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RIBAR PALUNKO I NJEGOVA ŽENA

SCENSKA BAJKA ZA MALU I VELIKU PUBLIKU

(PO ISTOIMENOJ PRIČI IVANE BRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ)

#6

PALUNKO THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

A fairy tale for the stage - for young and old. Based on
IVANA BRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ's story of the same name.

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SVA PRAVA PRIDRŽANA.

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RIBAR PALUNKO I NJEGOVA ŽENA
PALUNKO THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

Dobe u predigri i međuigrama:

ZORA-DJEVOJKA
PALUNKO
SIROTA DJEVOJKA, kasnije ŽENA PALUNKOVA
KOŠUTA
GALEB-PTICA

Dobe u igri:

PALUNKO
ŽENA PALUNKOVA
VLATKO, njihov sinak
GALEB-PTICA
MORSKE DJEVICE
MORSKI KRALJ
ZMIJA ORIJAŠKA, majka sviju zmija
PTICA ORIJAŠKA, majka sviju ptica
ZLATNA PČELA, majka sviju pčela
ZORA-DJEVOJKA
i još svirci-morski konjici

idnja se zbiva u doba koštanih udica.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE AND INTERLUDES:

DAWN-MAIDEN
PALUNKO
PAUPER-GIRL, later PALUNKO'S WIFE
ROE
SEAGULL-BIRD

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY:

PALUNKO'S WIFE
VLATKO, their infant son
SEA MAIDENS
SEA KING
GIANT SNAKE, the Mother of all Snakes
GIANT BIRD, the Mother of all Birds
GOLDEN BEE, the Mother of all Bees
DAWN-MAIDEN
and the Musicians - the Sea Horses

The action takes place in the times when bone fishing hooks were still being used.

PREDIGRA

Praskozorje na pučini morskoj. Na sitnim jutarnjim valima njiše se čun i u njem ribar Palunko.

GLAS DVOJNICA: Čudo ludo Palunko
morem plovi,
ribice ne lovi ...

PALUNKO (*u čunu sam sa sobom govori*): Morem plovi ... ribice ne lovi ... I neću ih loviti dok sreću svoju ne ulovim. Tolika su bogatstva na ovome svijetu, a ja se u pustoj sirotinji kinjim. Što i ja bogat gavan ne postanem te da u slasti i lasti, u zlatu i raskoši poživim! (*zaziva*) Sini, sini, zorice, kaži put do srećice!

Izdigne se iz mora srebrni čun, na njem zlatna vesla a u čunu, kao kraljevna jasna, stoji Zora-djevojka.

ZORA-DJEVOJKA: Ribaru Palunko, tri si dana čuvao život mojim ribicama, a sad reci što želiš da ti dobro učinim?

PALUNKO: Pomozi mi da izađem iz ove bijede i pustoga života, blijeda Zoro-djevojko! Eto, po vas dan se prebijam uz ovaj pusti morski kraj. Što danju riba nahvatam, to uvečer pojedem, te za mene nikakve radosti na ovome svijetu nema.

ZORA-DJEVOJKA: Idi kući, naći ćeš što ti treba. Sreću ćeš svoju naći!

PROLOGUE

Daybreak out on the open sea. A boat is rocking on the waves. Palunko Fisherman is sitting in the boat.

THE VOICE OF THE SHEPHERD'S FLUTE:

Wondrous strange Palunko
Sails the sea,
But catches no fish ...

PALUNKO (*talking to himself in the boat*): Sails the sea ... but catches no fish ... And I won't fish for them until I catch my happiness. There are so many riches in this world, and I will not wallow in futile poverty. Why can't I become a rich man and live a life of ease surrounded by gold and luxury? (*Calling out*) Shine, shine, Sweet Dawn, show the way to happiness!

A silver boat with golden oars lifts out of the sea; in the boat like a shining princess stands the DAWN-MAIDEN.

DAWN-MAIDEN: Palunko the Fisherman, for three days you have spared the lives of my little fish, and now tell me what good thing can I do for you?

PALUNKO: Help me to get out of this impoverished and empty life, pale Dawn-Maiden! Look, I spend the entire day in this endless sea. The fish I catch during the day, I eat in the evening, and this world holds no joy for me.

DAWN-MAIDEN: Go home, you will find what it is you need. You will find your happiness!

The vision disappears.

Prizora nestane.

GLAS DVOJNICA: Čudo ludo Palunko
sreću gleda,
a ne vidi ...

Pokaže se ribarska koliba na žalu morskome. Palunko do kraja doplovio, iz čuna iskočio i kolibi se uputio, a tamo ga pred vratima čeka SIROTA DJEVOJKA.

PALUNKO: Dobro jutro, neznana djevojko! Tko si, zašto si poranila i koga pred mojom kolibom čekaš?

DJEVOJKA: Sirota sam djevojka, mati mi umrla, nikoga na svijetu nemam, te sam ovdje tebe čekala, čekala i dočekala, ne bi li me za ženu svoju uzeo ...

PALUNKO: Za svoju ženu da te uzmem? A da ti nisi sreća što mi ju je Zora-djevojka obećala? Ako jesi, pokaži što mi donosiš. Pokaži zlato i drago kamenje!

DJEVOJKA: Išteš od mene što nemam. Rekoh ti, Palunko, sirota sam bez ikoga i ičega na tom svijetu. Uzmeš li me za ženu, dobra ću ti biti, u svemu ugoditi i lijepim ti pričama vrijeme kratiti.

PALUNKO: Tvoje će mi priče slabo pomoći u mojoj bijedi. Vidim ja, prevari me Zora-djevojka. Ti si još i bjednija od mene. Ali tko zna, možda mi ipak neku sreću donosiš. Stoga uđi u ovu moju sirotinju! *(Djevojka uđe u kolibu a za njom Palunko. Prostor pred kolibom ostane pust. U tišini opet se začuje glas dvojnica.)*

GLAS DVOJNICA: Čudo ludo Palunko
sreću sluša,
a ne čuje,
sreću nađe,
a traži je ...

GALEB-PTICA *(doleti)*: Umuknite, tanane dvojnice, grlo tan-ko obuzdajte, rugalice! Srce je ribarsko želja prepuno ... I rugom da ga probodeš, shvatiti ga nećeš.

GLAS DVOJNICA: Galeb-ptico
mudra oka,

THE VOICE OF THE SHEPHERD'S FLUTE:

Wondrous strange Palunko
Looks at happiness
But can't see it ...

A fisherman's cabin can be seen on the beach. PALUNKO has sailed to the shore, jumped out of the boat and gone towards the cabin, where PAUPER-GIRL is waiting for him before the door.

PALUNKO: Good morning, stranger! Who are you, why are you up so early and whom are you waiting for in front of my cabin?

PAUPER-GIRL: I am a poor girl, my mother is dead, I have no-one in all the world, and I have been waiting here for you, waiting for you to take me for your wife ...

PALUNKO: To take you for my wife? Are you perhaps the happiness which the Dawn-Maiden promised me? If you are, show me what you have brought with you! Show me the gold and the precious stones!

PAUPER-GIRL: You are asking for what I do not have to give. I told you, Palunko, I am an orphan without anyone or anything in this world. If you take me for your wife, I will be good to you and make you very happy, and tell you stories to make the time pass.

PALUNKO: Your stories won't help me much in my poverty. I see that the Dawn-Maiden has cheated me. You are even poorer than I am. But who knows? Maybe you will bring me happiness of some sort. So join me in my misery! *(The girl goes into the cabin and PALUNKO follows her. The area in front of the cabin is empty. The VOICE of the SHEPHERD'S HARP is heard again in the silence.)*

SHEPHERD'S HARP: Wondrous strange Palunko
Listens to happiness,
But can't hear it,
Finds happiness,
Still looks for it ...

SEAGULL-BIRD *(flying up)*: Hush your high-pitched, mocking voice, Harp! The fisherman's heart is crammed with

kaži nama
sa visoka:
zašto traži
što već nađe?

GALEB-PTICA: Kazat ću vam ... Dan za danom prolazio, prošla godina, prošle dvije. Već im se i sinak rodio - nazvali ga Vlatkom malim. Al' ono u stvari jednako ostalo: Palunko ribu hvata, a žena se obdan po planini za lobodom prebija, uvečer večeru vari, te za večerom dijete nuna i Palunku priče priča. Priča ona o gavanima i carskim dvorima, o zmajevima što blago čuvaju i o kraljevni što u vrtu biser sije a alem žanje. Sve ljepše ona priča, a sve teže Palunko svoju sreću čeka. A kad se žena jedne večeri raspripovijedala o golemu bogatstvu i raskoši Morskoga Kralja, dozlogrdjelo Palunku, te on gnjevan skoči, ščepa ženu za ruku i kaže joj da ga sutra na uranku vodi do dvora Kralja Morskoga. I tako se priča sama od sebe splela i stala raspletati ...

Dok GALEB-PTICA kazuje svoju priču, šum i zapljuskivanje morskih valova označuju protjecanje vremena kao jedva čujna zvučna kulisa. Danja se svjetlost postupno gasi dok ne prijede u suton. Pri posljednjim riječima GALEB-PTICE sa svih strana dolijeću galebovi te sav prostor ispune svojim kliktajima. Onda naglo utihnu i nestanu. Suton se pretvorio u gluhu noć. Noćna tišina traje samo koji tren, a tada danja svjetlost ponovno zasine.

wishes ... And if you pierce it with ridicule, you won't understand him.

SHEPHERD'S HARP: Seagull-bird,
Wise of eye,
Tell us all
From on high:
Why's he searching
For what's found?

SEAGULL-BIRD: I shall tell you... The days passed, a year passed, and two years. A son was born to them - they called him Little Vlatko. But everything really remained the same: Palunko caught fish and his wife roamed across the mountain looking for saltbush, she cooked dinner, and as they ate she rocked the baby in its cradle and told Palunko stories. She told him of rich misers and imperial courts, of dragons which guarded treasures and of a princess who sowed pearls in her garden and reaped precious stones. Her stories grew more and more wonderful, and Palunko found it harder and harder to wait for his happiness. And one evening when his wife was spinning the tale of the huge riches and great luxury of the Sea King, it was just too much for Palunko. He leaped up angrily, grabbed his wife by the hand, and ordered her to take him to the court of the Sea King first thing in the morning ... so that the tale itself was spun and began to unspin ...

While SEAGULL-BIRD tells its story, the sound of the pounding of the waves of the sea indicates the passing of time as a barely audible background. The light of day gradually fades until it passes into dusk. At the SEAGULL-BIRD's last words, flocks of seagulls fly up from all sides and fill the area with their shrieks. Then they suddenly fall quiet and disappear. Dusk has transformed into deep night. The silence of night lasts only a few moments, and then the daylight shines again.

PRVA SLIKA

Palunkova koliba u jutarnjoj svjetlosti. Sada se vidi i njena unutrašnjost. Palunkova žena, naslonjena na kolijevku, još spava te se čini da tako i u nu bdi nad svojim čedom u kolijevci. Palunka je svjetlost probudila, te on naglo ustaje sa svoga ležaja i prilazi ženi.

prizor

ALUNKO (*budi ženu*): Ženo, ustaj, na put se spremaj! Svanulo je!

ENA (*probudi se*): Zar te sinoćnja ludost još nije minula?

ALUNKO: Ništa ne pitaj, već se namah u put uputi! Daleko je do Kralja Morskoga.

ENA: Zaista li hoćeš da te do njegovih dvora vodim? Nije li ti na um palo da takve pute samo vile i vilenjaci poznaju?

ALUNKO: Pa ti i jesi žena vilinska! Znam ja to odavna, samo što ti to kriješ od mene kao zmija noge.

ENA: Ništa ja od tebe ne krijem, nego si ti tako u glavu svoju upiljio. Nisam ti smjela tolike priče pričati. Te su ti priče pamet zaludile pa ne znaš što govoriš.

ALUNKO: Znam ja dobro što govorim. Ti si vila pomorkinja koju mi je Zora-djevojka poslala da mi sreću donese, da me iz bijede izbavi. Ali si srca tvrda i pakosna pa me od sreće daleko držiš ...

ACT 1.

PALUNKO's cabin in the morning light. Now its interior can also be seen. Still asleep, PALUNKO's WIFE is leaning on the cradle, and it seems that even in sleep she watches over her child in its crib. The light has woken PALUNKO and he gets up suddenly from his bed and approaches his WIFE.

SCENE 1.

PALUNKO (*waking his WIFE*): Woman, get up, get ready for your journey! It is dawn!

WIFE (*awakening*): Haven't you got over last night's craziness?

PALUNKO: Don't ask questions, just be on your way! It's a long journey to the Sea King's court.

WIFE: You really want me to take you to his court? Don't you know that only fairies and goblins know such ways?

PALUNKO: But you are a nymph woman! I have known that for ages, but you have been hiding it from me the way a snake hides her legs.

WIFE: I have been hiding nothing, but you have concocted everything in your own head. I should not have told you so many stories. Those tales have turned your head and you don't know what you are saying.

PALUNKO: I know very well what I am saying. You are a sea nymph sent to me by the Dawn-Maiden to bring me happiness and to save me from poverty. But you have a hard and malicious heart so you keep happiness far from me ...

WIFE: Come to your senses, Palunko! I am no fairy nor sea nymph, but your wife and the mother of our child, Little Vlatko!

PALUNKO: Whether you are a fairy or not, get off on your journey and search for the Sea King's court, as I have had enough of this life of poverty! If you don't heed me, my door is closed to you! Go back where you came from.

WIFE: Alright then! I shall obey your madness and search for the

ŽENA: Opameti se, Palunko! Niti sam vila niti žena vilinska, već tvoja i majka čedu našem, Vlatku malome!

PALUNKO: Bila ti ili ne bila žena vilinska, na put se spremi, dvore kralja Morskoga potraži, jer mi je ova bijeda pusta već dotužila! Ako li me nećeš poslušati, vrata su ti moja otvorena! Vrati se odakle si i došla.

ŽENA: Pa dobro! Poslušat ću tvoju ludost, tražit ću puta do Kralja Morskoga. Ali, tko će se onda za te brinuti, tko će mi čedo paziti?

PALUNKO: Za me se ti ne brini, a čedo na put ponesi! Uza te će mu najbolje biti.

ŽENA: Na tvoju će dušu pasti ako li mu se putem što dogodi. (*Baci se mužu pod noge i zaklinje ga:*) Palunko, dobri moj Palunko, promisli još jednom u kakvu nas nevolju šalješ - mene, ženu svoju, i sinka svoga jedinoga!

PALUNKO: Dobro sam o svemu promislio i znadem što nam je činiti. Sreća se ne nalazi pod uzglavljem, već je valja daleko od uzglavlja tražiti.

ŽENA: Ostat ćeš sam u pustome domu, bez ikoga svoga da ti milu riječ kaže.

PALUNKO: Govoriš tako kao da se u smrt spremaš. Luda ženo, ne rastajemo se zauvijek, već samo dokle put do kralja Morskoga ne nađemo.

ŽENA (*načas obradovana*): I ti li ćeš se s nama u put uputiti?

PALUNKO: Hoću, ali ne s vama! Ludost bi bila da na istoj strani put do morskih dvora tražimo. Ti se s djetetom uputi morskim žalom na desnu stranu, a ja ću na lijevu. Netko će od nas valjda naći ono što tražimo ... Probudi sada dijete da više ne dangubimo!

ŽENA: Neću ga buditi, nego ću ga ovako uspavana u naručju ponijeti. Kad se probudi, mislit će da sam ga u šetnju izvela. (*Uzme dijete iz kolijevke. Sve troje izidu iz kolibe.*) Zbogom, Palunko! Ako zlo činiš, nisi zlo mislio. (*Odlazi.*)

PALUNKO (*pođe za njom*): Stani, čekaj da još jednom čedo pomilujem!

ŽENA (*opet u njoj zatinja nada*): Da se nisi predomislio?

PALUNKO: Nisam i neću se. Vjeruj mi, ženo, tako je za sve nas najbolje! Što li će nam život u pustoj sirotinji!? Naći

way to the Sea King's court. But who will take care of and who will look after my child?

PALUNKO: Don't worry your head about me, and, as for child, take it with you! He will be better off with you!

WIFE: Let it be on your head if something should happen to on this journey. (*She throws herself down at her husband's feet and begs him:*) Palunko, my good Palunko, think once more before you send us out into such misfortune - me, wife, and your only son!

PALUNKO: I have given it all a lot of thought and I know we must do. Happiness doesn't wait for you under pillow. You have to look for it far from home.

WIFE: You'll be left here alone in an empty house, without one of your own to say a kind word to you.

PALUNKO: You are talking as though you are getting ready to die. Foolish woman, we are not separating for ever, but until we find the way to the Sea King.

WOMAN (*heartened for a moment*): You are going on the journey with us?

PALUNKO: I'm going, but not with you. It would be foolish for us to search for the Court in the same place. You and your child will go along the beach on the right, and I will go on the left. Surely one of us will find what we are looking for ... Wake the child now so we don't waste any more time!

WIFE: I won't waken him, but will carry him in my arms as he is. When he wakes up he will think I have taken him for a walk. (*She picks up the infant from his cradle. All three go out of the cabin.*) Goodbye, Palunko! May you be forgiven your foolishness! If it's something wicked you are doing, it is not what you don't mean to. (*She leaves.*)

PALUNKO (*following after her*): Stop, wait until I hug the child once again!

WIFE (*again she feels the glow of hope*): Have you perhaps changed your mind?

PALUNKO: I have not and I will not. Believe me, Wife, it is the best for all of us! What sort of a life do we lead in hopeless poverty!? We will find the way to the Sea King's court. We will find our happiness, and the three of us will li

ćemo puta do Kralja Morskoga, naći ćemo sreću našu, te ćemo sve troje u raskoši i bogatstvu poživjeti. (*Raznježio se te ih ljubi oboje, a onda se udalji.*) Čuvaj mi čedo! I čuvaj sebe na putu!

ŽENA: Čuvat ću ja čedo naše više nego sebe. A i ti na se pripravi! Što bismo jadni kad bismo bez tebe ostali ... (*Ode i ona, jecajući.*)

II. prizor

U pustome prostoru, usred tišine, oglase se tanano dvojnice.

GLAS DVOJNICA: Čudo ludo Palunko
u put se uputio,
sreću svoju tražio ...
Kaži, kaži, zorice,
gdje je put do srećice?

GLAS ZORE-DJEVOJKE: Daleki su puti njeni,
od očiju sakriveni ...

III. prizor

PALUNKO (*vraća se umoran i pokunjen*): Dvije sedmice dana tražio sam put do Kralja Morskoga, a nikako da ga nađem. A kako ćeš ga i naći kad ti nitko ne zna reći gdje i kako da ga tražiš. Dobro je žena moja govorila da je ludost što činim. Bolje bi bilo da sam je poslušao ... A možda i nije sve crno kako mi se sada pričinja. Možda je ona našla put do sreće naše, možda se već i domu vratila. (*Dode do vrata kolibe te malo osluškuje.*) Nitko se iznutra ne čuje. (*Uđe u kolibu pa odmah zatim izide.*) Nema ih, još se nisu vratili. Ali zacijelo su već blizu, nadomak. U susret

luxury and wealth. (*He is moved and kisses both of them, and then moves away from them.*) Look after my child! And take care of yourself on the journey!

WIFE: I will take more care of our child than of myself. And you take care also! How miserable we would be if we were left without you ... (*She too leaves, sobbing.*)

SCENE 2.

The voice of the reedy SHEPHERD'S HARP is heard from out of the silence on the empty stage.

SHEPHERD'S HARP: Wondrous strange Palunko
Went on a journey,
To find happiness ...
Tell us, tell us, little dawn,
Where's the path to happiness?

DAWN-MAIDEN'S VOICE: Far distant is the way,
Hidden from our eyes ...

SCENE 3.

PALUNKO (*returning tired and dejected*): Two weeks I have been searching for the way to the Sea King's court, but I haven't managed to find it. And how could I when nobody knows where it is and how to look for it. My wife was right when she said I was being foolish. It would have been better if I had listened to her ... But maybe things are not as bad as they seem. Perhaps she has found the way to our happiness, and is already home. (*He comes to the door of the cabin and listens for a moment.*) I can't hear anyone inside. (*He goes into the cabin and then comes out again.*) They are not here, they are not back yet. But they must surely be close already, quite

ću im poći ... (Pođe i u tom trenutku ugleda ženu. I ona se vratila, ali bez djeteta.)

V. prizor

PALUNKO (*potrči prema ženi*): Što je? Govori! Jesi li našla put do Kralja Morskoga? Jesi li našla sreću našu?

ŽENA (*samo žalosno niječe glavom*)

PALUNKO: Gdje je sinak naš, Vlatko mali? Što se slučilo? Zašto šutiš?

ŽENA (*nijemim pokretom ruku hoće pokazati da je mali Vlatko nestao*)

PALUNKO: Ništa ne razumijem. Zašto mi rukama hoćeš reći ono što možeš svojim glasom? Da nisi možda onijemjela?

ŽENA (*potvrđuje glavom*)

PALUNKO: Kao da glavom potvrđuješ da jesi, da si onijemjela ... Ali to ne može biti, to ne mogu vjerovati! Ti samo hoćeš da nešto skriješ od mene i zato nećeš da govoriš ... Govori, luda ženo! Čuješ li, govori! (*Zgrabi je i stane tresti kako bi je nagnao da progovori, no ona samo nemoćno jeca.*)

V. prizor

GALEB-PTICA (*doleti do Palunka*): Pusti je, pusti nesretnicu! Zaista je onijemjela ... od pustoga jada i čemera. A imala je i zašto onijemjeti.

PALUNKO (*preneražen*): Nijema, odista nijema ... Galebe, pti-co bijela, kazuj od kakva jada, od kakva čemera?

GALEB-PTICA: Kako si je u put uputio, išla tako s djetetom, Vlatkom malim, išla za sedmicu, išla za dvije. Nigdje ne nalazila puta do Kralja Morskoga. Umorila se bila

nearby. I will go to meet them ... (*He starts out and sees his WIFE at that moment. She too has returned, but without the child.*)

SCENE 4.

PALUNKO (*running towards his WIFE*): What's happened? Did you find the way to the Sea King? Did you find our happiness?

WIFE (*She only shakes her head sadly.*)

PALUNKO: Where is our little son, our Little Vlatko? What is it? Why don't you say something?

WIFE (*With a mute movement of her hand, she tries to show that Little Vlatko has disappeared.*)

PALUNKO: I don't understand a thing. Why are you saying with your hands what you can say with your voice? Are you mute?

WIFE (*nodding her head in confirmation*)

PALUNKO: You seem to be saying that you can't speak ... But that cannot be, I can't believe it! You are only trying to hide something from me and you don't want to talk ... Speak, mad woman! Do you hear me? Speak! (*He grabs her and starts shaking to make her say something, but she only sobs helplessly.*)

SCENE 5.

SEAGULL-BIRD (*flying up to PALUNKO*): Let her be, let the unhappy woman be! She really has become mute ... from simple grief and misery. And she has had good reason.

PALUNKO (*dumbfounded*): Mute, really mute ... Seagull, white bird, tell me! What grief and misery?!

SEAGULL-BIRD: Just as you sent her on the journey, so did she go ... with the child, Little Vlatko. She travelled for a week, she travelled for two, but nowhere did she find the way to

jadnica te jednoga dana zaspala na kamenu uz more. Kad se probudila, a ono nestalo čeda, Vlatka nejačkoga. Koliko se uprepastila, ukočile joj se suze na srcu a od velike joj se žalosti riječ prekinula, te ona onijemjela ...
PALUNKO: Jao meni što sam učinio! (*Padne na koljena, te ljubi ženi ruke i skute, plačući.*)

Zastor se polako spusti.

PRVA MEĐUIGRA

Palunko u svome čunu na morskoj pučini.

PALUNKO: Već tri dana na moru sjedim, tri dana postim, tri dana ribe ne hvatam, al' Zora-djevica moj čun i ne gleda, već ga svaki put mimoiđe kao da je galeb-ptica što se na valu odmara. Da nije kivna na me? Zvat ću je čim se opet pojavi, možda će se tada osvrnuti. (*Začuje se lagan, pjenušav šum a onda zapljusak, kao da veslo probija morsku površinu.*) Evo je! Već srebrni kljun njena čuna iz mora izranja. (*Pojavi se srebrni čun i u njem Zora-djevojka.*) Hej, Zoro-djevojko, Zoro-djevojko!

ZORA-DJEVOJKA (*približi mu se čunom*): Utišaj glas, Palunko, ribe ćeš mi probuditi. Svu su noć na vodi igre igrane, mjesecu se umiljavale, pa se zamorile i na dnu morskom pozaspale. Što još hoćeš od mene? Nisam li ti već sreću dala?

PALUNKO: Nesreću, a ne sreću, djevice uzorita!

ZORA-DJEVOJKA: Može biti, jer i najveća sreća nesrećom

the Sea King. The poor thing was tired and one day she fell asleep on a rock by the sea. When she woke up, the child was gone, poor helpless Little Vlatko. She was so shocked that her tears froze on her heart, her voice was cut off by grief too great to bear, and she became mute...

PALUNKO: Oh, what have I done! (*He falls to his knees, and, sobbing, he kisses his WIFE's hands and the hem of her skirt.*)

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS.

INTERLUDE 1.

PALUNKO in his boat out on the open sea.

PALUNKO: For three days now I have been at sea, fasting for three days, not catching fish for three days, but the Dawn-Maiden does not look at my little boat, but goes round it every time, like the Seagull-Bird resting on the wave. Perhaps she is angry with me? The next time she appears I shall call her and maybe she will then pay me some heed. (*A light, bubbly sound is heard followed by a splash, like the sound of an oar breaking the surface of the sea.*) There she is! The silver bow of her boat is coming up out of the sea. (*The silver boat carrying the Dawn-Maiden appears.*) Hey, Dawn-Maiden, Daawwnn-Maaiiden!

DAWN-MAIDEN (*drawing near to him with her boat*): Stop shouting, Palunko, you will wake up my fish. All night long they played on the water, playing up to the moon, and now they are weary and are sleeping in the deep. What do you want from me? Haven't I already given you your happiness?

PALUNKO: Unhappiness, not happiness, Worthy Maiden!

DAWN-MAIDEN: It could be so, because the greatest happiness can turn to unhappiness for somebody who does not know how to care for it. And what troubles you now?

postaje u onog koji je ne zna čuvati. A kakva te nevolja sada tišti?

PALUNKO: Nestalo čeda Vlatka, žena onijemjela. Niti plače niti kuka, nego nijema po kući radi i mene dvori, a kuća tiha i pusta kao grob. Gori je ovo jad negoli prije što bijaše.

ZORA-DJEVOJKA: I sada hoćeš da ti sinka nađem i ženi tvojoj živu riječ vratim?

PALUNKO: Htio bih ja i to, ne kažem da ne bih. Ali što će mi kad ću opet siromašak biti te jedva i sebe kroz bijedan život pronijeti, a kamoli još ženu i čedo svoje. Nego ti meni put do Kralja Morskoga kaži, da se nagledam i naužijem bogatstva njegova, te da i ja, ako se može, bogat velmoža postanem. Jer, kažu, s blagom se sve može.

ZORA-DJEVOJKA: Ako misliš da je to tvoja sreća, kazat ću ti put do Kralja Morskoga. Kada o mladome mjesecu stane dan svitati, ti sjedni u čun, čekaj vjetar i otiđi vjetrom prema istoku. Odnijet će te vjetar do otoka do Bujana, do kamena do Alatira. Do otoka na moru pliva kolo mlinsko a oko kola Morske djevice igre igraju. U val rone, po moru se gone, kose im se po valu rasteple, srebrne im peraje trepere a rumena usta im se smiju. Tome ćeš se kolu djevičanskom namoliti da te spusti do Kralja Morskoga.

PALUNKO: No kako li ću mu se namoliti?

ZORA-DJEVOJKA: Kada se čunom do kola dovezeš, veslo nad more uzdigni, da te morski jazi ne bi progutali, te ovako kolu mlinskom progovori: "Kolovrta navrta, ili do jaza mrtvoga, ili do Kralja Morskoga!" Kada to izgovoriš, želja će ti se ispuniti. No, još ti nešto moram kazati. Velikoga ćeš se dobra i raskoši nauživati u Kralja Morskoga, ali znaj: na zemlju ne možeš da se vratiš, jer su tri strahovite straže postavljene. Jedna valove diže, druga vjetar vije a treća munje križa.

PALUNKO: Ne znaš ti, Zoro-djevojko, što je bijeda na ovome svijetu. Neću se ja nikad više zemlje zaželjati, gdje ostavljam pustu nevolju...

PALUNKO: Little Vlatko has disappeared and my wife cannot speak. She does not cry nor complain but works around the house and looks after me without a word, and our home is quiet and empty like the grave. This misery is worse than what went before.

DAWN-MAIDEN: And now you want me to find your little boy and to restore the power of speech to your wife?

PALUNKO: I would like that, I'm not saying I wouldn't. But what would be the use if I was to remain poor and barely be able to drag myself along through this miserable life, let alone my wife and child. But if you were to tell me the way to the Sea King I could see and enjoy his riches, and I too, if it were possible, could become a nobleman. They say you can do anything if you have a fortune.

DAWN-MAIDEN: If you think that would mean happiness for you, I will tell you the way to the Sea King. When the dawn starts to break after the new moon, sit in your boat, wait for a wind, and take it towards the East. The wind will blow you to the island of Buyan, to the rock of Alatir. A water mill floats beside the island and the Sea-Maidens dance around it. They dive into the waves, chase one another through the sea, their hair spreads out upon the waves, their silver fins quiver and their coral lips laugh. You will persuade that Maidens' Circle to take you down to the Sea King.

PALUNKO: But how will I persuade them?

DAWN-MAIDEN: When you reach the dancers with your little boat, lift your oar above the sea so that the sea whirlpools do not swallow you up, and say these words to the Maidens' Circle: "Whirligig awhirling, either to the deadly abyss, or to the Sea King!" When you say that, your wish will be fulfilled. But, there is one thing more I must tell you. You will enjoy great wealth and luxury with the Sea King, but remember: you will not be able to return to land, as three terrible guards have been posted on the way. One lifts the waves, the second the wind, and the third crisscrosses the lightning.

PALUNKO: You don't know, Dawn-Maiden, what it's like to be

ZORA-DJEVOJKA: Ipak još jednom razmisli o svemu prije no što na put kreneš, da se kasnije ne pokazuješ! (*Naglo nestane sa svojim čunom.*)

Zastor.

DRUGA SLIKA

Dvori Kralja Morskoga. Prostrana dvorana kao poljana. Oko dvorane stoji more kao mramorni zidovi, nad dvoranom stoji more kao svod stakleni. Od kamena od Alatira plavo svjetlo kao plava mjesečina. Ovjesile se nad dvoranom grane od bisera, uzdigli se po dvorani stolovi od koralja a koraljno je i prijestolje kraljevsko. Gdje je sjena najdublja, zlati se zlatna kolijevka, po njoj biserni praporci a u njoj mladi kralj - dijete nejačko, sinak Palunkov.

I. prizor

S visine, odakle se plavo svjetlo plavi, čuje se

PALUNKOV GLAS : Kolovrta navrta, ili do jaza mrtvoga, ili do Kralja Morskoga!

Cika Morskih djevica; šum kao da se more rasklopilo; malo zatim četiri Morske djevice Palunka dovode, ostave ga nasred dvorane pa obigravaju oko njega, mašući svojim ribljim repovima.

poor in this world. I shall never again wish for the world, where I am leaving only futile misery...
DAWN-MAIDEN: Still, think it all over again before you start on your journey, so you don't regret it later! (*She and her silver boat suddenly disappear.*)

CURTAIN

ACT 2.

The Sea-King's Court. A spacious hall as large as a field. The sea stands around the hall like walls of marble, and over it like an arch of glass. The Stone of Alatir emits a light like blue moonlight. Branches of pearls hang above the hall, coral tables are placed about it, there is also a throne of coral. Where the shadows are deepest, a golden cradle glows, with pearl bells hanging from it. A young king lies in the cradle - a helpless child, PALUNKO's little son.

SCENE I.

From somewhere above, near the source of the blue light, the sound of:

PALUNKO'S VOICE: Whirligig awhirling, either to the dead abyss, or to the Sea King!

The shrieks of the Sea Maidens, a sound as if the sea has parted; soon after four Sea Maidens lead in Palunko, leave him in the middle of the hall and dance around him, waving with their fishes' tails.

PALUNKO: Oh, wonder of wonders, a whole field of golden sand, with trees of pearl growing on it...

MAIDEN I: This is not a field but the royal hall!

PALUNKO: And where is the King?

MAIDEN II: There he is over there, sitting on the throne!

PALUNKO: E, čuda mi divnoga, čitava poljana od zlatnog pijeska, a na njoj stabla od bisera rastu ...
PRVA DJEVICA: Nije ovo poljana, već dvorana kraljevska!
PALUNKO: A gdje je kralj?
DRUGA DJEVICA: Eno ga tamo sjedi na prijestolju!

Sve Djevice zakikoću.

PALUNKO: Prijestolje vidim, ali kralja ne vidim...
ČETVRTA DJEVICA: Oči ti od zlatnoga odraza oslijepjele. Približi se, bolje pogledaj!
PALUNKO (*približi se prijestolju*): Svejednako ništa ne vidim. A kako i mogu kad na prijestolju nitko ne sjedi. Vidim ja da se vi meni podrugujete, curetine repate. Vodite me do Kralja Morskoga ili ću vas svekolike za repove uhvatiti i po pijesku zlatnome potezati.
TREĆA DJEVICA: Uhvati nas ako možeš! (*Razbježe se.*)
PALUNKO (*zalijeće se, za njihove se repove maša, ali bez uspjeha - one samo kikoću i smiju mu se; kad se umori, zastane*): Eh, tko bi vam na repove stao! Hitrije ste i od najhitrije jegulje. Nego, lijepo vas molim, Djevice uzorite, da se prestanete mnome šaliti i da me do Kralja Morskoga vodite! Nisam ja toliki put prevalio da bih s vama ovdje dangubio.
DRUGA DJEVICA: A rad' čega li si došao u morske dvore?
PALUNKO: Da se ove raskoši silne naužijem te da i ja, ako je moguće, bogat velmoža postanem.
TREĆA DJEVICA: U zao si čas došao, ribaru Palunko! Kralj naš ostario, onemoćao pa se od života oprostio ...
ČETVRTA DJEVICA: Baš smo ga jutros u zlatni pijesak ukopale!
PALUNKO: A ja mislio da se on i ne može od života oprostiti. Što mi to namah niste kazale?
PRVA DJEVICA: Htjele smo da nam ti kralj budeš.
PALUNKO: Ja da vam kralj budem? A je li teško kraljevati?
DRUGA DJEVICA: Ništa lakše od toga!
TREĆA DJEVICA: Na prijestolju sjediš, svemu zapovijedaš i svatko te sluša ...
ČETVRTA DJEVICA: To ti je sav posao kraljevski!

The MAIDENS start giggling.

PALUNKO: I can see the throne, but not the King...
MAIDEN III: Your eyes are blinded by the reflection of the gold... Come closer, take a better look!
PALUNKO (*nearing the throne*): I still can't see anything. And how could I, when no-one is sitting there. But I can see that you lasses with tails are making fun of me. Take me to the Sea King or I will catch hold of your tails and drag you along the golden sand.
MAIDEN III: Catch us if you can! (*They scatter.*)
PALUNKO (*He dashes about and grabs at their tails, but without success - they just giggle and laugh at him; when he gets tired, he pauses.*): Oh, who would manage to stand on your tails! You are swifter than the swiftest eel. But, I do beg you most kindly, Worthy Maidens, to stop jesting with me and to take me to the Sea King! I have not travelled such a long way to waste time here with you.
MAIDEN II: But why have you come to the Sea King's court?
PALUNKO: To take my fill of this luxury and, if it is possible, for me too to become a rich nobleman.
MAIDEN III: You have come at a bad time, Fisherman Palunko! Our king was old, he became weak and said farewell to life...
MAIDEN IV: We buried him in the golden sand just this morning!
PALUNKO: And I thought he could not depart from life. Why didn't you tell me right away!
MAIDEN I: We wanted you to be our King.
PALUNKO: To be your King? But is it difficult to be a king?
MAIDEN II: There is nothing easier!
MAIDEN III: You sit on the throne, give orders to everybody and everybody listens...
MAIDEN IV: That's all there is to being a king!
PALUNKO: And will all these sea courts, and all this luxury and wealth then be mine?
MAIDEN I: All you see, and all you don't...
MAIDEN IV: And what you don't see is a hundred times more wonderful than what you do.

PALUNKO: I onda će ovi dvori morski, sva ova raskoš i sve ovo bogatstvo moji biti?

PRVA DJEVICA: Sve što vidiš i što ne vidiš ...

ČETVRTA DJEVICA: A ono što ne vidiš stoput je raskošnije od ovoga što vidiš.

PALUNKO: Pa, kada je tako, a vi me, djevice, zakraljite! Dobar ću vam kralj biti. Ovakvoga niti ste imale niti ćete imati...

PRVA DJEVICA: Sjedni, Palunko, na prijestolje kraljevsko ...

DRUGA DJEVICA: ... da te krunom bisernom okrunimo i željezo ti kraljevsko u ruke predamo! (*Palunko sjedne na prijestolje. Djevice ga krunom okrunu i u ruku mu stave granu od koralja. Pri tome neprestano kikoću.*)

PALUNKO: Jesam li sada kralj?

PRVA DJEVICA: Od svih kraljeva najmoćniji!

TREĆA DJEVICA: Nikada ljepšega kralja nismo imale!

DRUGA DJEVICA: Nikada mudrijega!

PALUNKO: Poklonite mi se sve tri do crne zemljice, hoću reći do zlatnoga pijeska, e da bih znao da sam uistinu vaš kralj.

Sve mu se Djevice duboko klanjaju, gušeći kikut.

PALUNKO: I ne kikoćite toliko, kikutavice, nego se kroz dubine morske otisnite i svemu kraljevstvu objavite da novi kralj kraljuje, Palunko Prvi i Jedini.

SVE DJEVICE: Na službu smo, kralju milostivi!

PRVA DJEVICA: Ima li veličanstvo vaše još kakvu želju, da je ispunimo u taj čas?

PALUNKO: Gladan gladnu želju ima, a ja sam na putu toliko ogladnio da gladniji ne mogu biti. Donesite mi najbiranijih kraljevskih jestvina i najbiranijih pića, te mi još i svirce pozovite da mi u svirale sviraju, srce da mi razigraju!

SVE DJEVICE: Kralju želja, nama zapovijed! (*Otplivaju i začas se vrate sa zlatnim pladnjevima a za njima uđu i SVIRCI - MORSKI KONJICI.*)

PALUNKO: Well, if that's the way of things then you Maidens can make me your King! I will be a good King to you. You have never had such a King, nor will you ever have ...

MAIDEN I: Sit down, Palunko, on the throne of the kingdom ...

MAIDEN II: ... so that we can crown you with the pearl crown and place the royal scepter in your hand! (*PALUNKO sits on the throne. The MAIDENS place the crown on his head and a branch of coral into his hand. They giggle all the time they are doing so.*)

PALUNKO: Am I now the King?

MAIDEN I: The mightiest king of all!

MAIDEN III: We have never had a more handsome king!

MAIDEN II: Nor a wiser one!

PALUNKO: All three of you bow down to the black ground, I mean to the golden sand, so that I know that I really am your King.

All make deep curtsies, hiding their giggles.

PALUNKO: And don't titter so much, you gigglers, but go out into the depths of the sea and announce to the kingdom that a new king is now ruling, Palunko the First and Only.

ALL THE MAIDENS: At your service, Your Royal Majesty!

MAIDEN I: Does Your Majesty have any wishes, so that we can fulfil them in a trice?

PALUNKO: He who is hungry has hungry wishes, and I got so hungry on my journey that I could not be hungrier. Bring me the choicest royal food and the choicest drinks, and call me some musicians to make music so that my heart dances with joy!

ALL THE MAIDENS: The King's wish, our command! (*They swim off and quickly return carrying golden platters. They are followed by the Musicians - the SEA HORSES.*)

PALUNKO (*gleda sumnjičavo u pladnjeve, prebire kao da mu se ne da jesti što je preda nj izneseno*): Kakvo ste mi ovo jestivo donijele? Sve sama morska travurina i puževi morski. I sve prijesno - nekuhano i nevareno. To li da najmoćniji kralj jede i blaguje? (*Odbaci pladnjeve.*) Nešto mi bolje donesite, curetine repate!

PRVA DJEVICA: Ništa boljeg nema, gospodaru!

PALUNKO: Za kralja mora biti! Nisam se ja zato rodio da puževe žvačem. Lobode mi varene donesite, tri pladnja, tri hrpe goleme, da za tri dana glada ne osjetim!

DRUGA DJEVICA: Tu vam želju, na žalost, ne možemo ispuniti, veličanstvo vaše!

TREĆA DJEVICA: U morskome kraljevstvu loboda ne raste.

PALUNKO: Onda mi najbolje ribe nahvatajte i na vatri ispecite!

PRVA DJEVICA: Samo je prijesnu pred vas možemo iznijeti, jer se u kraljevstvu vodenome vatra ne razgara.

PALUNKO: Pa što ću onda jadan i nevoljan? Od gladi ću skapati. Ni u snu ne bih mogao pomisliti da ću kraljem biti, a od gladi skapavati. (*Djevice kikoću.*) Ne kikoćite, repatice! Zasvirajte, svirci-morski konjici, da na glad zaboravim!

Svirci zasviraju. Palunke ustane s prijestolja te zapleše.

SVE DJEVICE (*oko Palunka kolo zaigraju i rugalicu zapjevaju*):

Kolovrta navrta,
kralj Palunke
čudo ludo
ogladnio,
oždario
poskočio,
zaplesao,
glad zaboravio ...
Vrti se mrk
hitro kao zvrk ...

SCENE 2.

PALUNKO (*looking doubtfully at the platters, picking through the food as though loath to eat what has been placed before him*): What sort of food have you brought me? It's all sea-weed and sea snails. And it's all raw - not roasted nor boiled. Is this how the mightiest King dines? (*He pushes the platter away.*) Bring me something better, you tailed lasses!

MAIDEN I: There is nothing better, Sire!

PALUNKO: There must be for the King of the Sea! I wasn't born to chew snails. Bring me boiled saltbush, three platters full, three large piles of it so that I won't feel hungry for three days!

MAIDEN II: Unfortunately, we can't fulfil that wish for you, Majesty!

MAIDEN III: Saltbush does not grow in the Sea Kingdom.

PALUNKO: Then catch me some of the best fish and grill it for me over the fire!

MAIDEN I: We can only serve it raw, as fire will not light in the water kingdom.

PALUNKO: What will I do, so wretched and miserable? I will die of hunger. I could never have dreamt that I would be a king and perish of hunger. (*The Maidens giggle.*) Stop giggling! What's so funny? I am so miserable. Play now, Sea Horses, so that I forget my hunger! (*The Sea Horses-Musicians play. PALUNKO gets up from his throne and starts dancing.*)

MAIDENS (*dancing a jig in a circle around PALUNKO and singing their mocking song*):

Whirligig awhirling,
King Palunke
Wondrous strange
Hungry,
Thirsty,
Hopping,
Dancing,
Hunger forgotten ...
Sullen but swinging
Like a top spinning ...

PALUNKO (*naljuti se i prestane plesati*): Ne rugajte se, proklete repatice! Ako ste me za kralja zakraljile, niste za svoje ruglo.

Djevice ga ne slušaju, već se i dalje vrte oko njega, izrugujući mu se. Mladi se kralju zlatnoj kolijevci probudio, sjeo pa sve to gleda, ručicama pljeska i veseli se. Ponavlja za Djevicama: "Vlti se mlk hitlo kao zvlk."

PALUNKO (*čuvši i ugledavši mališana, približi mu se*): Gle, i ovaj mi se mališan u kolijevci izruguje ... Tako li se ovdje stariji poštuju?! (*Nadvije se nad dječarca tobože da mu priprijeti.*) Da si odmah umuknuo, derane! (*Dječarac se ne prestraši, nego nastavlja ponavljati rugalicu za Morskim djevicama, kojih je bučna objest sada postala još raspojasanija i objesnija.*)

III. prizor

Iznenada se pojavi Morski Kralj. Svirci prestanu svirati a Djevice se od straha utišaju, razbježe i posakriju među stablima koraljnim.

KRALJ: Kakva je ovo cika i kakav metež u mojim dvorima? (*svircima*) Tko vas je, svirci, pozvao amo da u svirale svirate?

JEDAN SVIRAC: Morske djevice, tvoje službenice, gospodaru...

PALUNKO (*zabezeknuto za sebe*): Kakva li je ovo nakaza s volujskom glavom?

KRALJ (*nastavljajući razgovor sa svircima, sjedne na prijestolje*): Morske su vas djevice amo pozvale, kažeš? A tko ih je na to ovlastio?

PALUNKO: Ja, nakazo morska, ja, kralj Palunko Prvi i Jedini.

KRALJ: Gle, gle, netko se pokraj mene kraljem naziva ... A u kojem to kraljevstvu kraljuješ, čudni stvore?

PALUNKO: U ovome morskome, da u kojem! Silazi s moga prijestolja! Nije to mjesto za tebe, glavo volujska!

PALUNKO (*getting angry, he stops dancing*): Don't mock me, damned creatures! You crowned me as your King, not your object of ridicule!

The MAIDENS pay him no heed, and keep dancing around him, making fun of him. The Young King in the golden cradle is awake and sitting up, watching all these goings-on, clapping his hands and enjoying the game. He repeats after the MAIDENS: "Thullen but twinging like a top thpinning."

PALUNKO (*seeing and hearing the little boy, he goes over to him*): Look, and this little one in the cradle is also making fun of me ... Is that how grown-ups are respected here?! (*He bends over the child as though to threaten him.*) Hold your tongue, you cheeky boy! (*The child is not intimidated, but continues repeating the mocking song with the SEA MAIDENS, whose loud unruliness is becoming more and more uncontrolled.*)

SCENE 3.

Suddenly the SEA KING appears. The musicians stop playing and the SEA MAIDENS, their fear shocking them into silence, scatter and hide among the coral trees.

SEA KING: What's this shrieking and uproar in my court? (*to the musicians*) Who called you musicians here to play on your instruments?

SEA-HORSE I: The Sea Maidens, your handmaidens, Sire ...

PALUNKO (*shocked, to himself*): What monster is this with the head of an ox?

SEA-KING (*continuing his conversation with the Musicians, he sits on his throne*): You say the Sea-Maidens called you here? And who gave them permission to do so?

PALUNKO: I did, you sea monster, I, King Palunko the First and Only.

SEA-KING: Look at this now, someone calling himself king in addition to me ... And which kingdom do you rule, strange creature?

Hoće da ga zbaci s prijestolja, ali kralj je snažniji te ga odgurne.

KRALJ: Nisam dosad znao da uza me, Kralja Morskoga, ima još jedan kralj u mome kraljevstvu.

PALUNKO (*ustraseno*): Ti li si, dakle, Kralj Morski?! A one mi curetine repate rekoše da su te jutros u pijesak ukopale.

KRALJ: Šalile se s tobom, prijatelju. One veoma vole šalu zbijati, a ti ćeš, eto, zbog njihove šale glavu izgubiti ... Kazuj tko si i zašto si se do mojih dvora tajom dokrao?

PALUNKO (*drhteći*): Siromašak sam ribar, Palunkom me nazivaju. I nisam se do tvojih dvora tajom dokrao, nego me Djevice morske za ruku vodile a Zora-djeвица na put naputila.

KRALJ: Pa što si htio u mome kraljevstvu?

PALUNKO: Dati se poklonim, date za gostoprimstvo zamolim, pa da se bogatstva tvoga naužijem te i ja bogat velmoža postanem ako se tvojoj milosti svidim.

KRALJ: Nisi mi se svidio, Palunko, s kraja ribaru! U zao mi čas prijestolje htjede oteti. Stoga ću te u morske jaze baciti kako ti nikad više ne bi na um palo da se moje vlasti zaželiš.

PALUNKO (*baci se preda nj na koljena*): Smiluj se, gospodaru! Nije krivnja na meni. Morske me djevice zakraljile i tvojom krunom okrunile. Radi sa mnom što hoćeš, samo me u morske jaze ne bacaj!

VLATKO (*iz kolijevke*): Neka plese, neka jos malo plese! On pleklasno znade plesati. Vlti se mlk, hitlo kao zvlk.

KRALJ: Hajde pleši, Palunko, kad ti mladi kralj zapovijeda.

PALUNKO: Ono li je mladi kralj? Eh, da sam to znao, namah bih mu se poklonio. (*Ide do kolijevke i duboko se klanja dječarcu.*) Zdrav bio, kralju mladi! U taj ću ti tren željicu ispuniti, samo da ti ručicu ljubnem. (*Ljubi ga u ruku pa ga gladi.*) Baš si lijep dječarac! Što kažem dječarac - momče, pravo momče, sto mi godina poživjelo! (*Malo se zamisli.*) I čini mi se da sam te već mnogo puta vidio pa čak i tetošio. Kao da si bratac rođeni sinku mome nejačkome koji je iz naručja majčina netragom nestao. (*Vrati se kralju.*) Kralju gospodaru, ovo je pravo čudo. Tvoj je

PALUNKO: What do you mean which kingdom? This sea kingdom! This is no place for you, ox head!

PALUNKO attempts to push him off the throne, but the SEA KING is stronger and pushes him away.

SEA KING: I never knew until now that there was another king in my kingdom beside me, the Sea King.

PALUNKO (*frightened now*): So you are the Sea King?! Those lasses with the tails told me that they buried you in the sand this morning.

SEA KING: They were joking with you, my friend. They love making jokes, and you will lose your head because of them ... that's how it is. Tell me who are you and why have you come in secret to my court?

PALUNKO (*trembling with fear*): I am a poor fisherman, and they call me Palunko. And I didn't come in secret to your court, but was led here by the hand by the Sea Maidens and the Dawn-Maiden showed me the way.

SEA KING: And what was it you wanted in my kingdom?

PALUNKO: To bow to you, and to ask you for your hospitality, so that I could enjoy your wealth and also become a mighty nobleman if Your Grace were to take a liking to me.

SEA KING: I never did like you, Palunko, fisherman from the shore! You chose the wrong time to try to steal my kingdom. So I am going to throw you into the sea whirlpool and it will never again occur to you to desire after the powers that are mine.

PALUNKO (*throwing himself down on his knees before the King*): Have mercy, Sire! It is not my fault. The Sea Maidens named me king and crowned me with your crown. Do with me what you will, just don't throw me into the great whirlpool!

VLATKO (*from his cradle*): Let him dan'th, let him dan'th a little more! He'th a lovely dan'ther! Thullen but thwinging like a top thpinning.

SEA KING: Go on, Palunko, dance, as the Young King commands.

PALUNKO: That is the Young King? Ah, if I had known I would

sinak posve nalik na moga sinka Vlatka te bih gotovo pomislio ...

KRALJ (*prekine ga u riječi*): Što misliš, misli za sebe, pa i to tako da ni u snu ne prepoznaš svoju misao! A jezik svoj pregrizi akoti smeta! Jer, još ni prvu uvredu tvoju nisam zaboravio, a već drugu spremaš.

PALUNKO: Oprosti kralju, oči me prevarile!

KRALJ: Nemoj se više njima kao dosad služiti ako želiš život sačuvati! A sada zapleši, da ti mladi kralj uvredu oprost!

VLATKO: Plesi, plesi! Ti pleklasno pleses!

KRALJ: Svirci, zasvirajte!

Svirci zasviraju; Vlatko se veseli i neprekidno ponavlja: "Vlti se mlk, hitlo kao zvlk."

KRALJ: Eh, Palunko, baš si momče lakonogo! Zaslužio si da ti život poštedim, pa da mi po vas dan sinka zabavljaš i luda njegova budeš. Evo ti grana od bisera kao prvi znak moje milosti kraljevske! (*Otkida jednu bisernu granu i daje je Palunku.*)

PALUNKO (*klekne da primi dar*): Hvala ti, dobri gospodar! Toliku tvoju milost nisam zaslužio ...

KRALJ: A jesi li se još čega zaželio?

PALUNKO: Baš kad me pitaš, reći ću ti. Poželjeh da mi je dobar pladanj varene lobode.

KRALJ: E, brate moj, drága je u nas loboda, draža nego biser i bisernjak, jer daleko od nas uspijeva. No i tu ću ti želju ispuniti. Poslat ću vilu prekomorkinju, donijet će ti iz kraja lobode. A ti se meni i mome sinu još tri puta na zlatnome pijesku prebaci! Svirci, ded opet zasvirajte!

Palunko ponovno zapleše. Doplivaju i Morske djevice te opet zapjevaju rugalicu obigravajući oko Palunka.

VLATKO (*za Djevicama ponavlja*): Vlti se mlk hitlo za zvlk ...
Klasno, pleklasno!

Zastor se naglo spusti.

have bowed to him immediately. (*He goes over to the cradle and bows deeply to the boy.*) Good health, Young King! (*He kisses the infant's hand and pats his head.*) What a handsome little boy! What am I saying? Little boy? Young man, a real young man. May he live a hundred years! (*PALUNKO ponders for a moment.*) And I have the feeling that I have seen you many times and even held you. You could be the born brother of my infant son who disappeared without trace from his mother's arms. (*He returns to the King.*) Sire, this is a real miracle. Your little son looks so much like my son Vlatko that I could almost believe ...

SEA KING (*interrupting him*): Whatever you are thinking, keep it to yourself, so that you don't recognise your own thought even in a dream! And bite your tongue if it bothers you! Because I still haven't forgotten your first insult, and here you are preparing a second.

PALUNKO: Forgive me, Majesty, my eyes deceived me!

SEA KING: Don't let them serve you as they have to date, if you want to stay alive! And now, dance, so that the Young King forgives the insult!

VLATKO: Danth, danth! You're a lovely danther!

SEA KING: Musicians, play!

The SEA-HORSES start playing; VLATKO is happy and keeps repeating: "Thullen but thwinging like a top thpinning."

SEA KING: Eh, Palunko, you really are light on your feet! You deserve that I spare your life, and that you entertain my boy the whole day and be his jester. Here's a branch of pearls as the first sign of my royal grace! (*He breaks off a branch of the pearl tree and gives it to PALUNKO.*)

PALUNKO (*kneeling to accept the gift*): Thank you, good master! I have done nothing to deserve such grace ...

SEA KING: And do you have some other wish?

PALUNKO: Well, just as long as you are asking ... I wish for a platter of boiled saltbush.

SEA KING: Ah, my brother, saltbush is very expensive here, more than pearl and mother-of-pearl, as it grows far from

DRUGA MEĐUIGRA

GALEB-PTICA (*doleti pred zastor*): I tako Palunko umjesto velmože luda i sluga mladoga kralja posta. A dok ovo tako bijaše, dotle žena Palunkova u kući samovala i tugovala ... Niti radi niti sprema, niti plače niti kuka, nego se ubija jadom i čemerom. I onako nijema ne može s ljudima govoriti, nego samo sa zvjerkama. Kud će, dakle, jadna nego na grob materin, da se mrtvoj majci nijemim svojim jezikom potuži.

Polako se digne zastor i vide se grob i žena Palunkova.

ŽENA: Majko, pomози! Jad i čemer me za sinkom i mužem ubijaju. Niti ovako nijema mogu u koga savjet da upitam, niti mogu morem poći za Palunkom kad sam od tuge preklonula. Pomози, majčice, pomози!

Pred nju izade košuta.

KOŠUTA: Zalud zazivaš, bijedna ženo Palunkova! Mrtva majka ne može ti pomoći. Ali ja ću ti dobar savjet dati. Nemoj da sjediš i da se ubijaš, nego ti svake večeri Palunku večeru spremaj a iza večere tanku kudjelju razrješuj! Ne dođe li Palunko, a ti u zoru uzmi njegovu večeru i mekanu kudjelju, i još ponesi tanke dvojnice, pa pođi u krš! Tamo u dvojnice sviraj! Zmije i zmijići će večeru izjesti a galebovi kudjeljom svoja gnijezda oblagati. Tako učini pa će dobro biti!

our land. But I will grant you that wish too. I shall send the Overseas Fairy to bring you saltbush from your land. And you will do three more somersaults on the golden sand for me and for my son. Musicians, come on, play!

PALUNKO starts dancing again. The SEAMAIDENS swim up and again sing their mocking song, dancing around PALUNKO.

VLATKO (*repeating after the SEAMAIDENS*): Thullen but thwinging like a top thpinning ... Lovely, too lovely!

THE CURTAIN SUDDENLY FALLS.

INTERLUDE 2.

SEAGULL-BIRD (*flying in front of the curtain*): And so instead of becoming a wealthy nobleman, Palunko became servant and jester to the Young King. And while this was happening, Palunko's wife sat at home, alone and grieving ... She did not work nor tidy up, she did not cry nor complain, but slowly destroyed herself with misery and melancholy. Mute as she was, she could not speak to people, only to animals. What could she do, but go to her mother's grave to complain in her mute voice to her dead mother?

The curtain is raised slowly and the grave and PALUNKO's WIFE can be seen.

WIFE: Mother, help me! Misery and grief for my son and husband are destroying me. Mute like this, I can't ask anyone for advice, I can't follow Palunko across the sea when I am so weak from melancholy. Help me, Mother, help me!

A ROE comes out into the clearing.

ŽENA: Hvala ti, košuto, na tome savjetu! Učinit ću sve kako me savjetuješ. Možda će zaista dobro biti ...

Prizora nestane; zastor se naglo spusti.

TREĆA SLIKA

U dvorima Kralja Morskoga.

I. prizor

MORSKI KRALJ (*drijema na prijestolju a oko prijestolja svirci pozaspali. Vlatko mali u kolijevci također sniva.*)

PALUNKO (*stao kraj kolijevke, netremice motri dječarca te govori za sebe*): Zgodan momčić ... Kao da i nije u morskome kraljevstvu svjetlo ugledao, nego na žalbu morskome. Ta gdje bi on i mogao biti sinak Kralja Morskoga - u Kralja glava volujska, a u dječarca djetinjska! Što god ga dulje gledam, to više se prisjećam sinka svoga, Vlatka maloga ...

MORSKI KRALJ (*budi se*)

PALUNKO (*pritaji se uz kolijevku kao da i sam spava*)

MORSKI KRALJ (*zijejavajući*): Uh, dosadna li života! Po vas dan drijemam, a naspavati se ne mogu. Palunko, Palunko!

ROE: You call in vain, poor Wife of Palunko! Your dead mother cannot help you. But I will give you good counsel. Don't sit around doing nothing. Make dinner for Palunko every night and after dinner spin a fine hemp thread! If Palunko does not come, take his dinner and the soft hemp thread at dawn, and the reedy Harp too, and go out into the rocky karst. Play the harp there! The big snakes and baby snakes will come to eat the dinner, and the seagulls will take the hemp to line their nests. Do as I say and all will be well!

WIFE: Thank you for your advice, kind Roe. I will do everything as you have counselled me. Perhaps everything really will be well ...

The scene disappears; THE CURTAIN SUDDENLY FALLS.

ACT 3.

At the SEA KING's Court.

SCENE 1.

SEA KING (*The King is dozing on this throne surrounded by his sleeping musicians. LITTLE VLATKO is also snoozing in his cradle.*)

PALUNKO (*He is standing by the cradle not taking his eyes off the child. He speaks to himself.*): A handsome little boy ... He looks as though he did not see the light of day in the sea kingdom, but on the shore. How could he be the son of the Sea King - the King has the head of an ox, and the boy the head of a child! The more I look at him, the more I am reminded of my son, Little Vlatko ...

SEA KING (*awakening*)

PALUNKO (*tobože se iznenada probudi te pohita k prijestolju*): Evo me, gospodaru! Što mi zapovijeda tvoja milost?
MORSKI KRALJ: Pleši, Palunko, dosadno mi je! Poskoči, prebacuj se, vrijeme kratilo! Svirci, zasvirajte! (*Svirci se probude te se odmah pripreme za svirku.*)
VLATKO (*također se probudi pa se uspravi u kolijevci*): Svilajte, svilajte!

Svirci zasviraju, Palunko zapleše.

MORSKI KRALJ: Dosta, Palunko! Prestani! (*Palunko se zaustavi.*)
Uvijek isto plešeš, ludi ribaru. Dvaput nogama zatapkaš, dvaput se zavrtiš i dvaput pokloniš. Izmisli nešto drugo! To mi je već dojadilo.
VLATKO: Nesto dugo, nesto dugo!
PALUNKO: Ne znam što bi vaše milosti htjele ... Nije lako na zlatnome pijesku ples plesati.
MORSKI KRALJ: Pokušaj jednom na rukama, a ne uvijek na nogama! Ded poskoči, obni se, razveseli mladoga kralja!
VLATKO: Na lukama, na lukama! To će biti plek拉斯no, najplek拉斯nije!

Svirci još bučnije zasviraju.

PALUNKO (*pleše na rukama*)

MORSKI KRALJ (*smijući se*): Nije loše, Palunko. Scijenim, bolje plešeš negoli što ribu hvataš ... Baš si momče i lakonogo i lakoruko, ha, ha, ha ... (*grohoće tako te sva dvorana odjekuje.*)
VLATKO (*plješeće ručicama*): Plek拉斯no, najplek拉斯nije!
MORSKI KRALJ: Pleši, ludi Palunko, još pleši!
PALUNKO (*iznemogne te zastane*): Ne mogu više, gospodaru. Izmori me ovaj naopaki ples.
VLATKO: Jos! Hocu jos!
MORSKI KRALJ: Čuješ li ga, Palunko? Hoće još. Pleši kad mlađi kralj to želi!

PALUNKO (*lying quietly near the cradle, as though asleep*)
SEA KING (*yawning*): Oh, how boring life is! I doze all day and can never get enough sleep. Palunko, Palunko!
PALUNKO (*Feigning that he has suddenly awakened, he dashes to the throne.*): Here I am, Sire! What does Your Grace command?
SEA KING: Dance, Palunko, I am bored! Jump, do your somersaults, help the time pass! Musicians, play! (*The SEA HORSES wake up and immediately prepare to play.*)
VLATKO (*He also wakes up and sits up in his cradle*): Pway, pway!

The Musicians starts playing and PALUNKO starts dancing.

SEA KING: Enough, Palunko! Stop! (*PALUNKO stops dancing.*)
Always the same dance, you crazy fisherman. You tap your feet twice, spin around twice and bow twice. Think of something new! Your dance is boring me.
VLATKO: Something new, something new!
PALUNKO: I don't know what Your Graces would like ... It's not easy to do a dance on golden sand.
SEA KING: Try on your hands, not just on your feet. Come on, jump, spin around, make the Young King happy!
VLATKO: On your hanths, your hanths! That will be lovely, just lovely!

The Sea Horse Musicians play even louder.

PALUNKO (*dancing on his hands*)
SEA KING (*laughing*): That's not too bad, Palunko. I think you dance better than you catch fish ... You're a fine fellow, light on your feet and light on your hands, ha, ha, ha ... (*The SEA KING roars with laughter which echoes through the hall.*)
VLATKO (*clapping his hands*): Lovely, just lovely!
SEA KING: Dance, crazy Palunko, keep dancing!
PALUNKO (*exhausted, he falters*): I can't any more, Sire. This upside-down dancing makes me very tired.
VLATKO: More! I want more!
SEA KING: Do you hear, Palunko? He wants more. Dance when the Young King wants you to!

PALUNKO: Vjeruj mi, gospodaru, odista više ne mogu. Pusti me da malko predahnem!

MORSKI KRALJ: Ni za što nisi, Palunko! Htio si velmoža postati, a ni dobra luda nisi. (*Ustane s prijestolja i približi se Palunku.*) Ali ipak ću ti milostiv biti. Odmori se, odspavaj dok s mladim kraljem kraljevstvo budem prigledao! Onda ćeš nam opet vrijeme kratiti. (*Ide do kolijevke i uzima dječarca u naručje.*)

VLATKO: Hocu na konjica, hocu na konjica!

MORSKI KRALJ: Hajde na leđa mi se popni!

VLATKO (*popne se Kralju na leđa*): Io, io, io ...

Kralj, poskakujući, odlazi s Vlatkom. Prate ih svirci svirajući. Palunko ostane posve sam, ležeći na pijesku.

II. prizor

Vremenska promjena. Svjetlo tamni, dan se sastaje sa sumrakom. Dopliva Četvrta, najmlađa, Morska djevica.

MORSKA DJEVICA (*tiho, gotovo zavjerenički*): Ribaru Palunko, ribaru Palunko!

PALUNKO (*teško se uspravljaajući*): Tko je, tko me zaziva?

MORSKA DJEVICA: Ja, najmlađa od svih Morskih djevica ...

PALUNKO: A, ti si, djevice ljubezniva!

MORSKA DJEVICA (*sućutno*): Reci, što li si se toliko snuždio?

PALUNKO: Dotužio mi život u Kralja Morskoga, lud život u ludoga kralja.

MORSKA DJEVICA: Ako li se ne varam, želja ti je bila da se njegova bogatstva naužiješ ...

PALUNKO: Bila pa prošla. Sad mi druga želja srce tišti: da mi se domu vratiti, vjernu ženu vidjeti. Ne znaš ti, djevice uzorita, kakva li je ona! Takve dobrote i mudrosti na svijetu nema. Nikad mi ništa uz nju nedostajalo nije ... (*Zajeca.*)

PALUNKO: Believe me, Sire, I really can't any more. Let me rest a little!

SEA KING: You're good for nothing, Palunko! You wanted to become a rich nobleman and you're not even a good jester. (*The SEA KING gets up from the throne and goes over to PALUNKO.*) But I'll still be merciful to you. Rest, have a sleep while the Young King and I inspect the kingdom! Then you will make the time pass again. (*The SEA KING walks over to the cradle and takes the little boy in his arms.*)

VLATKO: I want to go on horthse, on a horse!

SEA KING: Come on, get up on my back!

VLATKO (*climbing on the SEA KING'S back*): Gee up, gee up ...

Jumping along, the SEA KING leaves with VLATKO. They are accompanied by the playing musicians. PALUNKO is left quite alone, lying on the sand.

SCENE 2.

The passing of the day. The lights darken, day meets with sunset. The youngest of the SEA MAIDENS, SEA MAIDEN IV, swims up.

SEA MAIDEN IV (*quietly, in a conspiratory tone*): Fisherman Palunko, Fisherman Palunko!

PALUNKO (*struggling to sit up*): Who is it, who is calling me?

SEA MAIDEN IV: It is I, the youngest of the Sea Maidens ...

PALUNKO: Oh, it's you, Amiable Maiden!

SEA MAIDEN IV (*with compassion*): Tell me, what has made you so dejected?

PALUNKO: Life with the Sea King: a crazy life with a crazy king.

SEA MAIDEN IV: But, if I am not mistaken, your wish was to enjoy his wealth to the full...

PALUNKO: What was, is no more. Now another wish pinches at my heart: to return home and to see my faithful wife. You have no idea, Amiable Maiden, what she's like! There is no

MORSKA DJEVICA: Mora da si veliki velmoža na zemlji bio kad u ovolikoj raskoši tuguješ ...

PALUNKO: Duše mi, bio sam isti kao Kralj Morski. Imao sam dijete što mi se u bradu penjalo, ženu što mi čuda kazivala a lobode, brate, koliko hoćeš, ne trebaš se ni pred kim prebacivati. Eh, da mi se opet na zemlju popeti, nikad se više ludih želja ne bih zaželio.

MORSKA DJEVICA: Pusta ti želja, jadni ribaru. Iz morskoga kraljevstva izići ne možeš.

PALUNKO: Znam ja to, djevice milostiva, stoga me tolika žalost i svladala. A opet, nadam se da neće ovako dorekoma biti, da ću zidine morske nekako probiti, na žalost se popeti i domu vratiti.

MORSKA DJEVICA: Visoko je to a tama morska neprovidna! Daha bi ti ponestalo, morske jaze ne bi zamijetio te bi se u njih strmoglavio i od života oprostio.

PALUNKO: Ti me, djevice dobrotiva, na putu prati, od tamnih jaza čuvaj, na žalost izvedi!

MORSKA DJEVICA: Nije lako pogledu Kralja Morskoga izmaknuti. Straže bi nas sustigle te bi i mene s tobom u morske jaze bacile. Suđenoti je, Palunko, da u morskome kraljevstvu zavazda ostaneš. Jedino ako bi te netko s kraja nadmorskoga udicom zahvatio i s dna morskoga podigao, mogao bi se izbaviti. Ali gdje bi kod tolikih riba udica baš tebe pogodila i gdje je takva udica što se u dubine najdublje može spustiti?! Utješi se, Palunko, na povratak svoj više ne misli, te ćeš se već nekako na naš život morski naviknuti. *(Iz daljine se začuje svirka.)* Eto, kralj se vraća ... Moram ga pozdraviti, mladoga kralja u kolijevku na spavanje položiti. *(Otpliva.)*

such goodness and wisdom anywhere in the world. I never lacked for anything when I was with her. *(He sobs.)*

SEA MAIDEN IV: You must have been a great nobleman on land when you are sad here among such luxury ...

PALUNKO: Upon my soul, I was just like the Sea King. I had a child who climbed up my beard, a wife who told me wonderful stories, and saltbush, ah me, as much as you could wish for. I had no reason to feel small in front of any man. Ah, if I could only climb back onto the land, I would never again have any crazy wishes.

SEA MAIDEN IV: That's a futile wish, my poor fisherman. Nobody can ever leave the Sea Kingdom.

PALUNKO: I know that, Merciful Lady, that it why I am so sad. But still, I hope that it won't be like this forever, that I will somehow manage to break through the walls of sea around the kingdom, and climb up onto the beach and go back to my home.

SEA MAIDEN IV: It's very high up there and the sea is so dark you cannot see through it. You would run out of breath and not notice the whirlpools and you would be toppled down into them and say farewell to life forever.

PALUNKO: Amiable Maiden, could you not go with me on my journey and guard me from the dark whirlpools and lead me out to the beach!

SEA MAIDEN IV: It is not easy to elude the gaze of the Sea King. The guards would catch up with us and throw us both down into the whirlpools. Your fate, Palunko is to stay in the Sea Kingdom for all time. You could only escape if someone from the land caught you with a hook and lifted you out of the deep. But with so many fish, how could a hook find you, and what sort of hook could go down so deep into the sea? Take comfort, Palunko, and don't think any more about going home. Somehow you will get used to our life in the sea. *(Music is heard from the distance.)* There, the King is returning ... I have to greet him, and put the Young King into his cradle for his sleep. *(She swims away.)*

III. prizor

PALUNKO (*kad ostane sam*): Kad bi me netko s kraja nadmorskoga udicom zahvatio ... Što nije, može još biti! Kad bi bar moja žena vjerna ... Eh, Palunko, opet ludu želju želiš! Gdje bi ona jadna i nijema, od tuge preklonula, takvu misao mogla zamisliti. A ipak, možda joj baštuga prevelika pamet prosvijetli ...

IV. prizor

Dopliva Morska djeвица noseći u naručju Vlatka maloga.

VLATKO: Necu spavati, necu, necu, necu ...

MORSKA DJEVIČA: Morate, vaša milosti! Djeca poslije šetnje moraju spavati.

Polaže ga u kolijevku, a dječak joj se otima i udara je ručicama.

VLATKO: Necu spavati, necu i gotovo! Pusti me, ludo jedna! (*Neprestano je udara. Da se zaštiti, Djeвица se malo odmakne. Dječak skine zlatnu jabuku s kolijevke, baci je za njom i pogodi je.*) Evo ti, sad si svoje dobila! (*Djeвица pobjegne iz dvorane; dječak se obraća Palunku.*) Jesi li vidio, Palunko, kako sam je svojom zlatnom jabukom pogodio?! Bas mi je to dlago! Hajde sada ples! Ja hocu da mi ti opet pleses! Svilci, svilajte!

PALUNKO: Nema više sviraca, mladi gospodaru. Zacijelo su i oni na počinak pošli ...

VLATKO: Neka se plobude! Ja zapovijedam da se plobude! Ili mi ti plicaj neku plicu!

SCENE 3.

PALUNKO (*when he is left alone*): If only someone from the shore could catch me with their hook ... What has not been, may still be! If only my dear wife ... Ah, Palunko, wishing crazy wishes again! How could she, so sad and so mute, so broken with grief, come upon such an idea. But still, perhaps her overwhelming despair will enlighten her mind ...

SCENE 4.

SEA MAIDEN IV swims up with LITTLE VLATKO in her arms.

VLATKO: I will not thleep, will not, will not ...

SEA MAIDEN IV: You must, Your Grace! Children must sleep after going for a walk.

She lays him in the cradle while the infant struggles and strikes her with his hands.

VLATKO: I will not thleep, and that's an end to it! Let me be, crazy woman! (*He keeps hitting her. To protect herself, the SEA MAIDEN steps back a little. The little boy removes a golden apple from the cradle, throws it at her and strikes her with it.*) There, you got what you had coming to you! (*The SEA MAIDEN runs from the hall; the little boy addresses PALUNKO.*) Did you see that, Palunko, how I hit her with my golden apple?! Thuper! Danth now! I want you to danth! Muthicians, play!

PALUNKO: The musicians aren't here, young master. They must have gone to have a rest ...

VLATKO: Wake them up! I command them to waken! Or you tell me a thtory!

PALUNKO: That I will, my little King! (*He walks to the cradle and strokes the little boy's head.*) Now settle down so that you can listen comfortably!

PALUNKO: Pričat ću ti, mali moj kraljiću! *(Primakne se kolijevci i gladi dječaka.)* Hajde lijepo se smjesti da možeš što udobnije slušati!

VLATKO: Neka bude duga, jako duga!

PALUNKO: Bit će jako duga ako legneš i oči sklopiš.

VLATKO *(učini tako)*: Je li ovako?

PALUNKO: Baš tako! A sada opet malco otvori oči, pogledaj me i reci: poznaješ li ti mene?

VLATKO: To nije plica! Ja hocu plicu!

PALUNKO: Jest, to je priča, tako počinje priča. Ti najprije mene moraš dobro pogledati i onda kazati tko sam ja.

VLATKO: Ti si libal Palunko. Jesam li doblo lekao?

PALUNKO: Jesi. A sad mi kaži još ovo: kad bih ja bio tvojtata, bi li me ti volio?

VLATKO: Ja vec imam tatu, on je klalj.

PALUNKO: Možda on nijetvojtata. Možda sam bašja tvojtata. VLATKO: Nisi ti moj tata! Ti nisi klalj! Ti si moj sluga i luda.

Plicaj mi plicu, hocu da mi plicas samo plicu!

PALUNKO: Imaš pravo. Doista sam luda kad stobom djetetom ovako zborim. Hajde zatvori oči! Sada počinje priča ...

Zbilo se to davno na pustome žalu morskome ...

VLATKO: To je jako daleko i jako visoko, je li?

PALUNKO: Da, jako daleko i jako visoko.

VLATKO: I onda.

PALUNKO: U malenoj kolibi na žalu živio je siromašan ribar sa ženom svojom i sinkom koji se Vlatko zvao ...

VLATKO: Plestani malo! Molam ti nesto leci ...

PALUNKO: Kazuj, momče!

VLATKO: Hocu da sutla budeš moj konjic. Hoces li?

PALUNKO: Hoću, čedo moje, i tvoj ću konjic biti!

VLATKO: Ti si dobal. Svidas mi se. Plicaj dalje!

PALUNKO: Dakle, živio siromašni ribar sa ženom i sinkom koji se Vlatko zvao, a mali je Vlatko bio baš nalik na tebe.

VLATKO *(zaplješe ručicama)*: Klasno! To mi se sviđa. I onda?

PALUNKO: Imao je baš takve oči kao ti, plavile se kao svjetlo plavo od kamena od Alatira ... I baš takvu kosu, zlaćanu poput peraje najljepše ribe iz morskih dubina.

VLATKO: Let it be a long thtory, really long!
PALUNKO: It will be very long if you lie down and close your eyes.

VLATKO *(doing so)*: Like this?

PALUNKO: Just like that! And now open your eyes again, look at me and tell me: do you know me?

VLATKO: That's not a thtory! I want a thtory!

PALUNKO: Yes, it is a story, that's how the story starts. First of all you have to look at me and then tell me who I am.

VLATKO: You're Palunko the Fish'man! Did I say it right?

PALUNKO: Yes you did. And now tell me this: if I was your father, would you love me?

VLATKO: I already have a father, he's the King.

PALUNKO: Perhaps he's not your father. I could be your father.

VLATKO: You're not my father! You're not the King! You're my thervant and jethter. Tell me a thtory, I only want a thtory!

PALUNKO: You're right. I really am a jester talking to a child like this. Come now, shut your eyes! Now the story begins ... It happened a long time ago on an empty beach ...

VLATKO: That's very far and very high, isn't it?

PALUNKO: Yes, very far and very high.

VLATKO: And then?

PALUNKO: In a small cabin near the beach there lived a poor fisherman with his wife and son whose name was Vlatko ...

VLATKO: Wait a minute! Have to say thomething ...

PALUNKO: Go ahead, lad!

VLATKO: Tomorrow, I want you to be my little hortho. Will you?

PALUNKO: I will, my child, I'll be your hortho too!

VLATKO: You're a good man. I like you. Go on with the thtory!

PALUNKO: Well, the poor fisherman lived with his wife and his son whose name was Vlatko, and little Vlatko looked just like you.

VLATKO *(clapping his hands)*: Lovely! I like that. And then?

PALUNKO: He had eyes just like yours, they were as blue as the blue light of the Stone of Alatir ... and hair just like yours,

VLATKO: To je lubin, je li?
 PALUNKO: Jest, imao je kosu što se zlatila poput peraje bistre ribe lubina.
 VLATKO (*iznenada se sjetu*): Gdje je moja jabuka? Daj mi moju jabuku! (*Pospan je te zijeva.*)
 PALUNKO (*podigne jabuku i stavi je dječaku u ruke*): Hoćeš li, mo-
 žda, sad spavati?
 VLATKO: Necu spavati, necu spavati! Plicaj dalje!
 PALUNKO: Mislio sam da hoćeš spavati. A kada god si jako pospan, želiš da ti u ruku stavim jabuku od zlata. Zašto to želiš?
 VLATKO: Volim je. Ona je samo moja. Ti nemas takve jabuke. Ti si libal.
 PALUNKO: A kada bih te lijepo zamolio, bi li mi je malo dao?
 VLATKO: Da.
 PALUNKO: Možeš li mi je dati sada?
 VLATKO: Ne, sada jabuka mola spavati.
 PALUNKO: A sutra?
 VLATKO: Sutla se mozes malo s njome iglati. Plicaj dalje!
 PALUNKO: Znaš, ti si dobar dječak i ja te jako volim.
 VLATKO: I ja tebe isto volim. Ti znades klasno plesati i plicati. I onda, što je dalje u tvojoj plici bilo?
 PALUNKO: Jednoga dana reče ribar svojoj ženi: "Dosadilo mi živjeti u ovolikoj sirotinji. Pođi u svijet, bogatstvo traži!"
 VLATKO (*tiho i vrlo pospano*): I onda?
 PALUNKO: Žena uzme Vlatka maloga i pođe s njime u svijet da bogatstvo traži.
 VLATKO (*još tiše*): I onda?
 PALUNKO: Išli oni tako, išli za sedmicu, išli za dvije ...
 VLATKO (*gotovo nerazgovijetno*): I onda ... onda ... plicaj ... ti si dobal ... i onda (*Zaspi.*)
 PALUNKO (*nadvije se nada nj*): Čini se da je napokon usnuo. Kako je mio dok sniva! Baš tako u kolijevci je snivao i moj sinak izgubljeni. (*Motri ga koji trenutak šutke.*) On je, on je, srce mi kazuje da je moj sinak, Vlatko mali. (*Gjeliva ga.*) Da ga u naručaj podignem i s njime pobjegnem? Ne, to ne bi dobro bilo. Mogli bismo obojica u morske jaze pasti. Udicom ... Morska je djeвица kazala da nas netko

golden like the fins of the most beautiful fish from the depths of the sea.

VLATKO: That's a sea bass, isn't it?

PALUNKO: Yes, he had hair which shone golden like the fins on the glistening sea bass.

VLATKO (*remembering suddenly*): Where is my apple? Give me my apple! (*He is sleepy and starts yawning.*)

PALUNKO (*picking up the apple and putting it in the little boy's hand*): Would you perhaps like to sleep now?

VLATKO: I don't want to sleep, I don't want to sleep! Tell the thory!

PALUNKO: I thought you wanted to sleep. When you get very sleepy you always want me to put the golden apple in your hand. Why?

VLATKO: I like it. It is mine only. You don't have apples like that. You're a fish'man.

PALUNKO: And if I asked you nicely, would you give it to me? VLATKO: Yes.

PALUNKO: Can you give it to me now?

VLATKO: No, now the apple must sleep.

PALUNKO: And tomorrow?

VLATKO: Tomorrow you can play with it a little. Tell the thory!

PALUNKO: You know, you are a good boy and I love you very much.

VLATKO: I love you too. You're a lovely dancer and thory teller! And then, what happened then in your thory?

PALUNKO: One day the fisherman said to his wife: "I am bored with this life of poverty. Go out into the world and look for riches"!

VLATKO (*quietly and sleepily*): And then?

PALUNKO: The wife took Little Vlatko and went out into the world with him to look for riches.

VLATKO (*even more quietly*): And then?

PALUNKO: They travelled like that, first for one week, then for two ...

VLATKO (*barely comprehensible*): And then ... then ... talk ... you are good ... and then ... (*He falls asleep.*)

PALUNKO (*bending over him*): He seems finally to have fallen

udicom iz dubine istegne. A možda nas majčica naša već udicom u dubinama traži. Da sam riba lubin, lako bi bilo. Udica bi za peraju zapela. Gle, na ovoj kolijevci zlatne žbice. Baš kao peraje zlačane u ribe lubina! Privezat ću kolijevku sa sinkom na svoja leđa i kao lubin se u visine morske otisnuti. No, je li ovo zaista sinak moj, Vlatko mali? Ne bi bilo pravedno da Kralju Morskome dječaka otmem ako li uistinu nije moj sinak.

V. prizor

NAJMLADA DJEVICA (*dopliva do Palunka*): Jest, Palunko, on je odista tvojsinak, Vlatko mali. Htjedoh ti to odavna reći.

PALUNKO (*uzbuđeno*): Istinu li zboriš?

NAJMLADA DJEVICA: Istinu najistinitiju! Vile ga pomorčinje od majke otele i Kralju Morskome na dar donijele. Znam to zasigurno, Zora mi djevojka kazala, a ona uvijek istinu zbori.

PALUNKO: Znao sam to, srce mi je kazivalo da je sinak moj, Vlatko mali ... (*ljubi ga.*) Moram ga izbaviti, majčici njegovoj vratiti. Kazuj, Djevice dobrostiva, je li Kralj usnuo?

NAJMLADA DJEVICA: Već odavna dubokim snom sniva u odajama kraljevskim.

PALUNKO: A možeš li mi kazati gdje je najlakše zidine morske probiti?

NAJMLADA DJEVICA: Na onoj strani gdje se od gorućega kamaena, od Alaira, svjetlo najsvjetlije plavi. Ali, čuvaj se, Palunko! Tri su straže postavljene da na dvore morske paze.

PALUNKO: Da ih je i stotinu, ne bih se plašio. (*Priveže kolijevku na leđa.*) Zbogom, Djevice uzorital I velika ti hvala na pomoći! (*Zaputi se.*)

asleep. How sweet he is when he's asleep! That's just the way my lost little son slept in his cradle. (*He watches the infant in silence for a moment.*) He is, he is, my heart tells me that he is my son, Little Vlatko. (*He kisses the boy.*) What if I took him in my arms and ran away with him? No, that would not be good. We could both fall into the whirlpools. With a hook ... The Sea Maiden said that someone could pull us out of the deep with a hook. Perhaps our little mother is already searching for us in the deep with a hook. If I was a sea bass, it would be easy. The hook would catch my fins. But look, there are golden fish on this cradle. Just like the golden fins on the sea bass! I will tie the cradle with my son in it onto my back and set out into the heights like a sea bass. But, is this really my son, Little Vlatko? It would not be just to steal the Sea King's child if he is not really my son.

SCENE 5.

SEA MAIDEN IV (*the youngest of the Sea Maidens, swimming over to PALUNKO*): Yes, Palunko, he really is your son, Little Vlatko. I've been wanting to tell you.

PALUNKO (*excited*): Are you telling the truth?

SEA MAIDEN IV: The truest of truths! The Sea Fairies stole him from his mother and brought him as a gift to the Sea King. I know it for a fact, the Dawn-Maiden told me, and she never lies.

PALUNKO: I knew it, my heart told me this was my son, Little

Vlatko ... (*He kisses the infant.*) I must save him and return him to his mother. Tell me, Good Maiden, is the King asleep?

SEA MAIDEN IV: He has long been deeply asleep in his royal chambers.

PALUNKO: And could you tell me the easiest place to break through the sea walls?

SEA MAIDEN IV: On the side where the light of the burning

NAJMLADA DJEVICA : Zbogom, Palunko! Sretan na putu bio,
domu se svome sa sinkom vratio!

Zastor se naglo spusti.

TREĆA MEDUIGRA

Dok se zastor polako otvara ...

GLAS DVOJNICA: Niti radi, niti sprema,
niti kuka, niti plače,
čemer suze presušio,
tanki glas prigušio
vjernoj ženi Palunkovoj.

Kad se zastor potpuno rastvori, vide se opet žena Palunkova i košuta na grobu materinu.

KOŠUTA: Zašto si opet došla na grob majke svoje, vjerna žen
no Palunkova?

ŽENA: Sve sam uradila kako si mi bila svjetovala, ali Palunka
niotkuda i nikada. Dojadio mi već pusto čekanje. Ili da
u more skočim ili da se o stijenu razbijem...

KOŠUTA: Kćeri moja, nemoj da budeš nevjerna! Ljutu muku
muči tvoj Palunko. A ti slušaj kako ćeš mu pomoći! U
neznanome moru ima lubin veliki, na lubinu zlatna
peraja, na peraji zlatna jabuka. Uхватиš li na mjesečini
lubina, olakšat ćeš jade svome Palunku. Al' do mora
neznanoga treba proći tri pećine od oblaka: u jednoj

Stone of Alatir shines the bluest. But take care, Palunko!
Three guards have been set to watch over the Sea Court.
PALUNKO: Even if there were a hundred of them, I would not
fear. *(He ties the cradle to his back.)* Farewell, Noble Maiden!

And my deepest thanks for your help! *(He sets off.)*
SEA MAIDEN IV: Farewell, Palunko! May you have a safe jour-
ney, and return to your home with your son!

THE CURTAIN SUDDENLY FALLS.

INTERLUDE 3.

As the CURTAIN slowly rises ...

SHEPHERD'S HARP: Doesn't work, doesn't tidy,
Doesn't grumble, doesn't cry,
Sadness dried the tears,
Silenced the soft voice,
Of Palunko's faithful wife.

When the curtain is raised completely, we see the ROE and PALUNKO's WIFE at her mother's grave again.

ROE: Why have you come again to your mother's grave, faithful
wife of Palunko?

WIFE: I did everything you told me to do, but there is no sign of
Palunko. I am tired of all this waiting. I don't know whether
to jump into the sea or over the cliff ...

ROE: Do not be lacking in faith, my daughter! Your Palunko is
in grave trouble. Now you listen to hear how you can help
him. In the Unknown Sea there is a large sea bass, on the
bass's back a golden fin, on the golden fin a golden apple.
If you catch the bass in the moonlight, you will lighten your
Palunko's woes. But to get to the Unknown Sea you have

zmija orijaška, majka sviju zmija, more diže i valove pravi; u drugoj ptica orijaška, majka sviju ptica, buru razmahuje; u trećoj zlatna pčela, majka sviju pčela, munje križa i izvodi. Podi kćeri do mora neznanoga, ništa ne ponesi do li udice i tankih dvojnica, a nađeš li se u teškoj nevolji, ti samo u dvojnice zasviraj!

ŽENA: Hvala ti, košuto, i na tome savjetu! Sve ću uraditi kako mi svjetuješ. Ali kako li ću ovako nijema i neuka put do mora neznanoga pogoditi?

Doleći GALEB-PTICA

GALEB-PTICA: Ja ću te pratiti, ja ću ti put do mora neznanoga pokazati, jer si meni i braći mojoj dobra bila, kudjelju nam sterala, gnijezda oblagala. Na put se spremaj, u čun sjedaj, da do istoka mjesečeva na cilj stignemo!

Prizor naglo nestane i zastor se spusti.

ČETVRTA SLIKA

I. prizor

Sumrak se spustio, ali zvijezde još nisu na nebu zasjale. Žena Palunkova u čunu na morskoj pučini a Galeb-ptica oko čuna oblijeće.

ŽENA: Kazuj mi, ptico galebe, je li još daleko do mora neznanoga?

GALEB-PTICA: Daleko je, ali nije dalje od tvoje želje puste ... Veslaj, majko, izdrži! Na kraju te sreća čeka ...

to travel through three caves of cloud: in the first, the Great Snake, the Mother of all Snakes, who makes the waves and lifts them high; in the second, the Great Bird, the Mother of all Birds, who raises the tempests; in the third, the Golden Bee, the Mother of all Bees, who brings out the lightning and criss-crosses it. Go my child to the Unknown Sea, take nothing with you other than a fishing hook and the reedy harp, and if you find yourself in great misfortune, just blow on the shepherd's harp.

WIFE: Thank you, dear Roe, for this new counsel. I will do everything you have told me. But how will I find the way to the Unknown Sea as mute and ignorant as I am?

The SEAGULL-BIRD flies up to her.

SEAGULL-BIRD: I will accompany you, and show you the way because you were kind to me and my brothers, and spun the hemp to line our nests. Get yourself ready, sit in the boat so that we reach our goal on the eastern side of the moon!

The scene suddenly disappears and the CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT 4.

SCENE I.

It is dusk but the stars still have not come out in the night sky. PALUNKO'S WIFE in the boat on the open sea with SEAGULL-BIRD flying around the boat.

WIFE: Tell me, Seagull Bird, is it still far to the Unknown Sea?
SEAGULL-BIRD: It is still far but not further than you can wish ... Row, mother, endure! Happiness is waiting for you ...

The first stars are shyly peeping out in the sky.

Na nebu se stidljivo prve zvijezde pokazuju.

ŽENA: A je li nam se more neznano štogod primaknulo?
GALEB-PTICA: Primaknulo se, majčice! Još malo i do prve ćemo straže stići. Evo, već se vidi pećina od oblaka gdje stražu stražari zmija orijaška, majka sviju zmija.

II. prizor

Pokaže se pećina od oblaka, u njoj zmija orijaška. Valovi se oko čuna podignuli, ljuljaju ga i zanose.

ŽENA: Galebe, ptico bijela, more je veliko, vali će mi čun lagani potopiti.

GALEB-PTICA: Neće, majčice. Vesla puštaj, u dvojnice sviraj! More će se namah utišati.

Žena tako učini, more se utiša. Zmija iz pećine vrat svojoj ispruži.

ZMIJA ORIJAŠKA: Tko se to usuđuje morske vale tišati, tkoto pred pećinu moju stati?

GALEB-PTICA: Sirotica nijema, vjerna žena Palunkova. Želja je velika do mora neznanoga tjera, a ja joj, evo, pute pokazujem.

ZMIJA ORIJAŠKA: Što hoće od mene vjerna žena Palunkova? **GALEB-PTICA:** Da je sa čunom kroz pećinuпустиš.

ZMIJA ORIJAŠKA: Je li kakvo dobro meni učinila?

GALEB-PTICA: Veliko je dobro tebi učinila, hranila je zmijei zmijice, hranila i dohranila mnogu djecu tvoju.

ZMIJA ORIJAŠKA: Kroz pećinu je puštati ne mogu jer mi danas valja vello more dići. Ali, ako mi je dobro učinila, djecu moju nahranila, dobroću joj i vratiti. Vjerna ženo Palunkova, odgovori nijemim svojim jezikom: il' ti volja težak grumen zлата, il' ti volja šest niza bisera?

WIFE: But is the Unknown Sea any closer to us?
SEAGULL-BIRD: It is, Little Mother! Just a little more and we will reach the first guard-post. Look, you can already see the cave of clouds where the Great Snake, the Mother of All Snakes, stands guard.

SCENE 2.

The cave of clouds appears and, in it, the Great Snake. The waves have risen around the boat, rocking it and driving it from side to side.

WIFE: Seagull, White Bird, the sea is high and the waves will easily sink my boat.

SEAGULL-BIRD: No they won't, Little Mother. Stop rowing and play on your harp! The sea will quieten immediately.

She does so and the sea quietsens. The SNAKE's head and neck appear from the cave.

GREAT SNAKE: Who dares to quieten the waves of the sea and stop in front of my cave?

SEAGULL-BIRD: A poor mute woman, Palunko's faithful wife. A great desire leads her to the Unknown Sea, and I am showing her the way.

GREAT SNAKE: What does Palunko's faithful wife want of me?
SEAGULL-BIRD: That you let her go through your cave in her boat.

GREAT SNAKE: What goodness has she ever done me?

SEAGULL-BIRD: She has done you great goodness, she has fed the big and little snakes, fed and reared many of your children.

GREAT SNAKE: I cannot let her through the cave because I have to raise a great sea today. But, if she has done me a kindness and has fed my children, I will repay her. Faithful wife of Palunko, answer me with your mute tongue: would you like a heavy gold nugget, or six strings of pearls?

ŽENA: Nije meni do zlata i bisera, nego do lubina iz mora neznanoga! Ako sam ti dobro učinila, ti me puštaj kroz pećinu, zmijo strahovita!

ZMIJA ORIJAŠKA: Velika je tvoja vjernost, ženo Palunkova, takvu vjernost valja nagraditi. Prođi čunom kroz moju pećinu!

Čun prođe kroz pećinu i opet zaplovi niz pućinu.

III. prizor

ŽENA: Galebe, ptico mudra, je li još daleko do mora neznanoga?

GALEB-PTICA: Daleko je, ali nije dalje od tvoje želje puste. Veslaj, majko, izdrži još malo!

Podigne se strašan vihor.

ŽENA: Galebe, ptico pratilice, kakav se ovo vihor iznenada podignuo?

GALEB-PTICA: To krilima maše ptica orijaška, majka sviju ptica. Kada do njene pećine doploviš, nemoj mi se, majko, prestrašiti, nego veslo puštaj, u dvojnice sviraj! Vihor će se namah umiriti.

IV. prizor

Pokaže se pećina od oblaka. Na ulazu ptica orijaška strahovitu glavu uzdignula, gvozdeni kljun razvalila, golema krila po pećini raskrilila.

WIFE: I care not for gold and pearls, but for the sea bass from the Unknown Sea. If I have done a kindness to you, then let me pass through your cave, Great Snake!

GREAT SNAKE: Your faith is great, Wife of Palunko, and such faith should be rewarded. Pass through my cave with your boat!

The boat passes through the cave and again moves forward across the sea.

SCENE 3.

WIFE: Seagull, oh wise bird, is it far to the Unknown Sea?

SEAGULL-BIRD: It is far but not further than you can wish. Row, mother, endure a little longer!

A terrible whirlwind starts blowing.

WIFE: Seagull, my companion, what is this whirlwind which has suddenly started blowing?

SEAGULL-BIRD: The Great Bird, the Mother of all Birds, is flapping her wings. When you reach her cave, do not be frightened, mother, but stop rowing and play on your harp! The whirlwind will quieten immediately.

SCENE 4.

A cave of clouds appears. At the entrance the Great Bird has raised her terrifying head, opened wide her iron beak, and spread her wings through the cave.

GREAT BIRD: Who dares to quieten the whirlwind and stop in front of my cave?

SEAGULL-BIRD: A poor mute woman, Palunko's faithful wife.

PTICA-ORJAŠKA: Tko se to usuđuje vikor miriti, tko to pred moju pećinu stati?

GALEB-PTICA: Sirotica nijema, vjerna žena Palunkova. Želja je velika do mora neznanoga tjera, a ja joj, majko moja, majko sviju ptica, pute pokazujem.

PTICA-ORJAŠKA: Što hoće od mene vjerna žena Palunkova?

GALEB-PTICA: Da je sa čunom kroz pećinu puštiš.

PTICA ORJAŠKA: A je li kakvo dobro meni učinila?

GALEB-PTICA: Veliko je dobro tebi učinila, kudjelju je nama djeci tvojoj sterala, gnijezda naša oblagala.

PTICA ORJAŠKA : Ne mogu je kroz pećinu pustiti jer mi nas valja silan vikor podignuti. Nego, ako je meni dobro učinila, veće ću joj dobro vratiti. Vjerna žena Palunkova, kazuj meni nijemim svojim jezikom: hoćeš li žive vode iz moga kljuna gvozdenoga, da ti se živa ljudska riječ povrati?

ŽENA: Nisam došla radi svojega dobra, nego radi male stvari, rad' lubina iz mora neznanoga. Ako sam ti dobro učinila, a ti mene kroz pećinu puštaj!

PTICA ORJAŠKA: Velika je tvoja vjernost, žena Palunkova! Takvu vjernost valja nagraditi. Prođi čunom kroz moju pećinu!

Čun kroz pećinu prođe i zaplovi opet po pućini.

V. prizor

ŽENA: Galebe, ptico neumoma, je li još daleko do mora neznanoga? Od veslanja mi ruke otešale. Bojim se, klonut će mi snaga.

GALEB-PTICA: Daleko je, ali nije dalje od tvoje želje puste. Još nam samo jednu stražu valja proći. Veslaj, majko, izdrži! Na kraju te sreća najveća čeka ...

A great desire drives her to the Unknown Sea, and I, Great Mother, am showing her the way.

GREAT BIRD: What does Palunko's faithful wife want of me? **SEAGULL-BIRD:** That you let her go through your cave in her boat.

GREAT BIRD: What goodness has she ever done me?

SEAGULL-BIRD: She has done you a great goodness, she has spun hemp for your children to line their nests.

GREAT BIRD: I cannot let her through the cave because I have to raise a great whirlwind today. But, if she has done me a kindness, I will repay her. Faithful wife of Palunko, answer me with your mute tongue: would you like to have the living water from my iron beak to return to you the power of speech?

WIFE: I have not come for my own good, but for little things, for the sea bass from the Unknown Sea. If I have done a kindness to you, then let me pass through your cave, Great Bird!

GREAT BIRD: Your faith is great, Wife of Palunko! Such faith should be rewarded. Pass through my cave with your boat!

The boat passes through the cave and again moves forward across the sea.

SCENE 5.

WIFE: Seagull, tireless bird, is it still far to the Unknown Sea? My hands are swollen from rowing. I am frightened that my strength will fail me.

SEAGULL-BIRD: It is far but not further than you can wish. We have only one more guard-post to pass. Row, Mother, endure! The greatest happiness is waiting for you ...

VI. prizor

Pokaže se treća pećina. Tutnje gromovi, munje sijevaju.

ŽENA: Galebe, ptico zaštitnice, kakva li ovo oluja nad nama bjesni?

GALEB-PTICA: To zlatna pčela, majka sviju pčela, munje križa i izvodi. Ali ti mi se ništa ne plaši, majčice, već kad zlatna pčela uzleti, otpori desni rukav bijeli, nerubljeni, omahni njime i pčelu uhvati, pa će se namah munje na nebu odmunjiti i gromovi će gromki ušutjeti.

Čun pristane uz pećinu.

ZLATNA PČELA (*uzleti s ulaza*): Tko se to usuđuje uz moju pećinu pristati, gromovi ga moji zgromili i munje kroza nj protmule?

ŽENA: Ne bojim se ni munja ni gromova a još manje tebe koja ih križaš i izvodiš.

Omahne otvorenim rukavom i uhvati pčelu. Gromovi i munje odmah prestanu.

PČELA: Zašto si me, ženo, zarobila, u rukav svoj uhvatila?

ŽENA: Da s tobom u miru mogu govoriti nijemim svojim jezikom!

PČELA: Što hoćeš od mene?

ŽENA: Da me kroz svoju pećinu puštiš, da me puštiš sve do mora neznanoga.

PČELA: Ne mogu te kroz pećinu pustiti jer mi valja munje križati i gromove izvoditi. Puštaj mene, ženo, na slobodu! Ja ću tebe puta naučiti te ćeš do svog čeda doći, s njim u sreći boraviti.

ŽENA: Ne pečali me, zlatna pčelo, majko sviju pčela! Ne puštam te na slobodu jer ja moram kroz pećinu proći. Ja sam svoje čedo oplakala i u srcu svome pokopala. Nisam amo došla radi sreće svoje, već radi male stvari, rad' lubina iz mora neznanoga.

SCENE 6.

The third cave appears. Thunder booms and lightning flashes.

WIFE: Seagull, my protector, what storm is this that rages around us?

SEAGULL-BIRD: That is the Golden Bee, the mother of all bees, criss-crossing the lighting. But you need have no fear, little mother. When the Golden Bee takes flight, untie your white, right sleeve, unhemmed, wave it and catch the bee, and the lightning will stop flashing and the loud thunder will fall quiet.

The boat stops beside the cave.

GOLDEN BEE (*taking flight at the entry to the cave*): Who dares to stop beside my cave, thundered at by my thunder and struck by my lightning?

WIFE: I do not fear the lightning nor the thunder ... and you who make them and criss-cross them even less!

She waves her untied sleeve and catches the Bee. The thunder and lightning stops immediately.

BEE: Why have you made me captive, woman, and caught me in your sleeve?

WIFE: So that I can speak with you in peace in my mute language. BEE: What do you want of me?

WIFE: That you let me go through your cave, that you let me go as far as the Unknown Sea.

BEE: I cannot let you through the cave because I have to criss-cross the lightning and rumble the thunder. Woman, let me go free! I will show you the way to come to your child, so you live happily with him.

WIFE: Don't sadden me, Golden Bee, Mother of all Bees! I do not set you free because I must pass through your cave. I have mourned my child and buried him in my heart. I have not come here for my happiness, but for little things, for the sea bass from the Unknown Sea.

PČELA: Velika je tvoja vjernost, ženo Palunkova! Takvu vjernost valja nagraditi. Prođi čunom kroz moju pećinu.

Žena pusti zlatnu pčelu iz rukava i prođe čunom kroz pećinu. U tom času zasja mjesec.

VII. prizor

ŽENA: Galebe, ptico najbjelja, jesmo li stigli do mora neznanoga?

GALEB-PTICA: Stigli smo, majko, mjesec pokazuje. Vesla puštaj, udicu bacaj, lubina hvataj!

Žena baci udicu.

GALEB-PTICA: Jesi li ga već zadjenula?

ŽENA: Ta čekaj, tek sam udicu bacila!

GALEB-PTICA: Strpi se, miruj, prevarit će njega udica dosjetljivica ...

Kao da je riba zatrzala ruku ribarice.

GALEB-PTICA: Trza li?

ŽENA: Trza, trza ... te mi se čini kao da će mi ruku istrgnuti ...

GALEB-PTICA: Vuci, hitro vuci!

ŽENA: Težak je i pretežak, udicu priteže.

GALEB-PTICA: Neka priteže! Jača si od njega, pritegnuti ne može!

ŽENA: Gledaj u dubinu, galeb-ptico! Vidi li se?

GALEB-PTICA: Vidi se, majko, al' je još duboko. Tek se zlatna peraja u dubini ljeska i na toj peraji čudo pravo - od zlata jabuka! Vuci, izdrži! Još malo pa ćeš sreću svoju izvući ...

BEE: Your faith is great, Wife of Palunko! Such faith should be rewarded. Pass through my cave with your boat!

The woman lets the Golden Bee out of her sleeve and passes through the cave in her boat. At that moment the moon starts shining.

SCENE 7.

WIFE: Seagull, whitest of birds, have we reached the Unknown Sea?

SEAGULL-BIRD: We have reached it, mother, the moon is showing it to us. Stop rowing, throw in your hook, catch the sea bass!

The WIFE throws in her hook.

SEAGULL-BIRD: Have you hooked it already?

WIFE: Wait, I have only just thrown it in!

SEAGULL-BIRD: Be patient, quiet now, that clever hook will outwit him ...

As though the fish is jerking at the woman's hand.

SEAGULL-BIRD: Is it twitching?

WIFE: It's twitching, pulling ... it feels as though it will pull my arm off ...

SEAGULL-BIRD: Pull it in, quickly, pull it in!

WIFE: It's heavy, it's just too heavy, it's bending the hook.

SEAGULL-BIRD: Let it! You are stronger, it won't break.

WIFE: Look into the deep, Seagull-Bird! Can you see it?

SEAGULL-BIRD: I can, Mother, even though it is still deep down. Only the golden fin shines from the deep and on that fin a real marvel - a golden apple! Pull it in, endure! Just a little more and you will land your happiness ...

VIII. prizor

Zlatne žbice kolijevke izvire iz mora i nad njima od zlata jabuka.

ŽENA: Galebe, ptice vjerna, nije ovo lubin, riba velika, nego od zlata kolijevka a u njoj čedo majušno.

GALEB-PTICA: Vuci, vuci, radost ćeš svoju izvući!

Žena izvruče zlatnu kolijevku s Vlatkom malim i Palunka od tegoba izmučena. Vlatko u ruci drži zlatnu jabuku.

VLATKO (*baci u more jabuku, zagrlj majku*): Majčice!

ŽENA: Čedo moje jedino! (*Grli ga i cjeliva, pa onda i Palunka.*) Mužu moj, vratio si se, vratila se sreća naša!

GALEB-PTICA: Palunko i ženo vjerna Palunkova, nije sada vrijeme radovanju! Još se dalek put pred vama proteže, još vas mnoge tegobe na putu čekaju. Čedo je vaše jabuku zlatnu u more bacilo, Kralja Morskoga probudilo. Kralj će potjeru strahovitu za vama uputiti. Veslaj, Palunko, što jače možeš, da potjeri izmaknete! (*Podigne se vihor*) Evo, već za vama vile pomorkinje lete. Bojim se, stignut će vas.

PALUNKO (*veslajući*): Da nam je kakvo dobro jedro, ne bi nas dostigle.

IX. prizor

Iznenada se razdani i pokraj čuna se pojavljuje Zora-djevojka.

PALUNKO (*kliče obradovan*): Zora-djevojka! Zora-djevojka u pomoć nam stiže! Oj, pomozi, jasna Zoro-djevojko!

ŽENA: Pomozi, sinka spasi!
ZORA-DJEVOJKA: Velika je tvoja vjemost, ženo Palunkova, i velika tvoja ljubav majčinska. Evo tebi rubac vezeni i

SCENE 8.

The golden spokes of the cradle emerge from the sea and, on them, the golden apple.

WIFE: Seagull, faithful bird, this is not a sea bass, the large fish, but a golden cradle holding a small child.

SEAGULL-BIRD: Pull it in, pull it in, you will land your happiness!

The woman pulls in the golden cradle holding Little Vlatko, and then the exhausted Palunko. Vlatko is holding the golden apple in his hand.

VLATKO (*throwing the apple into the sea and embracing his mother*): Mummy!

WIFE: My one and only child! (*First she hugs and kisses the little boy, and then Palunko.*) My husband, you have returned, our happiness has returned to us!

SEAGULL-BIRD: Palunko! Faithful wife! This is not the time for joy! There is still a long journey before you, and many troubles are waiting for you on that journey. Your child has thrown the golden apple into the sea and woken the Sea King. The King will organise a terrible posse to chase after you. Row, Palunko, as hard as you can, to escape your pursuers! (*A storm blows up.*) See, the Sea Fairies are already flying after you. I am afraid that they will catch up with you.

PALUNKO (*rowing*): If we had a strong sail they would not be able to catch us.

SCENE 9.

Suddenly day breaks and DAWN-MAIDEN appears beside their boat.

PALUNKO (*shouting with joy*): Dawn-Maiden! Dawn-Maiden comes to help us! Oh, help us, shining Dawn-Maiden!

iglu pribadaču! Od rupca nek' se bijelo jedro stvori, od igle kormilo! (*Dogodi se kako je kazala*) A sad još hitrije broдите i put svoj hrabro nastavite! Ja ću vas od svakog zla štiti i potjeru vašu sustaviti.

PALUNKO: Hvala ti do vijeka, Zoro-djevojko!
INA: Nikada tebe ni dobrotu tvoju nećemo zaboraviti!

...jedre i uskoro nestanu s vidika. Vihor ojača.

P R I Z O R

ORA-DJEVOJKA (*za bjeguncima maše a vihor joj skute razmahuje. U sred šuma morskoga začuje se tanki glas dvojnica, te Zora uz taj glas zamišljeno govori*):

Čudo ludo Palunko
na dno mora propao,
ljutog jada dopao ...

LEB-PTICA (*nastavlja*):

Sini, sini, zorice,
evo nove srećice!
Da je tripud potopljena,
izbavi je vjerna žena ...

...riječe s kliktajima cijelo jato galebova. Zastor se polako spušta. To je priče.

WIFE: Help us! Save our little boy!

DAWN-MAIDEN: Great is your faith, Wife of Palunko, and great your mother love. Here, take this woven scarf and this pin! Make a white sail from the scarf, and a rudder from the pin! (*It is done as she says.*) And now travel more swiftly and bravely on your way! I will protect you from all evil and delay your pursuers.

PALUNKO: We'll be forever grateful, Dawn-Maiden!

WIFE: We will never forget your kindness to us!

They sail away and soon disappear from view. The storm rages more strongly.

SCENE 10.

DAWN-MAIDEN (*She waves after the fugitives and the wind ruffles her skirts. Above the sound of the waves the thin voice of the SHEPHERD'S HARP is heard, and DAWN-MAIDEN thoughtfully speaks against this background*):

Wondrous strange Palunko
Sank to the depths
of deepest misery ...

SEAGULL-BIRD (*continuing after her*):

Shine, shine, little dawn
New happiness is here!
Sunk as many times as three
His faithful wife has set him free ...

A shrieking flock of seagulls flies up. THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS. And they all lived happily every after.

IVANA BRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ

"Hrvatski Andersen"

Zvali su je "hrvatskim Andersenom"; bila je prva žena izabrana za člana Jugoslavenske (danas Hrvatske) akademije znanosti i umjetnosti; Akademija ju je dva puta predlagala za Nobelovu nagradu; bajke su joj prevedene na engleski, švedski, češki, danski, ruski, slovački, njemački, francuski i talijanski jezik (na nekim jezicima postoji i više prijevoda); o njoj su pisali Rudyard Kipling, Seton Watson, Kuprin, A. B. Šimić, Domjanić, Matoš i mnogi drugi; njezin jezik i stil slavi se i danas kao uzor jezične čistoće, muzikalnosti i ljepote; a djela joj nisu samo dio hrvatske kulturne baštine nego svojom privlačnošću i pripovjedačkim žarom i danas bude interes i zaokupljaju, oduševjavaju i osvajaju djecu.

Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić rođena je u Ogulinu 1874. g., kao novi član književne dinastije Mažuranića. Najveće ime te "dinastije" svakako je Ivan Mažuranić, pjesnik epa *Smrť Smail-age Čengijića* i njezin djed. Djedov brat Matija zaslužan je za razvitak nove hrvatske proze, a i Matijin sin Fran svoja je brojna putovanja ovjekovječio u kraćim proznim zapisima. Otac joj je također poznati pisac Vladimir Mažuranić.

Nakon nekoliko godina provedenih u Ogulinu Ivana seli u Zagreb, gdje boravi u djedovoj kući. Školovala se privatno, posvetivši posebnu brigu izučavanju jezika, te je već u najmlađim godina govorila i pisala francuski, a kasnije je još naučila njemački, ruski i engleski. U 18. godini udala se za Vatroslava Brlića, advokata i političara u Slavonskom Brodu, a negdje na polovici svoga života, kad su joj djeca malo poodrasla, počinje pisati. Umrla je u Zagrebu 1938. godine.

Najbolja su joj djela roman *Čudnovate zgrade i nezgode šegrta Hlapića* (1913), koji otvara hrvatsku dječju realističku književnost, i *Priče iz davnine* (1916), najbolja hrvatska zbirka bajki, koja joj u svijetu donosi glas "hrvatskoga Andersena".

Priče iz davnine doživjele su niz izdanja u zemlji, a u inozemstvu na desetak evropskih jezika. Budući da motivi, jezik i stil priča izviru iz narodnih bajki - jer se spisateljica intenzivno bavila proučavanjem narodnog folklor a slavenske mitologije - mnogi su se strani kritičari

IVANA BRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ

"The Croatian Andersen"

They called her "the Croatian Andersen"; she was the first woman elected as a member of the Yugoslavian (now Croatian) Academy of Sciences and Arts; she was twice nominated for the Nobel Prize by the Academy; her tales have been translated into English, Swedish, Czech, Danish, Russian, Slovakian, German, French and Italian while, in some languages, a number of translations have been made; she was written about by Rudyard Kipling, Seton Watson, Kuprin, A. B. Šimić, Domjanić, Matoš and many others; her use of language and her style are still honoured today as a model of linguistic purity, musicality and beauty; and her works are not just a part of Croatian cultural heritage but, with their fascinating tale-telling charm, continue to interest, delight and captivate children.

Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić was born in Ogulin (Croatia) in 1874 as a member of the literary dynasty, the Mažuranić family. The dynasty's greatest name was certainly that of Ivan Mažuranić, her grandfather, who wrote the epic poem *The Death of Smail-Aga Čengijić*. Her grandfather's brother Matija was influential in the development of new Croatian prose, and his son Fran immortalised his numerous journeys in short prose works. Ivana's father, Vladimir Mažuranić, was also a well-known writer.

After living for a few years in Ogulin, Ivana moved to Zagreb where she lived in her grandfather's house. She was educated privately and particular attention was paid to her acquiring a knowledge of languages so that, as quite a young girl, she spoke and wrote French, and later learnt German, Russian and English. At the age of 18 she married Vatroslav Brlić, a lawyer and politician from Slavonski Brod, and around the middle of her life when her children were no longer small, she started to write. She died in Zagreb in 1938.

Her best works are her novel for children, *Hlapić, the Shoemaker's Boy* (1913), which initiated Croatian realistic children's literature, and *Tales from Long Ago* (1916), the best collection of fairy tales in the Croatian language, which earned her the accolade of "the Croatian Andersen".

Tales from Long Ago went through a series of editions within the country and was published abroad in ten languages. Due to the fact that the motifs language and style of the stories derived from folk tales - as the writer was intensively engaged in the study of folklore and Slavic mythology - many foreign critics asked if these were in fact folk stories or original works of art. It seems that some of them were of the opinion that this was a presentation o

pitati jesu li to narodne priče ili originalno umjetničko djelo. Čini se da su se neki opredijelili za mišljenje da se radi o narodnom stvaralaštvu, jer je npr. englesko izdanje izašlo pod naslovom *Croatian Tales of Long Ago*, a talijansko pod naslovom *Leggende Croate*. Poznato je, međutim, da se radi o posve originalnom stvaralaštvu snažne umjetničke ličnosti. O tome sama autorica govori u pismu svome sinu Ivanu Briću, pisanom 1938. godine:

"...te su *Priče* koli u svojoj biti, toli u svojoj izvedbi čisto i potpuno moje originalno djelo. One su sačinjene oko imena i likova uzetih iz slavenske mitologije, i to je sva vanjska veza, koju one imaju sa narodnom mitološkom predajom. Ni jedan prizor, ni jedna fabula, ni jedan razvoj, ni jedna tendenca u ovim pričama nisu nađeni gotovi u našoj mitologiji. (Tko se iole bavio studijem mitologije, znade uostalom, da je nažalost naša slavenska mitologija u svojoj cjelini jedan skup malone sasvim nesuvislih nagađanja, jedno polje ruševina, iz kojega kao uspravni stupovi vire baš samo imena.)

Posve je drugo pitanje unutarnja veza koju *Priče* iz *davnine* imaju sa narodnim pjesništvom. S toga gledišta moje su priče zaista ne moje, nego su pričanja, priviđenja, nade, vjerovanja i uzdanja cijele duše slavenskog plemena. Iz slavenske zemlje i zraka, iz bijelih para slavenskih voda i mora, iz slavenskih snjegova i močvara, iz slavenskih poljana stvara se i obnavlja naše tijelo, - svih nas Slavena. A iz slavenskih čuvstava, ganuća, iz slavenskih naziranja i zaključivanja sastavljena je naša duša. Kad nam dakle uspije da uronimo posve u sebe, da napišemo nešto ravno iz srca našega, tada je sve ono, što je tako napisano, zaista prava slavenska narodna poezija. U to ime i s te strane radošno prihvaćam da se zamijeni ime autora (...) i da se kaže: 'Ovo i ovako priča duša slavenskog plemena'."

Bajke Ivane Brić-Mažuranić sazdane su, dakle, na mitologiji, ali je svaka od njih vezana s realnim životom. Tako se npr. u *Šumi Striborovoj* pojavljuje mitski Stribor, zatim duši domaćeg ognjišta, ali i majka, žena čvrsto uronjena u život, koja će sve žrtvovati za sreću sina, dokazujući da nije sva sreća u zadovoljavanju osobnih interesa.

Sve su *Priče* iz *davnine* proizašle iz topline i sjaja prisne domaće vatre. U već spomenutom pismu sinu Ivana Brić-Mažuranić piše:

"Jedne zimske večeri bio je naš dom, protiv običaja, potpuno tih. Nigdje nikoga, sobe velike, svuda polutama, nastrojenje tajnovito, u pećima oganj. Iz posljednje sobe - velike blagovaonice - začuje se: 'kuci! kuci!' - 'Tko je?' upitam. - Ništa! Opet: 'kuci! kuci!' - 'Tko je?' - i opet

folk creativity as, for example, the edition in English was titled *Croatian Tales of Long Ago*, and the Italian *Leggende Croate*. However, the stories are known to be the completely original work of a powerful artistic personality. Writing on this point to her son in 1938, the writer herself said:

"... the *Tales* as much in their essence as in their presentation were purely and totally my original work. They were woven around names and characters taken from Slavic mythology, and this was the sole outside connection which they had with folk mythological tradition. Not one scene, nor one story, not one plot development nor one tendency in these stories was found complete as such in our mythology. (Anyone who has spent time studying the subject of mythology knows, in any case, that, unfortunately, our Slavic mythology as a whole is a collection of almost wholly disconnected conjecture, a field of ruins from which only names emerge as upright pillars.)

"A completely different question is that of the internal link which the *Tales from Long Ago* have with folk poetry. From this aspect my stories really are not mine, but represent the tales, illusions, hope, beliefs and faith of the entire soul of the Slavic tribe. From Slavic land and air, from the white steam of Slavic waters and seas, from the Slavic snows and marshes, from the Slavic fields, our bodies are created and renewed - of all of us Slavs. And our souls are comprised of Slavic feelings, of what moves us, from the Slavic world-view and from the conclusions we draw. So when we manage to submerge deeply into ourselves, to write something straight from the heart, then everything written in this way really is authentic Slavic folk poetry. In that name and from that aspect I joyfully accept that the author's name be replaced (...) and that it be said: 'This story and such stories are the soul of the Slavic tribe'."

Thus, the tales of Ivana Brić-Mažuranić are created from mythology, but each one of them is linked to real life. For example, in *Stribor's Forest* one encounters the mythical Stribor and the Hearth Sprites, but also the Mother, a woman firmly rooted in real life who will sacrifice everything for her son, proving that happiness does not lie merely in satisfying one's own interests.

All the *Tales from Long Ago* grew out of the warmth and glow of an intimate domestic hearth. In the letter mentioned above, Ivana wrote to her son:

"One winter evening our home, quite unusually, was completely quiet. No-one anywhere, the large rooms, semi-darkness all around, the mood secretive, flames in the fire-places. From the last room - the large dining-room - the sound of: 'knock! knock!' - 'Who's there?' I ask. - Nothing! Then again: 'knock! knock!' - 'Who's there?' - and again, nothing. With some secret fear I stepped into the large dining-room when suddenly: a joyful burst, a blow, a small explosion! A pine log in the large fire-place had burst - from the small doors of the fire-place sparks rushed out to meet me, like a swarm of stars, and when I spread my hands to catch that living golden gift, they darted up to the

ništa. Nekim tajnovitim strahom stupim u veliku blagovaonicu, i najjednom: radosni prasak, udarac, mala eksplozija! U velikom kaminu prasnula je na vatri borova cjepanica, - na vratašca kamina izlete mi u susret iskrice, ko da je roj zvjezdica, a kad raskrilih ruke da uhvatim taj živi zlatni darak, podigle se one pod visoki strop i... nije ih više bilo. - (...) padoše mi u taj tren na pamet 'domaći'. I tako onaj roj iskrica-zvjezdica ipak bi uhvaćen - i to u *Šumi Striborovoj* - i ona nastade upravo uslijed njih. Iza ove prve priče nastadoše ostale, njih još 7, bez ikakve zasebne 'geneze', dakle su i one kao i *Šuma Striborova* izletjele kao iskre sa ognjišta jednog drevnog slavenskog doma."

Šuma Striborova nije samo kronološki prva, nego se često ističe kao najbolja Brličkina bajka:

"Dosta je pročitati jednu bajku, npr. *Šumu Striborovu*, da se osjeti i snažno doživi miran, staložen, melodičan, a kao iz kamena isklesan, na narodnu krojen i plemenit a ipak ličan ton koji je karakteristika izgrađenog stila ove spisateljice. U istom vrijeme pripovijedanje je takvo da budi pažnju i ispunjava dječju psihu očekivanjem. Osjeća se u tom jeziku i stilu nepatvorena i iscelirana, a prirodna, muzika finog narodnog govora.

Šuma Striborova, koja najbolje ujedinjuje sve kvalitete, tematske i stilske, Ivane Brlić-Mažuranić, već se danas može smatrati klasičnim djelom naše književnosti. Teško je naći djelo gdje bi na tako malom broju stranica bilo skupijeno toliko ljepote. *Šuma Striborova* sama za sebe vrijedi više nego deseci i deseci knjiga što su ih u istom razdoblju napisali drugi naši pisci, uključivši i slabija djela Ivane Brlić-Mažuranić" (Ivan Crnković).

Ako tome dodamo da je *Šuma Striborovu* dramatisirao veliki kazališni režiser, pisac i dramaturg Vojmil Rabadan, bit će potpuno jasno zašto se *Šuma Striborova* našla u našoj knjizi koju objavujemo povodom 120. godišnjice rođenja Ivane Brlić-Mažuranić.

Druga dramatisacija u ovoj knjizi jest *Ribar Palunko i njegova žena*, također klasično djelo naše književnosti, u izvrsnoj dramatisaciji Milana Čučuka. To je djelo vrlo rado izvođeno u kazalištu lutaka, pa je tako, spomenimo usput, Kazalište lutaka Zadar 1990. g. za istoimenu predstavu dobilo glavnu nagradu PIF-a (Međunarodnog festivala kazališta lutaka, Zagreb). Nadamo se da ćemo ovim izdanjem potaknuti evropska i svjetska kazališta lutaka da prošire svoj repertoar i unesu u nj djelić bogatstva i hrvatske kulture, djelić koji ovdje donosimo, a za koji vjerujemo da ima univerzalno značenje!

high ceiling ... and then they were gone. - (...) at that moment I thought of the 'hearth sprites'. And that swarm of stellar sparks was finally captured - in *Stribor's Forest* - which came into being just because of them. Other stories followed on, seven more in all, without any particular 'genesis', so they too flew like sparks out of the fire-place of a Slav home made of wood, just as they had for *Stribor's Forest*."

Stribor's Forest was the first of the tales to be written but is also often regarded as Brlić's best story.

"It is enough to read one tale, *Stribor's Forest* for example, to feel and strongly experience the quiet, stable, melodic tone, as though carved from stone, nobly drafted from the folk but still in the personal tone which characterised the mature style of this writer. At the same time, the tale-telling is such that it draws the attention of children and fills their spirit with expectation. In that language and style one hears the genuine - refined but natural - music of fine folk idiom.

"*Stribor's Forest*, optimally uniting the thematic and stylistic qualities of Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić, may already be considered a Croatian literary classic. It would be difficult to find a work which contains so much beauty in so few pages. *Stribor's Forest* alone is worth more than tens and tens of books which were written by other authors during the same period, including the less outstanding works of Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić" (Ivan Crnković).

If one adds that *Stribor's Forest* was dramatised by the great theatre director, writer and dramatist Vojmil Rabadan, it will be fully clear why it found a place in this book published to commemorate the 120th anniversary of Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić's birth.

The second dramatisation in this book is that of *Palunko the Fisherman and his Wife*, also a classic in Croatian literature, adapted for the stage with great craftsmanship by Milan Čučuk. This play is often performed in puppet theatres, and we could mention in passing that the Zadar Puppet Theatre won first prize at the PIF (International Festival of Puppet Theatres, Zagreb) in 1990 with its production of the play.

Our hope is that this publication will stimulate puppet theatres in Europe and throughout the world to expand their repertoires to include the portion of the richness of Croatian culture presented here, which, we believe, has universal applications.

VOJMIL RABADAN Dramatizator Šume Striborove

Prof. dr. Vojmil Rabadan (Split, 1909. - Zagreb, 1988), poznati je hrvatski kazališni stručnjak, romanist i doktor teologije, dramski operni i radio redatelj. Već od 1928. radio je na književnom i umjetničkom polju kao kritičar, esejist, urednik i izdavač, prevodilac pjesama, romana i drama. Napisao je niz originalnih scenskih djela, dramatisacija, obnova hrvatske i svjetske dramske i glazbene klasike, opernih libreta te dječjih i lutarskih igrokaza od kojih su neki prevedeni i izvedeni i u inozemstvu. Kao član UNIMA-e sudjeluje na međunarodnim kongresima lutkara.

Od studentskih dana jedan od glavnih ciljeva rada bilo mu je širenje kulture i prosvjete putem kazališta, pa je pisao i prevodio posebna djela za amatere i škole, i objavio čitave serije takvih tekstova. Osnivao je i pomagao osnivanje i rad amaterskih društava i po najmanjim selima, radeći s njima i kao redatelj i kao pedagog. Pišući kazališna djela za kazališne amatere za koje se malo tko u ta vremena kod nas brinuo (ne smije se zaboraviti da u ono doba nije bilo televizije, koja je danas tehnike za našu dječju pozornicu, koji su prihvatila a dobrim dijelom i danas slijede mnoga naša kazališta lutaka i amaterske družine.

Godine 1949. povjerenost mu je da obnovi kazalište lutaka u Zagrebu. U sedam godina djelovanja u svojstvu umjetničkog voditelja, redatelja, dramaturga, a vrlo često i scenografa, kostimografa, čak i glazbenog aranžera, stvorio je ustanovu nesumnjivo visoke umjetničke ali i odgojne razine, za koju je dramatisirao mnoga najpopularnija djela hrvatske i svjetske dječje literature (*Ivica i Marica*, *Pepejuga*, *Mačak u čizmama*, *Heidi*, *Mali Palčić*, *Aladin* i *čarobna svjetiljka*, *Paja Patak*, *Tri prašćića*, *Petar Pan*, *Oliver Twist*, *Djevojčica sa žigicama*, *Pastirica i dimnjačar* i druge). Rabadanova dramatisacija *Čarobnjaka iz Oza* još je i danas na repertoaru Zagrebačkog kazališta lutaka, a njegovo originalno djelo *Mala vila* prevedeno je na više jezika, igrano u inozemstvu, čak i u bivšem Sovjetskom Savezu, gdje se vjerojatno igra još i danas.

VOJMIL RABADAN WHO DRAMATISED STRIBOR'S FOREST

Prof. Vojmil Rabadan, PhD (Split, 1909 - Zagreb, 1988) was a well-known theatre expert and Romance Sciences scholar who held a PhD in Dramatic Arts, and was active as a director of drama, opera and radio plays. As a young man of only 19 (in 1928) he was already involved in the world of theatre and art as a critic, essayist, editor and publisher, and translator of poetry and drama. He wrote a series of original stage plays, dramatisations, revivals of Croatian and world stage and music classics, opera librettos and children's drama and puppet theatre plays, some of which were translated and performed abroad. He participated in international puppet theatre congresses as a member of UNIMA.

From his student days, one of his main objectives was the spreading of culture and education through the theatre, and he wrote and translated works for amateurs and schools, and published a whole series of such texts. He founded or helped in the founding and work of amateur companies in the smallest hamlets, working with the members of the troupes as a director and as a pedagogue. Writing stage works for amateurs for whom nobody had much interest at that time - it should be borne in mind that there was no TV then, today's "window on the world" in the most remote village - he created a text type and stage techniques for children's theatre, which were adopted and are often still followed today by many puppet theatres and amateur companies in this country.

In 1949, he was called on to renew the puppet theatre in Zagreb. In the seven years of his activities as art director, director, dramaturge, and often scenographer, costume designer and even arranger of stage music, he created an institution of an undeniably high artistic and educational level. He adapted for the stage many of the most popular works of Croatian and world children's literature (including *Hanzel and Gretel*, *Cinderella*, *Puss-in-Boots*, *Heidi*, *Tom Thumb*, *Aladdin* and his *Magic Lamp*, *Donald Duck*, *The Three Little Pigs*, *Peter Pan*, *Oliver Twist*, *The Little Match-Girl*, *The Shepherdess and the Chimney-Sweep*, and others). Vojmil Rabadan's dramatisation of *The Wizard of Oz* is still today an item on the Zagreb Puppet Theatre's repertoire, and his original play, *The Little Fairy*, has been translated into a number of languages and produced abroad, even in the former Soviet Union, where it is probably still being presented today.

As an experienced pedagogue, Vojmil Rabadan was led in the choice of texts for children's and puppet theatre productions by what children were reading

Kao iskusni pedagog, Vojmil Rabadan se u izboru teksta za dječje i lutkarske predstave vodio djelima određenim za školsku lektiru, a predstave što ih je priređivao bile su izuzetno dobro posjećivane i omiljene kod djece i odraslih.

Rabadan bi često napisao i malo "predavanje" o autoru i igrokazu što će ga djeca gledati, ili bi na poledini programa objavio tekst kojim bi objasnio svrhu i bit predstave, što se pokazalo naročito poučnim i vrlo korisnim na brojnim gostovanjima diljem zemlje. Ovaj prikaz dramaturga Šume Striborove prof. dr. Vojmila Rabadana završit ćemo citatom njegovog teksta sa programa premijerne izvedbe *Šume Striborove* u Zagrebačkom kazalištu lutaka 11.10.1953.g.:

"Od svojih prvih početaka naše je kazalište lutaka nastojalo posvetiti pretežni dio svojeg repertoara scenskoj ilustraciji najljepših i najvrednijih djela hrvatskih književnih velikana, koji su svoje pero stavili u službu najčasnijoj djelatnosti književnika - stvaranju za djecu. Među njima su najjače umjetničke ličnosti Vladimir Nazor i Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić, a upravo oni sa svojim djelima osnova su repertoara našeg kazališta. Od Nazora su već prikazani *Veli Jože* i *Bijeli jelen*, a najpopularnijem junaku čitave hrvatske dječje književnosti šegrta Hlapiću Ivane Brlić-Mažuranić pridružuje se sada jedna od najljepših *Priča iz davnine* iste autorice *Šuma Striborova*. Da ta jedinstvena spisateljica, koju već gotovo pola vijeka jednako vole 'sitna i bradata djeca', kako reče A. G. Matoš, nije napisala ništa drugo osim ove bajke, već bi njome opravdala naziv 'hrvatski Andersen', kojim su je oдавno počastili. U fantastičnom spletu likova i okvira iz bajke odvija se u *Šumi Striborovoj* fabula o Majci, koja je pregorjela svoju sreću, da zlog sina, koji ju je iz kuće istjerao, spasi od čarolija opake zmijske djevojke. Ta himna Majčinoj ljubavi i požrtvornosti prevedena je na mnoge strane jezike (...) a za kazališno prikazivanje prerađena je više puta i uvijek je iznova osvojila srca velikih i malih gledalaca svojom pjesničkom ljepotom i dubokom ljudskom toplinom. Naše kazalište uzelo je jedno od glavnih likova te priče, Vatreneog Dušića, simbol poleta i ljubavi za ljude, u svoj emblemu."

Dubravka Rabadan

at school, and his productions were extremely popular among children and grown-ups.

Rabadan will often write a small "lecture" about the author and the play the children were about to see, or published a text on the back of the programme explaining the purpose and essence of the play. This proved to be very informative and useful in numerous tours throughout the country. We will complete this overview on the work of Prof. Vojmil Rabadan, PhD, whose dramatisation of *Stribor's Forest* precedes this text, by a quote from the text in the programme for the premiere of *Stribor's Forest* at the Zagreb Puppet Theatre on October 11, 1953:

"From its early beginnings our puppet theatre has endeavoured to devote the major part of its repertoire to stage presentations of the most beautiful and most valuable works by Croatian literary greats, whose pens were in the service of the writer's most honourable activity - literature for children. The most outstanding among them are Vladimir Nazor and Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić, and it is their work which provides the basis of the repertoire of our theatre. We have already presented Nazor's *Jože the Giant* and *The White Deer*, and the most popular hero in Croatia's children's literature, *Hlapić, the Shoemaker's Boy*, Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić's character, now joined by one of the loveliest *Tales From Long Ago* by the same writer, *Stribor's Forest*. If this unique author - equally loved, in the words of A. G. Matoš, by "beardless children and children with beards" - had written nothing other than this fairy tale, she would still have honoured her name as "Croatia's Andersen", which is how she has often been described. In the fantastic interweaving of characters and background from the tale, *Stribor's Forest* unfolds the story of Mother, who forsakes her own happiness to save her wicked son who drives her out of her home, in order to save him from the evil Snake-Woman. This hymn to mother love and self-sacrifice has been translated into many languages, (...) it has been produced in the theatre in various adaptations and has always captured anew the hearts of members of the audience, large and small, with its poetic beauty and deep human warmth. Our theatre has taken one of the main characters, the Hearth Sprite - a symbol of enthusiasm and brotherly love - as its emblem."

Dubravka Rabadan

Dramatizator priče Ribar Palunko i njegova žena

Što je navelo ozbiljnog i skromnog mladića iz Omiša da se neposredno poslije drugoga svjetskog rata ukrca na galiju lutkarstva i da kao galijot vesla više od polovice svoga života? Da radi na toj galiji praktički kao glumac i pisac tekstova, i teorijski kao esejist, kroničar a time djelomično i kao historičar lutkarske umjetnosti? Nitko to zapravo ne zna. Ali upravo je tako bilo!

Značajne godine njegova rasta bili su krizni datumi u povijesti svijeta i razdoblje životnih iskušenja mnogih naroda. Prohodao je na početku međuratne evropske krize (rođen je 1925. godine), stasao kad je počeo rat, postao mladić kad je počela izgradnja porušene domovine i kad je naišla prekretnička godina 1948.

Bio je glumac neposredno poslije rata u Zadru, i tamo igrao npr. Popivu u Držićevom *Dundu Maroju* a zatim je bio glumac-lutkar iza paravana Zagrebačkog kazališta lutaka, gdje je odigrao niz uloga nestašnih dječaka i raznih drugih antropomorfnih i zoomorfnih bića.

U svom "hodu po mukama" bio je razapet između novinarskog posla, aktivnog rada u lutkarstvu i svog privatnog življenja.

Neumorno je radio kao novinar, najdulje kao lektor, komentator i urednik u "Studiju", tjedniku kojije pratio televizijski program i atraktivno najavljivao i druge kulturne i zabavne programe. Više je od 20.000 sati proveo za novinarskim stolom i da često zatomi glad ispušio preko 100.000 cigareta! Usprkos tome napisao je više od pet stotina stranica scenskih bajki za lutke po svojim ili tuđim motivima i isto toliko stranica kritičkih osvrtu na viđene lutkarske predstave u ondašnjoj Jugoslaviji i Poljskoj.

Kao i svi romantični mladići svoga vremena u procjepu između tzv. krute stvarnosti i svog zatvorenog svijeta pisao je i stihove ali su ostali u rukopisu neobjavljeni.

Kazališne recenzije na predstave iz redovitih repertoara zagrebačkih

WHO DRAMATISED PALUNKO THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

What was it that caused the serious and reticent young man from Omiš to sign on as an oarsman on the puppet theatre galley immediately after the Second World War, and to continue to pull on his oar for more than half of his life? To labour on that galley as an actor and writer of scripts, a theorist and essayist, a chronicler and, thus, in part, as an historian of the puppet art? Nobody really knows. But that's the way it really was!

His formative years were concurrent to critical periods in world history and a time of vital trials for many nations. He started to walk at the time of the beginning of the European crisis between the two wars - he was born in 1925 - he was an adolescent at the beginning of the war, and a young man when the reconstruction started of his devastated homeland and its critical year of 1948.

Immediately after the war, he was working as an actor in Zadar playing there, for example, the role of Popiva in Držić's *Uncle Maroje*, and was an actor-puppeteer behind the screen of the Zagreb Puppet Theatre, where he played a series of roles as a mischievous boy and various anthropomorphic and zoomorphic creatures.

Throughout his adult life, he was torn between his work as a journalist, his active work in the puppet theatre and his private life.

He worked tirelessly as a newspaperman, mostly as a language editor, commentator and editor in the *Studio* weekly which, in addition to providing information on television programmes, dealt with other cultural events and entertainment. He spent more than 20 000 hours at his desk as a journalist and often quelled hunger pains by smoking, and ended up smoking more than 100 000 cigarettes! This notwithstanding, he wrote more than five hundred pages of script for puppet theatre presentations of fairy tales based on original or adapted motifs, and as many pages again of critiques of puppet theatre shows he visited in what was then Yugoslavia, and in Poland.

Similarly to all romantic youths of his time, he was torn between so-called tough reality and his own enclosed world in which he also wrote poetry, which has remained in manuscript form and has never been published.

His critiques of the regular repertoire of Zagreb "live theatre" performances were published in the daily newspapers and in the *Teatar* journal. Mention should be made of his valuable insights into Ionesco in 1958, at the time of

zv. živih kazališta objavljivao je u dnevnicima i u časopisu "Teatar", među kojima treba istaći vrijedno zapažanje 1958. godine o Ionescou u povodu praizvedbe njegove *Lekcije i Čelave pjevačice* i zanimljiv portret glumca Pere Kvrgića. I svaki njegov lutkarski osvrt, pa i ogled na određenu teatarsku temu, imao je neposredan povod u viđenoj predstavi, u doživljenoj lutkarskoj igri, u impresiji čovjekom-lutkarom ili lutkom kao pokrenutom likovnom kreacijom.

Tri su ga pitanja zaokupljala u većim ili manjim analizama predstava, kazališta ili kazališnih pojava: pitanje kazališta lutaka kao sintetičkog kazališta, kao budućeg sveteatra, koji spaja obredni totem s modernim znakovljem, zatim pitanje animacije ili artikulirano oživljavanje "neživog predmeta", a s tim u vezi pitanje suigre živog glumca i lutke, i na kraju pitanje preteksta za lutkarsku igru ili mogućnost specifične lutkarske dramaturgije. Na sva tri pitanja gledao je u smislu humanizacije lutkom, po čemu se čovjek neprestano vraća u djetinjstvo ne zato da podjetinji, već da doživi svijet bez pragmatičnih zapreka.

"Svjetska bol" ili "zabrinutost mladog Evropljanina", koju je primio u duhovno naslijeđe od generacije prije njegove približila ga je međunarodnom jeziku esperantu i potakla da postane glavni animator međunarodnog festivala kazališta lutaka PIF-a, da poveže internacionalni jezik s estetskim i teatarskim internacionalizmom utke. Stoga će organizatori festivala 1988. g. odlučiti da se od te godine glavna festivalska nagrada za najbolju predstavu u cjelini zove njegovim imenom.

J njegovu nastojanju u svijetu lutaka gotovo da mu nije nitko posredno ni neposredno pomagao. Nije mu nitko namro nasljedstvo, ni zemlju, ni kuću, ni stan, ni biblioteku, ni društvene veze, ni bilo kakav privilegij. Nije imao ništa osim vlastitog rada i trke sa zaprekama u svijetu naše culture.

J punom radnom zamahu njegovo samozatajno služenje tom tonedavna egzotičnom teatru prekinuto je iznenada otkrivenom kolešću, a ubrzo u rano proljeće 1978. godine i smrću.

J njegov rad na području lutkarstva nije samo svjedočanstvo njegova vremena, već vrijedna, neponovljiva razmišljanja o trenucima irvatskog, pa djelomice i svjetskog lutkarstva mnogo trajnijeg značenja.

Borislav Mrkšić

the première of his *Lesson* and *The Bald Soprano*, and his interesting portrait of Pero Kvrgić, the actor. All his writings on the puppet art and his essays on specific theatre themes were directly prompted by his having seen a performance, his personal experience of the puppet theatre, and his impression of the man-puppeteer or the puppet as a work of art brought to life.

Three questions engrossed him as regards extensive or brief analyses of performances, the theatre or theatre phenomena: the question of the puppet theatre as a synthetic theatre, as a future Alltheatre which merged the ritual totem with modern features; the question of animation or articulated bringing to life of "an inanimate object", and, in this regard, the question of the joint performance of the living actor and the puppet; and finally, the question of the pretext for the puppet play or the possibility for specific puppet dramaturgy. He regarded all three questions in the sense of humanisation of the puppet, by which the actor continually returns to childhood, not in order to become infantile but to experience the world in the absence of pragmatic obstacles.

"The world pain" or "the concern of the young European", which he inherited from the foregoing generation, attracted him to the international Esperanto language and prompted him to become the main animator of the international festival of the PIF, to link the international language with the aesthetic and theatrical internationalisation of the puppet. His contribution led to the organisers of the Festival deciding that, from 1988 onwards, the main prize for best performance would bear his name.

Almost nobody helped him, directly or indirectly, in his endeavours in the world of puppets. No-one bequeathed him any inheritance, neither land, nor house, nor apartment, nor library of books, nor social contacts, nor any privilege whatsoever. He had nothing other than his own work and his running of the steeple-chase of culture in our part of the world.

The full zest and diligence of his self-effacing service to what was, until recently, regarded as a theatre of the exotic, was suddenly interrupted by the diagnosis of serious illness, which soon led to his death in the early Spring of 1978.

His work in the world of the puppet theatre bears witness not only to his time, but to valuable and unique considerations about puppetry in Croatia and further afield, which are of much more lasting meaning.

Borislav Mrkšić

RESUME

Nous publions dans ce livre deux pièces de théâtre écrites d'après les contes d'Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić, l'auteur croate, à l'occasion de 120^{ème} anniversaire de son naissance. Nous publions les pièces en croate - la langue dans laquelle elles sont écrites - et dans la traduction anglaise. Nous voudrions de cette manière animer les théâtres de marionnettes européens et mondiaux à enrichir leur répertoire avec cette pierre précieuse du patrimoine littéraire croate. Parmi les récits dramatisés d'Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić nous avons choisi deux, convaincus qu'il s'agit de deux meilleures adaptations dramatisées de deux meilleurs et des plus connus contes de Brlić. Dr Vojmil Rabadan a dramatisé "Suma Striborova" ("La forêt de Stribor") et Milan Čečuk a dramatisé le récit "Ribar Palunko i njegova žena" ("Le pêcheur Palunko et sa femme").

IVANA BRLIĆ-MAŽURANIĆ (Ogulin, 1874 - Zagreb, 1938)

Elle était appelée comme "Andersen croate"; elle était la première femme choisie pour le membre de l'Académie Yougoslave (aujourd'hui Croatie) des sciences et des arts; l'Académie l'a proposé deux fois pour le prix de Nobel; ses contes sont traduits en anglais, en suédois, en tchèque, en danois, en russe, en slovaque, en allemand, en français et en italien (il existe plusieurs traductions dans certaines langues); Rudyard Kipling, Seton Watson, Kuprin, A. B. Šimić, Domjanić, Matoš et beaucoup d'autres écrivains ont écrit au sujet d'elle; sa langue et son style sont célébrés, même aujourd'hui, comme les exemples de la pureté de langue, de la qualité musicale et de la beauté; ses oeuvres ne sont pas seulement la partie du patrimoine culturel croate mais même aujourd'hui elles provoquent l'intérêt, elles attirent l'attention, enchantent et envahissent les enfants par son attraction et son charme "Čudnovate zgodice i najbolje djela Ivice Hlapčića" ("Les aventures et les mésaventures étranges de l'apprenti Hlapčić") (1913) et "Priče iz davnine" ("Les contes de l'antiquité") (1916), le meilleur recueil des fables croates qui lui apporte la renommée d'"Andersen croate" dans le monde. Les motifs, la langue et le style des fables naissent du folklore populaire et de la mythologie slave. Pour "La forêt de Stribor" les critiques ont dit: "La forêt de Stribor" qui unit le mieux toutes les qualités thématiques et stylistes

ZUSAMMENFASSUNG

In diesem Buch werden zwei Bühnenwerke veröffentlicht, die nach den Geschichten der Schriftstellerin Ivana Brlić - Mažuranić geschrieben wurden, anlässlich des 120. Jahrestages ihrer Geburt. Die Bühnenwerke sind in ihrer originellen Sprache, kroatisch, veröffentlicht und in ihrer Übersetzung ins Englische. Man möchte auf diese Weise Puppentheater in Europa und der ganzen Welt dazu auffordern, ihr Repertoire mit diesem Juwelen des kroatischen Kulturerbes zu bereichern. Unter den dramatisierten Geschichten von Ivana Brlić - Mažuranić, wurden zwei gewählt, die der Meinung der Verfasser dieses Buches nach die besten zwei Dramatisierungen der besten und bekanntesten zwei Geschichten von Ivana Brlić - Mažuranić sind. *Šuma Striborova* wurde von Dr. Vojmil Rabadan dramatisiert, und *Ribar Palunko i njegova žena* von Milan Čečuk.

IVANA BRLIĆ - MAŽURANIĆ (Ogulin, 1874 - Zagreb, 1938)

Sie wurde "kroatischer Andersen" genannt; sie war die erste Frau die zum Mitglied der Jugoslawischen (heute Kroatischen) Akademie der Wissenschaften und Künste gewählt wurde; die Akademie hat sie zweimal für den Nobelpreis vorgeschlagen; ihre Märchen wurden ins Englische, Schwedische, Tschechische, Dänische, Russische, Slowakische, Deutsche, Französische und Italienische übersetzt (in einigen Sprachen gibt es mehrere Übersetzungen); über sie schrieben Rudyard Kipling, Seton Watson, Kuprin, A. B. Simić, Domjanić, Matoš und viele andere; ihre Ausdrucksweise und ihren Stil feiert man heute noch als das Vorbild sprachlicher Reinheit, der Musikalität und Schönheit; ihre Werke sind nicht nur Teil des kroatischen Kulturerbes, sondern erwecken durch ihre Anziehungskraft und den Zauber der Erzählung das Interesse der Kinder, beschäftigen, begeistern und erobern sie. Die besten ihrer Werke sind der Kinderroman *Čudnovate zgodbe i nezgode segria Hlapica* (Die sonderlichen Erlebnisse und Mißgeschicke des Lehrhings Hlapčić) (1913) und *Priče iz davnine* (Geschichten aus Anno dazumal) (1916), die beste kroatische Märchensammlung, die ihr im Ausland auch den Ruf des "kroatischen Andersens" einbringt. Die Motive, die Ausdrucksweise und der Stil der Geschichten quellen aus der Folklore und der slawischen Mythologie hervor. Über *Šuma Striborova* (Stribors Wald) sagen die Kritiker folgendes: "Šuma Striborova, das

d'Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić, dès aujourd'hui, on peut la considérer comme une oeuvre classique de notre littérature. Il est difficile à trouver une oeuvre où on a rassemblé tant de beauté dans un nombre si petit des pages. 'La forêt de Stribor' est un livre plus précieux que les dizaines livres que nos autres écrivains ont écrit dans la même période, ci-inclus les autres oeuvres d'Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić qui n'ont pas la même valeur" (I. Crnković).

VOJMIL RABADAN (Split, 1909 - Zagreb, 1988)

Prof. dr. Vojmil Rabadan, auteur dramatique, metteur en scène, théatologue, docteur ès lettres, fit ses études universitaires (langue et littératures romanes, histoire de l'art, musique et peinture) et son apprentissage théâtral à Zagreb, centre culturel de la Croatie et à Paris. Epris du théâtre pour enfants depuis sa propre enfance et plus tard membre de l'UNIMA, il est auteur de plus de cinquante pièces pour le théâtre de poupées et d'enfants-acteurs, de féeries jusqu'aux pièces antiatomiques. Rabadan fut de 1949 à 1956, organisateur, directeur artistique, auteur et metteur en scène du Guignol central de Zagreb, premier théâtre de poupées fondé en Yougoslavie par l'état après la II. guerre, organisa ensuite d'autres petites scènes du même genre et a tenu le record de l'auteur le plus représenté dans ces théâtres en ex-Yougoslavie.

MILAN ČEČUK (Omiš, 1925 - Zagreb, 1978)

Il est né à Omiš, immédiatement après la deuxième guerre mondiale il était acteur à Zadar, puis acteur au théâtre de marionnettes à Zagreb. Il a travaillé comme journaliste, lecteur, commentateur et rédacteur dans quelques journaux et hebdomadaires et il écrivait les critiques théâtrales concernant les représentations des répertoires réguliers des théâtres à Zagreb. Il n'était pas seulement attaché au théâtre de marionnettes comme acteur mais plutôt comme auteur des textes, essayiste, chroniqueur et comme historien d'art du théâtre de marionnettes croate. Il était un des fondateurs principaux du Festival International de la marionnette (PIF). A partir de 1988 le grand prix de ce festival pour la meilleure représentation porte son nom. Parmi ses adaptations dramatisées se distingue, en particulier, la pièce de théâtre "Le pêcheur Palunko et sa femme" et nous la publions dans ce livre.

Werk, das am besten sämtliche thematische und stilistische Qualitäten Ivana Brlić - Mažuranićs vereinigen, kann heute schon als klassisches Werk unserer Literatur bezeichnet werden. Es ist schwierig, ein Werk zu finden, in dem auf so wenigen Seiten so viel Schönheit angesammelt ist. *Šuma Striborova* ist an sich mehr wert, als Dutzende von Büchern die zur selben Zeit andere kroatische Schriftsteller geschrieben haben, einschließlich der schlechteren Werke von Ivana Brlić - Mažuranić. (I. Crnković)

VOJMIL RABADAN (Split, 1909 - Zagreb, 1988)

Prof. Dr. Vojmil Rabadan, Schauspielschriftsteller, Regisseur, Doktor der Theaterwissenschaft, studierte Romanistik, Kunstgeschichte, Musik und Malerei, sowie Regie in Zagreb, Kulturzentrum Kroatiens und in Paris. Seit seiner Kindheit war er ins Kindertheater verliebt. Später auch UNIMA-Mitglied. Er schrieb über fünfzig Theaterstücke für Puppenspiel- und Kindertheater mit der Thematik, die von phantastischen Märchen bis zur Antiatomzeit reicht. Rabadan arbeitete 1949 - 1956 als Gründer, künstlerischer Leiter, Autor der Texte und Regisseur im Zagreber Puppentheater, dem ersten nach dem II. Weltkrieg in Jugoslawien gegründeten staatlichen Puppentheater. Im ganzen Land gründete er Puppentheater, und seine Werke waren damals die meistgespielten in den jugoslawischen Kinder- und Jugendtheatern.

MILAN ČEČUK (Omiš, 1925 - Zagreb, 1978)

Er wurde in Omiš geboren, unmittelbar nach dem Zweiten Weltkrieg war er Schauspieler in Zadar, später Puppenspieler im Zagreber Puppentheater (Zagrebačko kazalište lutaka). Er arbeitete als Journalist, Lektor, Kommentator und Redakteur in einigen Tages- und Wochenblättern und schrieb Rezensionen der Aufführungen aus dem Repertoire der zagreber Theater. Zu dem Puppentheater fühlte er sich nicht nur als Puppenspieler hingezogen, sondern auch als Autor der Texte, Essays, Chroniken und Geschichten der kroatischen Puppenspielkunst. Er war einer der Gründer des Internationalen Puppentheaterfestivals (PIF), und deshalb trägt seit 1988 der Hauptpreis für die beste Aufführung des Festivals seinen Namen. Unter seinen Dramatisierungen hebt sich besonders *Ribar Palunko i njegova žena* (Der Fischer Palunko und seine Frau) hervor, die in diesem Buch veröffentlicht ist.

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This book contains two dramatisations based on stories by the Croatian writer, Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić, published to mark the 120th anniversary of her birth. The plays are presented in the language in which they were written - Croatian and in translations into English. In this way, we hope to stimulate puppet theatres in Europe and world-wide to enrich their repertoires by including these gems of Croatian literary heritage which, we believe, can find a setting everywhere.

In making a selection among dramatisations of Ivana Brlić-Mažuranić's tales, we have chosen two which we believe to be the best stage adaptations of her best known stories. *Stribor's Forest* was dramatised by Dr. Vojmil Rabadan and *Palunko the Fisherman and his Wife* by Milan Čečuk

* * *

U ovoj knjizi objavljujemo dva igrokaza napisana prema pričama hrvatske književnice Ivane Brlić-Mažuranić, a povodom 120. godišnjice njezina rođenja. Igrokaze objavljujemo na jeziku na kojem su i napisani - hrvatskom - i u prijevodu na engleski jezik. Željeli bismo tako potaknuti evropska i svjetska kazališta lutaka da svoj repertoar obogate i ovim draguljem hrvatske književne baštine, jer vjerujemo da on doista svugdje može naći odgovarajući okvir.

Između dramatisiranih priča Ivane Brlić-Mažuranić izabrali smo dvije, u uvjerenju da su to dvije najbolje dramatisacije dviju ponajboljih i najpoznatijih Brlićkinih priča. *Šumu Striborovu* dramatisirao je dr. Vojmil Rabadan, a priču *Ribar Palunko i njegova žena* Milan Čečuk.

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