



Alexander Simov, pogled.info, 06.01.2015

A SHORT PLEA IN MORFOV'S DEFENSE

Shortly after quitting his position of Stage manager in Chief at the National theatre [\[see: news >> archive | 05.12.2014\]](#), Morfov accepted the Managing position [\[see: news >> archive | 05.01.2015\]](#). This engaged many people into a discussion whether his act was legitimate because his quitting was in protest against the corrupt political environment in Bulgaria, while only a month later he accepted the proposal of the Minister of Culture to become the National's manager. Many people were lead to believe that Morfov would continue to protest and ultimately refuse any offer that came from the same political figures that he earlier protested against until the resignation of public service of the whole Cabinet. Morfov's decision to accept the position, though, was motivated by his wish to preserve the integrity of the company, prioritising the needs of the theatre above his own media image, and considered it unnecessary to further elaborate on his decision. We are republishing this opinion as an explanation of one of the view points.



The decision of the director Alexander Morfov to accept the offer for acting manager of the National Theatre caused a tornado of sharp reactions in the social media. I've rarely witnessed the metaphorical hammer of a nation's discontent and wrath to so sharply and heavily fall upon someone's backbone. Probably a big part of this anger storm is due to the fact that when Morfov announced himself against the appointment of Slavi Binev as Head of

Parliamentary Commission for Culture and Media, as well as against the Cabinet as a whole, many of us saw in Morfov a ray of bright hope, a renaissance of the idea for fighting injustice which gradually took over the whole power with angelical glamour. Do I need to remind you – the Cabinet was formed by the loudest political groups, those who claimed that they were the

change-bringers, in spite of all of us seeing their guilty figureheads and knowing that they produce more lies than any paparazzi newspaper can possibly produce. Desperation stepped in because they presented this triumph of hypocrisy, this orgasm of fraud as something bright and pure. Morfov was the one to give us the hope that – beyond the stale intellectual darkness of the grant-scheme elites – there are, after all, thoughtful and shiny people who do understand that reconciliation with evil is evil in itself. He gave us light in the end of the tunnel and a lot of people believed that there is hope after all, regardless of the parasites who jumped on the protest wave against Binev and mob presence in culture as a whole. Probably and namely because of that, a lot of people took Morfov's decision as a form of disloyalty to the cause, as a delayed narcissism, as a betrayal of their trust.

In this short text I will try to explain why I am among the people who won't label Sasho Morfov. My God, as a director I can't say I'm a huge fan, the clownery in his theatre style is sometimes too much for me. I've also had severe culture clashes with his female fans one of which almost attacked me after I told her I'm sick of her idol's reoccurring tricks in each production. But this does not at all stop me from hugely respecting Morfov's social positions. He is a true intellectual, even if expressed via the means of artistry, but still having infallible social senses and knowing when the nation, to which he belongs, is truly desperate. He was among the first to raise awareness against Ivan Kostovⁱ; during the whole first mandate of Boyko Borissovⁱⁱ he remained in opposition and this deserves respect. Moreover, he was the first among our intellectual elites to raise voice against the "new" Borissov, which marks crystal clear political senses. Just for comparison. See the fans of the Reform blockⁱⁱⁱ. Half of them would rather kiss Dmitry Medvedev on the cheek in stead of admitting that a coalition with GERB^{iv} is a moral, intellectual and political crime. This moral prison is their black karma but I'll leave those tears to be shed by someone else. We were talking about Morfov.

I don't find the fact, that he accepted the managing post at the National Theatre, to be a betrayal or a weak backbone, I see it as a natural act of a man who is concerned with the National's company and its remaining united as a team; a man trying to prevent its disintegration by each of the actors leaving in protest against any other manager^v. The "slavibinevshchina"^{vi}, that is the other face of the Reform block's "boykoborissovshchina"^{vi}, forced the actors from the theatre to their actually leaving it. And it is the most natural thing to do for the director who became a symbol of their riot to accept the managing position in the name of preserving one of our major cultural institutes. Morfov did what every theatre director is supposed to do.

And let's be honest – Alexander Morfov cannot be responsible for all the fights in our lives. That is what caused our disappointment – many of us thought that a single theatre artist will change their lives. He won't. The problem is elsewhere – it must always be someone else to lead our fights against the evil. Morfov lead his war and good for us he was there because we were able to hear all the truths that noone else dared to voice. But his being there does not revoke our own duty for resistance.

The Quadruple coalition^{vii} is the biggest band of anti-cultural bunglers, greedy thieves and brazen hypocrites that were ever born on Bulgarian land. But what do you expect – Sasho Morfov fighting all of them for us? There is a reason why the protesters' consciousness-for-sale^{viii} started razzing against him. He stole their moral authority and in my eyes this moral authority is still embodied in Morfov, regardless whether he accepted to be manager of the National. Morfov won his own battle in times when nobody believed there was any chance for winning this battle. As the great Kropotkin said – "When there is no chance, use it!". That is why even if I tried, I would not be able to throw a stone at Morfov. In the deepest shit, in the darkest corner, in the absolute blackness he found strength to win his war. At the end of the day, the dictatorship of the ladybirds^{ix} cannot be ultimate, right?

The only sad thing about this is that Morfov's victory proved that it was time for our own wars.

They are no one else's responsibility, but our own.

ⁱ A former prime-minister of Bulgaria who held the privatisation process in post-communist Bulgaria and sold working companies at ridiculously low prices, such as, i.e. 1 dollar, to foreign buyers.

ⁱⁱ The present prime-minister of Bulgaria. He also had an earlier mandate.

ⁱⁱⁱ A newly-formed political party that used populist campaign and promises for a complete reform but eventually turned out to betray the social trust of its supporters.

^{iv} Boyko Borissov's political party

^v One week before Morfov accepted the position there was another manager appointed but the company declared its readiness to shut down the theatre if the commented person actually took the management.

^{vi} A collective nickname for (former) mafia bosses on key political positions.

^{vii} The political coalition that presently runs Bulgaria and formed the Cabinet.

^{viii} Many protesters in the on-going wave of discontent in Bulgaria were paid by different political parties to protest against certain political moves. Often, there would be anti-protest gatherings of, admittedly, also paid participants.

^{ix} A collective nickname for all the people who are given power/money/business or simply job opportunities due to their proximity with power in stead of their qualities or skills.