

SEPTEMBER 2019

## PUPPET PLAYS



It is a fascinating and enchanting world, the world of puppeteering.

As a child (age 2 - 82), spellbound, one is following Punch's pranks and jokes, horrified one sees the nasty crocodile creeping up, and the audience shouts in a single voice to warn Punch who of course is already swinging his club and chases away the murderous beast.

One clapped when the brute got blackjacked but also one laughed when the slightly stupid constable got beatings, one even laughed when granny the victim was. And when the absentminded professor got beaten of his bicycle, losing his glasses, everybody roared with laughter.

But, at that time, a lot of beating happened even outside the theatre, in bright day light, by puppet figures dressed in brown and black...

... but let us not talk about this, I wanted to talk about the puppet theatre's magic and poetry.

When Guignol pilfers jam from Gnafron or when the two of them really take their archfiend Flageolet for a ride, the young spectators rejoice with joy. Honest glee, and one forgets that it is 'only' hand puppets at play. There are perceived as living creatures, as real humans. In the shiny eyes of the little spectators real heroes are mirrored, and granny's squawky voice reminds them somehow of their own grandmother.

The act of incarnation is so beautifully demonstrated with the manikin of Pinocchio. From the wooden marionette that searches for its path so labouriously, eventually a real boy will evolve.

The appearance becomes being.

The small theater becomes a world one.

Small stage art becomes one of the great forms of art.

And here an example of music on the subject: Pulcinella by Igor Strawinsky