

English Version

The Female Cabala

Played by a woman (aged 50) and her three forms: a young woman, a little girl and an old woman. It takes place during the anniversary in a room with one window and one door.

SEANCE N° 1: LINGUISTIC

The woman is in a room at the window. Twilight. There is light from the street. There is another window behind the window. And a tree.

There is a piano and a sweatsuit in the room. The photographs on the piano are important. In one is a young woman with a man, in the second is a girl wearing a sweatsuit, and in the framed third is an old woman. The woman lights a candle and picks up a letter lying on the table. She reads it.

Woman:

Mission number one. To describe a modern woman in a fit of irrational male destruction by means of male hypersexist, hyperprimitive and hyperviolent words... without hesitating and without being scared of anything!

(she hesitates, quietly) Shit. This? How am I supposed to do it when I don't go out drinking anymore? That would be the end of me if I hit the bottle there...The modern woman in a fit of irrational male destruction...God, what bitches we are, what bitches!

We try to find the right words for four keys.

She takes a music box out of the piano. She takes out a key and opens it. The music box opens and there is a dancing figure on top of it. A tune is heard. The woman tries to say everything before the music box finishes playing.

Woman:

(speaking as a man, about the music box). For fuck's sake, what a piece of shit. It doesn't solve anything and you are happy as a pig in shit. Only you, Milka, could care about such fucking bullshit. And when I say Milka, I really mean "cow". Because I can't stand your reproachful cow look, and do you know why Milka? No?! Well, it's because of the purple Dutch....

Woman:

(speaking as a woman) Whoa, the commercials, yeah, it is a commercial, I've wolfed down truckloads of chocolate hearts, and what of it?.... it is good chocolate ... *(again, as a man)* Milka! Stop hemming and hawing! And you are already fucking it all up, and you are going to shit yourself, get out of here, you're blushing, such an old cow and you're embarrassed like a young heifer. What's in that head of yours? Swiss cheese? *(as a woman)*. This is really a dogs-and-pony show, babe The only thing that's missing is bingo, namely, the word "cock".....No, actually it isn't missing.

(she opens the box again, speaking as a woman) You're such an old lady, hope you don't faint from the dirty words of nasty, passionate and exasperated boys who curse, understood by the whole world, because passion cannot be controlled... Curses and swear-words perfectly thought-over are meant for the audience, who don't swear in public, but swear at home – that's right, keep it behind closed doors. Fortunately, an independent theatrical alternative exists!

A silhouette of a young woman appears, the woman notices her. They sit down in the same way. The young woman looks the same as the one in the photograph. Both women make the same gestures from time to time, they move their heads. Like mirror-images.

Woman:

Wow, there's nothing like masculine swear-word tightrope-walking, it's like pheromones to us! There's nothing like sly feminine looks and sighs, which she can't do without. Assholes. It turns them on.

Young woman:

(quietly) Hey moms, feedback. You romanticise in vain. Why look for meaning just for stupidity's sake? Time is passing us by.

Woman:

(opens the box again). God, what a topic! I really am brainless. Bad words. Harsh words.....My senses won't tingle for the rest of the day if I hear this foul vocabulary. I'm skipping over them in the dialogue, I'm not excited by the timbre of the hyper-virile masculine voice, I'll let it flow and trickle down to silence, I'm stepping over all evil just like puddles on the road. The amok doesn't control me one bit today. I just don't feel like talking at all. Just lock the words with a key and think of new ones. Be silent with me.

Young woman: Who invented all this bullsh.....? (starts with w) Now I'm a fish!

Both women are opening their mouths and enjoying themselves. The young one stops enjoying it.

Young woman: Aren't you taking it too seriously? Our teacher was a cunt, too. Does it even matter why? She probably didn't do what we wanted. Man, we didn't come to homeroom at 7 a. m. and the old cunt wanted us, the ninth graders, to get up that early!

Woman:

Maybe I shouldn't have taken the curses so seriously. Ascribed meanings to them.

Young woman and woman:

That's right, Milka. But you gotta do what you gotta do.

Young woman:

To hell with words, language, vocabulary! In a hundred years everybody will blabber and croak differently. And you're going to shit yourself.

Woman:

If the words don't mean anything, why are they so important?

Young woman:

If bad words don't mean anything, then even the good ones mean nothing. Got it, moms?

(the young woman opens the box for the 3rd time and sits down at the piano).

Vulgarity's in, cuntspeak is sexy, moms. Don't let it freak you out. It's a form. Today the contraceptives come as patches, diaphragms aren't worth shit, you aren't gonna stick it in there, what for, it's ancient history, moms. Just like you. Words don't mean anything. Learn and don't fuck around. Shall we put a U there instead? Words've been emptied out, the language of men is the language of deadbeats, moms. The world is a giant pigsty. Didn't you go to school? Haven't you read critical works on breakdown of values? You're out of it, moms. Let the boys fuck already, to hell with 'em. Pretty soon people'll communicate through looks, smells, secretions of their energy, or they'll use other

forms of communication. They will think of what you haven't managed to, you should already understand that, moms!

Woman:

Bullshit. Words are to us as a reflection is to an image.

Young woman:

These days, nobody's interested in the loss of identity, moms... Your feminists can go fly a kite. All of us are end titties. Does it really matter if one clown flings curses at another?

Woman:

Maybe, my sweet baby. But I will never forget that desperate feeling when those bad words slapped me in the face and

Young woman:

So what? What did you do? Did you say anything? No, nothing. You didn't want to moralize! You felt insulted! They cussed you out before the Velvet Revolution and after it just the same. That's how it is and always will be, moms.

Woman:

I don't know where those bad words came from...

Young woman:

Bullshit, Milka...

Woman:

Not when they first started, not even why my loved ones talked like that. They sucked all the life out of me...

Young woman:

Jesus Christ! Who's interested in that? Bullshit, moms, bullshit! Bang. In one shot.

Woman:

And maybe we're alone, confused, don't know what to say.

Young woman:

Bangbangbang! I just got drunk. So what? That's no taboo these days. We walk on the moon.

Young woman and woman:

Milka started to take the bad words for mercy. Because she had to. Because of love. Christmas. Children.

Young woman:

It's all just a joke, moms. It's never too late. To connect to other worlds.

Woman: Quiet! I can't find the right words in such wrong language.

The woman closes the music box. She does not open the box for the fourth time. She sits down next to the young woman at the piano.

Young woman:

Breathe, I'm going to listen to what you're thinking about.

Woman:

In our language I'm sentenced to failure. Before I even open my trap, I've failed. I long to say something, but it can't be done here like this.

Both women stick out their tongues.

Young woman: I agree. You've lost. I haven't managed to say what was necessary, not even as a young woman.

Woman: I didn't have the time or the courage. Or possibilities? No, it doesn't help to swear like a heathen. It doesn't help that I'm immune to all bad words. I can't express myself. I've never felt comfortable in this language, neither then nor now. It's not my language.

Young woman: Relax, momsy. It's high time to forget all this talk set off on a journey.

Young woman and woman: Just don't fuck around and don't sulk. There won't be any celebration.

Woman: You've got to get off your ass and not just sit at home.

Young woman and woman: Is that possible?

The woman takes a letter with the mission and they burn it. A girl wearing a tutu enters the room, she looks like the girl in the picture. She curtsies and spins in front of them. The girl smiles, goes to the music box, and takes the key. It is made of chocolate! The girl unwraps it. The women share the chocolate and have a good time. The box passes through the window and hangs itself on the tree under the window.

Girl: (dancing, shouting) I'm not Milka. I'm Pippi. Long-stockings. Someday I'll have a house and a garden with lots of flowers and animals and a good husband and healthy children and I'll love the whole world, too. And I'll even sing.

All women: Sing. Love and houseclean.

Woman: No way. At fifty you won't sing sober.

The women laugh. An old woman enters. All the women hug. The old woman extinguishes the candle. The young woman and the woman start playing the piano. The music box and a letter are hanging on the tree.

SEANCE N° 2: ACTIVE

Two women, a young woman and a woman, play the piano. A young woman/girl has hidden herself under the piano. An old woman sits on a chair and looks at the child. The woman stands up, lights a candle. She picks out another letter. She reads it.

Woman: Mission number two. Cleaning up! Things, little things or trifles of the world.

Girl: (running to the cupboard, she takes a dotted mug out of a drawer and displays it).

Pink lemonade is better than playing the piano!

Young woman: At this age I loved gym shoes, mugs and (picks up a vase) – a wedding gift from my mother-in-law.

Old woman: And don't forget the silver cutlery!(*she takes them out*).

The women take out dishes, clothes, and various trifles and they put them into the cupboard.

Woman: (*taking out the plates*) The first victim of our squabbles. Check me out! The most important trifles in the world are: tutus, embossed handkerchiefs, dried flowers, father's mushrooming knife....

Old woman: It got lost during moving(*she is looking for it*)

Young woman: Mushrooms, of course! Do you know what kind!? We'll brew some tea, it'll let us forget for all eternity.

Woman: We don't take drugs.

Old woman: We drink.

Young woman: Alcohol is a drug, ladies...

Old woman: Isn't she exaggerating again?

Woman: (*laughs*) She found it in the encyclopedia. She doesn't get what she doesn't read up on. (*putting books and frames in the cupboard*) And these three frames with

photos from the times that don't count any more. No comments, please. And that terrible thing! What a pain it was!

Young woman: We aren't putting the piano in the cupboard.

Old woman: What'll we do if we don't clean it? I haven't cleaned up the whole time I've been alone. And I don't feel worse. Nor better.

The things are stuffed in the cupboard.

Woman: Is this what we had in mind?

All women: Yeah. No. Exactly. Completely. Definitely. I don't know.

Little girl: And the window?

Young woman: The window! I'm sitting on the couch and waiting for mom to come. I'm looking, and mourning.

Old woman: This isn't our window. We'll put a door here. They look like those...we know which one.....

Woman: The one happiness was waiting behind...

They laugh. The woman takes out the door key and places it in the cupboard.

Young woman: I'm afraid mom won't come. I've got to do something. I'm moving things around. I'm eight and I already clean up little boxes. I put them neatly in a row. With time, I'll get better at everything.

Old woman: My hands won't keep still before or after big events. I'm just slogging.

Woman: I'm flying like a fly. You'll find me where it's necessary. In the things and thingies of the world.

They stand near the cupboard. They pour detergent into the sink. It foams up. The women are having fun.

Young woman: I imagine a tree behind the window... And oranges on it. Yum!

Woman: I hated standing in lines for fruit.

Little girl: I really like this apartment, there was a tree behind the window.

Old woman: I was sleepless in any case. ...Before the poppy-seed infusion arrived. To this date, I can't sleep. I organize séances ...I don't drink infusions, I pop pills. Waste of money.

Woman: Why did I start with mushrooms?

Young woman: Because you can talk to them. Magic mushrooms. Holy language.

Little girl: I like bubble baths. And almonds hand cream. I steal them from my mom...

Little girl picks up bottles of cream. The women hesitate, and eventually they apply cream to their faces. ...

Little girl: It's stupid to put cream on our hands if we haven't done the dishes yet...

Old woman: We'll do everything needed before mom comes. *(to the little girl)* God, you really take after your mom.

All women together: An average of three mugs a day, that makes 21 dishes a week, 1134 pieces a year. In fifty years that makes 66 700 pieces, add entertaining, in addition to deposits of dirt, and it looks like today we've got a record! 100 000 dead washed things!

Woman: We'll get by. We won't turn up our noses. Listen! *(they turn the water on in the sink).*

Old woman and little girl: The story about a four-part woman.

The women stand at the sink, doing the dishes together and telling a story.

A little, a young, a big and an old woman are sitting in the sink between the dishes like peas in a pod. The water encapsulated the little women and made them into a single being. The water allows them to have fun with the dishes. Saucers, teaspoons, dirt and

bacilli slide under the little women. They're so quick all together! They're even better than a dishwasher. The little women sit quiet as peas in a pod in the sink between the dishes, awaiting what will be cooked for the family. Anniversary or non-anniversary. The women in a peapod sit, looking forward to somebody discovering their specialness. And they'll turn into heavenly bodies with gorgeous dresses and shoes and hair! When they're discovered, they'll give a dance to their discoverer. Revolution, non-revolution, love is here! The water foams and the women smile happily in the peapod. They clean the dirt, and they lick the wounds with one mouth.

All four start dancing the tango. Dawn breaks. The woman is left alone. She is looking at the tree. Oranges grow on it. The young woman, the girl and the old woman are waving at her from the tree. There is another letter hanging from the tree, a 50th birthday card with. The women are playing with the oranges and offering them to her. The woman opens the window and follows them.

SEANCE N° 3: MINIMALIST

The woman stands at the window. It is morning. Everything is alright. There is a tree behind the window. We can see it's not real. It is painted on the blind side of the next apartment block.

Woman: This is how I enjoy myself. Since nobody wants my work or my body, I can't sleep. I'm entertaining myself with the stories of my fifty-year-old, orange skin soaked with things, words, images. Maybe I'll give birth to something nice. For the sheer delight. Life should be joy.

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