

Time of Theatre or How We Made a Fairy Tale with Auntie Ilonka, the Wild Woman

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Abstract: There is human time and there is wild time. But there is also the time of love and peace and care. And there is the time when stories are born.

The text describes the puppet performance for adults called *Ilonka*.

Ileana Lăcătuș, Ilona Lakatos was a Gypsy woman who lived with her daughters and their families in a small basement flat in a small street near the Slaughterhouse in Cluj Napoca. We had known each other for more than twenty years. For me she was the archetype of the Wild Woman, the timeless, who stands on the borderline between myth and reality like La Loba. This realization led me when I decided to bring her life stories to life in a puppet show, because who could convey this story, in which life can turn into death and death into life at any moment, more aptly and authentically than a puppet? Where can you step out of time (and space too) better than in a puppet theater?

Aunt Ilonka's life stories are minority stories and universal, because they are based on the same general female roles and situations, regardless of time and geographical coordinates, culture, social background, and skin color. These are built on four major motifs:

1. "I was afraid"
2. "I say, it's good"
3. Moving on, progress
4. Fairy godmothers

The puppet show for adults entitled *Ilonka*¹ was co-created by Kata Palocsay, who selected the text from Csilla Könczei and Ilonka Lăcătuș's book entitled *Aunt Ilonka* and directed the performance. András Hatházi, who dramatized the selection. Emese Erdei, who performed in the play. The scenery was designed and created by Kata Palocsay, Emese Erdei and Rebeka Hatházi. The stage movement was set by Enikő Györgyjakab. Dorottya Balog assisted in moving the marionette. The technical assistant of the performance was Júlia Sipos. The video projections include animated images of Gypsy artists' works and an excerpt from the film by Csilla Könczei and Tibor Schneider, starring Ilonka Lăcătuș.

Because time passes in vain. We in the theater are always in the present tense.

Keywords: puppet performance for adults: *Ilonka*, "I was afraid", "I say, it's good", Moving on, progress, Fairy godmothers

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"There is human time and there is wild time. When I was a child (...), before I learned there are four seasons to a year, I thought there were dozens: the time of night-time thunderstorms, heal lightning time, bonfires-in-the-woods time, blood-in-the-snow time, the time of ice trees (...). And our skin also had its cycles too: parched, sweaty, gritty, sunburned, soft. The psyches and souls of women have their own cycles and seasons (...)." ²



They sit next to each other on a small green wooden suitcase. A young woman in a white dress barefoot and an old woman dressed in a comfortable house dress and slippers. They both have long, untied hair. The young woman's is blonde, the old woman's is snow-white. The old woman hums as she combs the girl's hair. It is a time of love and peace, of attention and care. This is

the time when stories are born.

"February is the month of the Gypsies. Because it is the shortest. So. Gypsies are afraid of February. Because it's windy and cold. Gypsies are afraid, that's all", the old woman begins her story. There are many tales about winter, cold, frost and death. About frozen children and women. One of the most famous tales is Andersen's Snow Queen where the frozen Kay, incapable of emotion, becomes a lifeless body as the Snow Queen's captive. His story is about how the ice, caused by an icicle in his heart, is broken by his sister Gerda. How she frees and revives the frozen boy's soul with the warmth of love. Frost and cold also appear in *The Ugly Duckling*, another story written by Andersen. The ugly duckling is chased away from the warm nest because he is different from the other ducklings. The outcast freezes, does not show his feelings, withdraws into himself, retreats into a waiting position. This may even be the reaction of defensive anger. He does all this in self-defense, but he also sets a trap for himself, because in this frozen, cold state he is unable to create anything, to contact anyone, to move forward at all. This is what happens to the duckling as well.

But there is a solution to frozen emotion, frozen creativity: movement. In this case, the time for creation, storytelling. This is what the old woman encourages the girl to do: she puts the hairbrush down on the chest. Then, like a baton, she turns it towards the girl, offers it to her, but doesn't give it to her. She leaves the decision open

² Clarissa Pinkola Estés: *Women Who Run with the Wolves, Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype*, Ballantine Books, 1996, p. 276

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and disappears. Like the fairy godmothers of fairy tales, she passes on her knowledge and power to the one who tells the story.³

In our performance, the old woman is a human size puppet. Until the moment of the handover, she was brought to life by the young girl, but after the gesture, the girl's dual existence ceases to exist: the feelings and thoughts that swirl inside her now find shape in a single body.

The woman in white slaps the wooden box and the music starts. The one that can sneak into your heart the fastest and the most skillfully. Music sweeps your thoughts away, you react instantly, your emotions come alive immediately. In music time disappears. The girl is full of life, she picks up her green wooden box ready to hit the road and starts to bring out her puppets to act out the story.

The listener of the story becomes the storyteller, and then the subject who experiences the events that unfold. Her act is an initiation from which we, the spectators, cannot escape. Because the best cure for fear is a story. We just must give our time for it. It mobilizes our inner life, awakens our emotions, nourishes our soul. In a fairy tale, there is nothing impossible if life becomes death, the reverse is also possible. There is always a way out, there is always a solution.

Ileana Lăcătuș, Ilona Lakatos was a Gypsy woman⁴ who lived with her daughters and their families in a small basement flat in a small street near the Slaughterhouse in Cluj Napoca⁵. We had known each other for more than twenty years. We met for the first time at the Tranzit House Cultural Center, where we worked together in an intercultural children's camp. She looked after the children, supervised them, helped them when necessary. She could speak to everyone in their mother tongue, as she speaks perfect Gypsy, Romanian and Hungarian. She sat in one corner of the room, resting her hands folded in her lap. Sometimes she folded her

³ "I once dreamt I was telling stories and felt someone patting foot in encouragement. I looked down and saw that I was standing on the shoulders of an old woman who was steadying my ankles and smiling up at me.

I said to her:

No, no, come stand on my shoulders for you are old and I am young.

No, no, she insisted, this is the way it is supposed to be.

I saw that she stood on the shoulders of a woman far older than she, who stood on the shoulders of a woman even older, who stood on the shoulders of a woman in robes, who stood on the shoulders of another soul, who stood on the shoulders...

I believed the old dream-woman about the way it was supposed to be. The nurture for telling stories comes from the might and endowments of my people who have gone before me. In my experience, the telling moment of the story draws its power from a towering column of humanity joined one to the other across time and space, elaborately dressed in the rags and robes or nakedness of their time and filled to the bursting with life still being lived. If there is a single source of story and the numen of story, this long chain of humans is it.", Clarissa Pinkola Estés: *Women Who Run with the Wolves, Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype*, Ballantine Books, 1996, p. 9

⁴ Since that's what Aunt Ilonka calls herself, I think any other name for her is alien.

⁵ She died in September 2022.

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handkerchief or ate. She was mostly an observer, but she was there. She would wave to someone if they needed help or just call out to them. She rarely interfered, but she was in control of the situation and radiated a sense of security. Most of the time she would just open her arms and wait for the person running towards her and then take action: comforting, conciliating, reprimanding, praising, instructing, wiping noses, braiding

hair, dressing, undressing, or taking the child by the hand and taking him to the toilet, or showing him where to drink if he was thirsty, where to eat if he was hungry.

Most of the time she was dressed in white, with polka dots or flowers decorating her skirt. She wore a headscarf, which she would occasionally take off, using the same repetitive motions to smooth her hair back, perhaps rewrapping her bun, and then retying the scarf under her chin. She looked at me mischievously and smiled, indicating that she liked that we were making “dolls” out of wooden spoons and vegetables. Her eyes twinkled, she laughed when I made a puppet dance for her. Watching the ingenious creations that came out of the children’s hands, we would hum, giggle, maybe even wave our hands or say yeah-yeah, ha-ha, a comment or wow with excitement. We got to know each other through gestures and facial expressions, mapping each other out. There was playfulness, humor, tact, patience, and honesty in this wordless relationship. I distinctly remember that apart from greetings, we didn’t speak at all in the first few days. As our eyes met, we had a good laugh most of the time. We provoked each other, driven by curiosity. Every little sign helped us to get to know each other better. It was very natural for me. Also, because I had two children in a row at the time, I spent most of my time with them. I was a puppeteer by profession, and the primary language of puppets is movement. They speak only if their actions and their gaze are not enough to convey what they think and feel. Auntie Ilonka and I became as tame as the Little Prince and his fox.

We first became friends and started to like each other, and only then did we start talking. We got to know each other before we knew anything about each other. Like how well we could talk.

After a few days of getting to know each other, we sat outside in the courtyard and told each other stories. It was then that she showed me the subjects of her pride: first her long white hair and the many petticoats hidden under her skirt. While we talked, she would either hold my hand or stroke my hair or poke my shoulder, but if we laughed a lot, she would slap me on the thigh with her palm. The next day we greeted each other with a long hug, and we joked, poked and prodded more and more,

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and mapped each other more boldly. We've been talking like this ever since, only the times we spent together, and the memories of those times have strengthened our relationship. We took the time of talking about timeless things: life, death. Health. And about polenta with plum jam. We continue to play with courage. Even if a stroke prevents her from moving freely. When she asks, "When are we going to do puppet theater again?", I always say, "We will, of course we will, soon!" And I ask her, "And then you'll dance, won't you, Aunt Ilonka?" She replies, "Of course I'll dance, of course I'll dance!" Then we look at each other and stay quiet for a while. At such times, Aunt Ilonka stands out of time, on the line between myth and rationality, like La Loba, the Wild Woman⁶ from the fairy tale. This realization led me when I decided to bring her life stories to life in a puppet show, because who could convey this story, in which life can turn into death and death into life at any moment, more aptly and authentically than a puppet? Where can you step out of time (and space too) better than in a puppet theater?

It was a great experience when I first read Csilla Könczei's and Ilonka Lakatos's book of conversation, *Aunt Ilonka*, and I knew then that I wanted to turn this text back into live speech. I took it and re-read it many times. It became more and more clear to me why I would rather hear it than read it. In the introduction to the book, Csilla Könczei writes that this text



is not Aunt Ilonka's life story, but the stories from her life that she thought she would bring to the public.⁷ What was most exciting for me about these stories was that they were like a fairy tale, both taken one by one and as a whole. Time is present in a second or in eternity too. Auntie Ilonka travelled paths and faced situations like a fairy-tale hero. Her journey had been made twisty and interesting by astonishing

⁶ "By whatever name, the force personified by La Loba records the personal past and the ancient past for she has survived generation after generation, and is old beyond time. She is an archivist of feminine intention. She preserves female tradition. (...) The old one, The One Who Knows, is within us. She thrives in the deepest soul-psyche of women, the ancient and vital wild Self. (...) This old woman stands between the worlds of rationality and mythos. She is the knucklebone on which these two worlds turn. This land between the worlds is that inexplicable place we all recognize once we experience it, but its nuances slip away and shape-change if one tries to pin them down, except when we use poetry, music, dance, or story.", Clarissa Pinkola Estés, op. cit, pp. 20-21

⁷ "The picture of Aunt Ilonka that emerges from this book is a picture and not equivalent to her life. The texts published here, the stories from Aunt Ilonka's life are stories that she wanted to tell the public through me." Csilla Könczei -Lăcătuș Ileana: *Ilonka néni/ Aunt Ilonka*, Editura pentru studii europene/ European Studies Foundation Publishing House, Cluj-Napoca, 2002, Introduction

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obstacles. Her life situations were like fairytale situations, full of exciting and unique adventures. In her life story, just like in fairy tales, life could turn to death and death to life at any moment. Archetypal fairy-tale situations and characters appeared, the most striking of which for me was the recurring appearance of the Fairy Godmother/the Good Fairy, who appears in various forms (a female cadre, taxi driver, woman passer-by, Star) in the protagonist's, Ilonka's story⁸.

Aunt Ilonka became thus for me the archetype of the Wild Woman.

Her life story lived from the soul⁹ is universal and timeless.

The comfort and security of consumer society makes everything that is unpredictable, unmanageable, and uncontrollable frightening. The unfamiliar everyday situations create anxiety, whereas they bring back intuitive nature and vitality¹⁰. They are similar to the Snow Queen, the Ugly Duckling or the story of Vasilisa. They give courage and self-confidence. Anyone can feel different, marginalized, untalented, tired, and useless at any time. Loneliness or confusion can be paralyzing. Our frozen emotions or pent-up anger can consume us. We can become lost, discouraged. Shame or our search for a home can sap our energy. We can't move on from difficulties because we lose touch with nature and lose the protective shell of our souls.¹¹ We get stuck in situations where instinct would encourage us to flee or fight. We fail to recognize our own needs and values and run out of vitality. In such cases, a fairy tale heals and gives us strength. It revives our instinct for life and gives us courage. It's enough to just tell you to hang in there, do your job and you'll find your way. If it reconnects you with nature and creativity.¹²

Aunt Ilonka's life stories are minority stories. They are about the Roma community, and the fate of the Roma woman within it. They include specific situations, such as the deportation of Roma people during the Second World War, but also general situations such as the reduction of work and learning opportunities, or the blessed or burdensome legacies of cultural traditions. Auntie Ilonka's life is full of torments, difficulties, and depths. Hardship, loss, exile, ostracism, and violence. All these things are painful, but once she has overcome them, her awareness grows, and her spiritual life becomes richer and stronger. She believes in herself.

⁸ And let's not forget that Aunt Ilonka's real life also spans several historical eras.

⁹ "Three things differentiate living from the soul versus living from ego only. They are: the ability to sense and learn new ways, the tenacity to ride a rough road, and the patience to deepen love over time.", Clarissa Pinkola Estés, *op. cit.*, p. 68

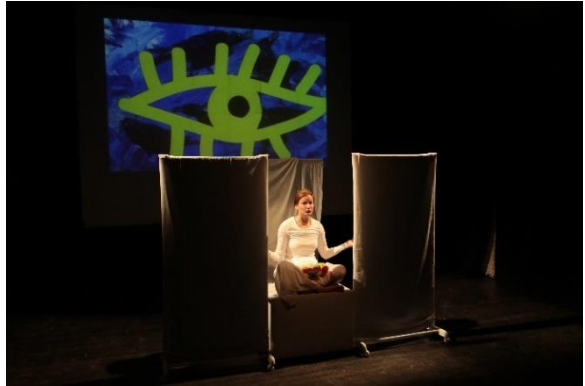
¹⁰ "This great power, intuition, is composed of lightning-fast inner seeing, inner hearing, inner sensing, and inner knowing.", *Idem.*, p. 36

¹¹ "We lose the soulskin by becoming too involved with ego, by being too exacting, perfectionistic, or unnecessarily martyred, or driven by a blind ambition, or by being dissatisfied – about self, family, community, culture, world – and not saying or doing anything about it, or by pretending we are an unending source for others, or by not doing all we can to help ourselves. Oh, there are as many ways to lose the soulskin as there are women in the world.", *Idem.*, p. 159

¹² "What are that the soul needs? They lie in two realms: nature and creativity.", *Idem.*, p. 101

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Aunt Ilonka's life stories are universal, because they are based on the same general female roles and situations, regardless of time and geographical coordinates, culture, social background, and skin color. Every woman's story begins with the life stories of the generations before her. This is why Ilonka's mother, stepmother and grandmother's fate shapes the roles of little girl-child, sister, orphan, adolescent girl, lover, refugee, fighter, betrayed woman, female rival, vindictive woman, woman in love, mother, wife, daughter-in-law, working woman, widow, old woman, friend, co-worker, actress, etc. But all female roles are created by circumstance and are just one cycle of life. But there is someone who follows Ilonka all the time, who shines through all her roles: the Wild Woman. She guides these cycles, making sure that things go naturally, that her energy flows and her creative processes are in harmony.¹³ Regardless of time.



Csilla Könzei mentions in the foreword of her book that the most characteristic feature of Aunt Ilonka's life stories is that she does not speak from the role of the victim, not even in the most difficult, cruel, hopeless or unjust situations.¹⁴ This strength is the strength of the Wild Woman. It is this strength, which we might call spiritual strength, that enables her to face her fears. It can strengthen, heal what she fears, because she has the strength to face it.¹⁵

When reading the book *Auntie Ilonka*, four recurring motifs were important to me in rewriting the text of the performance.

1. "I was afraid"
2. "I say, it's good"
3. Moving on, progress
4. Fairy godmothers

¹³ "Like the chambers of a heart which fill and empty and fill again, we learn to learn the rhythm of this Life/Death/Life cycle instead of becoming martyred by it. Like to jump rope. The rhythm already exists; you sway back and forth until you are copying the rhythm. Then, you jump in. That's how it is done. It is no fancier than that." Idem, p.51)

¹⁴ "Auntie Ilonka does not speak in the voice of the victim, in fact she radiates strength." Csilla Könzei -Lăcătuș Ileana: *Ilonka néni/ Aunt Ilonka*, Editura pentru studii europene/ European Studies Foundation Publishing House, Cluj-Napoca, 2002, p. 20

¹⁵ "Three things differentiate living from the soul versus living from ego only. They are the ability to sense and learn new ways, the tenacity to ride a rough road, and the patience to deepen love over time." Clarissa Pinkola Estés, op.cit, p. 68

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Fear is a recurring thought. But this fear is never a reason to hide from it, to run away from it, but it is what nourishes perseverance, faith, patience, love. Even the near-death situations, the greatest losses and fears do not distort the natural cycle of Life-Death-Life, because for Ilonka, Death is not the opposite, the destroyer of Life, but a transitional state leading to a new life, part of a cycle. The Wild Woman accepts



its existence, and this confronts Ilonka with her own inner world and fears. This is how she becomes strong and experienced.¹⁶

The other recurring thought for me is the phrase “I say, it’s good”. Those simple words to me are wisdom, acceptance, and innocence in the most natural way. In this case I mean innocence as inviolable, given the oldest roots of the word. It is not just a

colloquialism, a habitual phrase, but the essence of Ilonka’s philosophy of life.¹⁷

Ilonka is innocent and not naïve. She is instinctively drawn to the good. And here we should not think of a girl child or woman judged by others according to society’s values and seen as good. This goodness is not age-related and not a role. To be innocent and to choose good is a natural state from the heart. It is an active state, full of choices and struggles, in which her own goodness is mainly reflected in the mirror of her fellow human being.

The instinctive self, the Wild Woman can be formidable when she has to fight to maintain the balance that is important to her, the balance of all that she truly loves. She marks the areas, responds to offenses to the soul or spirit. She rages, fights, causing or suffering pain, but finding the best time and way to do it all, that is, choosing the good.¹⁸

¹⁶ “Developing a relationship with the wildish nature is an essential part of women’s individuation. In order to accomplish this, a woman must go into the dark, but at the same time she must not be irreparably trapped, captured, or killed on her way there or back.” (Clarissa Pinkola Estés: *Women Who Run with the Wolves, Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype*, Ballantine Books, 1996, p.20) “All creatures must learn that there exist predators. Without this knowing, a woman will be unable to negotiate safely within her own forest without being devoured. To understand the predator is to become a mature animal who is not vulnerable out of naivete, inexperience or foolishness.”, Idem, p. 21

¹⁷ “To be an innocent means to be able to see clearly what is the matter and to mend it. These are the powerful ideas behind innocence. It is considered not only an attitude about avoiding harm to others or self but also an ability to mend and restore oneself (and others).”, Idem, p. 70

¹⁸ “In her instinctual psyche, a woman has the power, when provoked, to be angry in a mindful way—and that *is* powerful. Anger is one of her innate ways to begin to reach out to create and preserve the

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Moving on, progress is the third guiding principle of the performance. The Wild Woman, a characteristic of nature is that it goes on. From our birth, the instinct to live encourages us to move in the direction where we can grow and become stronger.¹⁹

First driven away by her father as a child mother, Ilonka later encounters various forms of ostracism or restrictions. In such



cases, she always moves on. She changes direction, runs away, turns away from her path, but even in the darkest, most hopeless situations, she sees the light of life towards which she is heading. Several scenes in the production are about this moving on.²⁰

Ilonka finds the helpers I called fairy godmothers during the process, with the clarity of intuition. They are the fourth leitmotif of the performance for me. A taxi driver who helps her give birth, the porter of a workhouse who hides her with her newborn child and gives her shelter, helps her during winter, the female cadre who protects her when she is harassed as a child, the passerby who saves Ilonka from starvation with her child. In order for these fairies to be effective helpers, Ilonka must face her fears. She has to ask for or accept the help offered, follow the advice and guidance of the helper and, last but not least, entrust a stranger with her fate. The green

balances that she holds dear, all that she truly loves. It is both her right, and at certain times and in certain circumstances, a moral duty.”, Idem, p. 237

¹⁹“When we cannot thrive, we go on till we can thrive again. Whether it be our creative life that we are cut away from, whether it be a culture or a religion we are cast out of, whether it be a familial exiling, a banishment by a group, or sanctions on our movements, thoughts, and feelings, the inner wildlife continues, and we go on. The wild nature is not native to any particular ethnic group. It is the core nature of women from Benin, Cameroon, and New Guinea. It is in women from Latvia, The Netherlands, and Sierra Leone. It is the center of Guatemalan women, Haitian women, Polynesian women. Name a country. Name a race. Name a religion. Name a tribe. Name a city, a village, a lone outpost. The women all have this in common—the Wild Woman, the wild soul. They all go on feeling for and following the wild.

So, if women must, they will paint blue sky on jail walls. If the skeins are burnt, they will spin more. If the harvest is destroyed, they will sow more immediately. Women will draw doors where there are none and open them and pass through into new ways and new lives. Because the wild nature persists and prevails, women persist and prevail.”. Idem, p. 96

²⁰“Even though there are negative aspects to it, the wild psyche can endure exile. It makes us yearn that much more to free our own true nature and causes us to long for a culture to match. Even this yearning, this longing makes a person go on. It makes a woman go on looking, and if she cannot find the culture that encourages her, then she usually decides to construct it herself. And that is good, for if she builds it, others who have been looking for a long time will mysteriously arrive one day enthusiastically proclaiming that they have been looking for this all along.” Idem, p. 93

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wooden suitcase used in the performance, which contains Ilonka's first memories, is the starter kit for this trust and spiritual strength. Wooden spoon puppets and colorful flat puppets based on the works of Gypsy painters. A red plush cushion, heart-shaped, and lots of flowers. Ilonka's first memories originate from fairytale roots. The handsome Gypsy boy marries the beautiful Gypsy girl.

Four beautiful and healthy children are born of their love, the youngest is Ilonka. She feels loved and safe in the first years of her life, when the protective shell of her soul is strengthened, and she comes into contact with her innermost spiritual home. The first major suffering in which the instincts of the girl child are strongly expressed is the death of her mother. This is how she loses her safe and comfortable life. This is the first moment when, without any certain knowledge or experience, she dives in and simply waits to see what happens next. She starts her journey through time backward and forward. In addition to the tragedy of the real event, this is the moment when a new woman is born, guided by her own intuitive nature. In the performance, the dying mother hands her scarf to Ilonka. This object will accompany her throughout her life, like a magic item from a fairy tale. It protects her from the cold as a child, and when she becomes a mother, it turns into a baby carrier; the role of the female cadre-fairy godmother was also solved by bringing the scarf to life.

The puppet show for adults entitled *Ilonka*²¹ was co-created by Kata Palocsay, who selected the text from Csilla Könzei and Ilonka Lăcătuș's book entitled *Aunt Ilonka* and directed the performance. András Hatházi, who dramatized the selection. Emese Erdei, who performed in the play. The scenery was designed and created by Kata Palocsay, Emese Erdei and Rebeka Hatházi. The stage movement was set by Enikő Györgyjakab. Dorottya Balog assisted in moving the marionette. The technical assistant of the performance was Júlia Sipos. The video projections include animated images of Gypsy artists' works and an excerpt from the film by Csilla Könzei and Tibor Schneider, starring Ilonka Lăcătuș.

Listing the names, it is striking that there are so many female names. I try not to attribute any particular meaning or importance to this in hindsight, but nevertheless, in this context, it is impossible not to notice this fact. Many spectators have said that this is a "women's performance", that "it's been clearly created by women". I don't

²¹ First presentation: May 26, 2019, in the Váróterem Projekt's ZUG space.

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know what that means, I don't know how to understand it. Anyway, it was said, probably not without reason. Or could it be the effect of contemporary times?

Since an initiative in Denmark, there are now libraries around the world where you can borrow a person instead of a book to tell the story of their life for 30 minutes. Every "book" has a "title". "Homeless". "Bipolar". "Refugee". Etc. The purpose of human libraries is to see behind the cover and learn about a person's story in the hope that it will help us overcome our prejudices. If I were to include the performance in a book, the title on the cover would be Wild Woman. In terms of genre, it could be a storybook. It begins with an old woman (a puppet) combing the actress's hair and telling her about fear. Then she hands over the hairbrush like a baton, and with it the stories of her life. In the last scene, after Emese has told the stories, the old woman sits in the same place with the puppet, only now she is combing Ilonka's hair. A cycle is over. Or even more than one. Living and lifeless alternated with the naturalness that can only exist in puppetry. It was all play, full of surprises, just like in fairy tales. The only unexpected twist is the confrontation with Ilonka Lăcătuș. As long as her health allowed it, she was sitting in the audience, following and commenting on the performance. There were parts she was happy to watch laughing about them, while others that she cried over. This is how it was possible for the audience to follow two stories at the same time: the puppet show entitled Ilonka and Ilonka Lăcătuș's real reactions in the audience. At the sound of applause, she stepped out from the audience onto the stage, next to Emese Erdei, and hugged her. We could applaud them both. The actress playing in the show and the real person. Whose stories balanced on the fine line between reality and fiction like the puppets on the fine line between life and death.

Because time passes in vain. We in the theater are always in the present tense.

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