



ADELE SCRIPT FOR AUSTRIA

Dark

Music: 01 "Capricho español" Rimsky Korsakov (1'12")

Lights slowly going up

N1: Women. More than a half of the world population are women. But the majority of the literary authors, specially the most known, are men. When they write about women in their works..., do they really know what they are talking about? Are their women real? Are their feelings, their worries, their lives.... real?

N2: Women have always been an important topic in society, in culture, in literature....

N1: Can you see it? You have just said it: "a topic". Almost never, the author, the protagonist. We have been always the ideal view that men wanted to have of us. Since the dark and closed medieval times, till present day.

N2: Sometimes fiction goes beyond reality. Invention. Non existing women.

N2: That is what happened to Don Quixote. He invented his ideal woman, a pure spirit, nothing real at all.

N1: Spain. 16th Century. Miguel de Cervantes. El ingenioso hidalgo don Quijote de la Mancha.

Dark

Music: (Live) A musician enters from the auditorium playing the bassoon

Lights slowly going up

CERVANTES : Don Quixote, as any knight of the books of chivalry he had read, needed a lady to profess his love, and found one.

Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo and it was her, whom he decided to grant with the title of Lady of his thoughts. He created for her a name that was up to the standard of his own one, and that sounded to be like a princess and high lady. He called her "*Dulcinea del Toboso*" – because she was native from the village of El Toboso-, name that seemed musical, precious and significant to him...

Hidalgo: As it is essential that every errant knight should be in love, then it may be fairly supposed that your lordship is so, as you are of the order; I beg you as earnestly as I can, in the

name of all this company and in my own, to inform us of the name, country, rank, and beauty of your lady, for she will esteem herself fortunate if all the world knows that she is loved and served by such a knight as your lordship seems to be.

Don Quijote: I cannot say positively whether my sweet enemy is pleased or not that the world should know I serve her; I can only say in answer to what has been so courteously asked of me, that her name is Dulcinea, her country El Toboso, a village in La Mancha, her rank must be at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and lady, and her beauty superhuman, since all the impossible and fanciful attributes of beauty which the poets apply to their ladies are verified in her; for her hairs are gold, her forehead Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her fairness snow, and the rest of her body that modesty conceals from sight, I think and imagine, as rational can only be extolled, not compared.

Oh princess Dulcinea, lady and master of this prisoner heart! Great offense you have made me driving me off, and humiliating myself with the cruel order of not appearing more in front of your beauty. May, at least, be your pleasure, my lady, to remember this subdued to your heart, that so much sorrow suffers because of loving you.

They leave the stage.

Lights fade

02 Music: "Lagrima" Francisco Tárrega

Lights come back slowly

N1: Sensuality and modesty. Two sides of women's character. In fact, two embodiments of one binary model.

N2: That is what the Italian writer Lampedusa seems to have reflected on his well known and awarded novel.

N1: Italy; Tomaso di Lampedusa; *The Leopard*; 1958

Dark slowly

03 Music: "Guitare Bambou" Renè Aubry

Lights come back.

Slide 1

(In the drawing-room of the Lampedusa Palace the Salina family recites the daily rosary)

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum. Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Iesus. Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

(rings the bell for dinner).

(When the Prince enters the dining room the whole party is already assembled, only the Princess sitting, the rest standing behind their chairs. Opposite his own chair an enormous soup tureen with its cover surmounted by a prancing Leopard. The Prince serves the soup himself, a pleasant chore, symbol of his proud duties as paterfamilias).

Fabrizio: What a fine family! My wife, Stella, is all virtues and prayers, and the Lord knows how much I've loved her since I married her at the age of twenty. Seven children she's given me and she's been mine alone! Now we are old and I still love her!

Fabrizio: I'll be going down to Palermo immediately after dinner

M. Stella: But Fabrizio, in times like these ... with the streets full of soldiers, of hooligans ... why, anything might happen.

Fabrizio: Nonsense, nonsense, Stella; what could happen? Everyone knows me; there aren't many men as tall in Palermo. I'll see you later.

M. Stella: Fabrizio, my Fabrizio!

Scene 2

THE TROUBLES OF DON FABRIZIO

Fabrizio: Well, Tancredi, where were you last night?

Tancredi: Good morning, uncle. Where was I? Oh, just out with friends. An innocent night.

Fabrizio: Why are you dressed up like that, though? What's on? A fancy-dress ball in the morning?

Tancredi: I'm leaving, Uncle, leaving in an hour. I came to say goodbye. A big duel, uncle. A duel with Francis-by-the-Grace-of-God. ...I'm off into the hills at Ficuzza. Great things are in the offing and I don't want to stay at home. Anyway I'd be arrested at once if I did.

Fabrizio: You're mad, my boy, to go with those people! They're all mafia men, all crooks. A Falconeri should be with us, for the King!

Tancredi: For the king, yes, of course. But which king? If we want things to stay as they are, things will have to change. Do you understand? Well, goodbye for now. I'll be back with the tricolour.

Fabrizio: What a boy! This is my real son!

(The Prince jumps up and opens a drawer to look for some money)

Fabrizio: Tancredi, Tancredi, wait!

(The Prince runs after his nephew, slips a roll of gold pieces into his pocket, and squeezes his shoulder)

Tancredi: You're subsidizing the Revolution now! Thank you, uncle, see you soon; and my respects to my aunt.

(On his way out, Tancredi meets Concetta, the Prince's daughter, who is secretly in love with him).

Tancredi: Goodbye Concetta!

Concetta: Oh, Tancredi! Are you leaving?

Tancredi: Concetta! (he holds her hands). Yes, I am leaving. I have to, the world is changing and I don't want to stay at home. I want to fight for a new world.

Concetta: I am so scaredand really worried about you ...what if.....

Tancredi: Don't be scared, Concetta. I will be back soon.

Concetta: Farewell, Tancredi (Concetta is very sad...)

Fabrizio: The girl must have her eye on the young scamp. They'd make a fine couple. But I fear Tancredi will have to aim higher.

(He suddenly understands that remark of Tancredi)

Fabrizio: If we want things to stay as they are, things will have to change.

Fabrizio: The tricolour! Tricolour indeed! They fill their mouths with these words, the scamps. What's it got, that geometric emblem, that aping of the French, compared to our white banner with its golden lily in the centre? What hope can those clashing colours bring them?...But I must say that my heart is with them, those bold lads.

(A few days later he opens the newspaper).

Slide 3

Narrator 1: On the 11th of May an act of flagrant piracy culminated in the landing of armed men at Marsala. The latest reports say that the band numbers about eight hundred, and is commanded by Garibaldi. When these brigands set foot on land they were very careful to avoid any encounter with the royal troops, and moved off, as far as can be ascertained, in the direction of Castelvetro, threatening peaceful citizens and spreading rapine and devastation."

Everyone: Viva Garibaldi! Viva King Vittorio! Death to the Bourbon King!

Narrator 2: Sicily and the kingdom of Sardinia are now united under one king. Sicily is no longer a conquered land, but a free part of a free State.

Slide 4

Scene 3

LOVE AT DONNAFUGATA

Narrator 1: In August 1860 the Salina family is on the road to their estate of Donnafugata to spend three months there away from Palermo. Tancredi joins them on the way to. Promoted captain of the field of battle he is red-shirted and irresistible.

Concetta: Hi Tancredi! I am very happy to see you again. What's the matter?

Tancredi: Nothing serious, I was wounded in the battle! But we won at last!

(Tancredi gives his right arm to Concetta and they walk together towards their home following the Prince and the Princess. The bells cling away ceaselessly).

(On their arrival at Donnafugata there is also Don Calogero Sedara, the mayor, with a tricolour sash bright and new as his job tight around his waist to welcome them).

Calogero: I am happy to welcome Your Excellencies to Donnafugata.

Tancredi: Ah, Don Calogero, Crispi said lots of nice things to me about you.

M. Stella: Will you and your wife come and dine with us this evening?

Calogero: I'm sorry but my wife is not very well. If Your Excellencies will allow I'll bring along my daughter Angelica, who's been talking for the past month of nothing but her longing to be presented to you now that she's grown up.

M. Stella: Of course. It will be a pleasure to meet her.

Narrator 2: Don Calogero has become very rich at Donnafugata, as rich as the Prince is, and also very influential. He has become head of the liberals in the town and also in the district round. His daughter Angelica has just got back from college in Florence and goes around town in a crinoline with velvet ribbons hanging from her hat.

Tancredi: Uncle, Don Calogero is just coming up the stairs. In tails! *(He laughs)*

Calogero: My daughter begs you to excuse her; she was not quite ready. Your Excellency knows how females are on these occasions, but she'll be here in a second; it's only a step from our place, as you know.

(Angelica enters and the men are shocked from her beauty. She moves slowly making her wide white skirt rotate around her and emanating from her whole person the invincible calm of a woman sure of her own beauty. She takes no notice of the Prince hurrying towards her, she passes by Tancredi grinning at her in a daydream; before the Princess's arm-chair she bends her superb back in a slight bow).

M. Stella: Angelica, my dear, it's so long since I've seen you. You've changed a lot; not for the worse!!

Fabrizio: How lucky we are, Signorina Angelica, to have gathered such a lovely flower in our home; and I hope that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here often.

Angelica: Thank you, Prince; I see that you are as kind to me as you have always been to my dear father.

(Dinner is ready. "Prann' pronn'" The heterogeneous group moves towards the dining room. At dinner Angelica flirts openly with Tancredi, who, in his turn, finds himself attracted to both Angelica's beauty and her money).

Concetta *(to herself):* Angelica is a beautiful woman, but she is rough and rude. She may be well dressed, but has quite bad manners at table.

(addressing to Angelica) Excuse me, Angelica?

Angelica: my princess!

Concetta: I was listening to you. And looking at you

Angelica: I was feeling observed. For what reason, if I can?

Concetta: You were laughing and laughing showing all your pointed teeth.

Angelica: I was.

Concetta (*trembling voice*): And you shouldn't put your elbow on the table and lean your cheek on your hand while looking at a man!

Angelica: Why not? I'm enjoying myself a lot, really

Concetta: I see...Excited to hear such picant and thrilling tales not good for a lady.

(*and addressing to Tancredi with two little tears in the corners of her lids*): Tancredi, one tells nasty tales like that to a confessor, not to young ladies at table; anyway when I am there.

(*And she turns her back on him*).

Narrator 1: Anyway Tancredi falls in love with Angelica and one month later from Caserta he sends a letter to his uncle, in which he asks the Prince to ask Angelica's father for her hand in marriage.

Slide 5

Scene 4

A WEDDING PROPOSAL

(*Fabrizio reads the letter to her wife*):

Fabrizio: Uncle, I beg you to request Signorina Angelica's most esteemed father for her hand in my name and on my behalf. You know, uncle, that all I can offer to the object of my affections is my love, my name, and my sword.

M. Stella: I'd so hoped he would marry Concetta! He's a traitor, like all liberals of his kind; first he betrayed his king, now he betrays us! I always said so, but no one would listen to me. I never could endure that fop! You just lost your head about him! It's your fault! And now he has even had the impertinence to ask you, his uncle and Prince of Salina, father of the very girl he has deceived, to carry his message to that girl's father! You mustn't do it, Fabrizio, you mustn't do it!

Fabrizio: Stella, my dear, don't be silly! You don't know what you are saying. Angelica is not a bad girl. She may become one, but for the moment she's a girl just like any other, prettier than others, and she simply wants to make a good marriage. She will have

money, and Tancredi has great need of that; he's a gentleman, he's ambitious. He's not a traitor. He follows the times, that's all, in politics and in his private life. I decide. I've already decided.

Narrator 2: The Prince is very fond of his daughter Concetta, but he is even fonder of his nephew Tancredi. The Prince of Falconeri is very intelligent and he could get on politics, but to do this he would need a lot of money: money to buy votes, money to do the electors favours, money for a dazzling style of living. Style of living... And would Concetta, with all those passive virtues of hers (timid, reserved, obedient, respectful, submissive), be capable of helping an ambitious and brilliant husband to climb the slippery slopes of the new society? She would be a leaden weight on her husband's feet. And as for money, Concetta would have a dowry, of course; but Tancredi needs much more money for his political career!

(So the next day Don Calogero pays a visit to the Prince).

Calogero: Excellency, have you had good news from Don Tancredi?

Fabrizio: No, Don Calogero, no. My nephew's gone mad...mad with love for your daughter, Don Calogero. So he wrote to me yesterday.

Calogero: I knew it, Excellency, I knew it. They were seen to kiss in your garden the day before Don Tancredi's departure. For a month I've been waiting for your nephew to make some move, and I'd just been thinking now of coming to ask Your Excellency about his intentions.

Fabrizio: Don Calogero, let's not change the cards we have on the table. Remember, it was I who called you. I wished to tell you of a letter from my nephew which arrived yesterday. Now, Don Calogero, it is I who am waiting for you to declare your intentions.

Calogero: Excuse me, Prince, but joy and surprise had taken my words away. I'm a modern parent, and can give no definite answer until I have asked my daughter. But I think I can say that Don Tancredi's affection is sincerely returned.

Fabrizio: Don Calogero, the love of these two young people is the basis of their future happiness. But we men of a certain age, men of experience, have to think of other things, too. There is no point in my telling you how illustrious is the family of Falconeri; it came to Sicily with Charles of Anjou, flourished under the Aragonese, the Spanish, the Bourbon kings. They were Peers of the Realm, Grandees of Spain, Knights of Santiago.....and as for the boy, you know him; and if you did not, I am here to guarantee him in every possible way. There is endless good in him.

Calogero: Prince, all these things I knew, and others too. Love, Excellency, love is all. But I am a man of the world and I want to put my cards on the table too. There's no point in talking about my daughter's qualities; she's the blood in my heart, the liver in my guts: I've no one else to leave what I have, and what's mine is hers. In the

marriage contract I will assign to my daughter the estate of Settesoli, all corn, first-class land, airy and cool; olive groves and vineyards at Gibildolce and ... ten thousand ounces of gold. Prince, the Sedara are noble too, I have the documents in order... there is only one link missing.

Fabrizio: See you at the ball in Palermo

*Slide 6
Video*

Scene 5

A BALL

(The Salinas prepare to attend a ball, one of the most important of the Palermo social season. It will be the first time Angelica and her beauty are to be presented to the public).

Tancredi: Oh, you are here at last! You're gorgeous. Let me introduce you to the hostess.

The hostess: Nice to meet you Angelica, you're more beautiful than it is said!

Tancredi: Let's dance!

(They start dancing. Later....)

Tancredi: Uncle, you look wonderful this evening. Black suits you perfectly.

Angelica: Prince, I wanted to ask you to dance the next mazurka with me. Do say yes, now, don't be naughty; we all know you used to be a great dancer.

Fabrizio: Thank you, my dear girl. You're making me feel young again. I'll be happy to obey you; but not the mazurka; grant me the first waltz.

Angelica: You see, Tancredi, how good Uncle is?

Angelica : Here it is, a waltz.

04 Music: "Waltzer Brillante" Verdi

(While dancing with the Prince) I'm so happy, uncle. Everyone has been so kind, so sweet. Tancredi is an angel and you're an angel too. I owe all this to you, uncle.

Fabrizio: I've nothing to do with it, my dear; all this is due to yourself alone. No Tancredi could ever have resisted such beauty. And it would have happened anyway.

Dark slowly

*05 Music: "Lungomare" Renè Aubry
Lights come back.*

Finland

N1: Sometimes men seem to be a little bit goofy and naïve. That's the moment in which a woman with a strong character comes up to make them think over and behave properly.

N2: Let see what the team from Finland show us on this topic.

Dark slowly

06 Video Projection

1. Justiina (the lead female character; a battle-axe = a tyrannical, fierce matron) gives his lummox husband (Pekka) and his equally goofy friend (Shorty) some money for grocery shopping.
2. On the way to town the men meet a gypsy woman who gets them spend their money for a prediction.
3. The prediction says that the men will be getting a huge fortune.
4. The men go tell the news to Justiina who is angry about not getting the groceries needed but when she hears about the upcoming wealth, she becomes as happy as the men.
5. Together they figure out that they must be inheriting an old relative
6. The start preparing for visiting the old lady and Justiina educates the goofy men so that they would behave well.
7. When visiting the lady everything goes as wrong as possible and Justiina keeps punishing the men for their stupidity.
8. When the old lady dies Justiina and Pekka do inherit her but to their disappointing surprise they don't quite get what they expected.
9. The act ends with a song accompanied by guitar.

Dark slowly

07 Music: "Seduction" Renè Aubry

Lights come back.

Austria

N1: The fight for women's rights has a long history

N2: Two names stand out in Austria, and both are related to Baden: Marianne Hainisch, founder of the Austrian women's movement,

N1: And Adolfine Malcher, founder of plenty of schools for girls.

N2: Austria; 20th century; the fight for women's education.

Scene 1 (at the breakfast table in a middle-class house; Marianne Hainisch and her husband Michael)

Marianne (*to her husband*): The Civil War in America is a disaster for us! Isn't it terrible that so many people in our spinning factories are losing their jobs because we cannot import enough cotton from the United States to keep the factories running?

Michael (*reading the paper*): Yes, I know but there is little we can do.

Marianne: Well, I talked to a friend yesterday. Her name is Anna. Her husband is sick and can't work. Now he doesn't know how to support his wife and his three children. Anna has tried to

find a job to help out but for women it's impossible to find a job that pays well. Women are not educated enough! Something needs to be done! We need better schools for girls and young women. We need higher education for women.

Michael: Marianne, I don't think the world is ready for your ideas!

Scene 2 (Marianne and 4 women are meeting in a living room)

Marianne: Well, dear friends. What we need to do is to write to the government and demand extra classes for girls at an existing high school.

Woman 1: You are absolutely right. But this can only be the first step. We need high schools especially for girls. If girls can't graduate they can't go on to university.

Woman 2, 3,4: Yes, let's write a petition to the government! It's high time girls and young women got access to higher education! We need to think of our own daughters, too!

Scene 3 (at a women's meeting)

Marianne (*giving a speech at a meeting*): I strongly believe that a woman should be able to train for any job she wants to do and is talented for. I also think that being a housewife should be regarded as a proper job as you need to acquire certain skills to do the job well. Being a housewife is not different from any other job that you need to train for. I don't think a woman should be limited to being a wife, a mother, and a housewife. Women should also be heard when it comes to politics and economic issues!!

Several women (applaud): Bravo, bravo,.....!!

Scene 4 (at Adolfine Malcher's house, group of women)

Adolfine: Dear friends. The reason why I have invited you today is that I need your advice. You know how difficult it is to find good schools for girls, schools where they get a decent education. Most schools just teach them how to be good housewives, how to bring up children, and be active in the church. But that's not what I want for my daughters. We should concentrate on the kind of education for girls and young women that helps them to find good and well-paid jobs later on. Now most girls from richer families can only work as governesses and companions.

Woman 1: We also need to support young women when it comes to child birth and bringing up children. Many girls marry young and are totally unprepared for their new roles.

Woman 2: Apart from that only richer people can send their daughters to school as schools are expensive. This has to change too. Every girl should have access to a good education.

Woman 3: What do you think we can do to change the situation?

Woman 4: Well, there's this school for well-to-do girls that lasts 2 years. Maybe the new principal Mr Lechner is willing to turn it into a school that girls can attend for 6 years.

Woman 5: Yeah, there used to be a high school in Frauengasse 3, for boys of course. Maybe the rooms can be adapted for a girl's school!

All: What a great idea!!

Scene 5 (at the Malchers' house)

Professor Lechner: Dear Mrs Malcher, we need you as president of the newly founded "Society for the education of women". Please, say you will agree to become its president!

Adolfine: Dear Professor, that's impossible! I have a sick husband and eight children! I cannot take on any more responsibilities. I already have more than enough work!

(door opens, Adolfine's husband steps out):

Husband: My dear, I think you will manage quite well. I think you'll be a great president.

Adolfine: Well, I have to sleep on that. Professor, I'll let you know what I have decided as soon as possible.

Professor: Thank you very much, Madam. Goodbye.

Scene 6 (at a friend's house)

Adolfine: I don't know if I can add to my workload. I think I already have a lot of responsibilities and I am not the healthiest person. I often suffer from migraines.

Dr. Köstler (a friend): Well, you have eight children and a lot of experience when it comes to bringing up children. I believe you can contribute a lot to girls' education in Baden.

Adolfine: Thank you for believing in me. I'll try to be a good president.

Scene 7

(A room in Adolfine's house; Adolfine Malcher, Marianne Hainisch and some other women are there)

Adolfine: Ladies, the first school for girls has been opened! But we need to do more. I think we need a school where girls learn how to cook and manage a household. Another project I have in mind is a place for young women, who have just given birth, and their babies. There they could get all the support they need as young mothers.

Marianne: Adolfine, don't you think you focus too much on the traditional role of mother?

Adolfine: No, I don't think so. What I want is to prepare young women for different roles. Some want to be mothers and housewives, others want higher education, access to university and an independent life. Why not found schools for different needs?

Marianne: Maybe you are right. The important thing is that girls and young women have a choice.

Scene 8 (a modern day classroom at Frauengasse; a group of boys and girls)

Teacher: As you know we owe the existence of our school to two women: Marianne Hainisch and Adolfine Malcher. Max, what do you know about Marianne Hainisch?

Max: Well, Marianne Hainisch wanted women to have access to higher education, so they could lead an independent life if they wanted to. Today, however, she is mostly remembered as the mother of the first Austrian President of the First Republic and for introducing Mother's Day in Austria.

Teacher: Thank you Max. And now you, Luis. What do you know about Adolfine Malcher?

Luis: Well, she was a very energetic woman. She was also called the "Badener Metternich" because she was very good at raising funds for her school projects (like Princess Pauline Metternich). Founding a school and running a school cost a lot of money but she organised lots of festivities like chamber music events, concerts, events for children, funfairs, dog races and amateur plays to raise money. There was a saying: "Close your pockets, hide your wallets – that Malcher woman is on her way" (*other children laugh*).

Teacher: Thank you Luis. Now what can we learn from Adolfine Malcher and Marianne Hainisch? Liam?

Liam: School sometimes sucks but a good education is as important now as it was then.

Dark

08 Music: "Another Brick on the Wall" Pink Floyd (1'00)

Lights slowly going up

N1: In the 19th century, the Polish romantic literature presented women as subjects of unfulfilled love, murderers or heroines in independence fights.

N2: In the poem by Adam Mickiewicz we can see an unusual character: it is a wife, a landlady who manages her home and property, who keeps everything with a firm hand

Dark

09 Music: Poland Introduction

Lights slowly going up

Poland

Eating, drinking, smoking, laughter,
Reverly and wild to-do -
They shake the inn from floor to rafter
With huzzahing and halloo.

There Twardowski heads the table,
Arms akimbo, pasha-wise, And he shouts,
"Show what you're able"
Jokes and tricks and terrifies.

Round a soldier playing bully,
Scolding, shoving lustily,
Hums his sword-blade - and a woolly
Rabbit in his place they see!

At a lawyer sitting drinking
Quietly his bowl of grog
He has set his wallat clinking -
And the lawyer is a dog!

To a tailor's forehead clapping
Three long tubes, he smacks his nose
Thrice, and at his sudden tapping,
Out the Danzig vodka flows.

He had drained his cup already
When the tankard gave a hum
And a clank. "The devil!" said he,
"Well, my friend, why have you come?"

In the cup a little devil
Of a bob-tailed German brand,
Greeted all the guests, most civil,
Bowling, prancing, hat in hand.

Then from out the tankard jumping
To the flow, two ells he grows:
Claws like hawk's, a hooked nose,
clumpin
On one hen's foot, so he goes.

"Ah, Twardowski, brother, greeting!"
Says he boldly, at his ease:
"Did you not expect this meeting?
I am Mephistopheles.

On Bald Mountain not so lately
You bequeathed to me your soul.
Wrote your name down accurately
On a bull's hide for a scroll.

"All my friends were at your orders:
You, when two years" time had flown,
Were to come to Rome. My warders
Then should take you for their own.

Seven years you've spent tormenting
Hell with magic, nor do you
Plan your journey yet, frequenting
Inns, although your bond is due.

Vengeance, though you count upon her
Being late, at last strikes home,
And I now arrest Your Honor -
For this inn is named The Rome,

At this dictum so acerbum
Twardowski fled, but as he ran
The devil caught him. "Where's your verbum
Nobile", he said, "my man?"

What was to be done? A moment
Till he forfeited his head!
Swiftly then Twardowski reckoned
On a scheme to serve his stead.

"Read, Mepfiisto, the condition
Of the contract on your scroll;
When the time of my perdition
Comes and you demand my soul",

"I am still to have one little
Right: to set a threefold task:
You must do each jot and tittle
Of whatever I may ask."

"See the tavern sign, a stallion
Painted on a canvas ground:
Let me jump on the rapscaillon,
Break away, and gallop round."

"Twist a whip of sand, moreover,
For me, and upon the brink
Of the wood build me a cover
Where I may find food and drink."

"Make the walls of nutshells matching
The Carpathians in height;
Out of Jews' beards make the thatching
And pack popy seed on tight."

"Look, here is a nail for measure,
One inch through, three inches long:
With three spikes, such is my pleasure
Nail each seed down, stout and strong."

Jumping high for joy, Mephisto
Waters, feeds and grooms the horse;
Turns a whip of sand, and presto!
It stands ready for the course.

Then Twardowski mounts the racer,
Makes it trot and caracole;

And the building was no facer -
There it stood, complete and whole!

"Well, you've won that bout, Sir Devil!
Here's the second; do your best!
Jump in holy water, level
With your neck; the bowl's been biest."

Coughing, spitting, ever faster
Sweats the devil at this check:
But the servant minds the master,
Plunges in up Co his neck.

Out he flew as if projected
From a sling, and, snorting wrath,
Screamed: "Now you're our own elected!
Brr! But what a vapour bath!"

- "One more task before you get me-
Even magic has an end -
Here's Madame Twardowski: Let me
Introduce my little friend.

"For a year I'll make my dwelling
With Beelzebub. Above
You shall pass the year in spelling
Me as husband with my love."

"Swear her love and recognition
And obedience unalloyed;
Fail in only one condition,
And our contract's null and void."

One ear to Twardowski bending,
One eye on his wife, but more
Feigning than in fact attending,
Satan seeks to reach the door.

While Twardowski taunts and teases
And attempts to bar his way,
Through the keyhole, out he squeezes
And is running yet, they say.

Dark

10 Music: Poland Final

Lights slowly going up

N1: Not all the women roles depicted in literature are so ideal.

N2: One of the most known in the Spanish literature is La Celestina. A cunning old procuress, embodiment of evil, who uses her tempting eloquence and her knowledge of the human being weakness to break the virtue of the young Melibea.

N1: Spain. Fernando de Rojas. 15th Century. La Celestina.

Dark

11 Music: "Minuet in G major" JS Bach

Lights slowly going up

(Melibea in a room. Enters Celestina)

Melibea: Hi, Celestina. I am very glad both, to see and know you. Here take your money and farewell; for you look as if you haven't eaten anything all this day.

Celestina: Oh more than mortal image! Oh precious pearl! How truly you have guessed! (...) I will tell you the necessitated cause of my coming. (...)

Melibea: Tell me all your necessities and wants, and if I can help you in them or do you any good, I shall willingly do it.

Celestina: My wants, Madame? My necessities do you mean? No. Others', as I told you, not mine. (...)

Melibea: Ask what you will, be either for yourself or anybody else, whom it pleases you.

Celestina: My most gracious and courteous lady, descended of high and noble parentage, your sweet and cheerful gesture gives me way to speak what my heart even wants to say. I came from one, whom I left sick to the death, who with only one word, which should come from your noble mouth, and entrusted in this my bosom to carry it with me, I verily assure myself will have his life, so great is the devotion which he bears to your gentle disposition, and the comfort he would receive by this so great a kindness.

Melibea: For God's love, without any more dilating tell me who this sick man is, who feeling such a great perplexity, has both his sickness and his cure, flowing from one to the other.

Celestina: You cannot choose, lady, but you know a young gentleman in this city, nobly descended, whose name is Calisto.

Melibea: (*very angry*) Stop, stop! Is this the sick patient, for whom you have made so many prefaces to come to this purpose? I see it is not said in vain that the most hurtful member in a man or woman is the tongue. You false witch, you enemy to honesty, you cause of secret terrors!! ..

Celestina: (*to herself*) *In what an ill hour I came here, if my spells and conjuration fail me!* Go, go; I know well enough to whom I speak. (*to Melibea*) This poor gentleman, this your brother, is at the point of death and ready to die.

Melibea: How can you speak before me and mutter words between the teeth, to increase my anger and double my punishment? Would you have me rejected and ruin my father's house and honor to raise such an old indecent woman as you are?

Celestina: My fear of you interrupts my excuse; but my innocence puts new courage into me. Let me, good lady, to make an end of my speech, and then you will neither blame it nor condemn me: I do more to add health to the patient, than to detract anything from the fame of the physician. And if I had thought that your ladyship would so easily have made this bad construction out of your late toxic suspicion, your license should not have been sufficient warrant to have encouraged me to speak anything that might concern Calisto, or any other man living.

Melibea: I have heard enough of you and all about your good qualities, though I was not so lucky to know you.

Celestina: (*apart*) Whith fiercer dames I have dealt in my days. Tush! No storm lasts long.

Melibea: Have you anything to say in the excuse, which may satisfy my anger, and clear yourself of this error and impertinent attempt?

Celestina: I think you should not be so rigorous with me: cause a little heat will serve to set young blood a-boiling.

Melibea: Little heat, did you say? Answer to my demand, because you said you had not concluded. And perhaps you may pacify me for everything you said before.

Celestina: Happy, a certain charm, madam, which, as he is informed by many of his good friends, your ladyship has an admirable girdle, which cures the toothache; also, they say it has such a singular and peculiar property and power, with the very touch to diminish and ease any ache or anguish. Now this gentleman I told you of, is exceedingly pained with it and he's even at death's door. And this is the true cause of my coming: but since it was me who received such a hard and displeasing answer, let him still for me, continue in his pain, as a punishment for sending so unfortunate messenger.

Melibea: If this was so, why didn't you tell me sooner? Or why didn't you deliver it in other words?

Celestina: Because my plain and simple meaning made me believe that, though I should have proposed it in any other words, they would have been worse than they were, and you would not have suspected evil in them. You are my good lady and mistress, you may say what you want, and it is my duty to hold my peace, you must command, and I must obey. (*apart*) If I have not gained it with my tongue, I hope I have not lost it with my intention.

Melibea: I would have never thought much of it, nor make it any such wonder that it was so exceedingly moved. But since all is well meant and no harm intended, I pardon all that is past;

for my heart is now somewhat released, since it is a pious and a holy work, to cure the sick and help the distressed. The age, I pray, how long has he had it?

Celestina: His age, madame,? I think he is about some three and twenty.

Melibea: I asked you how long has he been troubled with his toothache.

Celestina: some eight days, but you would think he has had it for a year.

Melibea: Oh, how have I fallen in my own impatience! The great reason I had for it, frees me from any fault of offence urged by the suspicious speeches. But I will fulfill the request and give you my girdle. And come for it tomorrow secretly.

They leave while the lights fade slowly

11 Music: "Minuet in G major" JS Bach

Lights come back

N1: Do not brood about it any more. We have been the warrior's rest, his honor warehouse, flesh and spirit, heaven and hell...

N2: In a world ruled by men we have set out on a way with no possible return, a way full of hope.

N1: We are the owners of our future. Doors have been open. Just to go through them from freedom.

(The chorus has entered the stage and is situated at the back of N1 and N2)

N1: Spain. Agustín García Calvo. 1926 "I want you free"

12 Music sounding far and rising: Vangelis "Conquest of Paradise")

F1 I want you free,
F2 Like a stream skipping about
From crag to crag.

N1 But not mine.

A1 Grand I want you,
A2 Like scrubland bursting
With spring.

N2 But not mine.

I1 Tasty I want you,
I2 Like bread oblivious of

F = Finnish actors
N= Narrator (Spanish actors)
A= Austrian actors
I= Italian actors
P= Polish actors

its good dough.

N1 But not mine.

P1 I want you slender,
P2 Like a poplar stretching
itself against the sky.

N2 But not mine.

S1 White I want you,
S2 Like orange blossom
Dotting the ground.

N1 + N2 Not mine, though.
Not mine, nor God's,
Nor anybody's

CHORUS Not even yours.

Lights off

13: Loud music: "Final Greeting"

Lights come back.

Greetings