

KW Institute for Contemporary Art  
Pogo Bar Podcast  
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Auf Englisch, Polnisch und Tagalog

**Nicholas Grafia & Mikołaj Sobczak**  
***It's 10PM. Do you know where your children are?***

Starring:  
Mikołaj (M) & Nicholas (N)

**SCRIPT**

**Rusalka Scene**

**M:** *(walking between people in a circle, repeating)*

I'm washing and washing!  
Day and night!  
Working hard and washing.

Scarfs, sheets, panties, dresses.

My hands are swollen.  
My Fingers are crumbling again.

I'm washing and washing!  
Day and night!  
Working hard and washing.

Oh, poor me!

„A ja myję. Od rana do nocy, haruję i myję.

Przypalone garnki, łyżki, widelce, brudne talerze, tłuste patelnie.

Ręce mi popuchły.

Palce powychodziły mi ze stawów.  
A ja myję. Od rana do nocy, haruję i myję.  
Biedna!”

(From Tadeusz Kantor, *Let the Artists Die*)

**N:**

The Water in the lake is getting warmer.  
It starts to smell of fish and rotten wood.  
Frogs don't let her fall asleep.  
And her bedsheets...sticky again.  
What a shame.

**M:**

Tell them! Tell them how they called me yesterday!

**N:**

Kazatka from kazytat which means to tickle.

**M:**

They used to say in the East.  
I prefer Rusałka from Latin *rosalia* — „the day of roses“.

And so what?

I like to tickle boys.

**N:**

But you tickle them to death.

**M:**

Because I'm marrying dead bodies.

First I seduce them, so they are coming to the lake, where I live.  
And then I'm tickling them.  
They are laughing and slowly their lungs are filled with water.  
Suicide by drowning.  
Nowadays my job is easier.

70% of these teenagers have suicidal thoughts.

And I'm marrying dead bodies.

**Crying Picture Scene**

**M:**

There is a photo of a boy.  
And the picture is crying.  
With bloody tears.

It's a miracle.

Real blood.

**N:**

Science approves.

**M:**

70%

**N:**

have something to lose.

**M:**

Six out of ten

**N:**

Don't do what they can.

**M:**

And only nine brothers

**N:**

Are not like them fathers.

**N:**

But what was the reason? Maybe he had symptoms of depression like 60% of these teenagers?

**M (repeats as answers)....**

*Nie, ja nic nie zrobiłam. Ja nie jestem winna.  
(No, I'm not guilty. I haven't done anything.)*

Did he talk to you about it?

....

How was the reaction of the school, his classmates?

....

Did you have good relationship with your son?

...

**M:**

"May I speak?"

**N:**

The boy says, with weary eyes, and blood red stains all over his face.

**M:**

"May I please?"

**N:**

The picture of the boy is crying.

**M:**

I have thousands of noses, ears and thousands of eyes. So I can smell, hear...and see all the beauty that I decided to leave there in the kitchen corner.

**N:**

Frankly my dear

It's a mess, of organs, tissues, brains — engineered for you — Jackson Pollock, drippings all over the floor, you name it! But I'll make sure that I clean up this twenty four seven Sylvia Plath kind of bugger, this moment where I jumped off the brink of life and decided to end it for the better.

Watch me take a dive in puddles of my own blood.

I beg your pardon.

Prime time. Home alone.

But I guess, my mom will come and we will clean the mess together right before your arrival.

### **Aswang Scene**

**M:**

You gave me so much...

I got richer in the shadow of your beautiful silhouette.

I took a lot from you and made it my own.

**N:**

¡Encomienda!

**M:**

I don't want to lose you.

Don't go away!

Watch out!

There are demons outside!

Real ones! This time I mean it...

They will eat your organs and replace them with banana leaves!

**N:**

¡Aswang ka!

**M:**

Say: "Tabi-Tabi Po" when you piss next to a tree!

Aswang-Aswang who lives there won't be angry then.

**N:**

¡Tabi-Tabi Po! Tabi-Tabi Po!

Spanish colonizers kept Filipino Indios scared and psychologically trapped in so called "Encomiendas" for years. They would not leave that designated area thinking that monsters, so called „Aswang“. would await outside. Pure fiction. Lies. Illusions one could say.

And even though they should know better by now, that fear isn't quiet shaken off.  
But you know, things take a while to sink in.  
You don't just wanna wake up and and start to....

**M:**

Spit on a mother with Eastern-European Origins.

"In a streetcar, a man first spit on a mother,  
Then he opened his fly up and urinated on her children sitting next to her."

**N:**

I happen to have two mouths so I can scream louder.

You get what you give.  
Pissing Streams of Piss.  
Coming out of holes that you'd never imagine.  
You're the red dragon in my life....

But I know of ways to run away alone, get help, multiply and come back.

*And then we'll smash your car to pieces.*

**M:**

"The man then went out of the tram. All passengers who might've seen him are kindly asked to contact any police department."

"How was it with... him?"

**N:**

"Oh, I'm so in love...!"

## Mamuna Scene

**M:**

“No... Don’t tell me this! I don’t want to hear it. I love you and I accept you because what other choice I have, but I don’t want to hear about it.”

Sick, sick, sick.

My baby...? Sick...?

My baby...? A stranger...?!

I was feeding him with my own breast.

He sucks on my nipples that greedy so they’ve been becoming longer and longer.

And now what?

I’m old, children are scared of me.

Sick, sick, sick.

My baby...? Sick...?

My baby...? A stranger...?!

And I need to throw my breasts through my shoulders, on my back.

If I wouldn’t do it, I would drag my tits on the floor.

Sick, sick, sick.

Tell them how they called me!

**N:**

Mamuna, from *mamić* - to hypnotize someone.

**M:**

Mamuna is an old woman with a very long breast.

Exchanging healthy babies with her own sick children.

**N:**

Some people believe that I was exchanged as a baby.

That Mamuna came to my bedroom and replaced me with her sick baby, which grew up and is me now.

My dad feels guilty that he didn’t put a red ribbon over my bed.

The red ribbon makes Mamuna scared.  
He didn't protect me.  
My father is not a real man.

But whatever, only 12% of the fathers accept their Mamuna child.

**N:**

I can hear you.  
I can see you.  
I can understand you.  
I can speak your language.

Because I have two souls.

**M:**

Bussy?  
Kiki.  
Kai-Kai.

**N:**

Broke straight boys.  
Tommy Defendi... something... someone has got to pay the bills, right?

Broke straight homes.  
Who cares about homes?

**M:**

I've heard, there's a cure for babies dropped by Mamuna.  
Hit them with willow sticks.  
Then let them drink water from an egg shell.

Mamuna is touched by the cry of her baby and comes back for it.

Then tell her: "Zabierz swoje. Oddaj moje."

Take yours. Bring back mine.

**N:**



No, hunty.  
I already scanned your body.

Enjoy your sickness!

**M:**

Is it heretic to not fight against hormones?

THE END