You are holding the latest issue of Croatian Theatre, whose basic intention is to present the current events, trends and protagonists of Croatian theatre, with an emphasis on everything that strikes us as interesting and transparent to foreign audiences as well.

This time, we have devoted special attention to a cult location and definitely one of the most important places in the recent history of Croatian drama and theatre, the Zagreb-based Theatre &TD, which became a key location for alternative theatre in the 1960s, and today provides a space for young, up-and-coming directors and playwrights. Its original moniker has been expanded to include the phrase *Kultura promjene – A Culture of Change*. Theatre critic Igor Ružić covers this topic.

Like in previous issues, once again we bring you an overview of what has been going on in Croatian theatre since the last ITI congress in 2011, in a report by theatrologist Matko Botić. Theatre critic Tajana Gašparović covers the youngest generation of Croatian playwrights whose stylistic and thematic variety is an extraordinary asset of Croatian dramatic writing.

Finally, we bring you a report on the activities of the publishers of this magazine, the Croatian ITI Center. As ever, we have provided you with the addresses of all major Croatian theatrical institutions, in the hope that some of our texts might prompt you to contact them. If, on the other hand, you would like to obtain previous issues of our magazine, we would like to remind you that they are available on our website: http://www.hciti.hr.

**DEAR READERS,**

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**THE PLACE WHERE CROATIAN THEATRE GROW UP**
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**INFO/IMPRESSUM**

ŽELJKA TURČINOVITĆ
President of the Croatian Centre of ITI
GOOD THEATRE, THANKFULLY, GROWS WELL EVEN IN TIMES OF DROUGHT.
If the old Latin saying *inter arma mutae tacent* were to be adapted to the current situation in Croatian theatre, it would go something like this: in times of crisis – the muses are definitively more silent, and more dissatisfied than usual. At a time when an alarming portion of the population is sliding towards poverty, caught between the disappearing system of government funding and the merciless emergent logic of the marketplace, theatre, like other aspects of cultural production, is trying to fight for a dignified existence and a space of personal artistic freedom, in spite of the increasingly aggressive deterioration of the public discourse. However, in this sort of social environment, the true theatrical muses cannot pretend that they live in an ivory tower – indeed, the crisis of the social system is the central motif of most relevant theatrical productions in the past couple of seasons.

The Croatian theatre is currently suffering from an acute lack of will to initiate a thorough organizational and financial restructuring, which is the effect of brave new social circumstances: most of the finances from the city and state budgets end up in the hands of slumbering mastodons who have made no changes to their structure since the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, the independent theatre scene survives on breadcrumbs, and private initiatives are struggling against the competition from faster and more modern media. In a country in which culture has always been financed by government sources, the awareness of the necessity of a shift in the organizational paradigm is still in its infancy, so the theatrical program is currently on life support: there is less and less money and time to adapt to a society in which culture is nowhere near the top of the priority list.

The great national theatre companies, whose neo-baroque palaces are homes to three or four distinct departments (drama, ballet, opera, minority-language drama sections), expensive representative festivals...
like the Dubrovnik Summer Festival and several theatres in Zagreb are the only ones who can count on solid financial backing, regardless of the quality of their repertoire, while the rest of the theatre production is produced in spite of unfavorable material circumstances.

If we were to shift our perspective from economy to aesthetics, the situation does not look any better or more optimistic – almost no theatrical institutions give off any hints of a vision which includes uncompromising aesthetics and organizational know-how. By examining the repertoires of the major theatre companies in recent years, one can notice that the Zagreb Youth Theatre is the only real exception in a grey and unexceptional domestic trend: this theatre was the most successful in determining its own trajectory, its task and capabilities, so their path, consisting of a dedication to local repertoires and global connections with big global partners, can serve as a shining example for others. The manager of the theatre, former theatre critic Dubravka Vrgoč, has successfully married a socially provocative and brave repertoire to an expertly formulated strategy of co-productions and collaborations, thereby creating a theatrical oasis of aesthetics of risk which has been recognized on an international level. In the last couple of seasons this theatre has collaborated on a wide range of international co-productions, including collaborations with Jan Fabré’s Troubleyn Theatre from Belgium, with La Comédie de Saint-Etienne in France, with the Orient Express travelling theatre, which, under the wing of the European Theatre Convention, gathered theatres from eight European countries, and a collaboration on Ivica Buljan’s play Garaja with New York’s La MaMa Theater.

This season, the Zagreb Youth Theatre confirmed its international orientation by staging guest performances of its three most successful plays: writer/director Jan Fabré’s Car neuspjeha (The King of Failure) was performed in the Theatre de Gennevilliers, Goran Ferić’s Pismo Heineru Müllera (A Letter to Heiner Müller), directed by Bojan Đorđev, was performed at the La MaMa theatre, and Nataša Rajković and Bobo Jelčić’s S druge strane (On the other side) was performed nightly for a whole week at the Parisian La Colinne theatre. In addition to these plays, we should mention the premiere of the new play of the most interesting young Croatian playwright Ivor Martinić, Moj sin samo malo sporije hoda (My son just walks a little slower), directed by Januš Kica, but also several unconventional projects of emerging regional directors – all these successes are the crowning achievement of the efforts that the Zagreb Youth Theatre has made to establish itself at the European and global level. This path, on which role models and competition are not sought among the stifling run-of-the-mill domestic productions, but among the peaks of the global theatrical repertoire, is one that other big theatrical companies should at least consider following.
If we divert our attention from the Eurocentric ZK M (Zagreb Youth Theatre) to the rest of the domestic repertoire, it is apparent that the difference is primarily made by young directors, unburdened by the legacy of the past, and focused on tackling contemporary issues. Zagreb’s &TD Theatre, under the leadership of dramaturge Nataša Rajković, has been the most consistent in recognizing this trend, so this atmosphere of an incubator of sorts for up-and-coming stars they have been nurturing has lately been producing a colorful, though not always successful, but definitely exciting and fresh brand of theatre, unfettered by genre restrictions. Their projects, which bring together the dance and drama theatre of dramaturge and director Saša Božić, the unique work of young directors Miran Kurspañič and Dario Harjaček, the stage visions of performance artist Damir Bartol Indoš, playwright and performance artist Ivana Saiko and choreographer Petra Hiražane, form a repertoire which stands out from the multitude of average performances on the Zagreb theatre scene by its uncompromising striving towards ethical and aesthetical excellence.

In addition to &TD and ZK M, the continuity of responsible theatre experimentation in Zagreb is also enriched by Theatre EXIT, under the leadership of actor and director Matko Raguž, while the rest of the theatrical offer of our capital, the theatres in other cities and summer festivals usually only comes down to intermittent flashes amidst long periods of smooth sailing in the mainstream.
based on the play Leda by the greatest Croatian dramatist of the twentieth century – Miroslav Krleža. The Tomić-Kovačić duo was notable for their youthful and energetic original plays, so this successful transition into a contemporary re-interpretation of a classic dramatic text represents a welcome upgrade to their already respectable opus. Olja Lozica is a dramaturge who has recently presented herself as a competent director, creating several altogether unique original projects. Beginning with Recess I on (Recess-I-on), moving on to Prasad koji gleda u sunce (The Pig Who Stares at the Sun) at the Marin Držić Theatre in Dubrovnik and the plays Sada je, zapravo, sve dobro (Everything’s, actually, just fine now) at the Zagreb Youth Theatre and the third part of the U znaku vage (In the Sign of the Libra) triptych at the Croatian National Theatre in Zagreb, she demonstrates that the Croatian theatre has received a transfusion of fresh blood from her explosive mix of physical theatre and fragmentary dramaturgy. The path of Oliver Frlić looks like a remarkable success story in the tradition of Hollywood movies – an outsider who traded his insecure wartime existence in Bosnia for life in Zagreb has become the region’s greatest director star, and his directorial poetics...
have finally been definitively acknowledged in the last several years. A director who uncompromisingly erases the line between ethics and aesthetics, creating shows which draw attention, sharply and sometimes painfully, to social injustices and the malicious nature of contemporary political elites in the region. Frljić’s plays in Rijeka (Turbo folk, Croatian National Theatre of Ivan pl. Zajc in Rijeka, 2007) and Split (Bakhe (The Bacchae), the Croatian National Theatre in Split, 2007) caused a commotion and elicited political attempts to ban his work, while, by expanding his activities to Slovenia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbia and Montenegro, he transformed his opus into a controversial regional public good, with a success rate at festivals which no other director from the region can match. In 2001 at the &TD Theatre he directed the play Mrzim istinu! (I Hate the Truth!), based on his own script, where he used his own family history, placing it into a theatrical context. The show achieved cult status within a couple of months, was considered by many critics to be the most important theatrical event in 2011, and, in the ensuing festival circuit, won some 20 theatrical awards and became one of the most acclaimed plays in the history of Croatian theatre. In 2012 and 2013 Frljić continued his run of international successes, including the original author project Zoran Đinđić in Belgrade’s Atelje 212, which questioned the collective accountability for the murder of the Serbian prime minister, and attracted an unprecedented interest by the public and political structures, and Dantonova Smrt (Danton’s Death) based on Georg Büchner’s play, which was performed at the Dubrovnik Summer Festival, and which demonstrated Frljić’s ability to find unmistakably contemporary and current reasons to perform classic dramatic texts. The political bravery present in his plays, which, at their core, pick at the painful wounds of collective responsibility for the crimes of the recent wars, is inseparable from the performance poetics of these extraordinary theatrical works, so we can conclude that Frljić’s opus almost single-handedly bears the burden of confronting our theatre with the society in which it is created.

The work of directors such as the aforementioned Frljić, Božić, Anica Tomić and Olja Lozica, alongside older, more established artists such as Ivica Buljan, Bobo jelčić and Boris Bakal, the managerial visions of Dubravka Vrgoć and Nataša Rajković and the refreshing potential of young actors, writers and directors emerging from the many acting academies in the country and region, offer some reasons for optimism even in these, culturally quite unfavorable times. Good theatre, thankfully, grows well even in times of drought, doesn’t require much tending, and is already used to crises - in fact, these unfavorable social circumstances seem to give it a raison d’etre.
DIVERSITY IS A GREAT VIRTUE OF THESE YOUNG WRITERS AND WE SHOULD ENCOURAGE IT.
THE LATEST GENERATION OF CROATIAN PLAYWRIGHTS

The playwrights presented in this text were selected based on their appearances in the last four to five years. Because of this, we have omitted some very young playwrights and dramaturges who are more widely recognized and have been publicly more or less present for longer than five years, such as Ivor Martinić, Goran Ferčec, Rona Zulj, Lana Šarić or Jasna Žmak. Likewise, some very young and emerging artists, who have so far been working mostly within the framework of the Zagreb Academy of Dramatic Art, have been omitted as well.

Vedrana Klepica (21. noć, i.a.t.o., To Fuck Because We Want To, The Conspirators Project, Tragična smrt ekonomskog analitičara, Njeb je siv i vidi se ispušni dimnjak jednog tvorničkog postrojenja) is one of the most radical (and one of the most demanding, both in terms of reading and staging her plays) playwrights of the youngest generation.

At the level of plot and content, she tackles, extremely bravely, maturely, critically and with a welcome dose of irreverence, often smattered with foul language, the issues of the modern world, exposing its festering wounds with surgical precision, armed with a dark sense of humor and direct irony towards social hypocrisy, a fossilized system which invokes loyalty but devours anyone who dares to think differently. The position of these rebels or losers in Klepica’s texts ranges from a state of utter apathy to radical, extreme terrorist action. Should we compare her style with recognized playwrights, we would definitely detect hints of the influence of Ivana Sajko, Klepica’s former dramaturgy teacher. Klepica is, just like Sajko, very much aware of the power that words possess, and treats them in equal measure as a weapon, a means of combat, and as a passionate lover. But above all, there is a sense of great awareness on her part, giving off the impression that every word is precisely at its intended, deeply thought-out place. This is also the key to deciphering the sometimes very explicit sex scenes, which do not function merely on the mimetic level: within Klepica’s writing, they take on much more layered, metaphorical meanings. If we wanted to classify her plays, we could place them within the field of political theatre. They also contain indirect but obvious essayistic references to authors such as Hannah Arendt or Naomi Klein, for example. Klepica insists on defining her writings not as dramatic, but as performative texts. This distinction in itself hints to the strong influence of post-dramatic theatre, also visible in the structures of her texts, which lack the classical principles of narration, figuration and plot development. Within these plays, language regains its autonomy, concrete informative and documentary elements are merged into a patchwork with essayistic passages and poetic interludes, while the identities of the various subjects or...
For many reasons, Srđan Sandić (50) Nu Bez Sinova, T(UM)OR, P(AL)OJAR, (NE)DOSTUPNOST, ZAGREB, MON AMOUR) is the author stylistically closest to Klepica, and represents another unique personality among the youngest generation of Croatian playwrights. The common thread shared by Klepica and Sandić is the approach to their own writing as performative text, as well as their postdramatic approach to the written word (in Sandić’s case, dramatic and lyrical passages are freely associatively intertwined, while the author plays with linguistic clichés and banalities, using quotes taken from pop-culture – Hollywood movies, pop-hit lyrics, excerpts from self-help literature – but also from philosophy and literary tradition) and text structures (the autonomy of language outside the classical principles of narration, figuration and plot development, a patchwork method of writing, frequent usage of so-called circular dramaturgy, and the juxtaposition of poetry and documentation; the rebellious individual and the representatives of a rigid system; humorous irony and direct, fiercely critical, sometimes brutal barrages of words.

Moreover, Sandić, much like Klepica, approaches the act of writing in an almost erotic manner, and this approach is more than visible in the texts themselves. However, despite these similarities, Sandić’s work is completely different from Klepica’s. Her texts’ political character is direct and fierce, while the politics of Sandić’s writing is introverted and elusive, conspicuous through its almost complete absence. Sandić playfully toys with concepts such as pathos and melodrama, which are almost blasphemous in the contemporary world; her writings are steeped in the intimate world of poetry and emotion; in dreams, in a powerful yearning for love, happiness and beauty. It almost recalls Baudelaire and his words:

“One must be for ever drunken: that is the sole question of importance. If you would not feel the horrible burden of Time that bruises your shoulders and bends you to the earth, you must be drunken without cease. But how? With wine, with poetry, with virtue, with what you please. But be drunken.”

Sandić, in this spirit, relies on camp aesthetics, on lies that speak the truth, often better than any other truth. His approach to writing has confessional overtones, and the core subject matter of most of his writing reaches out, revealingly and touchingly, to what we can assume to be autobiographical realms of the Son’s childhood and his fragments of memories of what was once called a family, permeated with common leitmotifs: the relationship between the Son and his late alcoholic father, the Son’s homosexual orientation within a conservative, homophobic milieu, and the exploration of the inner spaces of yearning, love, bravery, fear and solitude. In all of this, the key issue is the relationship between the identity of the individual and the world that surrounds him, and the “speech surfaces” of his monologues and polylogues provide Sandić with the platform to playfully toy with the sexual and gender identities of his dramatic subjects. (I have chosen gender indeterminacy as a mode out of respect towards the fundamental human right to choose what one wants to be, as the author himself puts it.) Furthermore, Sandić uses his own position of author in a way that is peculiar in modern playwriting: he often uses techniques which were commonly used among the writers of the many –isms of the twentieth century, like crossing out sections of text, using bold or italicized typesets, leaving lacunas of space between words or sections, playing with unusual usages...
Dino Pešut (Oproštajno pismo Alexandra McQueena, Dislocirani, Pritisci moje generacije, L.U.Z.E.R.I.), in my opinion, ranks along klepica and Sandić as the most interesting playwrights of the youngest generation who already have a certain dramatic body of work behind them. Since his debut play Oproštajno pismo Alexandra McQueena, written three years ago in the post-dramatic tradition, Pešut has greatly changed and developed his personal style, turning in his new plays to a more conventional sort of dramaturgy which acknowledges the existence of concrete dramatic characters, relations and situations. With this turnaround, his plays became easier to read and stage, but did not lose any of the freshness or contemporary insight into dramatic writing. On the contrary, while his debut was pretty hermetic and difficult to negotiate, his newer texts exhibit not only a shift towards a more distinctive personal writing style, but an openness to the world surrounding him, and a willingness to delve into the issues of the here and now. Pešut is interested in the position of twenty-somethings in a plundered Croatia, a country headed for a bleak, hopeless future, weighed down by the global financial crisis on top of it all. Pešut accurately scans another lost generation, whose representatives are these new kids, too mature for their age, long since steeped in the competitive world of capital and profit, made aware too soon of their competitive value on the market; kids from whom everything was taken away before they even started, kids who have to have a plan and a strategy because without it they are nothing, kids without the innocence of youthful idealism, who grew up in a lawless early capitalism, in a capitalism without any capital. Kids whose existences and very identities are in question. Kids who see their only hope in leaving their country and heading towards the West. Pešut, therefore, represents a reflection of Chekhov and his Moscows. In Pritisci moje generacije (The Pressures of my Generation) Pešut finds interesting ways to play with his treatment of time and a diffuse flow of dramatic action: they are reduced to the inner labyrinths of the main character, called simply she, which spiral out dramatically like concentric circles, reflecting not only real persons relevant to Her life, but also some typical representatives of our society, and thereby creating unbearable and counter-productive pressure resulting in an overwhelming sense of guilt in our anti-heroine, in Her giving up and finally escaping from Her everyday life. In L.U.Z.E.R.I. Pešut questions the unity of space and time – the whole play is set in one apartment in the course of one evening, reflecting once again a lost young generation shaped by this region, whose representatives try, at any cost, to have fun, to impose on themselves the possibility of having fun, which has long been taken away from them due to their deep frustrations with their own hopeless position. The very notion of fun thus becomes endlessly sad and hollow, just like the banal pop-culture references and quotes which Pešut (just like Sandić) often uses. Furthermore, like Sandić himself, Pešut uses this play to question the
position of homosexuals in Croatian society. In the play’s finale, two worlds collide – a representative of the young lost generation and one of the representatives of societal order who happens to find himself in their company, and who is one of the many guilty parties to blame for their hopeless situation. The power of this play also stems from the fierce colloquial slang it is written in, and a barrage of very short snappy one-two dialogues between the characters, often cruelly sniping and picking on one another.

Based on just two plays (Jerihonska ruža, Mania), we can identify certain characteristics of the playwriting style of Diana Meheik. She is Klepica’s academy class-mate, and her texts also, although not as overtly as Klepica’s, contain hints of the influence of Ivana Sajko and the post-dramatic tradition. She is another author who very explicitly uses quotes, but, unlike Sandić and Pešut who, among other things, use this technique to highlight the banality of pop-culture references and quotes, Meheik takes her quotes from art movies, literature and poetry, and weaves multi-linguality into her dramatic structure. Meheik finds her starting point for writing in specific events from reality (in Jerihonska ruža - The Rose of Jericho - that point is the now forgotten case of the Ukrainian Olena Popik who, as a victim of a prostitution and trafficking chain, died in a Mostar hospital, while Mania - Mania - also has a female protagonist - a Moslem falsely accused of participating in terrorist attacks). It is not unimportant to point out that Meheik always places a woman – a victim of the world’s patriarchal system - into the center of her interest. The focal point of her interest is questioning the identity of an individual in liminal situations, when the essential foundations of her identity are taken away (such as her own name). Considering how she always in some way deals with the concept of speech (in The Rose of Jericho Olena is unable to express herself in her own language, while Mania pits Said Albar against representatives of the law who, even though they share her language, use the relation of signifier and signified in a completely different way, whereby the same words carry a completely different meaning for them than they do for her; making any communication between them absolutely impossible), Meheik’s plays, among other things, open up interesting semiological questions about the relationship between speech and identity. The point I am making is almost paradigmatically condensed in the following quote from The Rose of Jericho:

I do not understand words
Even though their meanings are familiar
I do not ask questions
For I have no eyes of my own
I forget the sound of my own voice
For I do not know the one who speaks...

It is also not unimportant to note that Meheik’s plays achieve a strong emotional, almost cathartic effect which stems from the violent clash of the brutality of the outside world and the...
I didn’t feel any guilt.

The central interest of Una Vizek (Pomračenje, Posljednji poziv za reviziju) is problematizing the anti-utopian reality of neoliberal capitalism and modern corporations (software companies in one and airline companies in the other text). In her texts, Vizek skilfully escalates the factual contemporary state of affairs caused by endless and often completely unsuccessful reorganizations and that understanding and accepting who and what we are is most important.

The plays of Jelena Tondini (Kad narastem bit’u Almodovar, Telefon, Coito ergo sum) are close to the genre of dark comedy; the author uses irony to tackle the issues she is interested in which are just an illusion. In her textual section Vizek skilfully plays with references to Kafka’s The Trial, the Star Trek series, the movie The Truman Show but above all, it builds on the foundations of dystopian literature, primarily Huxley’s Brave New World in which everything is seemingly perfectly ordered, but humanity is gone. But, on the other hand, Vizek herself states that her play aims to point out that every individual working in such a corporation is a part of this corporation and that understanding and accepting who and what we are is most important.

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stereotypical characters to achieve a darkly humorous effect; she plays with trash poetics, and often uses quotes pertaining to pop-culture phenomenon, which, together with her take on issues of homosexuality, places her close to Sandić and Pešut. Like Pešut’s characters, her protagonists are also young, educated adults in a fruitless search for jobs. Tondini places the clash of a conservative, homophobic culture and young people of different worldviews within the framework of a family: her play Kad narastem bit ću Almodovar (When I grow up, I’ll be Almodovar) is based on the often used literary model of a family gathering during which honestly gradually comes to the fore and old neglected wounds are opened up, while Telephone (Telephone) takes the shape of an interesting dramatic form in which all dialogues, mostly focused on Her, Mom, and Grandma, are performed via the telephone, which in all communicative senses becomes a completely dead wire. Coito ergo sum is written in an entirely different manner: it is a pornographic political ode to transition (a very loose adaptation of de Sade’s Philosophy in the Bedroom), although Tondini once again tackles the same issues as in the previous two texts. However, this time she uses the structure of a rhymed dramatic form, and the highlighted pornographic passages function as references to the social and political situation in Croatia.

The dramatic texts of Kristina Gavran (Zvonimir, Phanova, Dedal i Ikar, Igra, Pred vratima, Gaudeamus igitur, Spremni) are the hardest to file under a common denominator, because she experiments with different forms from text to text: from a Pirandelloesque questioning of the relationship between author and character in Zvonimir, to poetic drama in Phanova, to a play of ideas in Dedal i Ikar (Daedalus and Icarus), a documentaristic slice of life writing style in Gaudeamus igitur, psychological realism in the closed-system duo-drama in Pred vratima (At the Gates), to her new play Spremni (Ready) which incorporates influences of anti-drama. Thus, it seems that Gavran is looking for her own mode of expression in this experimenting and exploration of these different styles. But a constant of sorts in her playwriting is the questioning of the various positions of power and changes within these positions, and the recurring motifs of fear and a need for freedom. In my opinion, Gavran accomplished her finest writing yet in the psychologically intoned documentary plays (Gaudeamus igitur, Pred vratima) in which she manages to display a subtle and mature insight into the fluidity of human relationships and build consistent characters as well. On the other hand, her latest play Spremni is a reflection of the paranoia which arose in the world because of (yet another) end of the world, in 2012, which gave birth to many apocalyptic and post-apocalyptic books and movies, from McCarthy’s The Road to Von Trier’s Melancholia. But Gavran uses this story about the end of the world as a platform for criticizing the contemporary world whose formative unit, the family, is a welshspring of utter selfishness, aiming to exclude everyone who is not a part of “Us.”

Nina Horvat (Dok nas smrt ne ras-tavi, Tri treća tromjesečja / Maybe Baby, Do posljednje kapi krvi) is the only playwright of the youngest generation completely focused on genre-specific texts founded on a mixture of melodrama, comedy, with occasional psychodrama influences (Dok nas smrt ne ras-tavi – Till Death do us part) or detective movies (Do posljednje kapi krvi – To the last drop of blood). Horvat has no desire to tackle difficult issues or to dissect the painful wounds of our times; she lightly and skilfully creates romantic intrigues between stereotypical comedic characters.

Mila Pavićević’s first play Moje skrovište ili kako sam privela popodne čekajući Spidermana (My hiding place or how I spent my afternoon waiting for Spiderman) is another fresh addition to the youngest generation of Croatian playwrights. Pavićević tackles one of the issues that shook up the so-called dramaturgy of blood and sperm in the 1990s – sexual violence in families. However, the way she approaches it is vastly different from the brutal directness and fierceness which was used by most European playwrights at that time. The power of her play is in the hints of violence, in what is left untold, in the silence, and in the fact that most of the play is presented through the eyes of Lara, a little girl who flies from violence into the imaginary world of comic book heroes. On the structural level, Pavićević combines realist dialogues, in which a foreboding sense of violence slowly builds up, with monologues exploring the imaginary world of the play’s protagonist.

Finally, I want to point out that it was not my plan to find a common denominator for this new generation of playwrights, and for a very simple reason – their poetics are so diverse that I believe that any attempt to place them in some sort of mold would be nothing more than a forced theoretical synthesis. This diversity is a great virtue of these young writers and we should encourage it, and not try to group it up under the artificial label of a “new, younger generation.”
RICH HISTORY IS A GREAT LEGACY, BUT ALSO A GREAT BURDEN.
THE PLACE WHERE CROATIAN THEATRE GREW UP

A forgotten theatre at the edge of the so-called nice part of town, a university stage always open to the up-and-comers, an oasis for misfits or a greenhouse which exports its blossoming talents at its own expense, but to the benefit of the whole Croatian culture and beyond… all these descriptions have been used in relation to the mythical Theatre &TD in Zagreb, and the Student Centre which incorporates it. Undoubtedly one of the most important locations in the recent history of Croatian drama and theatre, the Theatre &TD in the yard of Savska 25 is still a staple of Croatian theatre, although maybe not as indispensable or visible as it was in its glory days.

After the mammoth Student Centre was established, geared primarily towards taking care of food and accommodation, and only secondarily of the cultural needs of the students, the pavilions of the former Zagreb City Fair were converted in the 1950s and 1960s to facilities intended for cultural activities: the MM Center was reserved for film, the SC Gallery which followed contemporary currents in the visual arts, while the former Italian Pavilion was transformed into a theatre. Christened the Komorna scena (Chamber Scene) at first, only later acquiring the moniker the &TD Theatre, its rich history, which started in 1962, made it the most visible, most exposed setting of theatrical undertakings and successes in Croatia, as well as the only theatre which systematically followed not only the international trends in the performing arts, but international dramatic writing as well. Thus, another part of the legend of this theatre are the visits of legendary playwrights such as Eugene Ionesco, Dario Fo, Peter Handke, and the accompanying premieres of their texts. In addition to following international currents, the &TD Theatre also followed domestic ones: in the so-called golden age, under the artistic leadership of Vjeran Zuppa, the stages of the &TD Theatre – the big stage, the semi-circular stage, the black stage and the basement stage – were home to new, provocative plays; if not exactly anti-regime in nature, then at least tinged with a deep and obvious doubt in the socialist imperative of this being “the best of all possible worlds”.

“Acting Hamlet in the village of Mrduša Donja” by Vinko Brešan, an author whose works were banned at the time, was a paraphrase of Shakespeare localized into the language and traditions of Dalmatian Zagora at a time when industrialization was going hand in hand with electrification, but the wine was still being drunk from a communal jug, and is one of the best and most famous examples of this. The play, directed by Božidar Volić, is still surrounded by a mist of legend and subjective recollections of the attempt to ban it, and the ensuing resistance by the actors.

“Undoubtedly one of the most important locations in the recent history of Croatian drama and theatre, the Theatre &TD in the yard of Savska 25 is still a staple of Croatian theatre, although maybe not as indispensable or visible as it was in its glory days.”

Igor Ruzić

Ivo Brešan: Acting Hamlet in the Village of Mrduša Donja, Theatre &TD. Photo by Željko Stojanović
that limited it to remaining just an unsuccessful attempt; but all of this does not diminish its value, immortalized in, among other things, Krsto Papić’s movie. The proof that the Theatre is still big and important can be found in the names written over the faded, but still intriguing posters by designer Mihajlo Arsovski, covering the walls of the hall and the coatroom of the theatre; from the names of actors and directors, set designers and dramaturges, to, finally, the names of playwrights whose dramatic texts were the bread and butter of the theatre and the audience, which was hungry for theatre and a form of opposition to the mainstream and the cast-iron repertoires of large theatres such as the Croatian National Theatre or the Zagreb Drama Theatre of the time, now known as the Gavella Drama Theatre.

The &TD Theatre, both now and half a century ago, is not separated from the symbolic and physical centers of Croatian theatre just by its program and location; its inner structure has always been different. Instead of providing its employees with the standard obligations and rights, the &TD gives the members of the ensemble greater freedom, with a corresponding reduction in compensation, which proved a long time ago that an open-ended and fluid group of artists and performers is and has to be the key to a vibrant and diverse stage-life. Pero Krvvić, Rade Šerbedžija, Ivica Vidočić and many others were given that chance in the hands of directors such as Božidar Violić, Tomislav Burbešić, Tomislav Radić or even Zlatko Bourek, whose puppetry incarnation of “Hamlet” was a one-of-a-kind experiment, achieving international success. These artists felt more free in the &TD so they were able to enrich their tried and tested creative methods with steps out into the new and unknown, while the audience, as a result of these synergies, was treated with vastly different shows, regularly more fresh and often more free from the invisible pressures of programmed ideology on the one hand and urban prudery on the other.

All of what was said, however, is merely the more official, mainstream part of the contribution that the facilities in Savska 25 made not only to the history of Croatian performing arts in the second part of the 20th century. The musical salon of the Theatre &TD was a crossroads of contemporary music tendencies, which were later institutionalized through the Music Biennale Zagreb, but also of modern dance tendencies, represented in Milana Brož’s Chamber ensemble of contemporary dance, which also achieved its first successes due to the support of the SC. Music and dance were a fundamental part of the cultural scene on offer in the yard of Savska 25, which relied not only on the student population but also on a general audience open to new aesthetic pleasures and challenges, so it is no surprise that the pavilions of the SC were a creative environment and a safe haven to the best icons of the so-called Zagreb alternative theatre scene, groups like Kugla Glumišta and Coccolecmoco, and their numerous theatrical, performing and musical fractions.

Although limited by finances and the size of the stages, this wide array of options has resulted in a wide array of poetics which, due to, among other things, the spread-out spacing of the pavilions and the spaciousness of the cultural triangle at Savska 25, always managed to not only tolerate and respect each other, but even to work together. Logically, this impulse towards cohesion was transferred to the audience as well, so, in its best and most diverse days, the audience of the SC included both the so-called urban theatre audience and various creative types in search of something different, as well as students hungering for entertainment after their dinners.

This rich history is a great legacy, but also a great burden for the Theatre &TD. This was felt by all those who, with greater or lesser success, were in charge of it after its so-called golden age of the 1960s and 1970s. Undoubtedly, there were some successes, especially in the 1990s, when Mani Gotovac, through her intense advocacy of her vision of living theatre and discovering new collaborators...
managed to bring back fame to Savska 25. By opening the door to the new poetics of young playwrights and directors, she tried to oppose the value judgment of the narrow nationalist-restorationist vision of Croatian culture of the time. Even though, from today’s perspective, those times may not seem so bright, in a historical and spatial context the &TD Theatre was a space of difference under her guidance; and this difference has benefitted some directors who are today established not only within the bounds of Croatia, such as Bobo Jelić or, maybe even more, Ivica Buljan. It was exactly the plays “Usporavanja” and “Nesigurna priča” - which Bobo Jelić directed in collaboration with Natala Rajković, defining a completely new paradigm of a functional and successful collaboration between the director and the dramaturge - that spread the word about the &TD around the world once again. These successful plays toured the global theatrical festival circuit to a degree incomparable to other Croatian theatres combined.

As even more interesting case is that of Ivica Buljan and his specific creative poetics, fermented at the &TD, which include collaborations with established rock musicians such as the band Let 3 while working on texts which usually do not receive the nod of approval in institutionalized theatre, such as those by Pier Paolo Pasolini, Marina Tzvetaeva and Heiner Müller. The academic and pedagogic institutionalization of the former, and the systematic development of the European career of the latter are indications of the success of the &TD Theatre as a place of meeting and genesis, and an answer to the question of “Where did we grow up?” posed to the audience, the theatre workers, and to the Croatian theatre in general, no matter how unstable a notion that is anyway.

The function of a safe haven for misfits and a training ground for the development of young artists - naturally integrated with the function of an institution bearing the name “Student Centre”, which greatly defines it and positions it - has been the backbone of the program which has been implemented by what started out as a young and ambitious team gathered under the moniker Kultura promjene (“The Culture of Change”) and led by the primary theatre director Natala Rajković, this group of musicologists, art historians and other general cultural enthusiasts wanted to unite all the cultural resources of the SC, from the facilities and equipment to employees and finances, into a single organizational whole, seeking to revive the dormant SC Cinema, HMM Center and SC Gallery, and to rejuvenate and revive, in an aesthetic and structural way, the &TD Theatre. In short, Kultura promjene tried to establish in the SC a different sort of something that could, in safer financial and political condition, be called an alternative cultural institution, without any pejorative connotations.

Multi-disciplinary and polyvalent organizations of that type are neither new nor rare in the rest of the world, and this Kultura promjene program has had a great advantage in its stable and dependable funding, since it is a part of the SC which is, in turn, directly connected to the University of Zagreb and the Ministry of Science, Education and Sport. The transition from a socialist project based on scattered and inert practices into a network supplying these facilities from the same pool of resources, where the usage of theatre halls is not restricted to theatrical plays and the usage of galleries or projection halls to visual arts, did not happen quickly or smoothly, but it was still completed. Through several seasons of activity, which continues to this day albeit at a lower intensity, Kultura promjene has won the Croatian Theatre Award - jelena kovačić staged their first successful professional careers: the dramaturge-director duo Anica Tomić – Jelena Kovačić staged their first successful plays at the &TD, as did the incumbent director of the Croatian National Theatre of Ivan pl. Zajc in Rijeka and one of the most famous directors in the ex-Yugoslavian countries, Oliver Frljić. Another staple amongst them is Saša Božić, who is nowadays invited both by national theatres and by festivals such as, for example, the Theatre of the Blind and Visually Impaired, because he is able to treat even classics such as Ranko Marinković’s “Gloria” as a personal artistic project. Finally, we have Miran Kurspahić, a director who promotes the theatrical arts just as much as he uses the arts to promote himself, even offering to sell the SC itself in his project Rasprodaja (“On Sale”). Thanks to Frljić and his play Mrzim istinu (“I hate the truth”), Kultura promjene has won the Croatian Theatre Award, which is a rare and thus even more significant example of institutional recognition being given to a program and organization that, at least nominally, opposes institutionalization by the cultural establishment and mainstream Croatian theatre.

Adding to this the systematic collaboration with festivals, from the recently self-terminated Eurokaz and Queer Zagreb to the unstoppable vital...
As the oscillations in the life of spaces intended for culture and art are not straightforward like a set of mathematical equations, Kultura promjene is currently in a state of stasis, in creative and productive terms, but also financially. There are several key factors limiting and defining the formula of savska 25 these days: the fact that the entire SC is undergoing the process of financial recovery is certainly not negligible, and, taking into account the present recession in Croatia, these processes can hardly promise anything more than bare survival; but the fact remains that the program itself has lost some of its attraction. The reasons for the former can be found primarily outside the sphere of culture; but the latter depends on it: Kultura promjene was an innovative and open-ended project when it began; but, in the meantime, and not necessarily through any fault of its own, it has become somewhat calcified. In addition to the financial

Perforations Festival, as well as the founding of its own specific manifestations such as the Zagreb Culture Fair, the Ganz Novi Festival and the musical Showroom of Contemporary Sound, the influence of Kultura promjene – The Culture of Change – on the changes in our culture is evident. But Kultura promjene’s most important, and still largely pioneer, role in the transition of the traditional ways of producing and presenting Croatian performing arts was on the dance scene, which had constantly been homeless for years, ever since the days of Milana Broš and the KASP, in spite of the Zagreb Dance Centre or the Gorgona hall at the Zagreb Museum of Contemporary Art, which were constructed in the meantime. Dance productions were largely kept out of institutional theatres, while other theatres always treat it as a temporary lodger, with all the connotations of that concept. For several years, the &TD Theatre functioned as a center for dance and related performing practices, a place where productions were born and performed, among those gathered, a sizable dance audience was found.

Natalija Manojlović, Selma Banich, Irma Omerzo and BAD co., along with Montažtroj and Damir Bartol Indoš’s House of Extreme Music Theatre, are just some of the authors whose art does not recognize the boundaries between dance/nonverbal and dramatic or post-dramatic theatre, and who found their artistic home in the modified Italian pavilion of the former Zagreb Fair; some just for a while, for a couple of projects; some for most of their lives.
and management difficulties, the offer itself is a problem: the greenhouse needs sprouts to nurture, and it seems that a new wave, heralded by authors and directors such as Vedrana Klepica and Vedran Hleb alongside several new names, is yet to come into full force.

The desire for innovation and the programmatic but controlled open nature is still a characteristic of the facilities in Savska 25, which is evident in the fact that at least one new production opens each month, regardless of whether it is staged by young authors, returning artists or theatre veterans. International ties and the EU's cultural funds keep Kultura promjene, and with it the &TD Theatre, high on the list of the most desirable facilities for unrestricted and intensive work on modern performing practices, not only in Zagreb, but in the whole of Croatia.

The issues of the &TD Theatre, or more accurately the entire cultural segment of the Student Center, cannot be easily solved, but are still undoubtedly an intriguing challenge, foremost because of its significant potential and strategic importance as a mediator between the independent cultural scene and the supposedly highly professional world of culture industries. Several simultaneous processes and their sometimes contradictory power lines bind these facilities together with the other resources united by town planning and the architectural, managerial and above all poetic structures of the SC, that triangle between two railroads and a tram line, in what isn't, but will in spite of everything soon become, the strict city center of Zagreb. The unfinished transition, on the other hand, is merely a form of symbolic capital carried by Kultura promjene together with much larger and all-encompassing entities of Croatian society, from national cultural institutions to key infrastructural centers like Croatian Railways.

In this light, the &TD Theatre and Kultura promjene can no longer be what they used to be, but they can be something else. This fenced-in space in the center of the city, the property of the University of Zagreb, is a lovingly preserved space; there seem to be attempts to portray it as unimportant, but the truth is completely opposite. Even though its management and business dealings are problematic, because it is a relic of a system of meeting and creating the needs of a specifically inarticulate and disorganized student population, the SC cannot avoid being a site of perpetual conflict, whether it is fully articulated or bubbling beneath the surface. Thus, the history of the cultural sector of the SC progresses in leaps and bounds, with highs that define the local theatrical and, generally speaking, performing arts, and lows which fortunately cannot cancel out the effects of those highs. In other words, the &TD Theatre is a place to grow up in, but the theatre itself will never grow up; for the sake of itself and all those that will pass through it, and those who will profit from it, it never should.
DUBROVNIK ALWAYS HAD A VERY STRONG GENIUS LOCI
The city of Dubrovnik is celebrating a theatrical double anniversary: 150 years since the construction of the theatre building and 70 years since the founding of a professional theatre.

For four and a half centuries, the city of Dubrovnik was the center of a rich nautical, mercantile and aristocratic Republic whose independence, in spite of its tricky position at the border of the Ottoman Empire and the Christian West, was successfully maintained through masterful Dubrovnik diplomacy. Although heavily influenced by Italy overseas, which was evident in all aspects of life, including architecture, education and art, Dubrovnik always had a very strong genius loci which was formed through the creative intertwining of the mentalities of its Romanic and Slavonic inhabitants; a genius which emanates from the city to this very day, in spite of its uncontrolled tourist expansion and widespread commercialization.

The spirit of Dubrovnik particularly emanated from old Dubrovnik literature and theatre; their connection to the Croatian matrix was established through repeated contact with the cultural life of other urban centers on the East coast of the Adriatic, such as Split, Zadar, Hvar or Korčula. The local writers from those towns often considered Dubrovnik to be the ideal; in fact, Hvar’s famous poet and playwright Hanibal Lucić wrote in the 16th century: Dubrovnik, o honor of our tongue/you bloom and bloom you will forever more.

The continuity of theatre life in Dubrovnik can be traced back to the late Medieval period, while during the Renaissance and Baroque periods this city undoubtedly became the center of Croatian drama and theatre. Numerous playwrights, prominent among whom were Mavro Vetranović, Nikola Najetić, Ivan Gundulić, Junije Palmotić, and one of Europe’s greatest Renaissance comedigraphers, Marin Držić, wrote their...
pastorals, comedies and tragedies which were staged on Dubrovnik’s squares, palaces and public buildings, and performed by local theatre companies comprising of young members of noble and gentry families. The best evidence of how infected the people of Dubrovnik were with the theatre is what happened at the beginning of the 18th century, when there were no longer any domestic playwrights whose talents could sate the needs of their fellow citizens. The local theatrical companies then turned to translations and performances of the works of foreign authors. Chef among them was the great Molière, so as many as 23 of his comedies were staged by the mid 1760’s. They didn’t merely translate them, but adapted them completely, transposing them into the Dubrovnik milieu. At that time, Dubrovnik already had its first permanent theatre, adapted in 1682 from a part of the Orsan - the local arsenal where ships were stored and repaired, in a building complex in the center of the city, where the halls of the Grand Council and the Senate of the Republic of Dubrovnik were located as well, along with the traders’ market and the granary. Until 1806, when the forces of the French army invaded Dubrovnik, the theatre was used to stage the plays of the local dilettantes and traveling theatre and opera companies from Italy. The French authorities then turned the old Orsan into an army bakery and storehouse, but soon orders came from Napoleon’s general Marmont to set up a new theatre in the same building complex, a much more flashy and functional one. It was located in the facilities of the former City Hall which had lost its original function when the Republic of Dubrovnik was dissolved in 1808, and it was named the Duke’s Theatre (Teatro ducale), in honor of Auguste Marmont, who had recently been granted the title of the Duke of Dubrovnik (Duc de Raguse). In 1817, the Duke’s Theatre burned down in a fire, and the theatre life of Dubrovnik moved some hundred meters down the road, into the palace of the Gozze noble family. The theatre, however, was too cramped and technically ill-equipped, and soon after it opened plans were already being made for building a new theatre, worthy of the rich Dubrovnik theatre tradition. Paradoxically, one decision that was working in favor of these plans was the Austro-Hungarian government’s (as Dubrovnik became a part of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in 1810) decision to tear down the building complex in which the arsenal and the City Hall were located and which had been damaged in a fire. They intended to build a new City Hall in one part the complex, and provide the rest of the complex for a new theatre building. So, as soon as 1814, the project for the construction of the new theatre was prepared, but the dream started taking shape only twenty years later, thanks to Luko Bonda, a descendant of an old noble family from Dubrovnik. Having finalized all the preparations for erecting the theatre building, in 1862 he composed and printed a program for the construction, appealing to his fellow citizens for financial help. Their response was pretty modest, but Bonda didn’t give up on his intentions. Investing heavily on his own, he started the construction of the theatre in 1863, according to plans by Split architect Emil Vecchietti. Less than two years later, the people of Dubrovnik had a theatre building with a neo-Baroque interior and a typical hall alla italiana, which included, in addition to a small framed stage, three stories of lodges and an orchestra for more than 400 viewers.

The new theatre was opened on January the 1st, 1865, with a production of Giuseppe Verdi’s opera Ernani, staged by an Italian theatre troupe under the leadership of Giulio Sanguinazzi, but the orchestra was composed of local musicians. Josip Berza, a chronicler of 19th century Dubrovnik, described the atmosphere of the occasion: “Bonda was accompanied by a cavalcade of torches into the theatre, sonnets dedicated to the occasion were proclaimed from the upper lodges, and young ladies showered him with flowers; he called out to the audience to hail the Emperor: “Long live!” Although he accomplished his lifelong dream, Luko
Bonda (1815–1878) ended up in serious debt because of the construction, and he never managed to repay it.

However, the building he erected became the center of seasonal theatre life in Dubrovnik. In the meantime, it has been reconstructed and technologically modernized several times, and after a thorough renewal in 1988 it was connected to a neighboring building, where a small stage called “The Bursa Theatre” was built.

Until the end of World War One, the first dedicated theatre in Dubrovnik usually hosted Italian travelling troupes who performed various dramatic, operatic and light operatic repertoires, but performances by theatrical troupes consisting of Croatian and Serbian actors, touring the Yugoslavian regions of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, were not uncommon either. However, performances by Croatian theatre troupes were the ones that drew the most attention: the first one was organized in 1875 when the Croatian Dramatic society from Zagreb came to Dubrovnik, but the guest performances grew more common between 1909 and 1914 when the Drama and Opera sections of the national theatres from Zagreb and Osijek performed several times. Bonda’s theatre also hosted plays by amateur troupes from Dubrovnik, whose activities intensified after World War One (they stages some 200 plays between 1932 and 1940), with the high point being the authenticity and artistic merits of their staging of Equinox in 1936, which went on to be very successfully staged in Zagreb and Sarajevo as well.

In addition to theatrical performances, Bonda’s theatre was used to host many other events, from concerts, illusionist performances and public balls to carnival ceremonies, academic celebrations and other gatherings, the most important of which was the 11th International Congress of PEN Clubs in 1933, which saw Bonda’s theatre hosting famous writers such as Herbert George Wells, Ernst Toller, Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, Felix Salten, Jules Romains, Benjamin Crémieux and Shalom Asch. However, since 1906, when the first movie was screened, until the end of World War Two, the theatre was often rented out to cinemas, which caused some protests from the public, and even open complaints such as this one by an anonymous author in the local newspaper: “If one of the founders of our theatre had been told, even jokingly, that his theatre would end up in the hands of cinema for a whole season, they wouldn’t have hesitated for a moment to rig it up with dynamite and blow it sky high!”

The first professional drama ensemble at Bonda’s theatre was formed during World War Two (1943–1944), when the Croatian National Theatre in Split temporarily moved to Dubrovnik, after the Italian occupying forces at the time banned them from performing.

A new period in the history of the building began in December 1944, when it became the home of the newly-founded National Theatre which has, since 1957, been named after Marin Držić (1508–1567). At first made up of the best local amateur performers, actors recruited from various travelling companies and several professional actors, in the late 1950s the theatre started profiling and thoughtfully completing its ensemble with young trained actors, many of who went on to achieve greatness in Zagreb and other cities. The repertoire of the Dubrovnik Theatre was special from the very beginning, because it was based on performances of plays from the local literary tradition and the works of writers of the wider Mediterranean cultural circle, a fact that became especially prominent...
after 1951, when the National Theatre temporarily became the foundation of the Dubrovnik Summer Festival, a world-renowned event dedicated to ambient theatre. Since the early 1960s, the ensemble of the Dubrovnik Theatre has collaborated with the best Croatian directors of all generations, which influenced the reworking of the repertoire, which increasingly includes contemporary authors (Anouilh, Osborne, Figueiredo, Dürenmatt, Mrożek, ustinov, Ionesco, Albee, Beckett etc.), but also innovative interpretations of the works of Croatian and foreign classics. One particular phase stands out in the history of the Marin Držić Theatre; the period between 1969 and 1976 when a group of young actors educated at the Zagreb Academy of Dramatic Arts joined the theatre, under the leadership of the Dubrovnik-born director Ivica Kunžić. In that period, the Marin Držić Theatre staged a series of well-received plays which were performed all over Yugoslavia, receiving awards at prestigious festivals. This period is rightfully considered to be the golden age of theatre in Dubrovnik. The Dubrovnik Theatre kept its recognizable identity in the decades to come, but in spite of numerous popular and high-quality plays, it never reached the level of charisma and success it had in that period. A new rise, however, could have been possible in the late 1980s, when the role of the artistic director was taken over by Marina Carić, who previously worked as director of the Split Summer Festival and the Croatian National Theatre in Split. The Marin Držić theatre joined the Dubrovnik Summer Festival and the Dubrovnik Symphony Orchestra to form a unified institution, and the existing, very vital core of the artistic ensemble was joined by many excellent young actors, but their ambitious plans were interrupted when war erupted in Croatia in 1991 and the Serbian-Montenegrin siege of Dubrovnik began. Despite a series of stimulating successes in the first post-war years, the Dubrovnik Theatre (independent once again since 1992) entered a long crisis, caused, among other reasons, by a drop in quality of the ensemble, frequent changes of directors and an unsystematic choice of repertoire and collaborators.

With a total budget of around a million Euros and fifty-odd permanent employees (fifteen of which are actors), the Marin Držić Theatre is the only communal theatre in the far south of Croatia, but in spite of a relatively high number of premieres and a wide repertoire, the theatre is struggling to meet the challenges of its environment. The riches of Dubrovnik’s tradition and contemporary culture provide a much greater legacy to the Marin Držić Theatre than what it currently has to offer to its still numerous audience, so, for this double anniversary, we can only wish for it to soon get relevant artistic leadership, which will be able to use the advantages of its attractive environment to achieve the success it deserves.
I BELIEVE THAT THEATRE SURVIVES ON ITS AUTHORS.

HEINER MÜLLER: MACBETH AFTER SHAKESPEARE, MINI TEATER LJUBLJANA, NOVO KAŽALIŠTE ZAGREB. PHOTO BY URIŠKA BOLJIKOVAC.
IN CROATIAN THEATRE, ALL THE DISCUSSIONS ARE FOUNDED ON INADEQUATE PRECEPTS

Ivican Buljan is a hard man to locate and bring in for questioning, even with the help of modern technologies. While I was breaking all appropriate deadlines and waiting for him to find an hour of his time for this issue of Croatian Theatre, his locations shifted like frames in a Hugo Pratt comic: a premiere in West-African Abidjan, a short visit to Zagreb filled with commitments pertaining to his latest Hungarian-Croatian-Slovenian co-production; a trip to Trieste to discuss a new project, an escape to Liège to the European ethno-theatre conference; and finally Brussels, where I finally found him in a noisy hotel lobby, acclimatizing myself to a wobbly Skype connection. Even had Corto Maltese, by some unlucky coincidence, been a theatrical director, he would have travelled less in such a short time, so we have to make allowances for Buljan’s relative unavailability and lack of time for these sorts of conversations. The busiest Croatian director abroad is, after all, an exceptional interlocutor, one who has to observe one’s patience because his insights from the outside could have a beneficial effect on the stale air on the inside, in Croatian theatre, which has been crammed with the same people for so long that, sometimes, in Miroslav Krleža’s words, the whole place smells, but it’s warm. Croatian theatre once again has a director who is relevant in a European and global context, for the first time since Vladimir Habunek in the mid-twentieth century, so Ivica Buljan seems like the right person to comment on the Croatian theatrical realities, but also to discuss the global theatrical spirit of these times.

MATKO BOTIĆ

I’m staging Uncle Vanya in Trieste; not the original play but a new text by the young Slovenian author, screenwriter and director Nejc Gazvoda. He had previously never written a theatrical play, until, at Ljubljana’s Mini theatre, we convinced him to write and direct his play Divjost (Wild game), about the psycho-sexual relationships of adolescents. After his excellent first work, I decided to invite him to write a new dramatic work based on Chekhov’s motifs.

I can imagine a theatrical puritan reading this and thinking: if he wanted to do Chekhov, why didn’t he use Chekhov’s original piece? Chekhov is one of the authors I am least interested in. As a director, a crucial influence of mine was Pier Paolo Pasolini, both with his plays and his Manifesto for a New Theatre, which I really understood as a personal manifesto, in an intellectual sense but also as a practical manual of sorts. When I look back at the first plays I direct-ed, I can’t fail to notice the strong influence of that Manifesto - Pasolini advocated the use of non-narrative structures, poetry, and he criticized middle-class urban theatre, whose very prototype is Chekhov’s dramaturgy. For Pasolini, Chekhov is an apolitical playwright who misrepresents reality in trying to mimic it, a
ITI

relic of the outdated dramaturgy of
the nineteenth century; following that
line of thought, I felt a certain distaste
towards that sort of dramatic writing.

Myself and Diana Koloini, the director
of Trieste’s Slovene theatre, searched
for a narrative for a long time: we
needed to take into consideration not
only the local social context and the
specificities of the ensemble itself,
but my overall contribution to that
theatre as well. Several years ago I di-
rected Pasolini’s Pigsty there, a com-
plex show for which all the resources
of the ensemble – and its numerous
guests - had to be mobilized, so this
time we wanted to choose something

he radicalized them in a way typical
of contemporary American television
shows, with dialogues and micro-situ-
ations reminiscent of those from Gus
Van Sant’s movies. Gazvoda, much
like Van Sant, deals with the issues
of teenagers in his writing; his characters
are young people in conflict with the
dominant economic or political ma-
trix, so I was curious to find out how
that sensibility would tackle the ba-
sic premise of Uncle Vanya - the exis-
tential doubts of a man in his late for-
ties. While in Chekhov’s times those
people were considered to be old, to-
day that generation, to which I myself
belong, still feels some almost ado-
lescent doubts, from unsolved social
issues to sexual traumas. Gazvoda’s
play touches upon those issues, deals
with that sphere which Foucault calls
the psychosexual, and it looks like
something very interesting and fun-
damentally different from what is
commonly considered Chekhovian
theatre. Incidentally, when we started
working on the play we found out that
the propulsive New York-based Soho
Rep has taken a similar path - a young
playwright, Annie Baker, has written
her own version of Chekhov instead
of adapting the original text.

That is, of course, an entirely legiti-
mate and commonplace methodolo-
gy. I believe that theatre survives on
its authors - I have always been bound
by my directorial credo to stage con-
temporary texts which tackle the
problems of modern people, so I al-
ways preferred texts that attempt to

Many interesting European
directors, from Gotschew and
Gosch to Janežič and Schilling,
manage to find authentic barbs
of the contemporary world even
in Chekhov’s original texts...

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I HAD ABSOLUTE FREEDOM IN PICKING MY COLLEAGUES

ELFRIEDA JELINEK, who, in almost all of her works, warns the reader that the play is stageable and invites the director to confront this unstageability. Chekhov, on the other hand, is quintessentially stageable, and it was intriguing to attempt to find traces of modernism, which are definitely present in his plays, through the intertextual intervention of a contemporary writer. Since this is a conversation for a Croatian theatrical review, it might be interesting to point out that I’ve done some projects earlier in the Slovene context which harked to this turn towards a, relatively speaking, narrative form of theatre.

I think that, anywhere I go, I always work in the same way, by probing the theatre where I’m staging a play in an attempt to discover the characteristics of the repertoire, the tastes of the audience and the overall context of that milieu. I can explain by way of example; I staged some lesser-known plays in Kranj, a community comparable to Chekhov’s Varazdin in size and location. Kranj is a place with a specific history, with a famous industrial past and a strong Slovene and Austrian-Hungarian cultural legacy; on the other hand, today it is populated by immigrants from former Yugoslavian countries, mostly deprived of any sort of economic backing. Dramaturge Marinka Postrak and I wondered what sort of dramaturgy could pique the interest of such an audience in a community where the prevailing audacity is linked to the remnants of the post-socialist middle class, while the youth and the second-generation immigrants exhibit no interest at all. We decided to forgo populist approaches and attempt to define a sort of activist modernist language which might mean something to these people. We ended up with Elfiieda Jelinek whose texts tackle the issues of the transitional post-socialist societies. Elfiieda Jelinek is a director, one that may not be the most well-known point of my career, but which, through thorough preparation and research, managed to present some rarely performed authors and minorities that are nevertheless indispensable in the context of modern European drama. And all of this was achieved in a small, one might say endearing, provincial theatre, which still had enough dramaturgical, artistic and managerial depth to produce such a complex project at the highest level.

When I compare that to the situation in Croatian theatres, I have to say that I’ve sadly never, except at the Zagreb Youth Theatre, had the opportunity to work with a company in Croatia that was willing to enter such a form of dialogue, and I cannot function without it. — Because the context always determines the text. In Slovenia I had the fortune of collaborating with some...
people who are very important to
me – Janez Pipan, head of the drama
department of the Slovene National
Theatre monitored my progress scru-
puliously, and the first project I worked
on there, Koltès’s Black Battles with
Dogs, was prepared for more than a
year. I had absolute freedom in picking
my co-workers and actors, so it was an
atmosphere in which everything was
gear ed toward the success of the
play. Pipan himself suggested that I
should stage Ivo Svetina’s Oedipus
in Corinthus there, a play which, in
spite of its status of a contemporary
Slovene classic, hadn’t been staged
successfully until then. Oedipus in
Corinthus in some way became an
emblematic, watershed show for that
theatre and its ensemble: afterwards, I
also staged Yukio Mishima’s Marquise
de Sade, Križa’s Glembajevi, and
Handke’s Still Storm. This sequence of
plays demonstrates a very clear dra-
maturgical and social line of reasoning
– all these texts influence the devel-
opment of the audience’s sensibilities.
Another fact is very important: the
plays on the repertoire of the SNG’s
drama program are guaranteed, even
before the opening night, twenty-odd
performances, so every show is auto-
matically seen by a significant num-
ber of people. Working continuously
with the same ensemble is also impor-
tant for my development as a direc-
tor and dramaturge – after three plays
with actors who I had become famil-
 iar with, Glembajevi was the logical
next step, and all the artists involved
adapted unreservedly to the experi-
mental conditions of our prepara-
tions. Another special chapter in my
work is the Mini Teater in Ljubljana,
which I founded with Robert Waltl to
enable myself to experiment freely
and over time with actors, visual art-
ists and musicians. This laboratory
gave birth to Schnewittchen after par-
ty and Macbeth after Shakespeare,
shows which left a significant mark
on the actors, the theatre and myself.
That is the way I would like to work in
Croatia as well.

It sounds almost unbelievable that,
after such a series of successful
plays in Slovenia and Europe, you
still haven’t received an invitation
from Zagreb’s Croatian National
Theatre or the Gavella theatre.

Even when I was invited to some of
those theatres, it never started from a
well-formulated idea, as was the case
in Slovenia, but out of incidental cir-
cumstances of some sort. For exam-
ple, Glembajevi from Ljubljana was
performed in Zagreb, and afterwards I
received some invitations which were
not the result of any personal inter-
action with dramaturges or art direc-
tors, but mere momentary reflections
of my play’s success. In Croatia pret-
ty much everything happens haphaz-
ardly; a director stages a successful
play in one theatre, and the next sea-
son he gets to work in three other big
Croatian theatres. The only place in
Croatia where I can work in the same
way I do in Slovenia is at the Zagreb
Youth Theatre, where I have profes-
sional and personal connections with
director Dubravka Vrgoč. Every play
I have staged there was a result of
thorough preparations, discussions
and considerations about the play’s
continuity. In other Croatian theatres
In our context, I would in principle be interested in dialogue with a left-wing political organization, even the current ruling coalition, but it is clearly visible that they insist on playing with completely unarticulated ideas; so no-one knows what is expected from Croatian theatres anymore.

Of course that the idea of such a project is interesting to me – I am not happy with the present situation and I feel a responsibility towards theatre in my society. I consider the Split theatre to be an organic part of me – that is where I grow up, saw my first plays; I was formed as an artist while I was the drama director there. I would love to try something similar in another Croatian theatre, but I’m afraid that the current conditions in Croatian cultural politics do not work in favor of that idea – in Croatian theatre, all the discussions are founded on inadequate precepts. I’ll try to elaborate this by comparing us to French cultural politics: in the last year, a large number of theatre directors have been appointed, and the Minister of Culture Aurelie Filippetti, an extremely competent expert much like our Minister, is in the process of passing the first Bill on Creativity in Europe, with the support of the Prime Minister and the socialist party. This sounds paradoxical, especially in a climate such as ours, where bills are always passed in order to enforce some decision in favor of a political agenda, but such a law can really serve to encourage artistic creation in times of crisis. This tendency is visible in the human resources policy of French theatre - Rodrigo García, an Argentine director with an extremely radical artistic style, was made manager of the Montpellier National Drama Centre, while Phillipe Quesne, an artist with equally radical visual aesthetics, was appointed head of the very important Théâtre Nanterre-Amandiers. It is obvious that these changes are not the result of vying for positions, but the effects of a clear political and aesthetic decision to appoint individuals whose artistic integrity will guarantee the success of the institutions promoting contemporary art. In our context, I would in principle be interested in dialogue with a left-wing political organization, even the current ruling coalition, but it is clearly visible that they...
Himself a planet onto which he has retired, in the world of theatre, despite all the limitations, it is possible to generate enough revenue through their shows. In no party in power has there been a Will of Independence that has been thoroughly articulated, that is not your first collaboration. Because of all that, I have the option of permanent work. I think it’s wrong to consider the text as totally inarticulate since Gavella’s passing. One from literature majors to career students of the late nineteenth century. Let us consider the abovementioned Gavella theatre, which is always preceded by the adjective dramatic, without anyone ever asking: what does “dramatic” even mean today? Sticking to examples familiar to the Croatian audience, is director Jan Lauwers from the Needcompany troupe a visual artist, a musician, a choreographer or a dramatic author? As long as the entirety of Croatian theatre refuses to move out of nineteenth-century paradigms, a change in quality will remain impossible. You don’t sound overly optimistic... The Croatian cultural policy is constantly acted in legislature, which is open to any sort of creative advance, but instead denies any possibilities and bogs them down. I think the money still exists, it just needs to be distributed between the world, theatres leaning towards that sort of commercial repertoire are financed by private sources, since they are able to generate enough revenue through their shows. No party in power has ever tried to define guidelines for the Croatian theatre companies, whose repertoires are still formulated according to frameworks from the late nineteenth century. Let us consider the abovementioned Gavella theatre, which is always preceded by the adjective dramatic, without anyone ever asking: what does “dramatic” even mean today? Sticking to examples familiar to the Croatian audience, is director Jan Lauwers from the Needcompany troupe a visual artist, a musician, a choreographer or a dramatic author? As long as the entirety of Croatian theatre refuses to move out of nineteenth-century paradigms, a change in quality will remain impossible. You don’t sound overly optimistic...

Several days ago you returned from the Ivory Coast, where you staged Karakaš’s Sniper. This is not your first collaboration with Ivorian actors...

I studied at Michail Kokosovski’s Experimental Academy, and during my studies, I travelled all over Europe to learn from masters such as Antonin Artaud, Ellen Stewart and Mnouchkine, consists of a studious attempt to understand the particularities of distant culture through the medium of theatrical action. Today, when it’s impossible to communicate at great distances, it seems as if the interest for it has vanished – the closer the world is, the better the potential for communication, the weaker the ties seem to be. I was invited to the Ivory Coast by Acho Weyer, the director of their Theatrical Federation, after seeing a French play I created with my students. On my first visit there, I had an amazing experience – in the beginning we had over fifty participants: actors, dancers and musician, and although I directed them, I learned just as much from them, about their culture, their storytelling traditions, the peculiarities of their way of theatrical expression. That was in 2009; sadly, in the meantime civil war broke out over the same principle that is now being mentioned, albeit in a milder form, as a possibility in Zagreb – the theatre facilities are financed, but the shows are not, and the actors graduating from their excellent academy, do not have the option of permanent work in a theatre. Because of all that, I accepted my second Ivorian collaboration despite the limitations of the production... I wanted to make a show that could be staged anywhere - from open urban spaces to guest performances in theatres.

I suppose that Karakaš’s text wasn’t chosen to outline a short comparative analysis of these two clashes of distant culture through the medium of theatrical action. At the time, I was aware of the potential for communication, the weaker the ties seem to be. I was invited to the Ivory Coast by Acho Weyer, the director of their Theatrical Federation, after seeing a French play I created with my students. On my first visit there, I had an amazing experience – in the beginning we had over fifty participants: actors, dancers and musician, and although I directed them, I learned just as much from them, about their culture, their storytelling traditions, the peculiarities of their way of theatrical expression. That was in 2009; sadly, in the meantime civil war broke out over the same principle that is now being mentioned, albeit in a milder form, as a possibility in Zagreb – the theatre facilities are financed, but the shows are not, and the actors graduating from their excellent academy, do not have the option of permanent work in a theatre. Because of all that, I accepted my second Ivorian collaboration despite the limitations of the production... I wanted to make a show that could be staged anywhere - from open urban spaces to guest performances in theatres.

When I read Karakaš’s text, it seemed very classical to me, almost Baroque in its transposition of shattered illusions. On the other hand, I think it’s wrong to consider the text as a typical Croatian topic – its plot, which relies on an intense revolutionary potential, is in fact impossible in Croatia. Karakaš is merely projecting the possibility of a rebellion, in a context where such a revolt remains an illusion. In an African context, all of this is possible, with the much stronger world.

You’ve staged Karakaš’s pieces both in the heat of Abidjan and in the winter chill of Vilnius, Lithuania, where you tackled Messrs. Glembay. Can you try to outline a short comparative analysis of these two clashes of Krleža and foreign cultures?

To paraphrase Slobodan Prosperov Novak, Krleža really is a planet onto
himself, and a top-notch international writer. When we started reading Messrs. Glembay, the actors were fascinated with the sheer eros of that text, they read Krleža as a grand master of the written word whose texts need to be fought, immersed in their bodies. Their ensemble very quickly identified him as a writer in whose sentences they recognized their own preoccupations and problems. Almost the same thing happened in Africa - their dramaturgy typically concerns itself with the coexistence of the dead and the living, and this is one of the key thematic components of Krleža’s Kraljevo. Furthermore, the play, which can seem hermetic or expressionistic to us, seems natural and familiar in an African context, as it is close to their folklore art forms, which often consist of bands of the poor commenting on the world of the rich during some festivities; this is, in fact, the main framework of Krleža’s play as well. The local actors were at first convinced that I had previously thoroughly adapted Kraljevo to them and their context, while I was merely working with the original text.

When discussing the key characteristic of your poetics, Blaž Lukan highlights your permanent collective, a group of people who follow you from show to show, in spite of changing circumstances: Robert Waltl, Marko Mandić, Ana Karić, Senka Bulić, Mita Vanovnik Shrekar...

The actors you’ve enumerated, Marko Mandić and Robert Waltl for example, have travelled a long road by my side - we started with many gaps in our knowledge, which is, if coupled with a desire to learn, a fantastic prerequisite for good theatre, and our passion for exploration always drove us forward. Without all these plays by Heiner Müller and exercises with Artaud and Grotowski which Mandić and I performed together, we certainly wouldn’t have been able to create Leone like we did in Messrs. Glembay. Or take, for instance, the process through which Waltl, Mandić and I prepared In the Solitude of Cotton
The same thing Pasolini meant for me at the start of my career, Bernard-Marie Koltès has meant for me in the last fifteen years; I discovered him at the same time as Pasolini, but his effect on me was more intense, and his influence only grew over time. Unlike most playwrights, much like Pasolini and Heiner Müller, he offers an encrypted directorial handbook for the staging of his text along with his dramatic material. His early works are especially interesting, since they were written at a time when he was actively directing in theatre – Drunken Trial, for example, his free paraphrasing of the motifs from Crime and Punishment, contains some dramatical idiosyncrasies that are otherwise completely alien to the playwriting style of the 1970s, when the text was created. In a time when the poetics of the Theatre of the Absurd dominated, an author appeared, completely focused on the story, but in a completely post-dramatic way, which Lehmann would only later theoretically define. The stage directions in Drunken Trial are as artistically potent as the dialogue itself. They are an integral part of the text, which was unimaginable at the time; the play contains instances of an elliptical usage of time, the familiar dramatic structure is undermined, only to be collated into a coherent whole through the viewer’s activity. Lately, while working with students, I have been comparing Koltès’s dramaturgy with the structure of the American TV-show The Wire – these are examples of a treatment of screen/stage time which was considered to be revolutionary when The Wire first appeared, but Koltès had inaugurated it decades earlier in his movie script Nickel Stuff Koltès is fascinating in his instructions for the director as well, not only through stage directions, but also through his Hitchcock-esque enigmas planted all over the text. Because of that I love analyzing his plays with my students, through a sort of quiz through which we find out, together, which characters from popular culture contributed to the formation of certain motifs – for example the Character of Tony Allen from Nickel Stuff which is a bizarre amalgamation of Bruce Lee and John Travolta, perceived through the lens of British social drama in the vein of Ken Loach. This way of building a movie script or play might be common today, but in his time it was incredibly innovative both in film and in theatre, and that is why Koltès is interesting to me – he’s the architect of a type of theatre which has only recently started to fully correspond to our times. All of this goes to show how conservative a medium theatre is and how difficult it is for theatre to accept the changes its revolutionaries initiate. Koltès’s complex narration is very alluring, in a way that is very similar to the new dramaturgy of movies and TV-shows, so that may be a way for classical stories to find their way back into theatre. Perhaps that, to return to the starting point of our conversation, is where a new Chekhov awaits.
WHAT ELSE IS THERE BUT WAITING?
TOMISLAV ZAJEC

Tomislav Zajec is employed as an assistant professor at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in Zagreb. He has published three poetry collections so far: Natanijelov dnevnik (Natanijel’s Diary) (1996), Sjever-zlatni šut (North-Golden Shot) (1996) and Rupa njegova imena (The Hole of His Name) (2000); and four novels: Soba za razbijanje (The Breaking Room) (1998), Ulaz u Crnu kutiju (Entrance to the Black Box) (2001), LJudožderi (Cannibals) (2005) and Lunapark (Luna Park) (2009).

For his first play John Smith princeza od Walesa (John Smith, Princess of Wales) he received the Dean’s Award in 1999. He is the four-time winner of the greatest national award for dramatic opus Marin Držić sponsored by the Croatian Ministry of Culture; for the play Atentatori (Assassins) he received an award in 2000; in 2007 he received an award for the play Dorothy Gale, in 2009 for the play Spaseni (Saved), and in 2012 for the play Trebalo bi prošetali psa (Someone should walk the dog). In addition, he received several other awards and acknowledgements for his literary and dramaturgical work.

His name is included in several Croatian literature reviews and anthologies, and his plays have been translated into English, Hungarian, Polish, Slovenian, German and Russian.

Under the awning
4:51 PM

Man is standing under an awning. Just standing, not saying anything. Smoking. And then.

Let’s start with him. just like that.

Perhaps because he’s no longer alive. Or perhaps because on that morning he took the dog and went for a long walk around town. His leg hurt, but no matter, someone had to take the dog for a walk. Perhaps he thought about something as he walked, perhaps about whether one’s life is worth more if you can tell it in a story. Later that day, standing under an awning, he knew something sad had happened, but he could no longer remember what. Who knows if this happened at all? Everything around him, on both sides of the street, footsteps that had already been or that would perhaps once be. On the backside of that awning, in blue letters on a metallic background someone wrote: everyone’s got problems, yours are irrelevant. He worked at a library, that Man. In an elementary school. Morning shift, every week, winter was at its end. And we started with him because we started with him, just for the sake of it. Who knows why we started with him. Maybe because he had a dog that needed a walk. Or because no sadness can help us find what does not exist. And that Man had a story, just one, the same story for all of those who ask. A story about an afternoon in the city, just two months before he would be no more. There, that’s why we started with him. That’s why we started with the man under an awning in the rain who’s here as much as he’s gone.

Woman comes running across the street. She has covered her head with a jacket, to protect herself from rain. She stands next to Man who has been watching her the whole time. Then she looks at him.

Woman: Fucking fuck!

Suddenly Woman starts laughing. Man...
obtains her, then he starts laughing too, they laugh together. Then she stops. Takes out a cigarette.

**woman** Have you got a..?  
**woman** looks at her.  
**woman** A lighter?  
**man** takes out a lighter and lights her cigarette.  
**woman** You too.  
**woman** You look...  
**woman** I'm on a break.  
**man** Oh, who?  
**woman** I come here often. Under this awning. When I'm on my break. I come here often. under this

**woman** Oh.  
**man** You know, I'm not sure I want to talk to you.  
**woman** What?  
**woman** Man shakes his head.  
**woman** You look—  
**woman** Like what?  
**woman** Woman starts laughing again.  
**man** There, you.  
**woman** Total chaos.  
**man** Yes, see. Yes.  
**man** (simultaneously): I—  
**man** You first.  
**man** Oh, yes... Hello.  
**woman** You know, I'm not sure I want to talk to you.
A moment.

Man: And you, have you got someone? Man: I have a dog.

Woman: What is it supposed to be. Here. Man: Wipes his feet.

Father: You said you'd come with me, but you've changed your mind. That's what you came here to say. Man: Shakes his head.

Father: I picked up your newspaper. A moment.

Man: And what were you doing?

Father: What I was supposed to be doing, you came early, that's all. I have to shine my shoes, for tonight.

Man: There's time.

Father: And you've changed your mind.

Man: What?

Father: You said you'd come with me, but you've changed your mind. That's what you came here to say. Man: Shakes his head.

Father: You haven't changed your mind.

Man: No, why?

Father: I don't know. I don't know why. Just so.

Man: I haven't changed my mind.

Father: You haven't, huh? Man: Shakes his head.

Father: Where's your dog?

Man: At home.

Father: That dog of yours is at home. Man: Yes, I know it bothers you so—

Father: I don't like dogs.

Father: I know, dad.

Father: She doesn't like your dog either. For sure.

A moment.

Father: Have you walked it?

Man: (smiles): Yes, dad, I have.

Father: Now what?

Man: Shakes his head.

Father: The week's passed too quickly. I guess it's that.

Father: Life has its pace; it's neither slow nor fast. Say something else, something smarter.

Man: I don't know. You've made quite a mess here. Not quite, just a mess.

6. Tie store

1:16 PM

Man: That Man we started with should have said I'm sorry, but in the store there were too many ties. And Woman: Changed her job, the moment store there were too many ties. And that's what you think. That the place is a mess.

Man: Well, no, it's not a mess.

Father: Perhaps it's something else.

Man: Then it's something else, yes. A moment.

Father: Hegel came to visit. That is what it is.

Man: Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel. Father: That's the one. He came to visit it and suddenly exploded. He sat on the couch and exploded. And that's not a mess. Man: Laughs.

Father: You never understood me. Man: (hands him the newspaper): The newspaper, dad. Father: (tosses the newspaper from him): Yes. The newspaper, newspaper. Man: What... You want me to do something, perhaps? A moment.

Father: The water heater's not working.

Man: You want me to have a look.

Father: There's my repair guy, right?!

Man: There was a fire, at the school's gym, so—

Woman: Total chaos. I read it somewhere, I think. Man: A TV crew came, showed up, shot everything.

Woman: Then I probably saw it.

Man: Yes, you probably did.

Woman: Beams—

Man: Yes, yes, the beams. Woman: What about them?

Man: So, you're still at the same school.

Woman: Librarians mostly stay where they are.

Woman: (smiles): I guess so, yes. Man: Same school, same library, same books.

Woman: I googled you once.
MAN You did? Why?
WOMAN I don’t know, it just came to me, I guess... I shouldn’t have?
MAN I’m just asking. A moment.
WOMAN It sounds stupid, I know. It’s that... I just wondered how you were.
MAN So you googled me.
WOMAN I knew it would sound stupid.
MAN No, it’s just that there’s nothing about me. On the Internet.
WOMAN There was something about the fire, that’s where I saw it.
MAN Ah. A moment.
WOMAN And what color is it?
MAN What?
WOMAN The suit. What color is it?
MAN And what color is it?
WOMAN (shoves a tie into his hand): Take this one, it goes with black. Woman turns and leaves.

7.

FATHER’S APARTMENT RAIN
3:06 PM
Man is messing with the water heater, Father is reading his newspaper.
FATHER You done?
MAN Wait a minute. FATHER You’re mumbling.
MAN Hold on... Go do something. FATHER I’m waiting... Reading newspaper. Weather forecast, rain.
MAN Ok.
FATHER I’m reading and waiting. A moment.
FATHER Should we call someone?
MAN There’s a lot of dust, that’s what it is. FATHER I don’t know.
MAN What?
FATHER (more to himself): You know there are people who intentionally set the water heater so that it leaks, sometimes, I guess, at night. So that when they go to bed, it—
MAN (can’t hear him, from water): It’s just dust, nothing else.
FATHER And maybe no one shows up.
MAN What did you say—
FATHER I said, maybe no one shows up. You don’t hear well?
MAN The water’s... No one shows up where?
FATHER At my ceremony. My ceremony, celebration, academy, I don’t know. Perhaps they read papers too, look for an obituary, a notice, if he’s dead, we don’t have to come.
MAN Is there one?
FATHER What?
MAN An obituary.
A moment.
FATHER Get me something to wipe all this.
FATHER You’re mumbling again. Father shows him the cupboard above the sink. Man goes to get the rag.
A moment.
FATHER And what do you do, after school?
MAN After school?
FATHER When you come home from work, yes. Usually, I mean.
MAN I don’t know, nothing.
FATHER Nothing, what do you mean?
MAN I guess you take that dog of yours for a walk.
FATHER Yes, that... I walk the dog. A moment.
FATHER She too? With you?
MAN A moment.
FATHER She’s mad at me. She never comes to visit.
MAN She’s busy, she’s working.
FATHER Yes... Everyone’s busy, everyone’s working. They called me to translate a book, not because it’s me, but because everyone else is busy, they’re working. That’s what they said.
MAN And what did you—

FATHER I told them I don’t even read anymore. Only the weather forecast.
MAN Does—
FATHER Hegel and I explored in my room, that’s what I told them.
MAN Ah, Hegel. Yes.
A moment.
FATHER She doesn’t like that dog of yours. For sure. That’s why she left. A moment.
FATHER And you’re always so...
MAN What am I?
A moment.
FATHER What’s the time?
MAN Three. Just past three.
FATHER It’s past three?
MAN Nods.
FATHER Go me my pills, it’s past three... Please.
MAN Where are they, dad?
FATHER You’re mumbling.
MAN I’m asking where they are.
FATHER In the room. On the cupboard. The grey ones. The happy color of hypertension.
MAN leaves.
FATHER (yells after him): And what’s with your walk?

8.

IN FRONT OF THE TIE STORE RAIN
6:18 PM
Man gets out of the tie store, stops the Woman. He holds a grey tie in his hand.
WOMAN Why are you hollering?
MAN Wait, hey—
WOMAN Does your leg hurt?
MAN I can’t go that fast.
WOMAN So I see.

FATHER That one’s good, I told you.
WOMAN That one’s good, I told you. I’ll fit. Goodbye.
MAN catches her by the hand): Wait—
WOMAN The shop assistant is staring.
MAN So what.
WOMAN She thinks we’ll run away with the tie.
MAN Wait until I pay, please.
WOMAN shakes her head.
MAN Why?
WOMAN Why?! Because I dreamed of you; imagined that you were standing next to a suitcase that was floating in the air because it was held by giant balloons. It was as if it were my birthday. The people didn’t say happy birthday, but he left, just like that, gone, adios, total chaos, I don’t know.
MAN (suddenly iritated): You should have... I'm just asking.
WOMAN (strenuously): How about... I just wondered how you were.
MAN Wait a minute—

9.

FATHER’S APARTMENT RAIN
3:13 PM
MAN That he could do, he could wait. What else is there but waiting? Waiting to live, waiting to be whole, and then waiting for the wish to pass. Then waiting to forget, for everything else to pass, to become the one and only truth. And then just a little bit more of completely pointless waiting, and then everything is finally over. That’s what that Man thought, while he was looking for pills in the happy color of hypertension in the drawer. And when he came back, to the room, his Father told him that he had never loved his wife, the Man’s mother. Suddenly, just like that, because every wait has its beginning, as well as its end. Man sits down by his Father.
MAN Wait a minute—
FATHER (takes his pill): I need water to take these.

MAN Why that, why now? A moment.

FATHER I don’t know. A moment.

MAN You don’t know.

FATHER No, I don’t, not anymore. A moment.

FATHER Because you are here, and I am old. Because I won the life achievement award. Because Hegel exploded in the living room. Because all the time there was another woman. Man gets up and goes to the sink to pour him a glass of water. Then he goes back to the table.

MAN Here you go.

FATHER Thanks.

FATHER Takes the glass, swallows his pill. Man sits down.

MAN Who was she?

FATHER Who are you mumble.

FATHER That other woman.

FATHER Who was she?

FATHER Yes. A moment.

FATHER I met her in Russia, when I was a student. She had a husband and a child, even back then. He worked with papers, her husband did. A bureaucratic woman, he has two children, and all I have is some contagious, strange misery just waiting to make all other homes empty... yet again, he has a wife, so what? All the single people of our age are screwed up anyhow. Woman laughs. Man too.

FATHER Isn’t it true? For example, you’re not all there. Man nods.

FATHER And I’m a whore.

MAN No, you’re not.


FATHER Listen, all of this is horrible for me.

MAN I understand.

FATHER You do? I’m afraid you don’t. Actually, you don’t have a clue, total chaos. And for me, all of this is totally, you and me and everything. I just can’t.

MAN You can’t.

FATHER You left me without a word.

MAN Without an explanation.

FATHER You didn’t know what to—what? A moment.

FATHER Oh. Come on. Let me tell you something.

FATHER Gets up suddenly. Then she leaves. Man is still sitting. In a café.

Café 5:40 PM

Man and Woman are sitting at the café in a café.

WOMAN So, you’ve been... following me.

MAN Nod.

WOMAN For long?

MAN Yes, for a while.

WOMAN You’ve been following me for a while.

MAN Yes.

WOMAN Yes.

A moment.

WOMAN Then you must know about him. That he’s married.

MAN Shakes his head.

WOMAN That you don’t know. Well, you see, he is. A moment.

WOMAN You’re still doing it.

MAN What?

WOMAN Playing with your keys.

A moment.

WOMAN And he’s not playing, he’s serious. Except that he’s married. He has a wife, two children, imagine that. I’ve known it from day one, but I’m still going out with him. He has a wife, he has two children, and all I have is some contagious, strange misery just waiting to make all other homes empty... yet again, he has a wife, so what? All the single people of our age are screwed up anyhow. Woman laughs. Man too.

WOMAN Isn’t it true? For example, you’re not all there. Man nods.

WOMAN And I’m a whore.

MAN No, you’re not.


FATHER Why didn’t you leave her? Mom, I mean. Father shrugs.

WOMAN It wasn’t because of me. A moment. Father shakes his head.

MAN And mom?

FATHER What about her?

MAN Why didn’t you then? A moment.

FATHER Because life is such that I didn’t.

MAN And it was better this way?

FATHER This way is the way it was. It just was. A moment.

FATHER And your mother is gone. And maybe that woman is gone too, and her husband, he was a bureaucrat. And I still wonder, nevertheless, just so I know I’m still alive. Can you forgive me?

MAN And I’m supposed to?

FATHER Nods. A moment.

FATHER You’re still doing it. Playing with your keys.

MAN Yes. Man gets up.

A moment.

MAN I’ll go get your tie... Go have a bath, ok?

FATHER Ok.

Café 6:07 PM

MAN I mean. I want you to take him. A moment.

WOMAN Wait a minute. He’s dead?

MAN Who?

WOMAN The dog. Just like that bird, that sparrow up in the tree.

MAN No.

WOMAN You’re insane. You know, you really are. A moment.

MAN The dog’s dead, right?

FATHER Nods his head.

WOMAN He’s not. Then—

MAN No.

Woman laughs. Man laughs after her.

WOMAN Jesus. A moment.

MAN I’m not afraid, of that disease of yours.

WOMAN I don’t understand, what?

MAN Forgive me.
A moment.

**Woman**: For what? A moment.

**Man**: Say it.

**Man**: Because I never loved you. I suppose.

**Woman**: Never?

A moment.

**Woman**: See. I didn’t know that.

**Man**: Yes.

**Woman**: And now I do. A moment.

**Woman**: Why didn’t you tell me?

**Man**: I don’t know. I thought, maybe, it would happen on its own.

**Woman**: But it didn’t. Man shakes his head.

**Woman**: I guess life is like that, that it never happened.

**Man**: I’m sorry.

A moment.

**Man**: I went to his place today, to his wife’s, I stood at the door… I rang the bell. But I didn’t wait for her to open. Stupid, right? It’s stupid to be a woman, when that woman is me. But don’t worry. He flies to those cities of his where dreams come true and every one is happy, but the sky will not pass, so I went, but then it was already in my bones. So… It’s strange. First they tell you something you don’t understand, and then they don’t say anything anymore. And it’s not good when they go quiet. Right, it isn’t? … Then I thought, there some things I need to take care of, my dad’s here. And then there’s that dog, you know, someone should walk it. A moment.

**Man**: What?

They look at each other for a long time.

**Woman**: See, people change. And what would I do with your dog?

A moment.

**Woman**: Hello?

**Man**: I’ve got no one to give him to.

**Woman**: Ah. I see. Too bad.

**Man**: Why?

**Woman**: I don’t know. If only you had stopped me. Yesterday or the day before yesterday. Or a couple of weeks ago and asked me to take your dog. Yesterday I was still a bit different.

A moment.

**Woman**: And that’s all?

Man shakes his head.

A moment.

A moment.

**Man**: No. Because I have. Something, inside of me.

**Woman**: (on the edge): We all have something inside of us.

A moment.

**Man**: I’m sick.

A moment.

**Man**: It started in my stomach, when we were still… Dull pain, nothing really. But it didn’t pass, so I went, but then it was already in my bones. So… It’s strange. First they tell you something you don’t understand, and then they don’t say anything anymore. And it’s not good when they go quiet. Right, it isn’t? … Then I thought, there some things I need to take care of, my dad’s here. And then there’s that dog, you know, someone should walk it. A moment.

**Man**: What?

They look at each other for a long time.

**Woman**: Why didn’t you tell me?

**Man**: I don’t know. I thought, maybe, it would happen on its own.

A moment.

**Woman**: Why didn’t you tell me?

**Man**: I’m not sad.

A moment.

**Woman**: But it’s not important. now, I just live.

**Man**: I’m off, then.

**Woman**: It’s the last one, really, for today.

**Man**: I didn’t think you would—
IN FRONT OF THE ENTRANCE TO WOMAN’S BUILDING
RAIN
6:25 PM

Man and Woman are standing under his umbrella, close to each other.

MAN So.

WOMAN I’d invite you in, but—

MAN I have to go anyway.

WOMAN I’d invite you in, but—

MAN I have to go anyway.

WOMAN So, I’ll see you around.

A moment.

Yes.

IN FRONT OF THE ENTRANCE TO WOMAN’S BUILDING
RAIN
6:31 PM

Man stands under his umbrella in front of the entrance to Woman’s building. He’s waiting.

Man decided to wait, because he had just enough time. And while he was waiting, his thoughts filled with strangers, because that’s the way it is when you’re alive. Some of them he met, some of them he loved, and some of them he loved. And once everything passes, not much will remain, that’s what he thought. Only that thing, thing shining, for a moment, to someone. And only a day in which it never stopped raining. But it’s a new day after that, and the day after it’s spring. Almost spring. Because that’s the way it goes in life, you never get it all. But even this almost is enough, because when it comes, when it really comes, then we have it. That’s what the man thought as he waited for the woman to return. There was still a little bit of something left in him that was truly completely quiet, and that’s why it was shining. What, after all is said and done, a soundless world.

IN FRONT OF THE ENTRANCE TO WOMAN’S BUILDING
RAIN
6:36 PM

Man is standing under his umbrella in front of the entrance to Woman’s building. Woman comes back with a book.

WOMAN It didn’t take too long, did it? Man shakes his head.

MAN Sorry. It took me a while to find it.

WOMAN It’s not that easy to find.

MAN What is this?

WOMAN Akhmatova. In Russian. You know where I got it?

A moment.

Man shakes his head.

WOMAN In Vienna. I bought it back then when we were in Vienna.

MAN I didn’t know that.

WOMAN Yes… I thought, what a nice present.

MAN Yes, it really is.

WOMAN I don’t know anymore. I wanted to throw it away, after we… But we’re not children.

MAN No, we’re not.

WOMAN And it’s for your father, any-

how.

MAN His Russians.

WOMAN And it cost me a fortune…

(She laughs.) Just joking.

Man laughs too.

WOMAN I don’t know. Perhaps it will mean, something, to him… Here.

MAN Thank you.

A moment.

WOMAN I’m sorry if I kept you—

MAN No, there’s time. Thanks.

WOMAN You’re welcome… So, then…

Call me, if—

MAN I will, yes.

WOMAN I mean, I have the same num-

ber.

MAN Me too… It’s a pain.

WOMAN What is?

MAN To change your number, after—

WOMAN Yes, it doesn’t make sense.

MAN No, it doesn’t.

WOMAN Yes… I mean.

MAN What?

WOMAN Nothing. What will you do with the dog?

MAN I’ll figure it out, something, don’t worry.

WOMAN Ok.

MAN Yes.

A moment.

WOMAN Take care.

MAN You too.
A moment.

Don’t say that.

Well, I’m old and I’ve never been too...

You know, when you don’t... Man laughs, his Father laughs too.

So now what, after I’ve fresh-

breath; he’s moving with difficulty.

Then sits at the table. He takes a deep...

Ah, forget about me. Old peo-

As many as I think there should be.

Give me a hand.

A moment.

Yes.

ITI

CROATIAN THEATRE
do and what we are. That’s what
they thought, and I’ve been looking
through that mirror my whole life. And
I think only about what I’ve missed.
What should have been different, but
it wasn’t. About a woman who didn’t
want me, and about a woman whom
I blamed her whole life because she
stayed with me. There, perhaps that’s
exactly what I needed to say. 

Man never saw it like that—
father (interrupts him): You think that
I don’t know I disappointed you? That
I don’t see that?

Mom never saw it like that—
father: You think that
I don’t know I disappointed you? That
I don’t see that?

father: Then what?
man: I just... I’m scared. For myself. For
you. I’m scared, and I can’t tell you
that.

father: You’re scared.

woman: You’re soaking wet.

man: That’s all right.

woman: Come under.

man: I’m dripping.

woman: Yes.

man: And you, what are you doing
here?

woman: Well—

man: You’ve been following me?

woman: Actually, I’ve been watching
myself in the window. One person, yet
two of them.

man: You know what he told me,
‘First we’ll live, and then we’ll think.’
Huh?! … I don’t know. It doesn’t sound
too smart to me.

man: No, it doesn’t.

woman: Actually, it really doesn’t.

man: Screw that logic.

woman: They laugh.

man: Wanna go upstairs?

woman: One has to believe in some-
things, why not in that? That every-
things will turn out fine. You know.

man: Really?

woman: I put his hands around the
Woman’s shoulders. Woman leans
onto him. And for a moment, both of
them seem as if they come from some
different time. But just for a moment.

Translated by Tomislav Kuzmanović
IT'S NOT ABOUT MY COCK OR MY APARTMENT OR MY OLD MAN OR ME OR YOU…

PHOTO BY PETRA MRšA
Dino Pešut (1990) was born in Sisak, Croatia. He studied dramaturgy at the Academy of Dramatic Art in Zagreb. His play *Pressures of my generation* premiered in May 2013 at Croatian National Theatre in Split. He was awarded Marin Držić Awards for Best New Play by the Ministry of Culture: third place for the play L.O.S.E.R.S. (2012) and first place for the play *Static* (2013). He also works as a dramaturge and director.

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**CHARACTERS**

- **Luka**
- **Ana**
- **Marin**
- **Marija**

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**CV**

To the Pandas I met along the way: Ana, Josipa, Mirna, Hrvojka and Lada

Thanks to Igor Ekštajn.

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**PLAY**

---

With our grandmothers and grandfathers
We sometimes pray for
God to end this war.

**Luka and Marin**

We are the basement boys,
The rat-boys,
24 (Hours) and Spoon.
We mostly play.

**Luka**

I’m an only child.
My father is a Serb.
Neither is my mom,
But my grandmother is.
Nobody knows that.

**Ana**

You’re not a faggot.

**Luka**

I’m not a faggot.

**Ana**

I have a brother and a sister.
My father is not a Serb.
Neither is my mom,
But my grandmother is.

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**STATIC**

---

**PHOTO BY GORAN JOVANOVIĆ**
I don’t have a house. It was blown up by a tank. My mother cries a lot.

MARINA
I am an only child. My parents are Croats. True Croats. They fight for Croatia.

MARIN
I want to play privatization!

LUKA
What’s a privatization?

MARIN
The state has a factory. Let’s say you’re the manager of the factory – a Serb. And you’ve hired these two Serbs. Hold out your hand.

LUKA
What do I need one Kuna for?

MARIN
Now the factory is mine. I just need to kill these.

LUKA
And what about me?

MARIN
I’ll chase you out of your home. Or do you want to become a Croat as well?

LUKA
Croat! Croat.

MARIN
A Croat as well? Or do you want to become a Croat as well?

LUKA
And what about me?

MARIN
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LUKA
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LUKA
And what about me?

MARIN
I’ll chase you out of your home. Or do you want to become a Croat as well?

LUKA
Croat! Croat.

MARIN
A Croat as well? Or do you want to become a Croat as well?

LUKA
Me too?

MARINA
Well, he’s old.

MARIN
He will always be alive.

LUKA
Do you think the war in Bosnia will ever end?

MARINA
No.

MARIN
No. Mara.

LUKA
Okay.

MARINA
And I have Ana.

MARIN
You’re already in Copenhagen, right? In fifteen years, there’ll be a site on the Internet – Facebook. In thirty years, and I’ll see your eyes, I’ll see your palms sweating, I’ll see you shaking, your mouth drying up. I’ll see all of it, and I’ll be happy.

MARINA
I’ll see you as well. Somebody will tell me And I’ll tell them that I always knew You’d make it.

ANA
Have you tried to kill yourself?

LUKA
Not yet. In fifteen years, there’ll be a site on the Internet – Facebook. It’s there that Marin has to write that I’m a faggot. And then I save you and take you to Copenhagen.

MARINA
Luka’s grandma looks at me and says: “God will give you justice; God knows you will need it.”

LUKA
My grandma looks at me and says: “God will give you justice; God knows you will need it.”

ANA
Luka’s grandma looks at me and says: “He has already given you plenty.”

LUKA
No. Let’s play that Tūđman’s dead! Let’s play at Europe, at prosperity. So does this game.

LUKA
It’s boring in kindergarten.

ANA
Especially you.

MARINA
Let’s play that some new government is taking over. I’ll be Prime Minister. And we’ll have a lot of money.

MARIN
Me too.

LUKA
Okay.

ANA
What about me?

LUKA
In four years’ time. You’re just starting your journey.

MARIN
Okay.

ANA
What about me?

LUKA
You’re already in Copenhagen, And I’m a faggot.
I sleep on the floor.

Our apartment is so small.

I speak four foreign languages.

And everyone likes me.

And I’ll promise everything to everyone.

You’ll rob all of us.

At least not on my own.

I’m bored with playing war.

Once in ten years, I will meet

The first man who will treat me nice.

And just, just for a moment

I’ll choose everything else.

A man from Paris who will have

Once, in twenty years, I will meet

The Father, the Creator, the

Husband and the son

As they become one.

We aren’t playing at war.

Big boys with rich fathers

can do anything.

Drive a car with too much horsepower

And kill two minors.

They can stick a finger up your ass

And the judge will say it was

a friendly handshake.

They can be clichés,

They can be provincials.

Big boys with rich fathers

can shout that they’d kill and
die for their fatherland.

Big boys with rich fathers

can do anything.

And her grandpa was a commie,

And her mother is a Croat.

Luka’s grandma is a

Croatian, religious,

And her grandpa was a Partisan.

His dad is a Serb,

And his mom was a dirty pothead.

C’m’on, make out with me.

Cmon.

You’re hurting me.

Help.

Help.

Help.

Now I know no-one can touch me.

Cmon.

Relax.

I can’t do anything, Ana, I’m sorry.

I’m just a cliché.

It’s not about my cock or

Marin is not a Serb,

And his grandpa was a Partisan.

And his dad is a Serb,

And his mom was a dirty pothead.

Cmon.

I don’t see.

The things I don’t want to see,

As they become one.

Because not everyone is Croatian.

Our teacher Ms. Benčić

Was the first brave woman I met.

My hair was

so T eacher gave all of

them an A, in March.

I ate earthworms.

I hate school.

I can never know which

classes we have which day.

My backpack is too heavy

I can never know which

classes we have which day.

My Grandma.

Big boys with rich fathers

can do whatever they want.

Drive a car with too much horsepower

And kill two minors.

They can stick a finger up your ass

And the judge will say it was

a friendly handshake.

They can be clichés,

They can be provincials.

Big boys with rich fathers

can shout that they’d kill and
die for their fatherland.

Big boys with rich fathers

can do anything.

Spoiled boys from the

vanishing middle class

Can watch all of this,

And complain,

And become intellectuals,

And complain,

And just watch.

And complain.

Poor little girls can only

look for their prince.

Because poor girls from strict

families will confuse

The Father, the Creator, the

Husband and the Son

As they become one.

Help!

I don’t see.

I just hate myself.

I can’t do anything.

And nobody will be able

to do anything.

We aren’t playing at war.

Big boys with rich fathers

can do anything.

Die for their fatherland.

I hope so.

Croatian, religious,

And her grandpa was a commie,

And her mother is a Croat.

Luka’s grandma is a

Croatian, religious,

And his grandpa was a Partisan.

His dad is a Serb,

And his mom was a dirty pothead.

Cmon.

I hope so.

I’m afraid.

I forget this day,

That I will forget them.

These days will pass so quickly

Because not everyone is Croatian.

My hair was

so Teacher gave all of

them an A, in March.

Poor little girls can only

look for their prince.

Because poor girls from strict

families will confuse

The Father, the Creator, the

Husband and the Son

As they become one.

Help!

I can’t do anything, Ana, I’m sorry.

I’m just a cliché.

In fifteen years’ time, I’d post a link

On Facebook.

I won’t, I won’t.

I just laugh.

The things I don’t want to see,

As they become one.

Cmon.

Relax.

I can’t do anything.

And nobody will be able

to do anything.

We aren’t playing at war.

Big boys with rich fathers

can do anything.

Die for their fatherland.

I hope so.

Croatian, religious,

And her grandpa was a commie,

And her mother is a Croat.

Luka’s grandma is a

Croatian, religious,

And his grandpa was a Partisan.

His dad is a Serb,

And his mom was a dirty pothead.

Cmon.

I hope so.

I’m afraid.

I’ve got nothing to be afraid of.

Ana’s dad was a commie,

Her grandpa is an ustasha,

But her grandma is.

Marija is not a Serb,

Just like my parents at home.

Just like my parents in court.

Just like my dad at work.

Marin is not a Serb,

But his grandpa is a Partisan.

Marija is not a Serb,

But her grandma is.

Her grandpa is an Ustasha,

And his brother is a Partisan.

Ana’s dad was a commie,
That carried the Serbs Toward Serbia.

MARIJNA
I was the first to get my First Communion
Because my dad’s the mayor and a policeman and the sheriff
And the President of the Universe.
I’ll be the same
When I grow up.

LUKA
In the distant future I wear black turtlenecks
And beige pants
And my flat is black and white, with no walls
And I have a shelf full of books and VHS tapes.

ANA
In the distant future,
I wear expensive dresses
And drink white wine
I wear expensive dresses
In the distant future,
And turbo-folk singers—
for boring armchair leftists
and drink white wine
I wear expensive dresses
In the distant future,

MARIJNA
Who’s raising a murderer:
MARIN
In the distant future, I might run over two people.
Just like my dad,
I might kill them with a bullet through their window,
Just like my dad.

LUKA
Dear God,
Please give me strength and love and justice.
Please give me a better life,
A world where no-one will beat me
And where I won’t be afraid
Or jump over my own shadow
A world without the flood of purple water
In which I drown almost every night.
Dear God,
Please give me the health and strength
To give as I have received,
Thank you.

ANA
Hold my hand.
LUKA
I’m afraid.

ANA
You’ve got nothing to be afraid of.
LUKA
What if I embarrass myself?

MARIJNA
But he’ll become
With money.
MARIN looks stocky, but he’ll grow.
You can see that.
The three of them are swimming.
I sit.
Carefree, and everything becomes clear to me.
Tomorrow we’ll get to high-school.
The day after, to college,
And we’ll lose this levy.
We’ll grow up to be unemployed,
Frustrated,
Displaced,
Neoconservative
Idiots.
Me first,
Then Luka,
Then Marin,
And Ana will be left alone,
Unbowed and beautiful.

2.

LUKA
I am Luka; we were the first generation to take standardized graduation tests.

ANA
I am Ana; we were the first generation to take standardized graduation tests.

MARIN
I am Marin; I am class president,

ANA
I am Ana; we were the first generation to take standardized graduation tests.

Luka
I am Luka; we were the first generation to take standardized graduation tests.

MARIN
I am Marin; I am class president,

Maria
I was the disco yesterday
And Ivan was there
And he was totally looking at me
I mean, really looking at me.
Then I came to him and he bought me a Redbull-vodka,
Imagine that.
And then another one and
I really got drunk.

LUKA
We saw.

MARIN
Everybody saw it.

MARINA
And zero Serbs.

MARIJNA
Why do you worry about it so much?
We’re young.

ANA
My father is unemployed.

Luka
So is mine.

MARIN
So is mine.

LUKA
Has been since the left party
So is mine.

MARINA
And is mine.

MARIJNA
I was at the disco yesterday
And Ivan was there
And he was totally looking at me
I mean, really looking at me.
Then I came to him and he bought me a Redbull-vodka,
Imagine that.
And then another one and
I really got drunk.

LUKA
We saw.

MARIN
Everybody saw it.

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We’re young.

ANA
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Luka
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MARIN
So is mine.

LUKA
Has been since the left party
So is mine.

MARINA
And is mine.
Marin wears Ustaša uniforms. 
Marin eats potatoes.
Marin is a welfare case.
Marin's father often beats Marin.
Marin's father often makes Marin want to kill everyone.
Marin only plays videogames.
Marin's father hates Serbs and faggots and Gypsies.

Iti Iti Croatian Theatre

I'll never see her again.

I'll think about my father later.

Do you want me to dye your hair pink?

And the pouty lips.

And you're smart.

I will dye my hair green.

And try every drug.

I will never have a gang again.

Union, no party.

And we were a gang.

I am nothing special.

Or here, or here.

I am nothing special.

And I belonged.

More like bound to each other.

And I will never belong again,

When I become the last yuppie,

When I turn slightly to the right and

When I join every student union,

I am nothing special.

And I belonged.

And I will never belong again,

After that, I will never belong.

When I become the last yuppie,

When I join every student union,

I will never have a gang again.

Only the mob, sometimes.

And once, in thirty years,

And I will never belong again,

To no-one, no group, no union, no party.

I will never have a gang again.

I will never have a gang again,

And I belonged.

And I will never belong again,

To no-one, no group, no union, no party.

I will never have a gang again.

Only the mob, sometimes.

And once, in thirty years,

When the police come and take

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I’ve decided, If I’m single when I’m thirty, I’ll marry you.

**ANNA**

And what about me?

**ANNA**

Well, you won’t be allowed to get married.

**LUKA**

OK.

**MARIN**

Marry me.

**ANNA**

Don’t! The more successful the man, The dumber the woman behind him, Beneath him.

**MARIA**

You keep saying that, But we’re not the same.

**LUKA**

We’ll survive on cheap Herbal bitters produced in our town.

**ANNA**

She’s so dumb.

**LUKA**

It’s like something out of a trashy local movie.

**MARIA**

Once, Luka will see pictures of me, on his cellphone, Sucking his cock.

**ANNA**

Marija, get a fucking grip. You’ll end up as some story in the crime section.

**LUKA**

Don’t you have anything, anything, planned for the future?

**MARIN**

Leave her be. Leave her be, right now.

**MARIA**

This is me! This is me! That’s what I knew I’d be. I’m not like you guys.

**MARIN**

Just so you know, Once, in ten years, You’ll realize that you could have been happier.

**MARIA**

In third grade I’ll meet a boy who will be nice to me just for a little while. Shall meet a moron.

**ANNA**

What a fucking hick.

**LUKA**

How pathetic.

**ANNA**

How sad.

**MARIN**

How sad.

And we’ll get shitfaced. And laugh at everybody.

**MARIN**

I won’t come.

**LUKA**

And we’ll laugh at how hollow your life is.

**MARIA**

I won’t do it until I graduate. And I’ll finish college. Some quiet, self-effacing course. Something, something basic. Just so I have it.

**ANNA**

For the first time I’m disgusted by women. Women like you. Women full of potential, Who give up so quickly.

**MARIA**

Let me kiss you on the cheek. You’ll get there as well. I promise.

**LUKA**

Enough! We haven’t got much left.

**MARIN**

So little time for this levy. While everything is crumbling.

**ANNA**

They’ll start to test us like rats. Destroying any degree of education we have. And no one will have a fucking clue.

**MARIN**

They’ll ad-lib it. As if our destinies are not at stake.

**LUKA**

They’ll ad-lib it. As if our destinies are not at stake.

**MARIA**

What do you mean, apply to ten colleges? I don’t have the ambition.

**ANNA**

What do you mean, apply to ten colleges?

I’m not that desperate.

**LUKA**

Truth be told. Our school fucking sucks. Our town fucking sucks.

**MARIA**

So we’ll all study business! For the future.

**ANNA**

I don’t give a fuck.

**LUKA**

I’m taking a special admissions exam anyway.

**MARIN**

I’ll be in the top ten percent.

**ANNA**

You’re morons!

**MARIA**

For some reason, Everybody will end up exactly where they wanted. Luka will go to the Art Academy, Ana will study Humanities, Marin will go to Law School, And only I, only I, Will send applications and applications Until I give birth.

**ANNA**

I will be smart. I will write essays. And I’ll be free.

**LUKA**

I’ll run away from myself and And I’ll be free. I will write essays. And I’ll be free.

**MARIA**

I’ll run away from myself and Create universes. And destroy them immediately.

**ANNA**

I don’t give a fuck. For the future. Our mediocrity is obvious.

**MARIA**

You’re morons! Create universes. And destroy them immediately.

**ANNA**

For the future. Our mediocrity is obvious.

**MARIN**

This will be the last time I see her.

**LUKA**

And I drink. Like we will drink in our flat in Zagreb. Like we will drink when things go downhill for me And then for her. Ana and I, we laugh. Our time is only just beginning.
She bursts into tears.

I hug Marija.

Ana
Except me.

All of them -

They’ll lead such happy lives.

Marija
That teacher.

Wanted to become -

That’s when I knew I

Whether or not he’s really a faggot.

To everyone in the room,

Middle finger

This is the young teacher’s

Young teacher.

Luka will dance with the

Young teacher.

Ana and Luka look as if

They’re above all this.

Ana and Luka look as if

Marin
How I could have turned out.

I take it in so I never forget

I take it all in.

Ana
ITI

Let’s go to the casino.

Marin
...

She will need it.

Trust me,

Give her just one memory.

Our day.

I promise nothing will happen to her.

My folks will pick us up.

Stay with me some more.

Can Marija please, I beg you,

Yes, that Ana.

Hello, Mr. Horvat.

I’m sorry.

Ana
Hope you won’t be as dumb

As I fear you will be.

Ana
I’m sorry.

Hello, Mr. Horvat.

This is Ana...

Yes, that Ana.

Can Marija please, I beg you.

Stay with me some more.

My folks will pick us up.

I promise nothing will happen to her.

This is our prom night,

Our day.

Give her just one memory.

Trust me,

She will need it...

Ana
I hug Marija.

She bursts into tears.

We will never see her again.

Marin
These two will be the

Epitome, of a new, urban,

Trendy, sexy youth,

They’ll stand on the

Other side from me,

And I’ll be proud to

Have known them.

Luka
Nothing but love.

Ana
And some more speed.

Marija
I’ll light a cigarette.

I’ll think about my old man later.

I’ll be the first one to have
to go home anyway.

Luka
I forgive you.

Here.

Marija
I’m sorry.

Ana
I hope you won’t be as dumb

As I fear you will be.

Marija
I’m sorry.

Ana
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This is Ana...

Yes, that Ana.

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My folks will pick us up.

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Our day.

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This is Ana...

Yes, that Ana.

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Stay with me some more.

My folks will pick us up.

I promise nothing will happen to her.

This is our prom night,

Our day.

Give her just one memory.

Trust me,

She will need it...

Ana
I hug Marija.

She bursts into tears.
I'm lonely.

Shut up.
Fight.

I'm cold.
Hold me.

We'll sleep here and
Have a story
For the grandkids.

Yours?

Yours.

I want to tell you my secrets.
And my fears.

Slowly.

I've met new people.
Young, ambitious, hot guys.
And I like it with them.

I've met new people.
Slowly.
And my fears.

I want to tell you my secrets.
And my fears.

I'm sad,
And short mini-skirts.
Because I wear a little crucifix
Calling me a hick
Laugh behind my back,
Pitiful little philistines
I have no friends,
With too much cheap foundation on.
In the middle of my college building
I'm so lonely

Fuck im.

I'm so lonely
In the middle of my college building
With too much cheap foundation on.
I have no friends,
Pitiful little philistines
Laugh behind my back,
Calling me a hick
Because I wear a little crucifix
And short mini-skirts.
I'm sad,
I often cry in the dirty toilet
And I miss Ana
To protect me.
She's got a life of her own.

I'm dominating.
I know it,
I can feel it.
I've been waiting for it.
I've been waiting for the hottest guys.
Women are afraid of me.
I'm dominating.
I know it,
I can feel it.
I've been waiting for it.
I've waited to be smart and fuckable
at the same time.
I've waited.

Spells of depression come
Like purple waves.
Smothering me.
Hurt me.
I call them my seizures,
Later, they will become psychosomatic.

My whole life is waiting for me.

I shave every morning.

Every morning I drink my coffee
And read the newspapers.

Every morning I stare
Blankly at the mirror.

Every day I eat at the cantina.
The food is cheap and greasy.

I've moved to another city,
And folk music.
I'm going insane from studying
And folk music.

I'll move away.
This country is too small for me.
For my potential,
For everything I can change.

Yes!
Yes to going out!

Yes to excess.

You know, I'm happy.

Me too.

Let's sleep through the train.
Let's make ourselves some lunch.

Buckwheat.
And nettle tea,
It's good for the liver.

Buckwheat.

And Dubravka Ugrešić!

And they're called Domagoj and Irja
And Daina and Ana and Hrvojka...

And they're called Dubravka and Frano and Goc and Damir
And they're called Tanci and Dino and Miliš and Mate...

And we ride in overly expensive cabs.

And we in overexpensive cabs.

And we know this is as good as it gets.

As good as it's allowed to get.

I'm living.
Marriage?

I don't recognize Sisak anymore.
These are not my streets.
This is not my block.

This is not my block.

How have you been?
Same old.

What happened?

I'm alive.

I see.

This is my tram.

Call me.

I won't.
I've no reason to.

How the weak wither.
How they just give up.
God help you, Marija.

Thank you.
Even God can't help me anymore.

Don't give up.

Marija?

I'll pretend that I don't see him.
I'll pretend that I don't know him.
I'll pretend that I'm not jealous.

Marija?

I don't recognize Marija.

I'm disappearing.

Only they can still recognize me.

I don't recognize Marija.

I don't recognize Sisak anymore.
These are not my streets.
This is not my block.
Ana

A church is here now.
Some new Ana and Luka are here now.

Luka

And some new Marin and Marija.

Ana

We're not from around here.
We're from the Internet.

Luka

From Facebook.

Marin

I saw Marija.

Ana

Where?

Marin

In town.

Luka

And?

Marin

She's playing
At being a perfectly ordinary woman.

Ana

She always has been dumb.
Luka

I'm sorry.

Marin

She's changed.
Ana

So have we.

Marin

Call me sometimes.
Luka

OK.

Marin

I'm lonely.
Ana

We are all.

Marin

I don't have any friends there.
Not friends like you.

Luka

I'll try.

Marin

I miss you guys.
Ana

Don't be a fucking wuss.
Let's go to a turbo-folk bar.

Luka

Let's funk a year.
And go to Berlin.
Go to the Berghain and watch guys Fuck and whip each other.

Ana

And to galleries that are garages.

Luka

Freeze our asses off.

Ana

And take the finest MDMA.

Luka

And soon my French guy will come
And love me
And I'll leave him for -
My homeland.

Ana

You're an idiot!

Luka

I'll regret it.

Ana

I have no doubt.

Marija

Soon it will begin.
Someone will make fun of Marijana Petir.
For wearing a crucifix and mini-skirts.
Just like me.

Marin

It will begin.
You'll need a person just like me.
Young, ambitious, silly.
I'll be the one you need.

Ana

My first piece was published
And I was so proud
I got the whole bar drunk.
Without ever getting paid for the text.

Luka

Ana is so beautiful.
I watch her down her shots,
Brushing her hair away from her eyes,
No longer hiding behind her intelligence
Or cynicism,
Standing there buying everyone drinks
And how happy she is.
Ana is so beautiful,
She's as nimble as a gazelle,
Her eyes are focused,
She's as witty as hell,
And she'll stay alone,
With her smarts
And beauty,
Shel'll stay so alone
In spite of
All the hottest guys -
Because of that moron.

Ana

I whisper to him:

“Just hope I don't turn into Dubravka Ugrešić.”

Luka

Because of a moron who will
Publish her cellphone number
In the newspaper.
And tell everyone she had an abortion.

Ana

I whisper to him:
“Take me home.”

Marija

How sad my life is.
And how sad it is to become.

Marin

I've done well for myself.
I only wear shirts and carry a leather briefcase.

Luka

I lie a little
And steal even less.

Ana

Actually,
I've always known I would move away.
That's why I'm doing all this.

Luka

Actually, I've always known I would stay.
That's why I did all this.

Ana

You're dumb.

Luka

I know.

Ana

And you'll regret this.

Luka

I know.

Ana

Let's run away from here, from here.
Let's run far away.
Where they don't beat up faggots,
Where they know fascism is evil.
Let's run far away from here.

Luka

No.

Ana

I can't bear to look at you.

Marija

Out of boredom
And too much free time.
I spend my time,
Mostly on Facebook.

Marin

Out of boredom
And lack of free time.
I jack off every night after work
To amateur porn.

Ana

Out of boredom
And too much free time.
I enroll in another master degree
In theatrical direction.

Luka

Out of boredom
And too much free time.
I develop a smoldering depressive disorder
With anxiety attacks.
The purple waves are growing more common.
They come in the form of Marin
And the other guys beating me up.
In the form of my mom crying and
Not being able to take it anymore.
In the form of a fear that
Someone will kill me.
In the form of a depressive disorder
That wants to eliminate me
Through its Constitution,
And in Gestalt
And in psycho-drama
And on medication
And in psychoanalytic theory.

Marija

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Ana

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That's why I'm doing all this.

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Let's run far away.
Where they don't beat up faggots,
Where they know fascism is evil.
Let's run far away from here.

Luka

No.

Ana

I can't bear to look at you.
she has travelled,
Glanced at my cheap foundation
Looked contemptuously at the booth
she was standing in front of
I hid a bit.
I hoped she wouldn't see me.
she kissed some of them.
Modern people.
and waving to some other
she was passing me by, laughing
And I knew how dumb I was.
Thinking about Luka all day long.
Against the fags,
And fought for family values,
with a stolen logo
In an oversized shirt
I was standing at the booth
she seemed so accomplished.
Expensive makeup.
she wore a beautiful dress and
That family,
for that home
Luka, a play and a half, and
shitty apartment, my depressed
That I had a home, and for that
But I thought,
The only thing pissing me off were
and that family,
I was happy that Luka wasn't
And have a smoothie for fifteen.
lectures for thirty kuna
I was proud I could hear Ali's
They invited her every
time, to be smart
They're for family values.
I don't want to deny anyone
anything, but a marriage is
between a man an a woman.
And between a man and a woman.
I wanted to get married even
with crusted cum
I eat pizza,
And learn about art
And go to the theatre
And buy the new book by
the Japanese classic
And slowly wipe out any trace
of mud off themselves.
And then - knock-knock?
Who's there?
Police inspection!
Ana published an essay.
It went viral.
Ana finally became smarter
Than she was beautiful.
Ana published an essay.
And essay for which we will exile her.
Ana published an essay.
Luka won some award,
Grown up.
she's at peace and happy,
Mostly windmills.
I counted to ten.
But my surrender to it.
But society almost never does.
Ana's essay resounded like a bomb.
In sisak,
And essay for which we will exile her.
Ana published an essay.
Luka won some award,
Grown up.
she's at peace and happy,
Mostly windmills.
I counted to ten.
But my surrender to it.
But society almost never does.
Ana's essay resounded like a bomb.
In sisak,
I punch against the tiles. I don’t even use soap anymore. The water floods the bathroom.

The seborrhoeic dermatitis is gone. I wash my face with cold water and rub in some cream, neutral, for babies’ bottoms. I’m at peace. People change, but society almost never does. The only translation I have is French. My only publisher is in Paris, I fucked him a year ago, Not to get the book published, But because he was just too hot.

I’m at peace.

**MARIN**

I punch against the tiles. I don’t even use soap anymore. The water floods the bathroom.

**ANA**

I see the past and the future Both at once. such easy nights, And small people, In the lather I see small lives Long and soapy, us in kindergarten, The way the nurses teach I wash my hands Out of thin air, A couch in the kitchen And a tidy little flat with I have a designer coat and It all came together. But because he was just too hot.

I’m at peace.

**MARIJA**

I am Marija and I live in Žažina near Sisak, I am a mother of three, sons, and I have a degree in business. **MARIN**

I am Marin and I’m head of the Culture, youth and education Bureau in Sisak; I’m married. **LUKA**

Hello, I am Luka, screenwriter/ director based in Zagreb, Croatia. **ANA**

Je m’appelle Ana. Je habite à Paris. **MARIJA**

For our ten-year graduation anniversary I bought some more expensive foundation, Because now I can And used it to hide twenty eight years Of mediocrity. **ANA**

Yes to younger lovers!

**MARIN**

For my ten year graduation anniversary I wasn’t ready .

**ANA**

Yes to too expensive wines!

**LUKA**

Yes. What about you? And your fellow?

**MARIJA**

We’re okay. He works a lot

**MARIN**

I’ve seen him on television.

**LUKA**

He’s full of shit, with those soap operas.

**MARIN**

Oh, that’s okay...

**LUKA**

Everyone’s grown so old.

**MARIN**

So what... Ana is not coming?

**LUKA**

She couldn’t find a cheap flight.

**MARIN**

How is she doing?

**LUKA**

She doesn’t give a fuck.

**ANA**

We talked about Sisak and about how, every now and again, this post-industrial, post-transitional twilight zone gives birth to something interesting: Marijan Crtalić, Marko Tadić or the Bambi Molesters. Besides, she comes from Kutina, she made that observation herself; I tried to add that Marjana Petir came from there as well. She didn’t find it funny. I didn’t move away hoping that I’d make it. I moved away so I can be lazy. To realize Stinolović’s dream of laziness. And I could only do that by becoming an artist of the East In the heart of the West. We live in a time where goodness is banal, In a system programmed to fabricate itself well, where there is no individual need or duty towards goodness, where we define ourselves in relation to ourselves, instead of others. I’ve realized my right to laziness. I’ve taken the side of the bad pupils who are late with their homework Who smoke behind the school And who have a historic right to sexiness And the definition of cool. I’ve escaped the banality of excellence, The harnessed notions of neoliberal logic, The students trained to file their applications for their EU funds on time. I’ve run away from jealousy and Careerist compensation. I’ve run away from human malice that justifies itself with crisis and poverty

**MARIJA**

Well who do we have here?

**LUKA**

Old gal, you look amazing.

**MARIJA**

Oh, I’m fat.

**MARIN**

Like hell you are. Sit down.

**MARIJA**

It was supposed to be just the two of us.

**LUKA**

Come on, you look like a young girl.

**MARIJA**

Ten years, people. Ten, and it seems like a lifetime to me.

**MARIJA**

You don’t even ask me. They won’t study.

**LUKA**

It’s just a phase.

**MARIJA**

I watch that fella of yours every day.

**LUKA**

Yeah.

**MARIN**

Working?

**MARIJA**

When would I find the time?

**MARIN**

True.

**MARIJA**

Ana won’t be coming, I assume.

**LUKA**

She can’t.

**MARIJA**

It might be for the better.

**ANA**

And so Dubravka Ugrešić and I had a small coffee, talked about hipsters, about Amsterdam and Berlin, about her essay and mine, about my French and her Dutch, about translators and parents... As our final cigarette went out, we created that uncomfortable silence which marks the death of conversations like these. From my backpack I took out her last book which they sent me from Belgrade. She signed it, protesting slightly. There are generations between me and Dubravka, A row of defiant women Who won’t be canonized by feminism. Feminism isn’t interested in tough chicks, They prefer martyrs. I walked from the Pompidou, across Le Marais, Marched through the tenth arrondissement to buy a new DVD By some Norwegian director – everyone’s praising her lately – And walked to the edge of town, to a hidden garden, The masterwork of some Japanese artist And I was home. Surrounded by bamboo, Picky about my sexual partners, Too lazy to procreate or work. But, for some reason, People claim I make them happy, and calm. THE END

/at least for now/
INDEX

ANA LETUNIĆ AND TANJA ŠLJIVAR

Ceca: in Serbia, the greatest turbo folk star, in Croatia, a Freudian unfulfilled wish, in Slovenia an iconic figure of the gay movement and possible new wife of philosopher Slavoj Žižek. Her career could be divided into four equally controversial phases: 1. A thin and tall cocaine-addicted teenage star from the village of Žitorađe; 2. An androgynous cocaine-addicted singer of a melancholic ode to the Serbian capital Belgrade (her boyish hairstyle was designed by her husband, the war criminal Arkan, as a punishment for dating a Muslim football player from Bosnia in her teens) 3. A fertile cocaine-addicted widow with a famous quote about her husband’s assassination: “When I heard the sounds of gunfire, I thought to myself who the fuck got on his nerves so much this time”; 4. A cocaine-addicted mother-in-law, whose son the fuck got on his nerves so much this time; 5. Serbia’s most eligible croon: an ex-soldier from the “Partisans” and was led by Draža Mihailović, who were tolerant towards all minorities, ethnicities and religions in the region later to become Yugoslavia, fighting for liberation and unification, and not collaborating with the occupying forces. According to some other sources this World War II movement was actually called “Partisans” and was led by Tito. Recently, some bearded greedy men with knives were seen in Ukraine, fighting for the general Orthodox cause. At Serbian weddings, it is common for the bride, in her huge white dress, to sing some of the hymns of the Chetnik movement.

The Dayton Peace Agreement: an infamous document, seminar, or a long, cozy and somewhat turbulent business trip of the three leaders of former Yugoslav countries, signed in Paris, France, but named after the capital of Ohio, the outcome of which was a country no one really wants to live in, unless necessary. Since the Serbian forces, armed with full metal jackets and the army equipment of the Yugoslav National Army, never had any interests in the Bosnian war and therefore never took part in it, whether logistically or a bit more concretely such as committing ethnic cleansing and genocide, it is a bit unusual that one of the main signatories of this agreement was Slobodan Milošević. Among others signatories were also leaders of other countries that never had any interest in Bosnia and Herzegovina either: Franjo Tuđman, Richard Holbrooke and Alija Izetbegović. The Dayton agreement is also an all-time favorite agreement of the current President of Republika Srpska, the ‘country’ whose existence is enabled and forever guaranteed through it.

Tudman: Croatia turned out heterosexual even though it had two fathers - Ante Starčević and Franjo Tuđman - and no mother. Before the birth of Croatia, he performed the role of the president of the “Partisans” tennis club. Besides becoming Tito’s youngest general - which heavily influenced his later fashion style, as he liked to wear Tito-styled white suits when he felt at his best - Franjo was very passionate about his national history made him stand out as a swift little animal, since the name is a Croatian invention which inspires his music videos. He also likes to read fantasy fiction, which inspires his music videos in most original ways.

Serb-Chetnik whore: a kind of woman seen only in Croatia since the nineties until today. Unlike Partisans, Chetnik policies made women unable to perform significant roles. No women took part in fighting units and were restricted to nursing and occasional intelligence work. Also, there is no evidence that the women in the Chetnik movement ever performed prostitution. Somehow, a number of Croatian women that do not comply with the traditional image of a Croatian Catholic mother got labelled as “Serb-Chetnik whores”.

Handsome Serbian Movie Directors: no need for further explanation.

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Handsome Serbian Movie Directors: no need for further explanation.
STRIVING FOR THE VISIBILITY OF CROATIAN THEATRE AND PLAYWRIGHTS
THE CROATIAN CENTRE OF ITI

The Croatian Centre of ITI was founded in 1994 as a non-profit professional and volunteer organization. Sanja Nikčević was elected as the first President at the founding assembly. Željka Turičinović has been the head of the Centre since 2001. Throughout the years, the Centre has grown from a small organization of theatre enthusiasts into a programmer of theatre projects (International Drama Colony, Croatian Theatre Showcase, Theatre Days) and promoter of Croatian theatre and drama on the international level. The Centre publishes a series of publications in English (Croatian Theatre, Theatres in Croatia, and Shortcut to Croatian Dance) as part of its promotion of theatre and dance. Since 2003 the organization’s office has been located in a representative space of Villa Arko in Zagreb’s historical Upper Town, in Basaričekova Street 24.

We share the space with the Croatian Writers’ Association and P.E.N. while the villa’s attic houses the atelier of Zlatko Bourek.

MISSION

| Carrying out international cooperation and promotion of Croatian theatre, drama, and dance; |
| Translating Croatian playwrights and introducing their texts through public readings; |
| Inviting foreign selectors, programmers, directors, translators and theatre professionals to Croatia and enabling them to see the best theatre and dance productions; |
| Striving for the visibility of Croatian theatre and playwrights on the European and world theatre map and making them sought after; |
| Publishing promotional publications and magazines on Croatian theatre, drama, and dance in world languages; |
| Instigating the exchange of writers on the basis of reciprocity (mutual cooperation) so that both theatre milieus present their best writers and pieces; |
| Being active, transparent, and of service both internationally and nationally. |

THE CENTRE’S STRUCTURE

Members of the Centre may be individual and collective (theatres, associations, organizations, festivals, dance companies...).

Željka Turičinović, dramaturge and Editor of Drama Department of Croatian Radio Television (HRT) is the President of the Centre; Matko Botić, dramaturge and theatreologist, is the Expert Councilor; and Dubravka Ćukman is the Administrative Assistant.

Executive and Supervisory Board (April 2014)

Hrvoje Ivanković, Mario Kovač, Želimir Mesarić, Zoran Mužić, Ursa Raukar (Executive Board), Matko Botić, Ivica Buljan, Ivar Martinić, Katja Šimunić, Dubravka Vrigoč (Supervisory Board)

President of International Playwrights Forum (ITI): Jasen Boko
DANCE COMMITTEE

The Centre has a Dance Committee, established in July 2000, with Executive Secretary Maja Đurinović and Honorary President Milana Broš. The Dance Committee presents a stronghold and logistical support to dance companies and projects as a source of information and an outlet for joining dance touring networks. The Committee has supported tours of our ensembles to Mexico (Liberdance), Peru (Contemporary Dance Studio) and Cyprus (Dance Theatre Tala). The Dance Committee is the initiator of the dance art magazine Movements, various promotional publications, and the book series Movements which features dance theory through the Dance Studies edition and dance critique through the Small Hall edition.

THE MANSIONI SERIES

In the fifteen years of its existence, with the ample scope of interests connected to theatrological studies, dramatic texts, theatre travelogues, essays and biographical writings, the series "Mansioni" has profiled and established itself as one of the most important Croatian theatrological series. The publications in this series feature both domestic and foreign authors; besides books in Croatian, translations of plays by Croatian dramatists are published in foreign languages with the aim of promoting Croatian drama abroad.

The Editor-in-Chief is Željka Turčinović with guest-editors being hired for individual editions.
PUBLICATIONS AND MAGAZINES ON CROATIAN THEATRE, DRAMA, AND DANCE
PUBLISHED (1994-2014)

THEATROLOGY

Marvin Carlson
Theories of the Theatre 1, 1996

Boris Senker
Croatian Dramatists in their Theatre, 1996

Nikola Duretić
Theatre Travelogues and Milestones, 1996

Marvin Carlson
Theories of the Theatre 2, 1997

Marvin Carlson
Theories of the Theatre 3, 1997

Manfred Pfister
Drama, 1998

Dubravko Mihanović
Playing prose, writing theatre, 2013

Antonin Artaud
The Theatre and its Double, 2000

Vinko Grubišić
Artaud, 2000

Acija Alfreyvić
The Australian New Wave, 2000

Sibila Petelevski
Symptoms of Dramatic Postmodernity, 2000

Peter Szondi
The Theory of Modern Drama 1880-1950, 2001

Antonija Bogner-Šaban
The Return to No-Return, 2001

Adriana Car-Mihic
The Diary of Three Genres, 2003

Sanja Nikčević
Affirmative American Drama or Long Live the Puritans, 2003

Peter Brook
Threads of Time, 2003

Sanja Ivić
Sturgeons Of Second Rate Freshness, 2004

Mikhail Chekhoy
To The Actor – On The Technique Of Acting, 2004

Branko Hećinović
In Theatre’s Embrace, 2004

Gordana Muzafajeva
Theatre Plays Of Miro Gavran, 2005

Joseph R. Roach
The Players’ Passion, 2005

Darko Lukić
The Production and Marketing of Performing Arts, 2006

Mirella Schino
Theatre of Eleonara Duse, 2007

Sibila Petelevski
Drama and Time, 2007

Miljenko Foretić
Theatre in Dubrovnik, 2008

Darko Lukić
The production and marketing of the performing arts, second edition, 2010

Darko Gašparović
A deep cut (through Croatian drama of the twentieth century), 2012

Ivica Kunčević
Ambient, the Dubrovnik way, 2012

Ivica Kunčević
Playing prose, writing theatre, 2013

Sibila Petelevski
Repeated Prophecy of Cracks, 1994

Miro Gavran
Droll Pieces, 1996

Davor Šniceć
Foreplays, 1996

Borislav Vučić
White Tragedies, 1997

Davor Šniceć
Paradise With No Closing Time, 2001

Ivan Vidić
The valley of roses, and other plays, 2012

Tomislav Zajec
Departures, 2013

Dubravko Mihanović
White/ The Frog/ Marjan, Marjan/Everything passes, 2014.

PLAYS

Author group GONG
The river carries us, and other plays, 2011

Mate Matišić
Post Mortem Trilogy, 2006

Fena Šehović
Comedies and Dramas, 2010

Ivan Vidić
Plays, 2002

Ivan Vidić
Plays, 2002

Mate Matišić
Departures, 2013

Dubravko Mihanović
White/ The Frog/ Marjan, Marjan/Everything passes, 2014.
OTHER ACTIVITIES (2011 – 2014)

1. **Publishing Activities**

"Croatian Theatre", a magazine for the international theatre community which provides an insight into the current trends in contemporary Croatian drama and theatre.

- **Vol. 5** (English version, 2011)
- **Vol. 6 - "Croatian Theatre / Theatre Croate"** (Edition in French, to complement the major presentation of Croatian culture in France - "Croatie - la voici", 2012)
- **Special edition in Mansioni series: "Marin Carić", monograph, 2011.**

2. **Dance Committee Activities**


Katja Šimunić’s participation at the World Dance Alliance Global Summit in Angers, as a part of the program of the Conference with a lecture on one of the most interesting contemporary Croatian choreographers, Marjana Krajač, and her participation at the round table of the World Dance Alliance-Europe, presenting the contemporary Croatian dance scene.

3. **Anthologies**

- **Irena Lukić**
  - The Anthology of Russian Dissident Drama, 1998
- **Ian Brown**
  - The Anthology of Contemporary Scottish Drama, 1999
- **Borislav Pavlovski**
  - The Anthology of New Macedonian Drama, 2000
- **Sead Muhamadagić**
  - The Anthology of New Austrian Drama, 2002
- **Contemporary Italian Drama - Selected Authors**
  - (edited by Mario Mattia Giorgetti), 2003
- **Franciska Ćurković-Major**
  - New Hungarian Drama, 2005
- **Ivica Buljan**
  - The Anthology of New French Drama, 2006
- **The Anthology of New Czech Drama**
  - (edited by Kamila Čerňa), 2009
- **Six Argentine Dramas**
  - (edited by Robeto Aquirre), 2014

4. **Translators of Croatian Drama**

- **Tomislav Bakarić**
  - La muerte de Stjepan Radić (The Death of Stjepan Radić - Spanish), 1998
- **Maja Gregl**
  - The Loves of Alma Mahler/ Die Lieben der Alma Mahler (Croatian/German), 1999
- **Mislav Brunec**
  - Smrt Ligeja/Death of Ligeia (Croatian/English), 2000
- **Tomislav Dubrešič**
  - Drones Chossis (Selected Plays - French), 2002
- **Different Voices**
  - Eight Contemporary Croatian Plays (English, edited by Boris Senker), 2003
- **Lada Kaštelan**
  - Prije sna/ Before Sleep, 2007

The **Movements** series was launched in 2009 as a natural continuation of the publishing activity of the ‘Movements’ magazine. It is presented in two sub-editions: **Dance Studies** featuring dance theory and **Small Hall** featuring theatre critique and dance.

The Editor-in-Chief of the series is Iva Nerina Sibila and guest editors are invited for individual publications according to the need.

Edition: **DANCE STUDIES**

- **Laurence Louppe: POETICS OF CONTEMPORARY DANCE**

Edition: **SMALL HALL** (Mala dvorana)

- **Tuga Tarle: DANCE REVIEWS**
- **Maja Bezjak: A CRITIQUE OF BALLET; YES, BUT WHAT KIND?**
The Traditional Croatian Theatre Showcase was organized in Zagreb in December of 2012, presenting the best plays produced by Croatian theatres in the previous season. In addition to the Showcase, the Croatian Centre of ITI hosted the Regional Council Meeting of ITI Centres, with participants from Slovenia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Macedonia, Romania, Serbia and Kosovo.
### IMPORTANT ADDRESSES

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<tr>
<td>ZAGREB DANCE CENTER</td>
<td>Zagrebački plesni centar</td>
<td></td>
<td>Ilica 10</td>
<td>10000 Zagrep, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 4816 931</td>
<td>+385 1 4876 463</td>
<td><a href="mailto:ured@hrvatskodrustvopisaca.hr">ured@hrvatskodrustvopisaca.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.hrvatskodrustvopisaca.hr">www.hrvatskodrustvopisaca.hr</a></td>
<td>President: Nikola Petković</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IMPORTANT ADDRESSES</td>
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</table>
THEATRES

ZAGREB
CROATIAN NATIONAL THEATRE
IN ZAGREB, DRAMA, OPERA, BALLET

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Fax</th>
<th>Email</th>
<th>Website</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gradski teatar</td>
<td>Kaptol 9, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 581 471</td>
<td>+385 1 581 470</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@gradsteknik.hr">info@gradsteknik.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.teatar.hr">www.teatar.hr</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramski teatar</td>
<td>Gradski dvorac, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 481 208</td>
<td>+385 1 481 207</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@gradski-dvorac.hr">info@gradski-dvorac.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.dramski-teatar.hr">www.dramski-teatar.hr</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kino teatar</td>
<td>Kino teatar, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 481 208</td>
<td>+385 1 481 207</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@kino-teatar.hr">info@kino-teatar.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.kino-teatar.hr">www.kino-teatar.hr</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Planeta teatar</td>
<td>Planeta teatar, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 481 208</td>
<td>+385 1 481 207</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@planeta-teatar.hr">info@planeta-teatar.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.planeta-teatar.hr">www.planeta-teatar.hr</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mala scene teatar</td>
<td>Mala scene teatar, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 481 208</td>
<td>+385 1 481 207</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@mala-scena.hr">info@mala-scena.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.mala-scena.hr">www.mala-scena.hr</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gradski kazalište Žal</td>
<td>Gradski kazalište Žal, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 487 950</td>
<td>+385 1 487 951</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@gradskikazalishte-zal.hr">info@gradskikazalishte-zal.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.kazalishte-zal.hr">www.kazalishte-zal.hr</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gradski kazalište Kurjakovac</td>
<td>Gradski kazalište Kurjakovac, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 481 208</td>
<td>+385 1 481 207</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@gradskikazaliste-kurjakovac.hr">info@gradskikazaliste-kurjakovac.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.kazaliste-kurjakovac.hr">www.kazaliste-kurjakovac.hr</a></td>
</tr>
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</table>

KEREMPUH SATIRICAL THEATRE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Fax</th>
<th>Email</th>
<th>Website</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Satiričko kazalište Kermepuh</td>
<td>Ilica 3</td>
<td>10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 485 344</td>
<td>+385 1 485 345</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@kermepuh.hr">info@kermepuh.hr</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

BIRD OF FIRE THEATRE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Fax</th>
<th>Email</th>
<th>Website</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gradski kazalište Žar ptica</td>
<td>Biokinička 97, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 257 438; +385 1 257 438</td>
<td>+385 1 257 438</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@zar-ptica.hr">info@zar-ptica.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.zar-ptica.hr">www.zar-ptica.hr</a></td>
</tr>
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HISTRION ACTING COMPANY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Fax</th>
<th>Email</th>
<th>Website</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Glumačko društvo Histrion</td>
<td>Ilica 90, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 549 683</td>
<td>+385 1 549 683</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@histrion.hr">info@histrion.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.histrion.hr">www.histrion.hr</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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KUFEK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Fax</th>
<th>Email</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cankarova 18, 1000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 549 683</td>
<td>+385 1 549 683</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@kufer.hr">info@kufer.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.kufer.hr">www.kufer.hr</a></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

KNAK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Fax</th>
<th>Email</th>
<th>Website</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cultural centre Poličnica</td>
<td>Ivanovgradska 43a, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 235 102; +385 1 455 011</td>
<td>+385 1 235 103</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@knak.hr">info@knak.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.knak.hr">www.knak.hr</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PLANET ART

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Fax</th>
<th>Email</th>
<th>Website</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vladića 13a, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 549 683; +385 1 549 683</td>
<td>+385 1 549 683</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@planet-art.hr">info@planet-art.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.planet-art.hr">www.planet-art.hr</a></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

RUGANTINO THEATRE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Fax</th>
<th>Email</th>
<th>Website</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Teatar Rugantino</td>
<td>Ivan Rangera 2, 10000 Zagreb, Croatia</td>
<td>+385 1 549 683; +385 1 549 683</td>
<td>+385 1 549 683</td>
<td><a href="mailto:info@rugantino.hr">info@rugantino.hr</a></td>
<td><a href="http://www.rugantino.hr">www.rugantino.hr</a></td>
</tr>
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</table>

138 139
CROATIAN THEATRES ABROAD

BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA

CROATIAN NATIONAL THEATRE IN MOSTAR
- Hrvatsko kazalište u Pečuhu
  - Hrvatsko narodno kazalište u Mostaru
  - Trg hrvatskih velikana bb
  - 88000 Mostar, Bosnia and Herzegovina
  - Manager: Vesna Čotić
  - www.hnk.ba
  - info@pecsihorvatszinhaz.hu
  - +387 63 317 348
  - +385 21 344 993

FESTIVALS

MARUL’S DAYS, SPLIT, FESTIVAL OF CROATIAN DRAMA
- Marulićev dani, Split:
  - Festival hrvatske drame
  - Trg Gaje Bulata 1
  - 20000 Split, Croatia
  - +385 21 346 100
  - +385 21 506 197
  - hnk-split@htz-split.hr
  - www.hnk-split.hr

DAYS OF SATIRE, ZAGREB, FESTIVAL OF ANNUAL SATIRE PRODUCTION IN CROATIA
- Dani satira, Zagreb:
  - Festival godišnje satiričke produkcije u Hrvatskoj
  - Ilica 31
  - 10000 Zagreb, Croatia
  - +385 21 346 100
  - +385 21 506 197
  - info@zadarszinhaz.hr
  - www.zadarszinhaz.hr

DUBROVNIK SUMMER FESTIVAL, DRAMA, MUSIC
- Dubrovnikski (žene igras, drama, glazba)
  - Od Loge
  - 20000 Dubrovnik, Croatia
  - +385 20 326 100
  - +385 20 547 187
  - info@dubrovnikfestival.hr
  - www.dubrovnikfestival.hr
  - General manager: Krešimir Dolenčić
  - Director: Ivana Medo Bogdanović
  - Time Held: July / August

SPLIT SUMMER FESTIVAL, DRAMA, OPERA, BALLET AND CONCERT PROGRAMMES
- Splitski (ženski, dramski, operni, baletni i koncertni program)
  - HNK, Trg Gaje Bulata 1
  - 20000 Split, Croatia
  - +385 21 346 100
  - +385 21 506 197
  - hnk-split@htz-split.hr
  - www.hnk-split.hr
  - Manager: Tonči Bilić
  - Director: Ivana Medo Bogdanović
  - General manager: Krešimir Dolenčić
  - Time Held: July / August

DREAMTIME ZADAR
- Dreamtime Zadar:
  - Od sigurne 1
  - 23000 Zadar, Croatia
  - +385 98 933 8252
  - info@zadarszinhaz.hr
  - www.zadarszinhaz.hr
  - Manager: Tlak Smole
  - Director: Marija Forjan
  - Time Held: May / June

SLUK, OSJEK: MEETING OF CROATIAN PUPPETEERS AND PUPPET THEATRES
- SLUK, Osijek:
  - Svjetlo lutkarstva i lutkovskih kazališta Hrvatske
  - Trg bana Jelačića 19
  - 31000 Osijek, Croatia
  - +385 31 501 485
  - ekieje-kazaliste@os.com.hr
  - www.djecje-kazaliste.hr
  - Manager: Ilica Lučić
  - Time Held: biannually / April & May

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVALS

EUROKAZ, ZAGREB, FESTIVAL OF NEW THEATRE
- Eurokaz, Zagreb:
  - Festival novog kazališta
  - Dolmarov prolaz 3
  - 10000 Zagreb, Croatia
  - +385 1 484 7896
  - +385 1 485 4424
  - eurokaz@eurokaz.hr
  - www.eurokaz.hr
  - Manager: Nevena Štević
  - Time Held: May

GOLDEN LION, INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER THEATRE
- Selektor: Livija Kroflin
  - Međunarodni festival komornog teatra Zlatni lav
  - Trgovačka 6
  - 52470 Umag, Croatia
  - +385 52 343 447
  - ekieje-kazaliste@os.com.hr
  - www.eurokaz.hr
  - Director: Damir Zlatar Frey
  - Time Held: July

THEATRE SUMMER, ZADAR
- Urska ulica 8
  - 23000 Zadar, Croatia
  - +385 21 344 586
  - +385 21 344 590
  - info@zadarszinhaz.hr
  - www.zadarszinhaz.hr
  - Manager: Renato Švrček
  - Time Held: June / August

INTERNATIONAL PUPPET THEATRE FESTIVAL “THE VERY BEST”
- Mali Maj festival
  - Brijenica 97
  - 10000 Zagreb, Croatia
  - +385 1 2347 228
  - +385 1 2347 205
  - www.zar-ptica.hr
  - www.zar-ptica.hr
  - Artistic Director: Marija Sepečić
  - General manager: Kristijan Mičić
  - Time Held: April

INTERNATIONAL PUPPET THEATRE FESTIVAL | PI F
- PIF:
  - Split Summer Festival, Zagreb, Croatia
  - +385 21 344 586
  - +385 21 344 590
  - info@zadarszinhaz.hr
  - www.zadarszinhaz.hr
  - Manager: Tlak Smole
  - Director: Marija Sepečić
  - Time Held: September

INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN’S FESTIVAL
- Međunarodni dječji festival Sibenik
  - Kralja Zvonimira 1
  - 23000 Šibenik, Croatia
  - +385 22 234 636
  - e mdfrarenton@hnsk.hr
  - www.mdf-sibenik.hr
  - Festival Director: Maju Traja
  - Time Held: June & July

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL "THE VERY BEST"
- Mali Maj festival
  - Brijenica 97
  - 10000 Zagreb, Croatia
  - +385 1 2347 228
  - +385 1 2347 205
  - www.zar-ptica.hr
  - www.zar-ptica.hr
  - Artistic Director: Marija Sepečić
  - General manager: Kristijan Mičić
  - Time Held: August

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL "THE VERY BEST"
- Mali Maj festival
  - Brijenica 97
  - 10000 Zagreb, Croatia
  - +385 1 2347 228
  - +385 1 2347 205
  - www.zar-ptica.hr
  - www.zar-ptica.hr
  - Artistic Director: Marija Sepečić
  - General manager: Kristijan Mičić
  - Time Held: August

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL "THE VERY BEST"
- Mali Maj festival
  - Brijenica 97
  - 10000 Zagreb, Croatia
  - +385 1 2347 228
  - +385 1 2347 205
  - www.zar-ptica.hr
  - www.zar-ptica.hr
  - Artistic Director: Marija Sepečić
  - General manager: Kristijan Mičić
  - Time Held: August
DANCE FESTIVALS

CONTEMPORARY DANCE WEEK ZAGREB
| Tjedan suvremenog plesa, Zagreb |
| HIPP |
| Ranko Marinović: Gloria, Theatre & TD |
| Photo by Damir Jažić |

| Ranko Marinović: Gloria, Theatre & TD |
| Photo by Damir Jažić |

TIME HELD: JUNE

YOUTH FESTIVALS

PUF INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL, PULA, POREČ
| PUF - Pula, Poreč: Međunarodni kazališni festival mladih |
| INAT Pula, Šargijeva 32 |
| 52100 Pula, Croatia |
| T +385 52 223 915 |
| F +385 52 214 303 |
| E sakud@pu.t-com.hr |
| W www.kazaliste-dr-inat.hr |
| Artistic Director: Branko Šušac |
| Time Held: July |

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH THEATRE FESTIVAL | MKFM | PULA |
| MKFM: Pula Međunarodni kazališni festival mladih |
| INK Pula, Malja Lagnjiga 5 |
| 52100 Pula, Croatia |
| T +385 52 218 890 |
| F +385 52 214 303 |
| E mkfm@ink.hr |
| W www.ink.hr |
| Manager: Gordana Jeromela Kačić |
| Time Held: June & August |

FESTIVAL OF DANCE AND NON-VERBAL THEATRE, SVETIVINČENAT
| Festival plesa i neverbalnog teatra Svetivinčenat |
| ZPA, Hebrangova 36 |
| 10000 Zagreb, Croatia |
| E zpa@zg.t-com.hr |
| W www.svetvincenatfestival.com |
| Artistic Director: snježana Abramović Milković |
| Time Held: July |

DANCE WEEK ZAGREB
| Tjedan suvremenog plesa, Zagreb |
| HIPP |
| Ranko Marinović: Gloria, Theatre & TD |
| Photo by Damir Jažić |

TIME HELD: JUNE

YOUTH FESTIVALS

PUF INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL, PULA, POREČ
| PUF - Pula, Poreč: Međunarodni kazališni festival mladih |
| INAT Pula, Šargijeva 32 |
| 52100 Pula, Croatia |
| T +385 52 223 915 |
| F +385 52 214 303 |
| E sakud@pu.t-com.hr |
| W www.kazaliste-dr-inat.hr |
| Artistic Director: Branko Šušac |
| Time Held: July |

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH THEATRE FESTIVAL | MKFM | PULA |
| MKFM: Pula Međunarodni kazališni festival mladih |
| INK Pula, Malja Lagnjiga 5 |
| 52100 Pula, Croatia |
| T +385 52 218 890 |
| F +385 52 214 303 |
| E mkfm@ink.hr |
| W www.ink.hr |
| Manager: Gordana Jeromela Kačić |
| Time Held: June & August |

FESTIVAL OF DANCE AND NON-VERBAL THEATRE, SVETIVINČENAT
| Festival plesa i neverbalnog teatra Svetivinčenat |
| ZPA, Hebrangova 36 |
| 10000 Zagreb, Croatia |
| E zpa@zg.t-com.hr |
| W www.svetvincenatfestival.com |
| Artistic Director: snježana Abramović Milković |
| Time Held: July |

DANCE WEEK ZAGREB
| Tjedan suvremenog plesa, Zagreb |
| HIPP |
| Ranko Marinović: Gloria, Theatre & TD |
| Photo by Damir Jažić |

TIME HELD: JUNE

YOUTH FESTIVALS

PUF INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL, PULA, POREČ
| PUF - Pula, Poreč: Međunarodni kazališni festival mladih |
| INAT Pula, Šargijeva 32 |
| 52100 Pula, Croatia |
| T +385 52 223 915 |
| F +385 52 214 303 |
| E sakud@pu.t-com.hr |
| W www.kazaliste-dr-inat.hr |
| Artistic Director: Branko Šušac |
| Time Held: July |

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH THEATRE FESTIVAL | MKFM | PULA |
| MKFM: Pula Međunarodni kazališni festival mladih |
| INK Pula, Malja Lagnjiga 5 |
| 52100 Pula, Croatia |
| T +385 52 218 890 |
| F +385 52 214 303 |
| E mkfm@ink.hr |
| W www.ink.hr |
| Manager: Gordana Jeromela Kačić |
| Time Held: June & August |

FESTIVAL OF DANCE AND NON-VERBAL THEATRE, SVETIVINČENAT
| Festival plesa i neverbalnog teatra Svetivinčenat |
| ZPA, Hebrangova 36 |
| 10000 Zagreb, Croatia |
| E zpa@zg.t-com.hr |
| W www.svetvincenatfestival.com |
| Artistic Director: snježana Abramović Milković |
| Time Held: July |
MUSES IN CRISIS
- THE CROATIAN
THEATRE TODAY
Matko Botić

THE LATEST
GENERATION OF
CROATIAN PLAYWRIGHTS
Tajana Gašparović

THE PLACE WHERE
CROATIAN THEATRE
GROW UP
Igor Ružić

THE MARIN DRŽIĆ
THEATRE IN DUBROVNIK
Hrvoje Ivanković

IN CROATIAN THEATRE,
ALL THE DISCUSSIONS
ARE FOUNDED ON
INADEQUATE PRECEPTS
A conversation with
director Ivica Buljan
Matko Botić

SOMEONE SHOULD
WALK THE DOG
Play by Tomislav Zajec

STATIC
Play by Dino Pešut