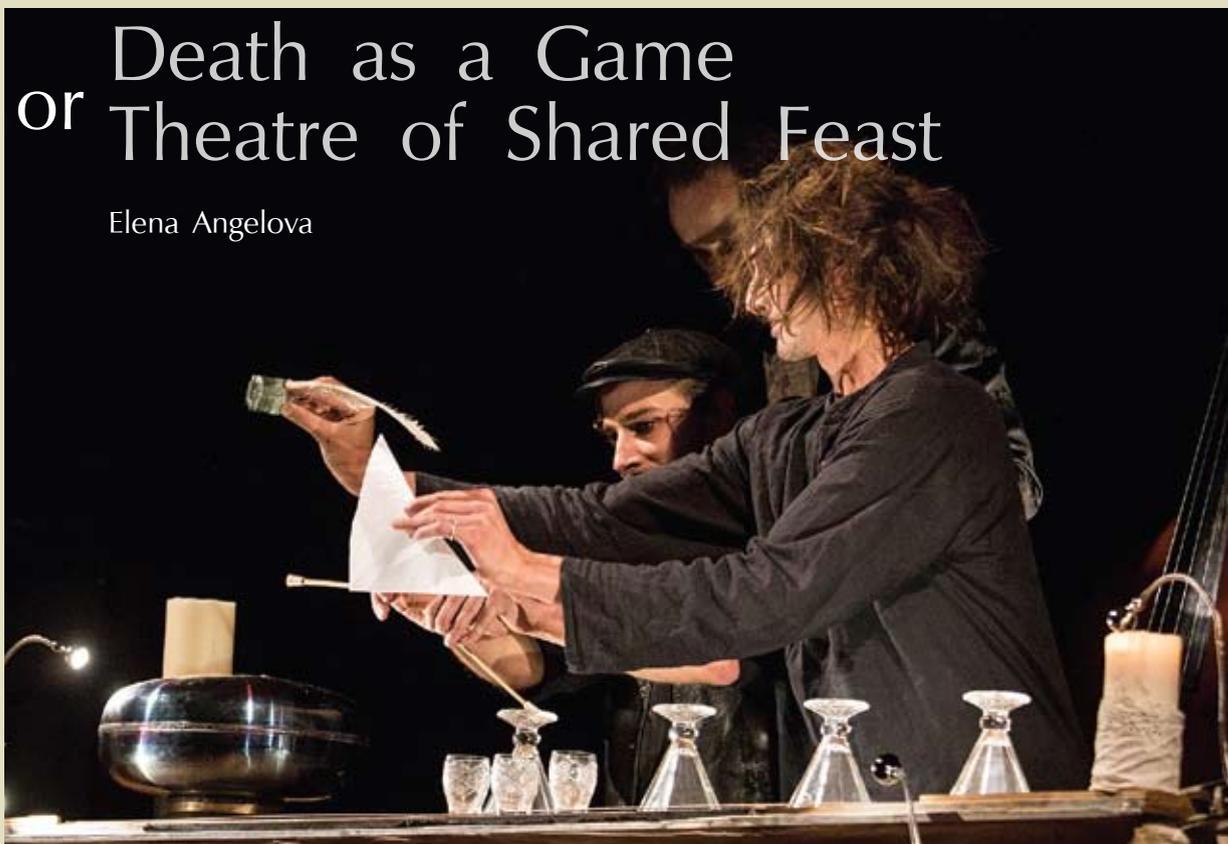


Death as a Game Or Theatre of Shared Feast

Elena Angelova

We are going to die, we are going to die... Today or tomorrow, life is what we borrow, we are going to die.



Kykn
2pm

Saying that the Czech *Kar/repass* is undoubtedly successful play would be a true but very flat statement describing the powerful synthesis of forms of expression, which we all witnessed at the opening of *Pierrot* – one of the most exciting puppet festivals in Bulgaria. Among the multitude of interesting events associating genres and forms of expression, *Kar/repass* strikes the spectator by being an impeccable play in which the collective author's presence completes with the excellence of interpretation. In the very heart of this play lies the brilliant potential of every participant as actor, musician and puppeteer in a full of surprises story. Actually, *Anna Karenina* exists only sketchily and very fragmentary – the story resurfaces sometimes only to outline Tolstoy's famous work as text or world, which comes alive through objects, music, songs or situations. In that many layered game of genres, theatre of objects challenges with the music performance and the cabaret, spoken text turns into song and the direct contact with the spectators rapidly leaves the closed world of the forestage.

Beyond all these descriptions stands the astonishing attention to details - five stage performers are harmonized in one-hour musical score to serve an effect, without anything unnecessary, devoting all their energy to the performance. Almost invisible, nevertheless omnipresent attention to details turns into an excellent timing of every scene. Bird, samovar, glasses-boots are truly curious finds attending the big story, but they would probably remain art for art's sake if they had been slightly longer. Being short they are present as sketches, which switch the point of view toward the whole picture, creating post-modern hybrid. In other words – we are here in presence of a multitude of interweaved filaments, flying associations drifting around the atmosphere of *Anna Karenina*. Barely guessed author's intention, we already watch a new situation, with new energy and challenge. Associations with the great Russian novel in that very context would be different to every spectator. They would even replace our faded memories of Vronsky, Anna and Karenin with a whole

world of new significations related to life here and now.

However the ending with the emblematic song *We are going to die* turns out to be the unifying element. The song, a slapstick comedy nevertheless deep and true, surmounts stage limits, reaching every story's quintessence, no matter if one talks about *Anna Karenina* or life here and now.

The shift, fine and adequate, in the mood and energy witnesses a strong theatrical language, mastered slenderness in the game called theatre, just as a game of significations and interpretations between the author and the spectator.

However, beyond all the interweaved filaments, the fundamental element of that postmodern game is simple – the inner fire of *Kar/repass* creators. A play that remains a bright memory among the festival programme, embracing and reconciling, crossing easily art's limits, genres, language barriers and converting the spectator into a real accomplice in that theatre of shared feast. ■

Translation by
Guergana Ivanova