

ČETVERO
RUKA

FOUR
HANDED



SOUNDS LIKE PEPPER

Marina Petković Liker

Author and Director: **Marina Petković Liker**

Dramaturg: **Maja Sviben**

Set and Costume Design: **Ana Paulić**

Choreographer: **Silvia Marchig**

Lighting Design: **Saša Fistrić**

Sound Design: **Branko Puceković and Luka Gamulin**

Vocal Preparation: **Alma Ferović-Fazlić and Agota Vitkay-Kucsera**

Make-up Artist: **Iva Lea Dežmar**

Photography: **Nina Đurđević**

Performers: **Alma Ferović-Fazlić/Silvia Dogan, Fabijan**

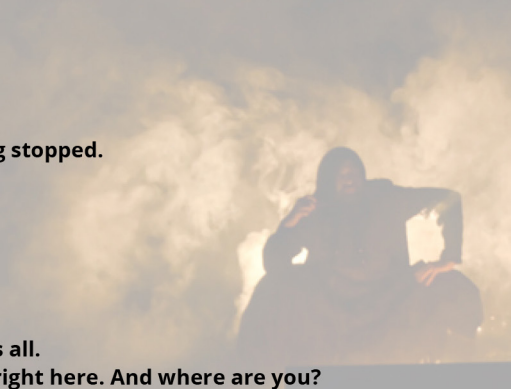
Komljenović, Filip Lugarić, Silvia Marchig, Urša Raukar, Lovro

Rimac/Filip Riđički, Dijana Vidušin, Agota Vitkay-Kucsera

The project was supported by: the City of Zagreb – City Office for Culture, the Ministry of Culture and Media of the Republic of Croatia, Kultura Nova Foundation and the Zagreb Dance Center.

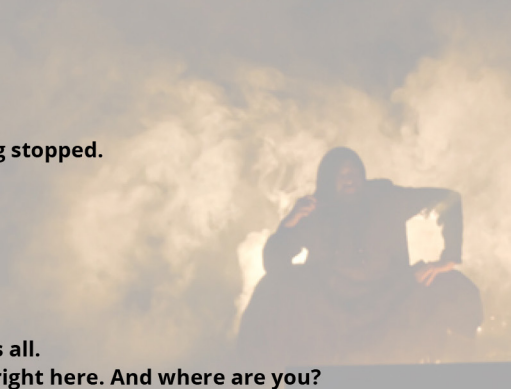
Četveroruka/Fourhanded is an independent artistic organization from Zagreb, Croatia dedicated to interdisciplinary collaboration and contemporary performance practices. The collective brings together artists from diverse fields — including theatre, dance, music, and visual arts — to create innovative, process-driven works that explore the relationship between body, space, and sound. Through its projects, Četveroruka emphasizes risk, experimentation and the development of new performative languages. The organization has presented work in various cultural contexts, engaging audiences through immersive formats and site-specific interventions. In addition to production, Četveroruka is committed to research, education, and international collaboration, contributing to the broader discourse on contemporary performing arts.





And then
It stopped... everything... everything stopped.
Stopped everything.
That is what we said,
at the beginning.

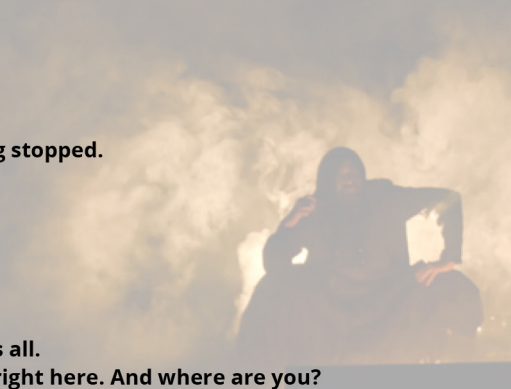
....



Apart from that, nothing. And that's all.
The First one says — here I am. I'm right here. And where are you?
Then the one, the one and only survivor, hardly believes her own eyes — her feelings though she still does
THERE YOU GO. AS I'VE SAID.
After that, he knows, but he doesn't know, and he has to, but there's nothing to... it can't be...
now
he can see it himself... and he is guilty, he isn't, rather — responsible.

....

Eyes of the Ocula
The Body of the Overdirectional One and a vulnerable desire.



Then the Second one says — ha ha ha, don't you know, my dear, that's how it's been for a long, long time, it's funny how you don't know that... ah, you'll learn.
Those who come for themselves, rough, threatening, appearing with their own rules and their own forces. Their DRAFT.
Their NI MJEJE NI VEKLA.
Fear.

He cannot explain, even though he wanted to. She will exhaust herself.
And we will meet, but we won't be able to do much, or know much.
FINE. FINE.

One is a scream in essence. Because there are no words left.
IS THAT IT? He grasps it now.

Some things cannot be saved, the Third one says, I'm sorry. But I believe in you, go, you'll see.
Regardless of the threat.

Still, heart, you fought your way through.

Only, we have to go back, to the place that wounded us beyond return.

The Fourth one says, there you are, good, now I'll give you directions, now I'll show you, now I'll guide you.

And then life again.

Some other life.

—
That's how it is for me. A world in which you know not whether the night's awake or it is the day

Whether it is happening right now or it has already happened. And whether I am already an alien

from another world. What knowledge I am gaining, what is opening up, where we went wrong, what

is it that I am looking at, all turned upside down - that I know, that is the only thing I know for certain. The birds keep singing, once we have finally fallen silent and stopped speaking.

An apocalyptic satire. When we talked about the apocalypse a few years ago, it was a different thing. Today, when we talk about it, it is reality - in fact, the future we predicted.

—
This performance had to be born. Out of need and desire.

Challenging production-wise, at the edge of what was possible.

But it was born because of the fortunate encounter with all the collaborators who worked on this project.

THANK YOU.

There are secrets I cannot tell you, but we know them.

Marina Petković Liker



In the universe of Sounds Like Pepper, there is a Moustachioed Woman. She was there before the performance, in the first image Marina shared with me before we began working. The Moustachioed Woman — she knows. Her gaze speaks: everything will be all right. That is where we began.

I don't know whether Sounds Like Pepper is a post-apocalyptic performance. Whether it is about a scream, about a world falling apart, about people trying to remain human. I don't even know what exactly happened to that world. Something has gone to hell, or is going to hell. The apocalypse may be an event in the performance, but it is not its subject. We have always worked with sites of pain, but these are open wounds we pour salt into. Without hesitation. We carry the world in all its horror, the horror of the moment we are living in, and we respond to that horror with humour. Not in spite of it, and not to give ourselves a break from it.

Sometimes all we can do is laugh right in its face. Sounds Like Pepper has very few words.

On a linguistic level, it operates almost entirely in fragments.

That is the language of this performance.

It refuses to say all the things it might speak about. It rarely allows language to become fully articulated. Characters produce sound, patterns, relationships, perhaps meaning. A voice echoes, collides with another voice. Breath becomes movement, movement becomes tone, and everybody joins in.

We carry one another.

With Pepper, something shifted in our work. A new language emerged — astringent. Sharp.

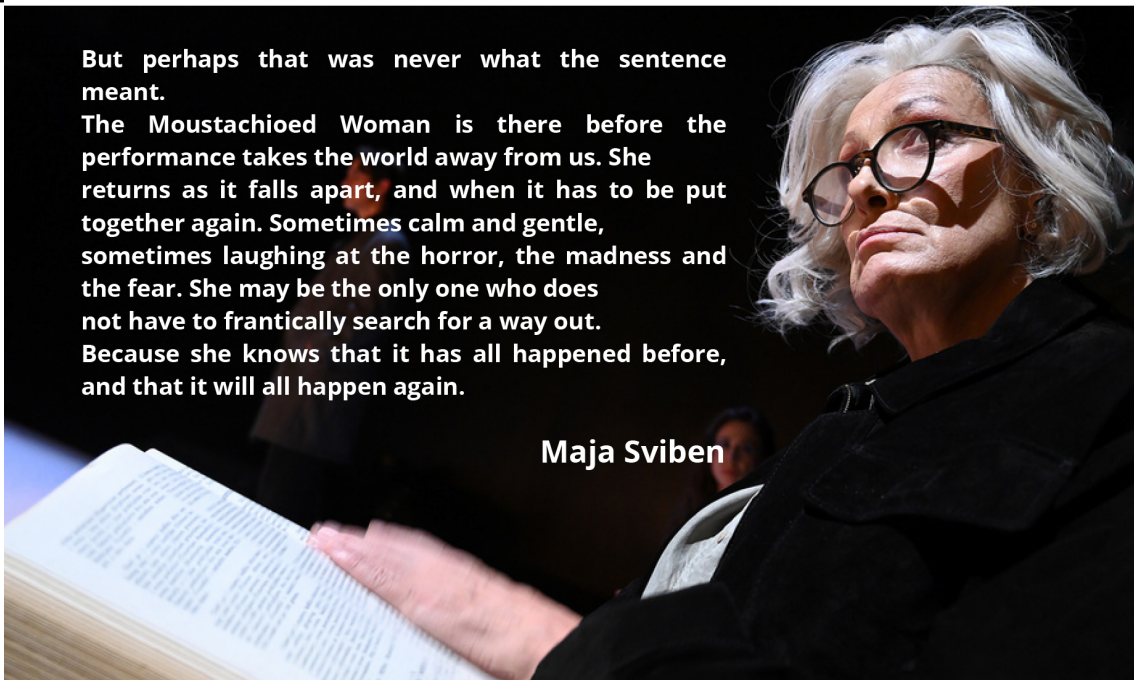
Distorted. Strange. A language that carries the world, but neither resolves nor explains it. In the end, not everything is all right.

But perhaps that was never what the sentence meant.

The Moustachioed Woman is there before the performance takes the world away from us. She returns as it falls apart, and when it has to be put together again. Sometimes calm and gentle, sometimes laughing at the horror, the madness and the fear. She may be the only one who does not have to frantically search for a way out.

Because she knows that it has all happened before, and that it will all happen again.

Maja Sviben



Sounds Like Pepper explores the space between sound and silence, the individual and the collective, through a vocal-dramatic performance in which the voice becomes more than a means of communication — it becomes a trace of inner impulses, memories, and premonitions. Through an atmospheric interplay of voice, body, light, and darkness, the performance invites the audience to listen to sound not only with their ears, but with their whole being.

Set in a post-apocalyptic landscape, the performance follows a group of survivors trying to find meaning in a world whose patterns have fallen apart. In a darkly comic game of absurdity, fear turns into hysteria, hope into delusion, and everyday life takes on unexpected forms. As the future remains uncertain, voices of the past and hints of a new beginning echo through the space.

At the heart of it all sits the Moustachioed Woman — a quiet observer who seems to know that everything is happening exactly as it should.

How do we remain human when the world around us changes faster than we can understand?



During the performance of Pepper, you must:
summon the Moustachioed Granny with the sweetest
thoughts you can muster. You'll have to be clever about
this.

Do not doubt. Not even for a moment.

Open all your senses: sharpen your hearing, open your
eyes wide (see what is on the other side, too), trust your
sense of smell and your skin — especially the skin on your
neck and back.

If a sob comes, let it out.

If laughter comes, let it out.

If tears come, of course — welcome, tears!

While watching Pepper, follow the same recipe.

Except the Moustachioed One is already here, watching you
from the very bottom of the stage.

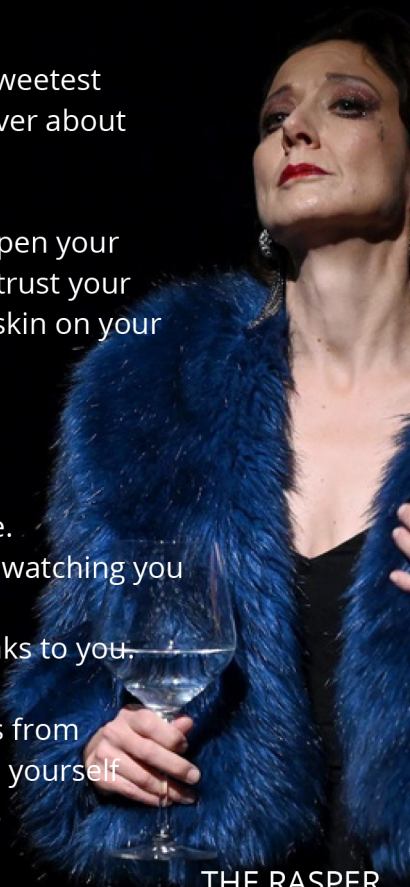
Trust what you hear in your head when it speaks to you.

You already have all the knowledge you need!

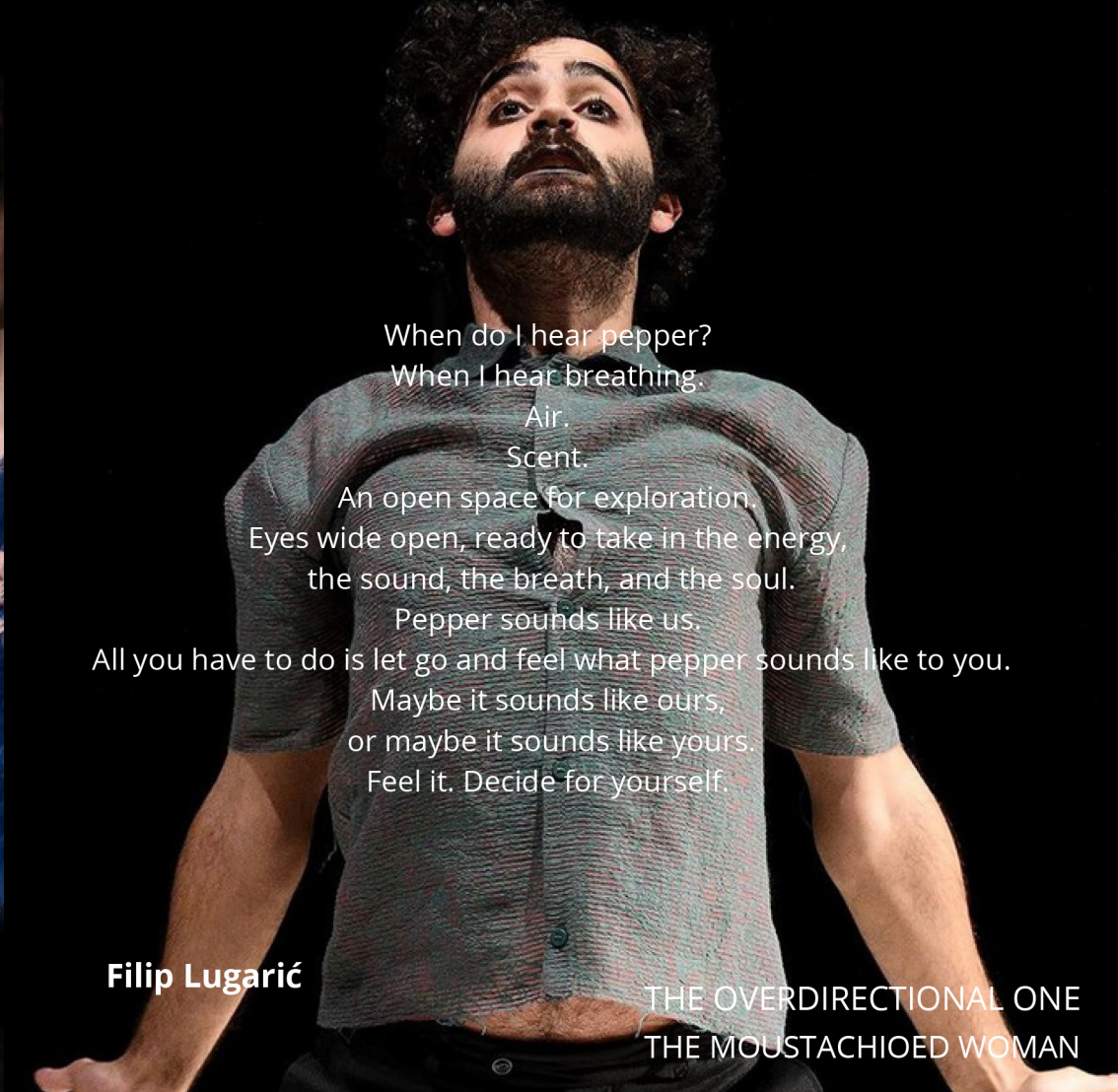
If it seems to you that this performance comes from
another time (and perhaps another place), ask yourself
what you really know about the here and now.

Don't worry. There is no going back.

Silvia Marchig



THE RASPER
HEART RIPPER
PRIESTESS
THE MOUSTACHIOED WOMAN



When do I hear pepper?

When I hear breathing.

Air.

Scent.

An open space for exploration.

Eyes wide open, ready to take in the energy,
the sound, the breath, and the soul.

Pepper sounds like us.

All you have to do is let go and feel what pepper sounds like to you.

Maybe it sounds like ours,
or maybe it sounds like yours.

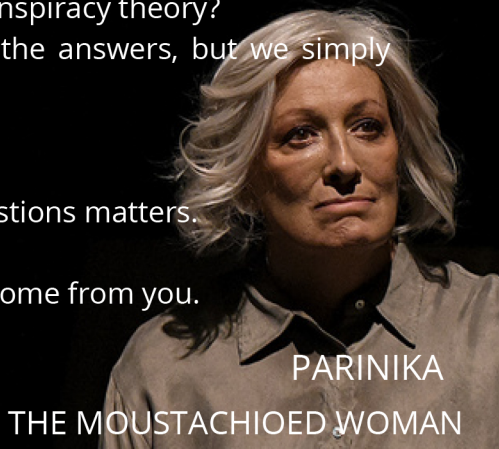
Feel it. Decide for yourself.

Filip Lugarić

THE OVERDIRECTIONAL ONE
THE MOUSTACHIOED WOMAN

I don't know whether this is the past, the present, or the future.
Have we survived, are we surviving, or are we only just beginning to
prepare for survival?
Are we funny out of desperation, or is our desperation funny?
Has the end already come, or is it yet to come?
Are we together, searching for a way out, or is each of us searching
for our own way to survive?
Is there still something human left in us, or are we returning to the
animal within?
Who are we? I don't know that either.
Are we human, or are we some other beings from unknown
planets?
Do we listen to the wisdom of the past, or do we turn a deaf ear to
everything human experience has taught us so far?
Are we even in danger, or is it all just conspiracy theory?
Does the Moustachioed Woman have the answers, but we simply
cannot hear her — or refuse to listen?
Are the answers words, or silence?
I don't know.
The only thing I know is that asking questions matters.
Even when there are no answers.
And perhaps some of the answers will come from you.

Urša Raukar



PARINIKA

THE MOUSTACHIOED WOMAN



They say the world is no longer what it was, that only ruins remain,
fragments of what we once knew.

They say my name is Ocula — the one who sees everything.

Are my eyes now only a burden I carry?

I would close them, but I have to survive, so I keep them wide open.

Everything I see now gathers in my throat, until, in the end, it comes
out as a scream.

Strong. Sharp. Angry.

Like a grain of pepper scratching its way through. Reminding me
that beneath this petrified skin, life is still flowing.

When I stand before you, in darkness and in light, I have no words
to retell what happened. I bear witness with my body, with every
tremor of my pupils.

I see you.

And I want you to see me.

Because that means we survived.

And I need that.

OCULA

Diana Vidušin

THE MOUSTACHIOED WOMAN



The performance Sounds Like Pepper is spicy, bold, and brave. It breaks the boundaries of conventional theatre and invites you to listen to and look at what is happening on stage in a completely different way.

Our pepper is alive, uncanny, and slightly dangerous — a piece of theatre that teases you, surprises you, shocks you, makes you laugh, awakens your senses, and sets your imagination in motion. And its echo stays with you long after the lights go out.

If you have ever wondered, “What if this upside-down version is actually what normal looks like?”

— this is the performance for you.

Come with an open mind, bring a little taste for the absurd, and be prepared not to look for a logical explanation at every turn. Leave your expectations at the door and surrender to an unconventional vocal-dramatic expression, complete creative madness, and everything that might make you laugh while, at the same time, prompting you to wonder:

“Wait... what is actually happening here?”

The Moustachoied Woman knows.

Alma Ferović-Fazlić

HAMALA THE BEARER

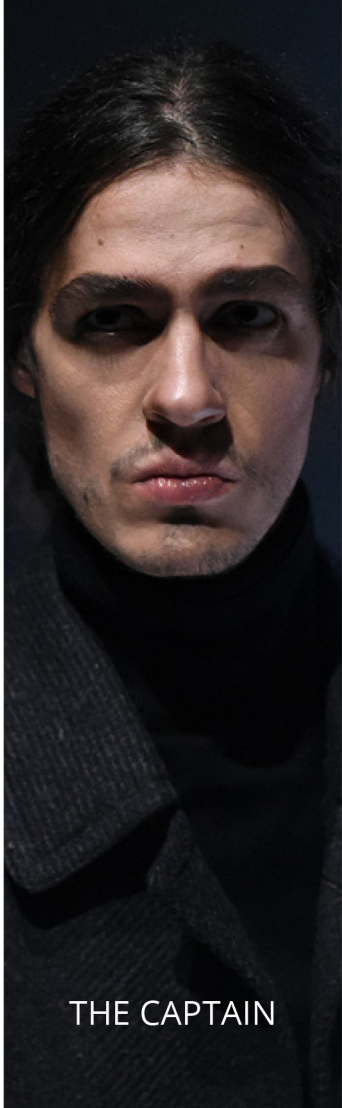
Working on Pepper felt like stepping into a quiet room where every sound and every breath takes on a new intensity. This performance did not emerge from grand gestures, but from those tiny, almost imperceptible micro-moments we so often rush past in everyday life. For me, it was an invitation to slow down and notice the fine, invisible threads that connect us as we sit together in the darkness of the theatre.

My instruction for watching? Simply breathe in, relax your shoulders, and let the sounds guide you through the story, without hurry.

Agota Vitkay-Kucsera



THE VISITANT



THE CAPTAIN

There is noise all around me.

A swarm of a thousand lives hums when I step out into the street.

Where is the silence?

What is silence made of?

If I look at you deliberately, you answer me with an empty stride.

But when we meet by chance, in secret, across the scorched earth,

we understand each other.

I don't know if you can hear me when I speak more slowly.

I don't know if you understand me when I shout across the ocean.

Every movement of the body may be the cause of a tsunami.

Lovro Rimac

maybe
actually, no.
if only
close your eyes
for a moment.
actually, no.
better check.
what
do I sense...
I sense it.

Fabijan Komljenović



THE PRESIDENT

A selection of projects that have shaped our practice.



The DISTANCES Series

Conversing

some things can't be expressed...

you have to feel

some things can't be recounted...

you have to listen

Conversing brings six women together in a shifting interplay of voices, fractured sentences, silences and stories, searching for a kind of speech that might reveal rather than conceal.



The AND BESIDES, NOW IS NOT THE TIME Series

The Rules Are Simple

We only deal cards. Play: fold, call, raise, cut the deck. Don't have a joker? Play or no play,

those times are long gone.

The rules are simple and ruthless, but no one protests, it's not life that's at stake.

The Rules Are Simple brings four men together around a table and a game of cards, where playing, talking and being silent leave open the question of what, exactly, is being played.



Neither a friend nor a brother

Every past can be stuffed into a plastic bag. Or the pockets of a coat.

And yet, sometimes a whole apartment isn't big enough.

Neither a Friend nor a Brother takes place in an apartment, where two women talk and don't talk, moving through accumulated traces of different pasts that linger around them.

The AWAY FROM TERROR series

Away From Terror. Away From Fight. Away From Pain. Disentanglement

Fragments of memory, the past inscribed in the space and time in which we currently exist, the fragile connections between each other, the pain and struggle that marked us.



Works born from collaboration, research, encounters and a shared curiosity.

Platform for Young Artists

Anthology of Memory

In Anthology of Memory, an old man welcomes the audience into his home as family and friends, living and dead, sharing with them a space where memory is something unstable and embodied — something we inherit, reconstruct and continually reshape.



Discursive practice/program/ PERFORMANCE-CONFERENCE

Fourhanded's Performance-Conference is a space for artists, theorists, and the public to meet – a space for exchanging experiences, raising new questions, and reflecting together on contemporary social and artistic themes.



 cetveroruka

 cetveroruka

web: cetveroruka.hr
cetveroruka@gmail.com

 KULTURA
NOVA

