

# There Is Still Something Yet To Discover-

## by Hannah Lavery

Tue, 2/2 4:30PM 13:49

### SUMMARY KEYWORDS

baba yaga, sleeping, lavery, play, light, waking, dance, hush, fairground rides, passed, held, hannah, sun, lay, discover, slavic, orchestra, label, mock, hear

### SPEAKERS

Tron Creative, Danny Krass, Wikipedia, She, Baba Yaga

- D** Danny Krass 00:00  
Hi, my name's Danny Krass. Welcome to Earwig. This is a sonic theatre podcast specifically designed for listening on headphones. For our second episode we present There Is Still Something Yet To Discover (or Baba Yaga Comes To You- When You Are Sleeping) by poet and playwright, Hannah Lavery, performed by Sharon Duncan-Brewster and Kathryn Joseph. This week we have original music by myself and Julia Reidy, who also plays the 12-string guitar. This episode is directed by Finn den Hertog with all other sound design and production by me, Danny Krass. So here is- There Is Still Something Yet To Discover.
- S** She 01:09  
We sit at the edge. Our children throw pebbles in. I hear her laughter from beneath the water, where she dances for me. Her body sparking and cracking- a firework, mocking our mock contentment, daring us to break free.
- W** Wikipedia 01:50  
In Slavic folklore, Baba Yaga is a supernatural being who appears as a ferocious-looking old woman. In Slavic culture, Baba Yaga lived in a hut usually described as standing on

chicken legs.

S

She 02:15

Ambiguous as she is hideous. On her own front step, she preens. Salutation to the waning sun. Our children hide in her creases. On her own front step, she screams. Crumbles to dusty sherbet. She is found in the pick 'n' mix, devoured quick, both sweet and sour. Fingers greedy, dip, scrape at her sides. There is your mouth, wide and gaping. Baby rotten teeth, this child, frightened at the sight of her. A horror's deep, deeply held. She waits- closed in by the very bones of you.

W

Wikipedia 03:20

Baba Yaga may help or hinder those that encounter her or seek her out. She may play a maternal role and has associations with forest wildlife.

S

She 03:38

Wrap her in blankets and make granny of her. I don't know if it's because it's another year but I have been seeing her in the bathroom mirror. In shop windows. In the faces of strangers and I'm not really one for nonsense but I'm dreaming of fairy bowers and talking trees, and other stuff that has me remembering the dark- after lights out. And this is deadly true. I think that roots, branch and buds have been growing for me as I sleep. Waking up, it's like emerging from the earth. Waking up it's like... and I have been bunkered down for so long, I have forgotten myself. I lay out the clothes of myself. Put on slowly, slowly, the outside of who I am. The shadow I have been painted in. I lay out the clothes of who I am for another day. Dance naked in the shades of my passed down, passed on, passed over skin. We are not the same- cacophonies- a discordant orchestra of voices are held within. And at night, my clothes lie, like protest banners, like drapes pulled down in mourning. I lay quiet in my bed, sleeping, and in my sleep I dance in all the tones of myself and to all the... Waking up. It's like... I insist you take a snack with you. Remind you to wear a helmet. I fill your water bottle. Wait, listen for the screech of your brakes as you cycle too fast at the corner. An hour or so passes. I have not been listening. I just watched the way she, in the top right box of the Zoom Room, stares away from us through a window out of shot. The light catches her blonde hair. It is her view I'm imagining when my stomach falls like it does on fairground rides. But a long moment passes before I hear your bike drop on our path. Leaving them- their conversations continuing- a drone under this- you. I hold you as I have always held you. You finding that familiar comfort, that regulation in my heartbeat. Hush now. Hush now. Hush now. Your son meets my son. Your son says to my son- things. He says racist things. Hush now. Hush

now. Hush. My son... I sang you rainbow songs. We learnt the colors on woodland walks like the sun or the big light I was a tatty moth drawn to you. Shining sun. Suddenly it seems you have turned from me. We are still flapping wings in search of you. Yesterday I came home to find you wrapped in rainbow flags. You said he called you a faggot in the changing rooms. You didn't want to go to school today. But 10pm last night, we were still watching TV together. We ate all the chocolate. I am not sure how to deal with this pain. Your father has stopped sleeping. Mothering you, my love, is knowing before you do, but still not knowing. Still.. not... knowing. That's me, I'm home.

W

#### Wikipedia 10:06

Andreas John summarises Baba Yaga as "a many-faceted figure inspiring researchers to see her as a cloud, moon, death, winter, snake, bird, pelican, or Earth Goddess..."

B

#### Baba Yaga 10:44

My time is not dawn chorus to night owl time. It's the slow flowing burn time. I live leaf drop time. I am slow enough for moss to grip. I am not to be pitied for my ageing. Once, you played all day in the woods. You climbed a tree to hear its stories, danced to the rooks cawing in the clearing. Later you were told that you had been lost for an hour. Funny, funny the way you believed them. They who told you the time, they who gave it to you with a wristband. It was only an hour they said. Yet you knew. You knew it had been all day.

S

#### She 12:03

I move now like an orchestra. A symphony. I thought once this was the state of being, to be forever playing. I am sad that I stopped thinking this way. That we stopped thinking that way. That I allowed you to finish me, label me. To stamp us as this- only this. To call us done- all done and dusted. Classified. Labelled, and put away. Yet I knew, I knew it had been all day. I knew because it was dark. Waking up is like emerging from the earth.

T

#### Tron Creative 13:07

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