quenching our thirst for "festival spectacles", or leaving us with growling stomachs – one Czech explosion for the opening (congratulations!), a famous French name, a well known Spanish chamber form - improvisation with

„Нимио: малки истории, разказани с ръце“  
„Nymio: Minimal Histories Told With the Hands“





„Ваня. Приказка за Ваня и енигматичната руска душа“

„Vanya. A Tale of Vanya and Enigmatic Russian Soul“

hands (“NYMIO – Minimalistic Stories Told With The Hands”), Russian performance with a charming, self-ironic stylistics (“Vanya. A Tale of Vanya and The Enigmatic Russian Soul”), Slovenian dance theatre – exercise (“Silver Blue”) and Dutch mysticism - visual theater provoking discussions until after midnight and until the next edition of the festival. In this dynamic picture of the city of linden trees, I see two distinctly important lines - the line of the solemn performance-experiment on the first day of the festival, which provokes stormy emotions and the line of the performance that creates prerequisites for heated disputes, discoveries, exchanges of complex concepts in front of the Penev Hostel, raising the tone of voice in a conversation with a critic... And here you are - the festival lives to it's fullest in the whirl of the known-unknown, the explored – unexplored, the expected - the disappointing, the accepted - unaccepted, the festive - the everyday. And since I have named my personal directions, the two directions that I find interesting, I will deal with them, just like I did two years ago, when I stopped at one of the largest squares in Amsterdam and drank coffee for two hours on a hard bench, while enjoying the flow of different people, cultures, nuances - namely, as a phenomena, not as finished products ready to be evaluated. “Kar/repass“ by Fekete Seretlek and Studio Damuza (it is even more difficult to pronounce) is a musical-theatrical improvisation-concert that gives the audience an hour of a sincere explosion of mood, bohemian, and celebrations of the game.

Based only on the narrative of “Anna Karenina“, the performance - with the necessary amount of irony, boldly turns the dramatic into the comic, the serious into the lightly, the classic into punk. The so-loved concept of “performativity“ is present - everything is concentrated on the quick actions. There is no search for traditional plot progression, and the dramaturgy is built of pieces of ideas that rather build up emotionally and nonverbal, instead of narrating. And I think that this type of dramaturgy will conquer the theater even further because its seemingly lacking in logic structure creates different spaces for experiences – unintentional, surprising and to some extent more intriguing. The acting is happening on the edge between irresponsibility and mastered choreography / presence - every following trick is a joke, a whim. It seems as it unexpectedly arrived from the land of ideas but actually is a fascinating and professionally mastered technique. Concert with glasses, wild dances on a coffin-table, guitars, and actors winking like children to the familiar, the vain, the pretentious, the serious. And what a provocative theatrical distance from this to “Exuvia“ of the Dutch theater, a performance that frankly puzzled the audience. The supercritical puppeteers wondered whether it could be described as theater, the open-minded and grunge, young theater lovers were able to find spaces of the poetic and the unconscious, and those in the middle asked themselves if its postdramatic, visual or theater of the senses. In fact, the Dutch performance is valuable because of this discourse, which goes

back to the eternal question – “is this theater“?

My answer is versatile but simple – it is theater, but another kind of theater. We don't have the chance to see it often and we don't understand it because it works with the ideas of the subconscious and the imagery. It lacks the ambition to entertain and engage actively, its only mission is to lead the viewer to his personal point of perception via silence and slowness, in which he can be conceptually lost or found - a matter of choosing and fighting expectations. There is theater that doesn't want to be liked, understand or applaud, but it is one that opens up the opportunity to rethink the standard concepts and tastes that easily thrive at the foot of the Bulgarian theater - both dramatic and puppet. The joy and the applause most certainly came with the much more playful “Dustpan Odyssey“ by the theater company of Philippe Genty (France). I was excited by the strong presence on the stage and the power of the acting. Here we meet as well with a slightly extravagant and ironic recreation of the Odysseus classic, in the form of an improvised journey of dolls-corkscrews, asparagus, spoons taking a bath in a bowl of water, nylon-ocean and what not. What we didn't expect was the rebellious presence of the actors who, in parallel with the narrative, ridicule themselves, the plot and even the way they create the performance - a pure form of comic and absurd in which the performance is born of the joke “let us now build the set and then one of the actors will pour a glass of water onto the head of the other, in order for him to play the role he longs for. “In this line of thought we wish for fewer glasses of water poured onto the heads of the festival managers and more chances to invite performances that will expand our theatrical horizons. “PIERROT“ tries to do it with some charm - taking the glass of water and pouring it onto its own head, while saying: “Okay, let's make this festival even if we are wet!“ And the theatre could be anything or nothing, let us discuss it. ■

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