



## I Miss Communism

Pleasance Dome

★★★★☆

**ROBERT DAWSON SCOTT**

Ines Würth's *I Miss Communism* is certainly not short of polish, a slick, energetic but carefully controlled solo piece about a woman who was more of an economic migrant, from Yugoslavia to America, than an asylum-seeker.

It starts, improbably, with her singing extracts from *Oliver!* The Communists used to show it as anti-capitalist propaganda; young Ines saw it as parable of free enterprise. And there are several musical moments, including a funny, red rewrite of *All That Jazz*, with which the all-singing, all-dancing and winning Miss Würth keeps up the tempo.

But the key moment is not the audience joining in a clap-along version of *The Internationale* at the end but when, at her grandmother's grave, her mother refuses to reveal exactly what her antecedents were. In a country where ethnicity, religion and the way you spell your name have been and remain matters of life and death, identity is a luxury you may not be able to afford. Ines (for it is largely her story) found capitalism as much a trap as communism, and the war that engulfed her country, Croatia, after Tito died, a lot worse than both. No wonder a regime which kept all that at bay had its attractions too.

Both until August 29: *Asylum-Seekers* 0860 701 5105, *Communism* 0131-556 6550