

# Femminicity - European Project at Printemps des Comédiens 2026

*Printemps des Comédiens welcomes Femminicity, a European project addressing the issues of patriarchy and feminism. These projects bring together students, amateurs, and professionals from Slovenia, Serbia, France, Poland, and Romania. Each performance lasts one hour, followed by a discussion or debate.*



Printemps des Comédiens 2026, Femminicity,  
Broken Rib // Côte brisée - Drz Ne Daj Collective / Novi Sad, Serbia  
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## **Broken Rib // Côte brisée**

At the intersection of the “city of women” and “femicide,” the play *Broken Rib (Côte Brisée)* by the Drz Ne Daj Collective (Novi Sad, Serbia) evokes the biblical creation of woman, fashioned by God from Adam’s rib, moves through the figure of the witch, and concludes with violence, rape, silencing, guilt-tripping, bruises, hematomas, and the rib that breaks under the blows.

The play begins with a song featuring a light melody, evoking unconditional love, heartbreak, mad love, dying of love: “if you love me, hurt me,” *I am all yours, “hurt me but don’t leave me”*... Like a summer song that gets stuck in your head with a whiff of cheap romance, a touch of nostalgia, and a hint of irony. The play explores the insidious cultural indoctrination of the patriarchal order. One can’t help but think of George Orwell, who, in 1984, describes these songs that flood the airwaves and numb the mind.

On stage, six women and one man dance, carefree, as light as the air. From singing to laughter, every misogynistic joke imaginable is told to the audience. And us—do we know any? A microphone is passed around the room. Yes, we are all haunted by these words, by these phrases, by the raucous laughter of some and the awkward laughter of others. Behind the humor, we internalize, as if it were nothing, the contempt. In *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, Hannah Arendt analyzes the gradual processes by which groups are rendered socially alien. She discusses this humor capable of turning into hatred at the first sign of crisis, for “laughter,” as Bergson said, “is always the laughter of a group. [...] Always somewhat humiliating for the one who is its object, laughter is truly a kind of social bullying.” Many others would later address the normalization of sexism through misogynistic humor: Sara Ahmed, Judith Butler, bell hooks, Silvia Federici, Elsa Dorlin, and particularly Kate Manne, who demonstrates the continuum between jest, remark, humiliation, social sanction, and violence.

Laughter is a starting point that leads from the margins to exclusion, from exclusion to the denial of legitimacy, from the denial of legitimacy to the denial of existence, and from the denial of existence to the right one grants oneself to dispose of the other, of their body and their life.

One joke stands out: it has a structure similar to all the others but reverses the roles between men and women. Laughter then collapses, revealing the asymmetry of gender relations. We summon the witches, we bear witness to the violence, we share the statistics on femicides.

*Broken Rib* concludes with an invitation to discussion before the second part of the evening begins with the play DRIFT (Drive Real International Feminist Transition), by the University of Paul Valéry - Montpellier, France.

### **DRIFT - Drive Real International Feminist Transition**

The piece unfolds in stages, each playing on the aesthetic of the list: that of quotations drawn from feminist thought —Sara Ahmed, Nancy Fraser, Judith Butler, bell hooks, Monique Wittig, Elsa Dorlin— those of the “exculpatory arguments” for rapists tried by the Istanbul court, those of jokes that subvert the stigma and shape awareness of the female condition, the barking of bitches, the names of animals that defy binary categories.

The words that bear witness and rebel ripple through the room like a crackling sound. “Men understood before I did that I was a woman.” The wall at the back of the stage serves as a canvas for writing: a whiteboard accompanying words that are searching for themselves and words that assert themselves, city walls that welcome the political gesture of graffiti. In the center of the stage, the table is one of meetings, conferences, meals, or childbirth. “We will no longer crawl under the table, opening our mouths to eat your crumbs or suck your dicks; from now on, we will open our mouths to speak or to bite.”

This central table becomes a podium, a safe space, where the audience’s voice is invited. One after another, the spectators come down onto the stage, sit at the table—one, two, three, or four people, never more—and speak. The starting point is the following question:

*“Should feminists get involved in politics?” - Yes, of course... but the question is poorly phrased, because feminists are already there. - What, then, does this question mean? - That they are rendered invisible. We continue to examine the question: the question is poorly phrased because feminism is, in and of itself, fully political and can only be political. Why act as if a social issue were not, by its very nature, political through and through? Is it fair to confine the political sphere to the professions of politics? To the game of elections? A man speaks up: “Women can be misogynists too”... Calm, a breath, a woman in the audience speaks up: the statement is poorly phrased; it is divisive, just as the question is poorly posed. Indeed, within the word “feminism” lies the word “woman”: we could abolish gender. Women are doing just that, by the way: deconstructing feminine identity. And you, sir, if you weren’t a man, what would you be? We were waiting for the human, but they didn’t come. Time is running out, the end is approaching; the rules of the game were very clear: there will be an end, but there will be no conclusion. Yet everything starts to get a little out of hand, as if to have the last word, even though we’d refuse to make it a conclusion.*

I respect the rules of the game—to end by avoiding any form of conclusion—so I get up and leave the room two minutes before the end.

Marie Reverdy

**Tuesday, June 2 – 7:00 PM and  
9:00 PM Théâtre d'O – Salle Paul  
Piaux  
178 Rue de la Carriérasse 34090 Montpellier  
Duration: 1 hour – Discussion: 30 minutes  
Performed with English and French subtitles**

***Broken Rib***

With: Ana Mitrevski, Biljana Kovač, Danica Bošnjak, Dragica Letić, Dubravka Cimeša, Jasmina Mihnjak, Jelena Basarić, Katarina Tričković, Maja Milovanović, Marica Krsto, Marija Bogojević, Milena Lazarević, Milica Tornjanski, Nataša Todorović, Nikolina Tarajić, Snežana Alargić, Snežana Medurić, Sofija Zakić, Svetlana Vezmar, Tamara Bogojević, Vanja Stepanović, Slađana Pantović, Anđela Andrijević, and Zoran Ivković.

Director: Jaka Andrej Vojevec Drama

Instructor: Sonja Leštar Dramaturgy:

Nađa Mišković Sound Editing: Marjan

Babić Visual Identity: Đorđe Marković

Artistic coordination: Bojan Milosavljević

Production: Sonja Leštar, Nađa Milkov, Amelija Stakić, and Marija Đurđević - Drz Ne Daj Collective / Novi Sad, Serbia

Funded by the European Union

**DRIFT - Drive Real International Feminist Transition**

With: Lal Atakay, Elizabeth Burbidge, Carla Clavreul, Jean-Chrysostome Gaury, Maëlys Gauteul, Hassan Gourniz, Ash Jonnet, Milane Lagrange, Lucie Le Bourg, Marie Payan, Sarah Raynal, Karine Saleh, and Luce Soyer

Artistic direction and dramaturgy: Bojan Milosavljevic, Jenny Lauro Mariani, and Iwona Konecka

Production: Paul-Valéry Montpellier 3 University / Montpellier, France

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