

# **Sex, Metro and iPods**

***Aka – a woman's point of view...***

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## **(Answering machine message)**

You've come through to the Institute of Mental Health – the healthiest institute available in the moments of your greatest madness. If you suffer from obsessive compulsive disorder please press one a few times. If you're suffering from an over-reliance on somebody, please ask someone to press two on your behalf. If you suffer from multi-personality disorder please press three, four, five and six. If you suffer from paranoia we already know who you are, what you do and what you want therefore wait on the line, until we record your conversation. If you suffer from hallucinations, please press seven on the giant, red telephone to you right which you and you alone can see. If you're a schizophrenic, please listen carefully and the little voices should tell you which number to press. If you have

depression, it won't matter much which number you choose, it won't change your hopeless situation. If you suffer from amnesia, press eight and please state your name, address, identity card number, marital status and your mother's maiden name. If you have trouble making decisions, leave a message after the tone, or before the tone, or during the tone – either way, wait for the tone. If you have short-term memory loss, press nine. If you have short-term memory loss, press nine. If you have low self-esteem, hang up – our operators are currently busy talking to people that are far more important than you. If your crisis relates to acute pain of the cells...

*A light gently illuminates the middle of the stage. On a bed sits a woman – next to her are magazines, newspapers, clothes, an open laptop. On the floor is an open suitcase and in it clothes, cosmetics. On the table is a half empty bottle of wine and a wine glass.*

The hardest is to stop loving with the body. What? I'm serious. A person, a woman that is, in their head, can make sense of it somehow. You can cope with the heart too. But the body? Cells, nerves, tendons, bones... Try explaining something to cells. Or tendons. Please, go on. I can see that you sir are all hey ho lets go – that you know all there is to

know about cellular love. Has anybody tried talking with mitochondria? Fine, alright ... I know the women will pipe any minute now ...that we've talked to the brainless on a daily basis – a whole load of dumb men – dickheads and twats – I know. But it's not that I'm some kind of a secret-sexist. Women aren't much better at times. This one woman for example -a jaw surgeon apparently, comes up to my bed in the hospital and acts all high and mighty...and she wasn't short. I can hardly move my head after that goddamn non-invasive jaw surgery and she acts the big I am. I say that it hurts. Yeah, and she says to me – we didn't give you painkillers because you're allergic to non – steroid, anti-inflammatory medicine. That, I know. Last time, when this sort of "normal" doctor gave me ibuprofen for an allergy to penicillin, I ended up in an ambulance after having flown to the 'other side' and back. White light, a tunnel and all the other moronic attractions...

What do you usually take for pain? – the stellar surgeon goes and asks me.

-Nothing.

- Nothing?

- Yes, nothing. Nothing usually hurts.
- Your head? What about your period? What do you take then?

She's good, isn't she? Now that the whole secret services and rest of them are lurking around hospitals, even the doctors have learnt investigative techniques through symbiosis. She probably thinks that I'll let myself be approached from another angle. My head does not hurt, nor my stomach, I say to her... only my cells. I'm explaining to this moronic, jumped – up woman that my nerves, my blood vessels and my leucocytes hurt. And off went that dumb broad.

My friend says; what kind of a woman rips out teeth? It's true, I suppose. But not to have a decent, male anesthesiologist in the hospital? Only fucking women! I've said that, for a long time, this emancipation...What? What? Emancipation? Why are you telling me that it's emancipation and not emancipation... who cares what it's called? I've said for a long time that it wouldn't lead to anything good. Please tell me all you know-it-all feminists. What? What did you say? What moninists? I said, please let all the feminists tell

me – where am I supposed meet men? Real ones with balls, like the goddess prescribed and not these pro-organic, caffeine –free, lactose-devoid wet blankets. And now all the places where women could go to hunt men are packed with women – ladies and the likes, fuck, sub –species females. Totally thick as planks.

These hospitals, for example... once upon a time someone could, a woman that is, get sick, go to hospital and meet George. What? George who? Sir, over there in the third row... yes, yes, the brunet. He's asking...who's George. Perhaps the ladies can tell him because I can see, sir, that you are not up to speed on the subject of ER. So someone could, a woman that is, quite happily get a headache, go to ER and leave with a man. And now? Every second man in this goddamn hospital is a woman! I'm asking – how can it be that some woman comes over to anaesthetise you? And at that she's a know-it-all, and she smiles fakely, convincing you that it doesn't hurt when she shoves crap into your intravenous drip, which makes your head spin. Eventually, one has to fall asleep. You can't take it all without meds. What doesn't hurt? What doesn't hurt? Well, maybe it doesn't hurt but if next to you is this, let's say, George, then he'll take you by the hand, ask you how you feel and so on.

It's a given. In the end the dyed blonde brought me something for the pain. She said that if I can't have non-steroids then she'll give me steroids. She's not bad, is she? I've got her number, if someone wants it? You, sir? Please do come along to the dressing room at the interval. But I warn you, she's tall and, goddess forbid, she puts on high - heels; because every tart thinks that, since the era of the anorexic model is over, they can do anything... but, you do what you want sir.

Get a grip of yourself, knock it out, my friend tells me - cos' I'm being so nasty about the lady surgeon. So I say - that's not a bad idea because if I knocked myself out, well then maybe I'd end up in head trauma unit and maybe they've got a few anaestheologists floating around. Or traumatologists at the least. Traumatologists aren't too bad either....

Why be negative about doctors? Not that I'm anti, but please, you don't have to look far, I get a rash. And swelling and the likes. Full blown, fucking, dermatological attractions - and on my mug, at that. Female doctors don't know what it is and I've been to a few. And if they don't have a clue, what do you think they say? What? Well, alright, alright, you get it: an allergy. Yes, of course! They say; allergy. I ask:

- To what?

- Oh! madam, you've definitely got a new cream, a new cosmetic. So I explain to the medical dark matter, that I don't have a new cream, or a new cosmetic, or new food or a new man. Even though the man really had ran out.

Maybe it could me something to do with an allergy because seven years have just past. You know the story, right? That a person, a woman that is, renews herself every seven years? New cells and so on. Not at once, one after the other. For the first time in seven years, I'm all new. All the leukocytes, blood vessels, neurones, aksons and all the rest. Maybe they went and got allergic to eachother, whilst they were at it. Fucks knows. There's no mucking about with tendons, that's a fact, let alone haematites and globins. Who knows... allergies have become so fashionable. Maybe even mitichondria wanted to have them. America is savage, quite frankly. But alright, to the point. So this so-called intelligent doctor tells me... In this case, it's an allergy to penicillin.

- But I'm not allergic to penicillin!

- Maybe no, maybe yes. Either way, there's a reaction deep within your skin, madam – not a surface one, madam, but deep within.

- That's a real relief, I think to myself – at last a proper diagnosis. Thank you Goddess for hearing my prayers. I take my hat and all other headwear off to that flash of male intelligence. The medical representative of the pinnacle of stupidity is telling me that my skin reaction is a skin reaction. I don't know whether I should quickly re-qualify as a doctor. There's always too little of them, they pay them loads, they go overseas and they still complain. Imagine how easy it is. A man comes in with a broken leg and you say to him: You have a broken leg.

But fine, fine, alright, cos' there's probably a doctor in the audience. Or maybe an anaestheologist? What, none? A traumatologist? At worst there can be a traumatologist... but goddess forbid, a surgeon. The secret intelligence is really sniffing around surgeons. But I mean a man...and, again, a woman gets up. Please sit down calmly, madam.

*( the opportunity for a mini-improvisation arises here, depending on the reaction of the audience eg. You are an anaesthologist, sir? Hmmm. There aren't any in the hospitals, but they go to the theatre, I see. And they supposedly work so bloody hard – they don't even have the*



*weekend off. Fine, come to the dressing room at half-time then.)*

I even had intimate relations with one. Well, I've got a weakness for anaesthetologists. It always ends in the bedroom. Only that it's not him who falls asleep once it's all over. It's me who drifts off before anything even happens. Same with you? Exactly, that's why I say you have to watch out with anaesthetologists.

Yeah, they used to nip out for cigarettes. Not anymore. Now they want to better themselves, live life to the full and achieve their fucking potential. Yeah, like they've got any, right? A sensitive, modern man - the era of Aquarius - and the rest... environmentalist, fat and caffeine free nonsense. Actually, I'm not sure about the era of Aquarius, but as far as I'm concerned there's some sort of contradiction because this era is supposed to begin in 2010. But in 2012 this technicolour world of ours is supposed to end. So what do we need the blood era of Aquarius for? There's always something wrong with men. Now that they've started their transformations - they've ended up in a dead end street.

You know that magazine – the one that on one side has an edition for women and when you turn it around – one for men? I had it here... hold on a moment (*she looks amidst the pile of magazines on the bed. Finds it. Shows it to the audience*) See. Woman. Man. Woman...Yeah, but it's not, frankly, an edition just for men. No, it's an edition for a fantastic, new breed of man. We women, are just women. But men are split into men and new, fucking men. I'd rather go to bed with a man. But how can I when half of these men, who are not wet blankets, are now fucked up new men?

And how cunningly they came up with the concept. Don't you reckon? Those sly, on-the-ball ones realised that macho just didn't work anymore – that it lost it's usefulness – it depreciated faster than global stock markets in these past months and that it generally was totally so last year – so they caught on that it's more worth their while to be sensitive, tender, generally -bettering -themselves wet blankets. I'm sure they don't even cut their umbilical cords and that they still hold on to their mummies' skirts. And they just turn the page and, bam – let's just forget all about the exploitation of women. Alleluja girls, we've got a whole new man who has nothing to do with old, loved, macho man. And because we're so happy we'll do a special edition of a

women's magazine. Ladies, I'll be damned – they really are great our boys! Say it yourselves – who could have thought up something more clever. We must organise a huge, no-expenses-spared childrens' party with fireworks for them, no?

And us? We've always got to lug our baggage around – like we're so sensitive, so silly, so undecided and so on. That's what it writes in the dictionary – that **feminine** means timid, cowardly, weak. Yup, yes. Do you know what the antonym of the word **a woman** is? What? You don't know what an antonym is?

( *whispering*) Tsss, dammit, girls – you're putting us all to shame! It's the opposite – like cold and hot, hard and soft – get it? ( *normal voice*) Well, dictionaries are now definitely edited by new men – go ahead! You don't know? The antonym of the word **woman** is **person**. So that you know I'm not making this up...and I'm really trying not to be biased and tilt the boat one way – see you for yourselves. A dictionary of synonyms and antonyms – European edition, first edition 2005.

( *On the left hand side of the stage a screen projects her laptop screen. A page of a dictionary appears showing the entry for **woman**. The letters should be large enough for the audience to read. In the background: **'It's a man world' by***

**James Brown is heard.** *She shouts over the music and, pulling faces, she flicks through the dictionary. On the screen the page bearing the word **male** is seen) There we go; or these synonyms for the word **male**.*

**Male** – *son, heroic, hardy, strong, bold, courageous, decided, grounded.*

Oh to be born a male! They are so courageous and generally so -cool - it's - a sin, right?

Has anyone heard of the woman and new woman divide?

No, go on sir, cos' you're sneering at me again. The same guy that asked about George. Yes, the brunet in the third row. One more warning and you're out. Oh gosh, is it not enough that I've got to put up with hassle from men in my private life that I have to put up with it at work too? What kind of postmodernism is this, if I go to the garage and tell the moron of a mechanic, who luckily is not a woman yet....

Do you what would happen if mechanics in garages were women? The stupid, tarted-up bimbo would give you the lip for an hour – what you should do to your car, what's best and where your place in queue is and so on. And they usually employ magazine models in places like that. Fresh, made-up and flawless. Fuck. Perfect in their hopelessness and, to make things worse, hair doesn't grow on their legs and they've got

no cellulite. Not to mention that you would be able to achieve anything by smile or wearing a mini-skirt. Or, alternatively, she'd suck up to you, comfort you and throw themselves at your aid. It's the pits. Bollocks.

So you know how it is now, right? This new man? (*in the background: Bo tutaj jest jak, Borysiewicz & Kukiz. Dancers wearing white orderly overcoats rush onto the stage – probably from an asylum. They look like catalogue models, gelled hair, etc. They dance expressively to the music. Towards the end they could take off the overcoats to reveal muscly, tanned chests. Visibly disgusted she drums her fingers impatiently, making sneering faces. She waits for the music to end and the dancers to exit the stage*)

(*Looks dissaprovingly as they leave*) What a circus! But alright, I'll tell you how it is. This new man. Cos' the postmonist men will pipe up in a minute...What? What postmodernists? I'm saying posmonist....that it was perfectly organised by nature and really because of women who let themselves be exploited for five thousand years whilst men, covered in sweat, hunted for mammoths. And women, who lazed around like queens– cos', of course, children were born by themselves, raised themselves and

houses were run by robots... let themselves be downtrodden because there was something in it for them. It's natural and normal the know-it-alls say – because after five thousand years the men came out more messed up from that patriarchal system than women. Well, I say, they should have taken more care of the hunting and not have always looked for the first opportunity to knock eachothers' brains out. The patriarchy, they say, hit men hardest and they had to wait the same amount of time, which we spent tempting them, to exploit us, for the time, when they can finally shed the skin of exploitative men and start to exploit us wearing the white gloves of a new man. Do you get any of that? No? Exactly, because it's just as obscure as the reasons for which the rubbish can't be thrown out, the garage not tidied and the gasket in the oven not changed. Not to mention the arguments my ex, who upped and left, used. Because when he said the word 'wanted', and because he wanted a child...yes, but it was such a long time ago that he doesn't remember and he's changed his mind.

Or this, right here in the same, wonderful magazine... about the Big Bang. *"A group of physicists from all over the world, Poland included, attempted to answer questions which, until now, only philosophers had posed: how was our world born and what came before?"*

But we know what came before – a world full of poor, exploited- by -women wet blankets, nincompoops and other fellows. And here, it goes on: "*The Big Bang was not the beginning of time, space and our universe. The history of the cosmos goes further back, but, perhaps, memory of that time has faded*" Perhaps? Per, fucking, haps? Yes, of course, I'm not sure because it seems to me that I remember something somehow; a loud noise, but just before...light in a tunnel. Same for you? Shards of memory from before the Big Beginning?

I think it's an amazing initiative – that they gathered all those know-it-alls from all over the world, Poland included – of course, you have to stress this separately because, as things are, we can't even be sure if Poland belongs to the world... So they gathered all those real, hardened academics and the rest of them, who could check if shards of memory from before 14 billion years still exist or if they had, perhaps already faded. It's possible that they only faded in our, poor, generation.

Maybe our great - grandmothers told each other their memories from before the Big Bang over a game over bridge. You know, I remember when it thundered from the

left and I remember this amazing silence and then suddenly an explosion. Only we, today's people, lost the remaining bits of memory. What a shame. But maybe it can be regained – for example, during regressive hypnosis. Cos' now it's only possible to go back as far as past lives.. what a cliché. But what if you could go back to the past universe? And what if there was more of them? Can you imagine? How cool would that be.

*(She picks up the telephone, dials. An automated answering machine replies – the same one at the beginning. It cuts off)*

But artists are no better than doctors. Out of the seven women who played the biggest part in Picasso's life – two committed suicide and two went mad. One died of natural causes after only four years of relationship with the artist. He was good, wasn't he?

*( changing pictures of the artist appear on the screen)*

At least there's some alright men in banking. I know, cos' I worked in one. That's before they took out my teeth. Does me being fired have something to do with having my wisdom teeth removed? You, sir, seem to think so. No, no,



sir, I have excellent analytical skills and a great head for maths. What? How many teeth? Four. Not five. Two at the top, one on the bottom, one from the other side – that's three, not four. No matter. What was I talk ...?

One was worn away. Did I tell you, the doctor? Yes? Well, I don't remember mentioning it. No matter, whilst I'm waiting for them to come to me, I'll tell you about the female jaw surgeon. Alright, alright, I'm just checking that you're listening. Cos' I can see someone playing with their iPod in the third row. One of there is making a phone call and those two on the right are rummaging through their handbags. I then went to that tart for a check-up. And what does she say to me? She asks me:

- How did it go?

How did it go? How did it fucking go? That's right because I, with the help of some nail clipper, removed four of my own god-damn molars and then, also with the help of domestic appliances and a bathroom mirror, smoking one fag after the other, the strong ones of course, stitched up my wounds – cleaning them with watered down whisky like some sort of a muscle – man out of a black and white film. And then I go to that sugary tart, the lady surgeon of course, to share my

experience with her. Cos' individual therapy costs me more. But adding up all the costs...the hospital is far for me and the car park costs an arm and a leg.

Not to mention that the car parks are designed by a load of imbecile men, plucked from the deepest darkest caves of the world who are completely lacking in spacial imagination and any other kind of imagination too. You can say all you want about those car parks just not that you can actually park a god-damn car at one. Well, only if you've got small set of wheels – like the ones from Luis de Funes films. I suspect that those idiots design them in such a way as to hold competitive events in them and place bets – the morons. Listen mate, I managed to park the combi in the narrow slot – number 128. And, I managed to reverse without folding the side mirrors, to drive in to number 567. I bet 50 that that dyed blonde scratches the side when she parks in 247. Fools. Ouch, something in my cell hurts. Is there a doctor in the room? Ouch, ow, it hurts. I can see you getting up over there, sir. Ouch! Girls, check if he's got a wedding ring on... *(Another opportunity for improvisation depending on the audience's reaction :What? He's got a wedding ring on? Actually, it has stopped hurting....*

*No? He doesn't have a wedding ring? He seems to look like one of those new men to me. No, nothing hurts anymore. No worries, doc, please sit down and make yourself comfortable.)*

Do you know how many men it takes to change a lightbulb? Do you, or don't you? At least the ladies should know the answer. Yes, that's right, none. A woman will do it for them. Not to mention a new man, because he's clamped onto his mummy so tightly that doesn't have a free hand to use.

Or this, *The University of Los Angeles has published shocking results about friendship between females. After 50 years of study, academics have concluded that the brain produces chemical substances which support friendship between women.* Ladies, be truthful, so that we don't get accused of being biased or something. Does it really take 50 years to conclude something like that? Maybe I should requalify as a scientist. There sits this idiot who comes up with theories and then researches them. If they are unfounded, he publishes widespread that they are unfounded. If they are founded, he publishes widespread that they are founded. And then those blockheads have a worldwide convention, to which, surprisingly, they invite all the nerds from Poland. Because Poland is a country so

unique that it's hard to believe that it's collaborating with such a subordinate entity as the rest of the world, right?

No matter. Let's go on – *academics –mostly men– were suprised by the results.*

What a revelation...the fact that the sun rises and sets even surprises their teeny bird brains. They are propably carving their stairway to heaven right now out of the sheer, magnitude of happiness. Studies showed that in times of stress – when the organism releases oxytocin, women sense the need to protect their children and to be with other women, which produces more oxytocin thus reducing stress and creating a sense of calm.

And in men? In men, who have been messed up by those five thousand years of patriachy, this process does not occur because testosterone neutralises the existence of oxytocin. Poor things, really... they've got an uphill struggle because of those stupid horomones and stupid women, who let themselves be exploited. No matter that we, once a month, go through a hormonal tornado and it's nothing that we manage to survive mood swings. Our weight, and the will to live, which nature bestows on us, is nothing compared to what those poor wet blankets, nincompoops and men, who

can't benefit from the relaxing effects of oxytocin, have to go through.

My ex was a man. Yes, when we first met. Now, of course, he's a new man. Now he, finally, finally, like he said, will determine his own life. That's right, because before, who made decisions for the sweet, little boy? Darling mummy?

Mummy is perfectly synchronised with her 40 year old son. Son, sleep – mummy will cook you your favourite meal. Goulash, croquettes, escalopes and other such wonders of the polish cuisine. Son begins to wake up and mummy rushes up from the chair and turns on the cooker. Son stretches and slowly gets out of bed. You hear his slippers dragging. In the kitchen – the last details are being finalised...fresh parsley on the potatoes, sauce for the caulliflower... son walks into the kitchen, dinner on the table. Bingo. Mission accomplished.

Oh, what's wrong? Son doesn't want to eat. How ungrateful. He makes a coffee and lights a cigarette. Leave me alone, he says. What a wayward son. Mummy goes to the corner – a corner in which everyone can still see her of course, and cries. The son feels guilty. Apologises. Mummy runs delighted to the kitchen to cook another one of son's

favourite dishes. An even bigger, even tastier one. The circle of mature motherhood closes. Allelujah to new men! Ladies, let's toast to it! (*pours the rest of the wine into the glass – raises it and drinks*) Your health ladies! It's never so bad, that it can't get worse.

The service is lousy here. I've been calling reception for a few days now to tell them that the door handle is broken. I can only leave the room if someone comes in. (*the light, which up until now has shone only on her, slowly and for a moment, lights up the whole stage. The walls are white and covered in sound proof material and there is no door handle in the doors. It may be a room in a private psychiatric clinic – but this should remain ambiguous*) It's a Greek tragedy – literally. A person pays...a woman that is...a load of money for an exclusive spa weekend and what do you get; filth, stench and no technical service whatsoever. Those losers come over to top and heel it, but can't handle their wine. I didn't pay for this to tell you the truth. My friend said – go, it's on me - a weekend away in a place like this will do you the world of good. You'll relax. Rest. It's always been like that with her – she can't even choose a decent hotel to stay in for the weekend. I know she means well but it always ends in tears. Like now. I'll call them and tell them to bring

the champagne – I don't know how anybody can put up with this palaver.

When he proposed he proposed to his mother too. Yeah, we we're supposed to get married. See, I've still got the engagement ring. What? It's nice, isn't it? Do you know that they have a a psychologist and a psychiatrist here? He's not bad. He told me today: you should let it all out and shout. I shout, I shouted – that's why they gave me this special room. You see? They've put soundproofing on the wall so that you can't hear. I even lost my voice. And? And nothing. I had a nice one...not white – white is so passe.

*( in the background: **Wham! Careless Whisper** plays. The light dims - enter a dancer wearing a floaty evening dress and a dancer wearing an evening suit. They dance romantically. She sobs into a hankie emotionally whilst watching sliding pictures of a couple across the screen. Her with him? The audience can decide. When the dancers exit stage, she picks up the telephone and dials a number)*

Nobody – a woman that is – can ever get through to an helpline. *( she hangs up)* I tried and I tried. And then this abnormally stupid bimbo answers and says:

...Oh sweetie – I don't have anything on love. I've got something on alcohol and domestic violence. That's it really.

I don't have anything on drugs or on suicide. Sweetie- do you want to kill yourself because of the love? What? What? No? Can it be about alcohol or domestic violence, hmm? Yeah, sure it can be. What difference does it make if I drink, or if I'm being hit, or I'm a junkie or that I want to kill myself. They can't protect me from insanity: but I won't submit to domestic violence and I won't drink myself into a stupor, before I commit suicide because of love. You can give all of it to me, sweetie.

He thinks there's no point in creating drama out of our break up and we should move on. Of course there's no point creating drama. It's not his drama. He calls up sometimes and says...organise my mortgage for me – I don't know how. Or he says...I want to buy a plasma TV but I'm not sure – maybe it would be better if I bought a sofa and a table. What do you think? What would you say to that? Is he a new man now or still just a man –or maybe the fucking dick is just bereft of any sort of empathy. Handsome as if he were, at least, an anaesthetologist ( she says whilst looking into the mirror.) But, unfortunately he's just treating nutcases.



Apparently I'm going through a nervous breakdown.

Apparently. He's not sure. Do you really think it's so difficult to diagnose? And how much more time does he need to be sure. I am not going through a nervous breakdown. I have a severe existential crisis. You know, something like when the Aztecs first saw a horse. What? Yes. I've read a lot of literature on the subject and I know everything. Black on white, clear like the summer sun on a cloudless day (*she picks up the piles of magazines which lie next to her on the bed, shows the audience and throws them on the floor*) In what subject? What do you mean what subject? The subject of new man. Do you know there are more and more women where there should be men? Why a bimbo anaesthetised me and a lady surgeon ripped out my teeth and not a hunk of a man just like the goddess prescribed? I'll tell you. It's not that there are more and more women. It's that there are less and less men.

They've been pushed out. By aliens. Yes, by aliens who landed on the planet earth five or ten years ago and are procreating at an incredible speed thanks to cosmetic companies, huge fashion stores and thanks to our abhorrence, ladies!

It has sent a chill down you, right? I knew it. I nearly fell off the bed too when it dawned on me. You thought that that

third encounters of a close kind and other such banalities are behind us. Bullshit. That was just a nice prelude – a so called, fucking, overture before the final clash. At the moment they have recognised a few species but it's possible that there are more of them because they're evolving. What! I haven't just plucked this out of the sky. It's all here in women's literature – on the internet in globs. What, blogs? Yes, that's what I'm saying; in globs, see (*picks up the laptop which lies open on the bed and begins to read the text which appears on the screen*)

*Male, 21; cooks, gardens, does housework, looks after children, cries in public, openly admits his fears, speaks his emotions, cares for the environment but that's not to say that he doesn't go to the pub for a pint with his mates...*

Do you feel that? Amazing! How cool is that- a man carrying a baby in a papoose stirring soup with one hand cos' he's in the middle of preparing a three course balanced dinner. Of course, he bought all the ingredients from an organic grocery. In the background; Bach, Mozart, or another one of the great composers cos' it's widely know that children develop better when listening to classical music. In the other hand is a telephone. He's calling his friend.

- Listen, mate...

Oops, this is not that fairy story. This is a new man. From the top:

- Listen dear friend, I'm afraid that I won't be able to make it tonight. It's not my day. Annette has done a green pooh – it's probably after having the new hypoallergenic baby food – the one made from rice flour, the one I told you about. I don't know what to do, really. Should I give her another portion or leave it. She might get a rash like before. You know, we went to get some fresh spinach from an eco-farm - the one she likes so much and some rye bread. You know, wheat flour doesn't agree with us – spelt is the best but they didn't have any. On top of that, I've got three shirts but I can't decide which one to wear. I don't think I'll come. I feel down in the dumps. I'm happy I can talk to you about it.

That moment, the postman enters – or even better, a postwoman and our hero cries on her shoulder without a flicker of shame (*enter one of the dancers wearing a stained apron, crying and dishevelled. She gets off the bed, puts on some heels and goes up to him. She strokes his head to comfort him.*)

He feels that his friend wasn't really listening to him. Then he takes off his apron and wipes dribble off of the baby's cheek. (*dancer does what she says and she looks at him as if to say, Didn't I say?*)

He puts on his distressed jeans – the latest model of an upmarket brand, puts three types of cream on his face – cos' you can't use the same cream under your eyes and around your lips or on your cheeks – throws an iPod into his shirt pocket – a shirt he found hard to chose -and goes to the pub to meet the same friend which he spoke to before and the whole group of ultra-modern, eco-friendly, non-coffee drinking, made-up dandies watch the match and the waitresses' bottoms, swear and gulp beer. Hasta la vista, baby! (*dancer runs off stage smiling and blows her a kiss*) Can someone, a woman that it, tell me if that's not an alien. This walking-anomaly even has a name – *Metroemotional*. No, no, not metro from metropolis because he lives in large cities... but emotional because he's supposed to be in tune with his emotions. But there are also other qualities. Here, they write further (*reads quickly under her breath*) I'll summarise it for you, cos' it's a bit long...

A subspecies, the prototype of all others, landed on earth before evolution began, the ordinary *metrosexual*. You've heard of David B? That football star – the one that was in Madrid, but who didn't play football – he just stepped out in public and now he gives lessons to children of Hollywood stars. Apparently, he misses Spain and would go back in a second. But Victoria doesn't want to. Well, that's him. He's a typical metro. *(on the screen appears a internet webpage: she begins to read, but gets bored half way through)*

*The typical metrosexual is a young man living in a metropolis where he has access to the best shops, clubs, gyms and hair salons and places where he can tend to his appearance which were previously reserved as the domains of women only. His sexual orientataion is irrelevant because, really, he sees himself as an object of adoration and love.*

Where the devil is that bloody champagne. Hold up, hold up; where are those pills that the quack left me this morning. *( she searches around the bed, throws newspapers around as well as the bedcovers and clothes. She finds an empty packet and lethargically reaches for the glass, which is empty)* I told him not to give me the green ones – I prefer the pink ones but it's like beating your head against a brick wall.

He comes in once a day, ruffling his feathers and bangs on about something. Nonsense, generally. Today, for example, he went on about me having some sort of inner child, or something, and that I have to work with it, to appease it. Yeah, that's what he said – appease. I'm not pregnant, I tried to explain to him. I don't have a child inside me, but he bangs on....that's it's just a metaphor. He's telling me all this piffle... I had his report somewhere. Let me find it.

You can't talk with a psychiatrist. Actually, I tell you to throw psychologists, psychiatrists and other psychopaths all into one bag. When they kill each other, at least they'll know why and why mother and father are to blame for everything. And Freud, of course, inaugurated this whole moronic circus. And the rest of them, chuffed with themselves, agreed with him.

I've been there – I've been to clinics and psychiatric hospitals. You could write a book on where I've been. I'll tell you something cos' maybe one of you will need a consultation or something. You never know. Rule number one – the whole lot of these idiotic psychopaths are going to try and make weirdos out of you, at any cost. And, where am I now?

What – you think I don't know that this isn't some business class hotel but a looney bin? With its luxuries and private... but still. Of course, the cream of the crop of asylum doctors are the women. Once, in this clinic, this fat lady comes up to me – I say to her:

- I'd like to speak with the psychologist.
- You can talk to me.
- And who are you?

The made up tart looks taken aback. Is it terribly untactful that I ask? She could have been a secretary or cleaned the floors, right? Not that there's anything wrong with being a secretary or cleaning – but I'm looking for a specialist of the brain. I give up. I say; in general, lady quacks have professional identity problems. No psychiatrist or other loony has ever given me a sensible answer. The bimbo, quite offended, says that she's a therapist. Fantastic – kudos to her, well done – but of what? Specialising in what? What experience does she have? Where did she work and what does she know of love? She finished a month – long weekend course on the link between chakras and the phases of the moon and passed it only because she was pretty. Or maybe something... (*she calls again, flicks through the newspapers, she shows the audience a photo in the*

*magazine she's looking at. She whispers theatrically whilst covering the phone mouthpiece with her hand)*

David – there. ( flicks through more pages) And Victoria – Jesus, she's ugly. ( into telephone, normal voice) Yes, hello? There are no pink ones? ( *whispers to the audience again whilst covering mouthpiece*) Service is worse than in a backstreet dive ( again into the phone, normal voice) Fine, the white ones then. Make sure they are well chilled. And hurry up boy cos' the fate of the world is being decided over here. Metro is dying out. Overseas species are rapidly evolving. Unfortunately. Be instead there is technosexual. No, not that he likes doing it with robots, although you never know with aliens. This one, in turn, still has a developed feminine side but is mostly in love with technology. He loves iPods, MP3 players, Internat, forums, websites and other moronic stupidities like that. Also narcissistic and urban – he's preoccupied with diet but is not mad about face creams or plastic surgery. No wonder - he spends all his money on stupid gadgets – he's got no money for anything else.

Sorry ladies – but ask yourselves. Would it have occurred to you to call yourselves 'techno women' just because you have a mobile phone with bluehoof or an MP3 or wireless? And



they say we don't know anything about technology! (*in the background, loud, **INXS Need You Tonight.** To the beat of the music enter dancers one after the other – resembles a fashion show and they are models. It would be even better if they were real models. The spotlight follow them movement – wind, smoke etc: Crazy clothes in the style of Haute Couture – over-the-top hairstyles, heavy makeup. At the end of the faux runway, which can be at the opposite side of stage – each of them stands, rips open their shirts, underneath which is a T-shirt. They pose for a while and come back. Written on the T-shirts is: I AM A METRO; METROEMOTIONAL; RETRO; DAVID B; I LOVE MY IPOD MORE THAN WOMEN; NEW MAN; TECHNOSEXUAL; CITYSEXUAL) At the start she turns her head towards the models but soon loses interest and flicks through newspaper. Writes something on laptop)*

Paris. City of love. Maybe it's different over there? No. It's even worse there. I know, cos' I go there. Do you know what those made-up boys say to women after a first date over there? They say: Call me. Of course – if they invite those sissys on a date beforehand, organise them and pay for themselves. What an ideal paradise, ladies. Don't you dare go to Paris on romantic escapades. And if a woman doesn't call – that's it. Adventure's over. And what do they

say to that... because we'd like to know that a woman likes us. Oh! And on top of that would you like to be handed a pacifier and have your willy held whilst you do a wee wee? It makes a person's – a woman's that is, blood boil in her varicose veins and her cellulite thicken.

Even cat's know how to seduce. All the fucking males in the animal kingdom have their heads screwed on. Only harebrained men can't get their act together. You see, I always say that we women are exceptionally unlucky. All the females of the world, as far back as five to ten million years, which is about as many species there are on planet earth, have an equivalent male who follows and woos her. My neighbour's cat used to follow my female cat, but no man ever did follow me. How he you used to sing to her! But a modern, fucking eco-friendly, moronic, non-caffeine drinking male can't. A male man now decided that he's going to be a new male man and fuck evolution. Real fucking hard men! They've organised a stealth war on nature. And at out cost, ladies! Our cost! (*she pulls out another bottle of wine from under the bed and looks for a corkscrew under the pile of newspapers on the bed. Opes the bottle and pours a full glass of wine. She drinks it in a near one gulp and then swigs from the bottle*)

What? The one who anticipates is always prepared. I can't wait for that boy from reception any longer.

They are going to develop their female sides. Cos' what – their male ones aren't fucking enough? You know that you can order personalised vibrators now? Well maybe you do cos' youth is so with the times now. Before it was easy, clear cut and super non – PC... men and women. Now there are so many species, you lose count. Imagine that you arrange a date with, to avoid labels, lets just say, with a male. You don't know if he's metro or techno or metroemo. You don't know how to style yourself – a metro diva, techno diva or a metroemodiva? Or maybe just go dressed as a woman? Or retro... What, didn't you know that there a retros too? You saw that lad on the catwalk with the T-shirt – you just have to look hard.

You're not paying attention ladies and then it all goes tits up. It's something in the style of a normal man but only after a mutation into a new man. You recognise it by its resemblance to the old macho. He doesn't go for manicure, doesn't wax his eyebrows and doesn't put on face masks. He has the beginnings of sensitivity but wouldn't burt into tears in the middle of the street because of a stain on his new, silk

shirt - just yet. That one's the worst – because he resembles the man that the goddess told us about but only a simulation. He's neither this nor that. Inside he's got that fucking mess of a new man. Like my ex.

He cheated on me...Yes, he had an affair. I discovered it a month before the wedding. With who? With a man. And not just any man. Yes, we called off our wedding. With the man. You're not catching on yet? He was cheating on me with himself. He fell in love with himself. Because it's he who's fantastic, amazing and one of a kind. He admired himself as if he was the God of manliness. I swear! He didn't have to use creams or pick his shirts because he was so sure of his perfection, that every time he looked in the mirror he was blinded by his perfection. That's why he didn't look. Not into the mirror, nor at me. The bastard. Madeup, fucking narcissist. Do you know what Sharon S said? I'll tell you, ladies, what she said. She said: women can fake an orgasm but men can fake the whole relationship. And praise be to her....rollers off.

After he was used up, I wanted to exchange him....

*(in the background **Lepszy model, Kasi Plich**. She sings along to the music)*

.... for a better model. You know how the song goes. And what emerged? What emerged was that there are none. Don't exist. There used to be some, but they ran out and that is, what is, that is. There won't be more. To choose from now on are metro aliens and others – but there are no men left. Niet.

I know, cos' I looked. See, I'm even looking in the auditorium. But before I used to check in lots of places; in hospitals, in bars, on planes. Planes are now packed to the brim with travelling women. You used to be able to meet so many cool men. The world is going to the aliens before our very eyes, ladies. I swear to you on my new facelift. I even registered on Match.com What? Don't pretend you don't know what Match.com is. Six million people are registered but when push comes to shove everyone pretends to not even know that it's a dating portal. But you see, I'm unlucky. I've always said that I've pulled the shortest lipstick. Seriously – imagine what happened to me. I register – everything's as it should be: age, address and so on....but oops – it appears that the system has uploaded my profile as a man looking for a woman. And now I get all these pictures of these sweet dollies who salivate and beg to be petted. Such bad luck – enough to shoot yourself in your cellulite. There's also this fellowbook that's become all rage

these days. I looked there too but there's just women and new men on there! Everything has an explanation. Guys, men have been treated badly. Metro – not from metro but metro as in city – he had to become like that. Why? Don't you know? He had to become like that because we women, castrating feminists, left him no choice. The poor thing ran and hid behind the mask of a sensitive, empathetic man. Yeah....those cretinous feminists opened Pandora's Box and now we have these fucked up beings around us. Here we go. Another magazine, another species. Gastrosexual. Or (*reads*) *citysexual – moden and traditional at the same time. Elegant, but casual. A traveller who traverses huge cities. He lives alone but has a partner. He eats organic food and likes to travel chic-tech style. He takes care of his body and his soul. In one word – and urban traveller or a citysexual.*

I bet that even Victoria would rather sleep with a retro. And then, then (*picks up the laptop again*) on a popular internet portal there's an article, quite recent, here – yesterday I think... a strapline – Why women leave men for women? Do any of you still have any doubts? The number for that lady surgeon which I promised you sir, I'll leave for myself. Sorry, but it is how it is – a critical situation and everyone deals with it as best they can.

They're going to nurture their female side. It makes the blood in your varicose veins boil. And then they don't know whether they've already developed it, or still not yet. Understand – men themselves don't know whether they are metro or retro. That's why other cretin males share their experiences on forums, globs and in newspaper articles. There are even special tests. I can show you, because I have some. Here you go. For example: *Always pays for the restaurant bill even if the woman insists on going halves.* What do you think – metro or retro? Go on – noone's embarrassed around here and you'll find out right away. Well? Yes! Good – retro. Of course it's a retro. A metro might not even make it to dinner because he'd be too busy choosing which colour frames to wear with his shirt.

.

And the next one: *Does not feel frightened when faced with any type of situation – neither a robbery, nor a burst tyre nor a natural catastrophe.* Yes, well done! Retro!

This one's obvious: *Eats red meat and if he's caught it with his own hands – even better.*

We'll skip this one...The one about the scars too.

*He has been known to go home and change when he's discovered that he's got a stain on the reverse side of his tie. Of course it's metro! See how easy it is...*

*( someone knocks. The door opens and enter a waiter carrying a tray on top of which is a bottle of red wine. Leaves it on the table and exits)*

Late, as usual. And it's red wine when it was supposed to be champagne. But fine, we'll polish off the red in that case. Where were we? I know. This one's good: *He knows what sex is and know how to practice it.* Well, yes, yes – of course it's retro. But does that mean that metro and those similar don't know what it is anymore? Hmm, sad, isn't it?

Oh and this one: *He's not embarrassed of his bodily smells or noises...* Alright, it's the last one – really: *he changes his hairstyle as soon as David Beckham does....*

*(Drinks more wine. Slowly starts to become tipsy which is apparent in her gesticulations and her manner of speaking. She starts talking about whatever she feels like)*

Women aren't any better, unfortunately. They came up with women's self fucking help. That now ladies are going to live alone, chop wood by themselves, paint the walls by themselves and fix the taps themselves. In the end they'll call Chris the handymen – but goddess forbid for him to



come to the house too often because, as is written in women's magazines; we carefully dose testosterone and, apart for the postman and the masseur, men rarely come to our house. Fuck it. Now they feel the need for female communes and female tribes and so on. Oh Goddess, thanks to all of this our sons will really end up emotionally fucked up. They dose testosterone carefully. What's wrong with testosterone? It's a good hormone. It prevents osteoporosis, for example. Apparently. That's what they say, on the internet. Estrogen is really shit. See here; it increases the chances of clots, swelling, water – retention, weight gain, liver problems, jaundice, gall bladder stones and, if that wasn't enough, migraines, depression, nausea, vomiting and malaise. Sound familiar? And testosterone? O goddess, it just increases levels of aggression. And, so what? Aggression has been around since time began.

Without men there would be no women, says a stall owner at my local market – and in this deep reflection it's hard not to admit that's he's right. Look how it all changes. Now we have these aliens and we're beginning to miss original testosterone and not this genetically modified fake which is of worse quality than 'made in China' – one that is offered to us every day. But not that long ago, well, I read the internet, so I know...people used to talk about testosterone

poisoning. Here – in 1975, I quote, it was written: (*Text appears on screen. She reads*)

„Everyone knows that testosterone, the so called male hormone, appears in men as it does in women. But what is not clearly known, that men are susceptible to overdoses... Until now it has been thought that the level of testosterone in men is at normal levels just because, it is. But if you think about how abnormal their behaviour is, you could be partial to the hypothesis, that most men suffer from testosterone poisoning”

Somebody clearly took it to heart. Just 25 years later the only testosterone, which can be found on planet earth is produced in women's ovaries in trace amounts. And what's most amusing is that, for the synthesis of this fucking estrogen, testosterone is needed. So then ladies – here's an appeal to women's self-help, women's tribes, women's commune, rule-obeying women and other fucked up women's initiatives... jokes aside – the situation's becoming serious and you better start seriously taking to raising your sons to be real men. Cos' if this goes on we'll end up with just aliens, new men and we'll go look at testosterone in museums... if that. (*She gets up from the bed and comes up close to the audience*) Stop hammering into those poor, little

boys' heads that they have to clear up their toys, that they shouldn't hit or say rude words. Fuck it, let them swear and beat each other up in nursery to their hearts' content. Most importantly, tell them that women are like the holy cows in India and they should kiss their hands, shower them in presents, listen to them and respect them. And cheating; well try and not get found out. And no nonsense like raising children without a bit of force and other ecological, decaffeinated and sexless idiotisms. Darlings, they have to know how to beat each other up over us, wield knives and be ready to duels. Remember this when you talk to your sons. Testosterone is there to make use of. And not to kill.

Ladies, I ask you; at least once in the history of evolution, shift your asses, galvanize your ovaries and do something without hysteria, tears and being upset. I know, I know – we have obstacles, smaller brains, that we suffer because of estrogen and their lack, periods, moods, varicose veins and cellulite. And that you can't miss an episode of your favourite soap operas. But I'm begging you, it's a matter of great importance. Think yourselves: what do we need this whole self – help for – are we going to borrow each other's vibrators? (*Across stage a woman wearing an anorak, warm boots and a headscarf. She's holding a banner saying*

*WOMEN'S SELF-HELP) (to the woman) What's this. Get out of her you pervert.*

What are we going to talk about for evenings on end, when there won't be any men left on this earth? Who's going to cheat on us, treat us badly and who are we going to save and mother... Who the hell is going to be our mirror so that we can shine in? And as for hormones – you can really find some pearls of wisdom on the internet. Do you know that they it works on nitrogen? Scout's honour, dib dib dub dub, on nitrogen. The oxide of nitrogen acts as a transmitter in the body cavity – with no nitrogen, there's no fun. (*on the screen a new window opens. It appears to be a chat room message. The letters are large enough for the audience to read the text message*)

HE 23.49 - Are you there?

SHE 23.49 – Yeaah

HE 23.49 – Where?

SHE 23.49 – In bed

HE 23.49 – What's up?

SHE 23.50 -

HE 23.51 – Did you get divorced?

SHE 23.52 – I bypassed the attraction to it. I never got married.

HE 23.52 – But you have children?

SHE 23.52 – Are you doing some kind of survey?

HE 23. 52. – Listen, you're already in the casting of being my second wife.

See – that's it. They completely lost the plot! There's no time to waste, ladies. I beg you – remember to raise your sons to be men. If this goes on, I'll beging to have penis envy and it'll turn out that Freud was right. And that would mean hitting rock bottom. Do you know how elated my doctor of nutjobs would be? Then all that 'inner penises and external womb' crap would start. All those psychoanalysis types have some kind of a problem with what's inside and what's not. I don't know who came up with all this – maybe Freud himself but it's fucked up to me, in any case.

And sex? What shall we do about sex, ladies? My girlfriends now all name their vibrators – that is...they all go somewhere to have them engraved, or something.

*( In the background, full blast, as it were coming from the window **Moulin Rouge, Cristina Aguilera**. Across the stage walks a woman wearing an anorak, warm boots and a*

*headscarf carrying a banner with the words WOMEN'S SELF  
– HELP)*

What the fuck is this? Turn this racket off, now. Reinforced fucking walls. Inside yes, but outside no. The kids are having a disco underneath my window...(*throws a shoe at a window which cannot be seen from the auditorium*) (*to the woman in the anorak.*) And where did this person in fancy-dress come from? Scram. Now. The ladies wanted a Mr Sensitive. The ladies didn't like the testosterone mutants and that whole load of complete idiots and morons. Cos' he doesn't listen to me, cos' he's from Mars, cos' he didn't throw out the garbage....Come to think of it, who came up with Venus, leave me alone, what else...but I'm from Lodz and not Venus. I was looking for her on Google Maps and it turns out that she's not at all on earth.

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You wanted a man myth. There you have it. I always say you should be careful what you wish for, because it might come true. You've created monsters! Monsterous wet blankets. They're worse than us when it comes to being sensitive. You should be ashamed of yourselves, ladies! Ladies, be honest, she who is without sin let her cast the first lipstick. That my doctor of nutjobs talks rubbish, I know, but admit it yourselves – what has become of us?

Where have women gone? Would you rather them throw out the rubbish and listen to you or them be men with balls. What? Honestly. And you think, what, they don't lost hope when they see those plastic, lifeless made-up dolls? What, can't you listen to yourselves? Don't you have enough girls' night's in or out, girls' holidays and other stupid lady attractions to have poor men listen to you as well? Or maybe you sweet, young things would like one and the other in unison – like a multifunctional robot. So that he listens and is a man. Well, no plan Batman – there aren't any built like that yet. What, you think that this band of effeminate cretins with iPods and three sorts of face creams will go for that? They choose the easy way. This isn't a joke any more. It looks like the time has come for us to roll up our sleeves and get to work. Nobody's going to do it for us.

No, no, no – but wait. Not so fast, put the brakes on. Cos' I can see the mass happiness and applaud. It doesn't mean that we're hanging up our warring sexes and there's a truce. Goddess forbid. There are some things they can't get away with. We're still going to fire at each other from hiding. Evolution needs needs a little help, because it has jammed. And, as we know, a woman is always right. So if we see for ourselves that there's something wrong happening to our

boys and they feel better in their new skin than ever before in the history of the planet, it means that something's up.

*( male voice from the telephone)* Hello. This is the Institute of Mental Health. How can we help?

*(she sprints and grabs the handset. Begins conversation)*

Yes, hello, doctor. You see, I couldn't decide which number to choose because three and four applies to me. Also seven does a bit too. No, but please, don't have the wrong opinion of me. ( The light slowly dims until completely darkness, when she finishes speaking) I am completely healthy. It's about my ex. Are you sure you're a man, sir? Sorry, doctor? A new, or a real ma...No, I'm just asking....

-- END--

*(After the lights have faded **Gloria Gaynor, I Will Survive** is played, full blast. Dancers run on stage wearing 70's clothing and colourful wigs . Confetti. Disco lights. Audience is invited to dance) ( After music has tapered off, the flowers and applause etc - she enters with a bottle of wine)*



Is the anaestheologist still here? Cos' I'm waiting in the dressing room!

-- FINAL END--