



- <sup>1</sup> Roland Barthes, *Empire of Signs*  
<sup>2</sup> Sanja Mitrovic, *Meeting the Other*  
<sup>3</sup> Sanja Mitrovic, *Metmorphosis*  
<sup>4</sup> Slavoj Zizek, *Sublime object of ideology*

So what am I seeing from my place in the audience? Two girls playing the game, absorbed in it so much that they are not aware of me looking at them. They talk to each other - in Japanese. Did they learn it by heart? Are they doing it for real? And to whom belongs this disembodied female voice that is whispering to me from behind my back? Is she really translating, interpreting the words they are saying or is she just telling me something, anything that I need to know so that I can understand... the performance?

Is this a performance?

Anyway, the two of them, they make me smile. They are not girls. The voice behind my back is not a voice of their mother justifying, comforting, explaining, excusing. And yet...

They move through the space, the two of them, in steps, incrementally, always relating to each other, always changing position away from and towards the audience, away from and towards this same female voice translating, explaining them. Till the moment they suddenly come very close, in front and turn toward - facing me. Then the voice stops and they stop, in silence for a moment.

As I look at the two of them I am touched immensely by the fact that at this point I can not tell: are they here, now, standing for me or are they standing with me? For me or with me?

For me with me the three of them. Two. One.

*Your body becomes lighter. You don't feel your feet anymore. You feel the coldness of the floor. Your eyes are disappearing in the colors around you. Three, two, one - Your breath is hardly audible. Your ears listen to the silence. You become the silence. You observe the white and you become the white. Zero - You are part of the space and you become the space yourself.*<sup>3</sup>

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The most difficult dilemma in her struggle is contained in the question: Can you meet (an)other for the first time - more than once?

And further, about the dialectic of truth...

*(...) This double failure, this mutual misrecognition, possesses a structure of a double movement of communication where each subject receives from the other its own message in the inverse form(...) The theoretical interest of this story lies in the fact that the failure of their first encounter, the double misrecognition concerning the real nature of the other, functions as a positive condition of the final outcome: we cannot go directly for the truth (...) If we want to spare ourself the painful roundabout route through the misrecognition we miss the truth itself.*<sup>4</sup> ■

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