

Mikhail Volokhov

THE GREAT CONSOLER

A love story

CHARACTERS:

P o l y a

T i m

L y o r a

Paris, the present

Two-bedroom apartment in Paris.

Before the action begins we hear an actor's voice offstage, reading a poem:

The man who will die in my play –
Will remove his skin first and hang it on a chair.
And the chair will say: I shrug my shoulders — your death isn't my problem.

The rose in a vase will intervene
And cite as an example the crystal vase:
I'm dying in this vase and the vase doesn't care,
It only gleams, with all its facets.

And the chair will say: those are your problems.

Then the grumpy sofa will remember:
Once a man stood on this chair with a noose at his neck,
And the chair was joyful as it was kicked aside
And the man's legs hung in the air.

And the chair will say – just go away.

The man who will die in my play
May remove his skin,
But respecting the chair,
May he throw it to the floor.

The chair has its own problems.
And after all, this is just a play.

(Polya enters with a small suitcase, Tim with a guitar.)

P o l y a. This is where I live. Come on in, Tim. Leave the guitar over there. We'll put the suitcase here, for now. Feels heavy.

T i m. It's full of paper for me to write a novel. Kostya gave it to me. Uh, I'm all sweaty. I'm tired of being tired.

P o l y a. Juvamine-Vitamine. (*Gives Tim a vitamin pill.*)

This will make you feel better. Here's some water. (*Gives Tim the water.*) Swallow that.

T i m. Merci beaucoup. (*Swallows the vitamin pill.*) The dead body was carrying a dead soul too.

P o l y a. Tell me more about your novel.

T i m. The Great Consoler couldn't find consolation for himself before his execution. All his life he comforted other people before they were executed. Then the realization that tomorrow he will be executed and he can't find relief from the thought. (*Looks around.*) So you brought home a runaway hobo, a Jew-boy writer. If a person already decided to croak, found comfort in that, then you shouldn't try to stop him before the execution.

P o l y a. Kostya couldn't even give you a glass of water.

T i m. Kostya's a good guy, Polya. Don't know why, but it was him that gave me a place to stay in the squat.

P o l y a. Your Kostya lives in an abandoned factory in the centre of Paris for nothing, he just gives people like you permission to sleep in the squat.

T i m. Laws of the jungle, I don't care. We live for free in Paris, so we take a cut from capitalism. (*Examines the paintings on the walls.*) Boats, landscapes, bouquets. In the Land of the Soviets it's getting dangerous to collect pictures. In Russia they can kill you now for paintings, just like in Paris. In the squat Russian artists only do fake Stalinist Leninist pictures.

P o l y a. They bring back some homeless slapper to the squat, screw her every way they can and then immortalize her on canvas as a naked milkmaid in the snow, just stepping out of the banya. They add a 1937 date stamp and off it goes to the auction room. The French buy it to hang on the wall of their blue bedroom to get turned on. (*Examines a painting.*) Little kids sledging down snow-covered slopes, they look so happy.

T i m. Another fake?

P o l y a. I only have originals. 'There is no melancholy in the world that snow cannot heal.' The purest, snow-white Russian snow. Snow is beautiful in Paris too, except that in Paris there's no snowstorms, even in winter. Instead there are blacks and Arabs from the subway. Snow can make you racist. But Pushkin was half-caste, he came to unite the entire black and white world. By next week you'll only have memories of your squat. Broken memories.

T i m. Order from the mayor. The cops made their move. Pas de chance, not a hope. I wanted them to throw me into a cellar. You could have dug me out. Where will our guys go? You need know-how to sleep on the street. When Yura Tomsky threw me out of his budget Arab hovel I spent three months in the Bois de Boulogne, dreaming on an inflatable mattress with only oilcloth to cover me.

P o l y a. The Boulogne trannies didn't bother you?

T i m. They have a job to do. I even dreamed that someone would hit me over the head with a heavy object while I was fast asleep in the forest. No such luck. France is a cultured country.

P o l y a. Russian suicide of Jewish origin. Want some juice? (*Pours him juice.*)

T i m. Thanks. (*Drinks.*)

P o l y a. Have you written many novels?

T i m. I spent my entire life writing one and the same novel.

P o l y a. I read one of your novels about ladies of the night and murderers. It was cool. That's why I wanted you to go on living.

T i m. Thanks for nothing, I'm alive. Yeah, it's only on TV that all ends well and you really want to go on living. I can still get twenty euros a day to feed my face – in the subway I can still strum my guitar and belt out the 'Coachman' song. Kostya taught me how to survive in Paris as a boho living for free. And apart from killing people... in my novels... and so on... and not only there...

Some people can't make a euro a day, they come bursting into Paris to write bum verses – Jewish poets are very Russian. One of them died last week in the squat. Swallowed the pen he whispered his verses to. It's scary how funny that was. He lay there among cardboard boxes in the cellar for two days before he began to stink. But who cares... In the squat they all have their own business. Everyone has a little business in Paris. Having nothing to do gives people even more pretensions. I can give up food for ten days, no joke – I won't die, it just cleanses the body of toxins. You just need a little water to drink. It's better boiled. Could I ask you for some boiled water, for free, if need be?

P o l y a. No problem.

T i m. This is the West, you have to be considerate here. When I saw your eyes I thought of my mother.

P o l y a. Your mother's in Russia?

T i m. She's buried in Siberia. With my father.

P o l y a. I'm sorry.

T i m. All good things come to an end...

P o l y a. Our friendship too?

T i m. It's begun?

P o l y a. Do you know how to stop time?

T i m. I know how to kill it.

P o l y a. Can we kill time together, then?

T i m. If you want.

P o l y a. Are you hungry?

T i m. After the Chinese restaurant?

P o l y a. You liked the food?

T i m. The mushroom soup was superb. Kostya invited me to the Chinese once, after he sold some fakes at auction. He's the chief at our squat. He says the word. He sat them all round the table when I arrived, the new boy, told them they had to make space for me in the squat, floor space at least, because I'm a fucking Russian genius. Me, some kind of genius? All of us here, we're all fucking Russian geniuses. Out of these countless Russian geniuses, more than twenty specimens of Russian immigrant poets are rotting away just in that one Paris squat. They all hate one another, hate it that all their floozies are so spiritually enlightened they don't want to fuck. And when Kostya the main man told them I was a brilliant storm-trooper talent the most foul-smelling spot was allotted to me, the genius, in the cellar on cardboard packaging, close-up with the rats. You find my memoirs shocking?

P o l y a. You're good at killing time.

T i m. In the squat it's very hard to find a place to sleep, even on cardboard boxes on the basement floor. But they obeyed Kostya. He told them very seriously after he'd had a drink that I was an exceptional crazy Russian genius, the pride of Russian culture, pride of the Russian underground when we drank wine. No, when we drank beer. Or wine. I don't remember what we were drinking then. We were drinking tea then. Yeah, no shit. I brought a packet of cancer-curing Chinese green leaf tea to our first meeting at the squat, and we drank tea to guard against cancer. And I told them that Chinese green tea to guard against cancer is really popular for good health. And Makhrach said with a good dose of humour that he was a big fan of chaste gays with their muzzle down on your stomach with a love-rent taiga howl.

P o l y a. Love forgives everything?

T i m. When the French hear our love songs in the subway it gives them a hard-on. In an hour at least ten euros are thrown in your hat. Don't be afraid – it won't cost you anything if you want me to... stay here... in your apartment. I can easily live on... ten euros a day. You can take the other fifteen or twenty euros for general expenses.

P o l y a. You're welcome to live here, Tim. Go ahead. No problem.

T i m. Polinochka. You don't know me at all.

P o l y a. We'll get to know one another.

T i m. A writer is different from his novels.

P o l y a. And this lady of the night, she's like her fictional character?

T i m. Polina...

P o l y a. Ladies aren't prostitutes. Prostitutes are ladies. And to become a lady you must definitely become a slut first. You'll be a royal lady if you become a dirty slut.

T i m. You're pure.

P o l y a. A pure lady or the purest bedding?

T i m. I dreamed of you like that.

P o l y a. I really love Russian Jews, you're the most Russian people I ever knew. But you aren't Russian. You know how to live and suffer without hysterics.

T i m. Life is a gift from God – what's there to complain about.

P o l y a. You yourself wanted to die there in the cellar.

T i m. The people in Israel – they omitted too much from the novel... They sold life short.

P o l y a. A gift from God. And the halo zero around the neck suffocates. Without hysteria.

T i m. I'm a killer, Polina. I've had my share of hysteria.

P o l y a. We see the light of miracles, but not the Light itself. You're Jewish yourself. Why kill other Jews?

T i m. I want to understand why the Jews themselves crucified Christ the Jew. I feel a terrible agony inside from that. Nothing has changed since then. Imagine, for a few green-coloured US dollar bills I, a Jew, murdered Jews in Israel by the light of the moon.

P o l y a. Jews can kill themselves wisely – Jews as God's chosen people. How do the Russian God-bearers behave?

T i m. Russians and Jews are the two strongest nations in the world. Only they have the final link that connects mind with morality and the spirit with love-bearing salvation.

P o l y a. It hasn't worked out yet.

T i m. The Jewish trade in everyone and everything – the whole world's become Jewish. So the fatal scourge circumnavigates the world. Cabbage soup and porridge are our food. And for a long time Russians have been getting ready to put everything holy and spiritual in this world in place and save the whole world.

P o l y a. The God-bearer Oblomov is the personification of the Russian man, his selfless saving and unifying design and meaning. And Oblomov will still, let's hope, get his due. The only question is when?

T i m. What a divinely clever and poetical Russian girl you are. So everything in the world is super-feminine, you know that for sure?

P o l y a. I'm just a very sensual girl. My nerves knocked everything outside.

T i m. You're an ingeniously sensual beauty, Polichka. And not nervous at all on the outside. Oblomov already knows a lot – he knows the most important thing: to get both feet in both slippers at once when rising from his bed.

P o l y a. But Oblomov sees that you Jews haven't yet done enough to unite something for him.

T i m. Yes, he's a Jew himself, like everyone else, your Oblomov! Only he doesn't want to engage in Jewish trading like his German friend Stolz. Got lazy. Only cares about what's for supper. That's all.

P o l y a. And killing people is what kind of work – Russian or Jewish?

T i m. In Russia it's Russian. In Israel it's Jewish. Especially for a Jew killing Jews in Israel it's not considered anti-Semitism. And I'm a professor's son. Why should I come from Russia as a God-bearer in my mind in the bazaars of Tel Aviv and sweep the streets for the local Arabs?

That's gross, my dear girl. And to commit suicide as a Jew, that's not what the chosen people are meant to do. I didn't learn to do anything else in Russia, Polichka, except to think a lot for the sake of others, and then to kill anyone who turned out to be smarter.

P o l y a. God-chosen to kill others as a God-bearer.

T i m. And in Israel there's no T i m e to think when you arrive as a beggar from Russia. There you just need to get sorted right away, like in Russia, take someone down. And this desire only

gets stronger there. In Israel the earth and the sky don't belong to you – they don't morally support you there or restrain you. Why do they have the death penalty in America? Over there all the immigrant Americans have a strange land under their feet and the sky above is without condemnation – like in the desert. But at the same time – in general it's an English nation where Shakespeare's a sacred writer, with the same 'Macbeth' and 'Hamlet'. On the one hand, in America every man for himself, but the altruism of We turns into the egoism of Me. There everyone is out to save himself as an immigrant, not everyone else. Americans are true immigrants, even to the tenth generation. Because of the egoistical Me they'd all shoot one another in a couple of weeks but for the death penalty. And at the same Time, as well as their aggressiveness, the death penalty is a real embodiment in life beyond the idea of their sacred drama 'Macbeth' – the killer must be killed. That's why the Americans are trying to sweep everyone into other countries with their own, often erroneous, understanding of the murderous Macbethianism of other nations. All their moralistic movies allude to their sacred idea of murderously bloody noble revenge killers, multiplied by the idea of the immigrant Ego of egoism. And now they are jealous of us Russians, when we also began to learn something from Shakespeare and ego-capitalism.

P o l y a. We Russians, without Shakespearean Americans, killed one other in the last century in trillions, unlike the Macbeth murderers killed at home.

T i m. For us Russians in the last century, instead of their Shakespeare teaching them how to kill, our mentor was street revolution. There was no law – this was lawlessness. But it came in handy for Russia to sort things out, as with Hitler, the fascist without laws. Bismarck said 'never start a war with Russia'. The Russian word NOTHING was engraved on Bismarck's silver cigar case. He studied in Russia and understood that for Russians the most important Idea is NOTHING, as opposed to their EVERYTHING in their indisputably, Most Global and in truth the largest Earthly

Divine Territory, Primordially His in Spirit and Reality. There is no doubt about the Territory. The Russian Spirit is akin to this Territory. EVERYTHING or NOTHING is our Russian ideological answer. That's why you can't go to war against the Russians. The Russians will never give up their vast EVERYTHING, their territory larger than any other in the world. So the Russians have the world's greatest salvific responsibility for their enormous territory, for the mighty Russian language, calling on the Russian consciousness of readiness at any moment for any sacrificial, selfless feat in defence of this territory. And through this self-educated responsibility and readiness for the sacrificial feat at a genetic level, the Russian is the most important and righteous saviour of our common, earthly, global, human Peace. The Russian cannot help but save the world by definition – otherwise he will simply lose his sacrificial self in his country and in the World, he will lose the spiritual foundation of his righteous Self, which turns by the act of Salvation into We – the We of all Mankind, which We Russians are saving. That was clearly seen during the Second World War. Russia is the self-defence of the Earth.

P o l y a. 'There's no fear of lying beneath the bullets of the dead,

No bitterness at being rendered homeless,
And we will save you, the Russian tongue,
The great Russian language.'

T i m. Absolutely. Well done, you understand. As Akhmatova said, all this is derived from the Motherland. She expressed the most important Russian idea that gives meaning to our lives, for the sake of the Great Russian World of the saving Word and Deed. Although Akhmatova was a woman and humiliated by her Stalinist country. But with these words by the great Russian poetess the World God expressed his innermost desire and thought. The Russians are invincible. The dumb Germans also sensed where the dog was buried, that Russia was the divine poetry of the Salvation of the Earth and the Righteous Rule of the World. That's why the fascists that invaded us in 1941 staked out their anti-human fascist German anti-human destructive prose for rule of the World. But they got from the Russians what Bismarck had predicted – they achieved NOTHING in 1941. And when, back in 1918, Russia was squeezed by the Entente, clenched into

a fist, when the most truly righteous was also revealed and absorbed into Russia, in The Objective Spirit of the Development of our whole World – The Idea that Freedom, Equality and Brotherhood is one for all and whatever the price. And for this All-Human EVERYTHING Russia fought and resisted – hungry, naked and almost alone, saving this U I T i mate Idea of Peace. Without this NOTHING there is no Peace, no Freedom, Equality or Brotherhood for the people of the World. There is no Peace on Earth. Of course then Stalin, in ignorance, defiled this with bloodshed, defaming the whole idea, but he became the embodiment of his own name, he became EVERYTHING in that bloody, wild, totalitarian T i me. Nevertheless he defeated Hitler, the European Macbeth, by Force, Saving the World. Because the Power of Salvation is always superior to the power of destruction. Otherwise there would simply be no life on Earth.

P o l y a. And what's happening in the world now?

T i m. Now...

While life still remains
incomprehensibly eternal,
human hopes and knowledge
are reduced to love
for mortals born
of their own kind.
But true knowledge,
correlated with eternity,
with the aim of defeating human death
and endowing man with the ability
to dispose of the universe at his discretion,
is obtained, as in previous centuries,
only at the peak of bloody, barbaric acts
with the bodies and souls
of their own kind,
beloved mortals...

And if there hadn't been this blood-infused archetype, then you and I wouldn't be sitting here right now and talking. And Macbeth must be killed... When I was a Russian Jew in Israel, I put the first Jew in a bloody prison – I saved him at the same T i me... I didn't tell him that it was his close relative, a Jew from America with whom he turned out to be co-heir of a large fortune, bought my knife for fifty thousand dollars.

P o l y a. If I hadn't come to the squat today, no one would have given water to you, the killer-saviour-archetype, the anti-Macbeth.

T i m. Send me to hell, kill me, Polichka!

P o l y a. Calm down, Tim, everything will be fine. Life is a gift from God.

T i m. I'm telling you such wild, obscene, lupine things. Can't stop. I haven't spoken to anyone for two years. In the chlamydia-rotten squat there's no one to talk to. And there's absolutely nobody else to talk to and nowhere else in this mean, eternal city of Paris. No one in the squat knew that I buy Bordeaux for three euros and serve it for twenty. But they still had a nasty attitude towards me – and everyone else they encounter. I'm really tired of being an immigrant here in Paris, Polichka. No less than in the USSR, and more than in Israel. The publishers are waiting for their killer-author to die – it's more peaceful to issue books for children instead of books with my murderers-heroes. They think the killer is writing about himself – for some reason they don't want a scandal for advertising. You see, I really am writing about myself, a Jew-mute-murderer, I'm not writing novels for anyone else. They published one novel in Russia – they're calling me back to Russia to cut pine trees and unload bananas. Seems like I lost the habit here in Paris of silencing shitscrubbers for a bill of exchange in eternal snows. But without Russia there's nothing to even moan about. Total dumbness. Do you sell Russian paintings?

P o l y a. I sell Russian love. Rhyming ass with waist and a tireless mouth.

T i m. Nobody to talk to here, either?

P o l y a. No one here to even think about anything.

T i m. You ordered the most expensive champagne. Divine gestures. Sorry, Polichka! I can't eat good food. Immediately my brains swim – I sound off like there's no stopping me. I don't know how to live a day... without killing... And in novels, I explain to humanity how to live happily forever.

P o l y a. In Russia if you have some significance but you're not a Jew, then you've sold yourself to them underhand. And in Paris you have to become a dirty slut again – so you can reach Lady Snow White with a soft ass. And in Paris you understand this when it's impossible to climb out of complete shit – there are no sacred feline powers left. And we Russians, moreover, have a quirk of genius and super-bohemian, lordly, gentle genitality. If you drag your mouth to the spring of magic Russian words then the Governor gets up and beats you, the magazine editor-in-chief, the political trade immigrant economic with the regional committee's gastro-intestinal tract, although at first he seems like a noble dissident. Then the Governor contradictor instructor sinks his axe into you here in Paris, cuts off your head, your soul, and Russia. Before Paris I wrote poetry in Russia, but in Paris the poems were executed. Executed by the Governor, a politician – either a grey dissident or a secret agent bought by the KGB, but with a sagging baldometre, a subhuman jellyfish with a temperature of 36.6, an abomination, warm. What could be scarier than a member of the Russian world like this for a happy Russian nymphet girl in Paris?

T i m. A warm limp jellyfish member – that's very harsh for a lovely Russian girl in Paris.

P o l y a. All over the immigrant magazines there are party showdowns and KGB executions. No one needs your talent here. Neither the Russian immigrants nor even the French, who will NEVER be able to understand your poems!!! You're unwittingly obliged to hang out with your poems in the milieu of Russian immigration. And there everything is seized by these big guys from their corrupt politics. And when Mr Big there politically shits on his pages – and Mr Big always shits politically – you have to be Mr Big's whore – the first secretary of the city committee department of immigrant tolerance-terror. When Mr Big can't get an erection – and Mr Big can't be erect forever – he ties you to a chair and starts jerking off his wrinkled but not ashamed fly-agaric penis on you. And then, when this fly agaric comes with a poisonous gonorrheal-purulent-KGB substance, you no longer ask yourself any questions – you are powerless when faced by the sperm of a dissident Mr Big. You just drown unquestioningly in its KGB, clap-infected purulent poison. And when the communists in Russia turned into capitalists, Mr Big initially spoke out as a dissident, but then, so as not to lose the Western kickback loot, he suddenly became a communist, although his jellyfish member dropped in temperature to a diarrheal zero.

T i m. The new Russia has left all those Mr Bigs, gonorrhea-sick politicians and grey dissidents, those overseers behind culture, without work in the West. And now they want this grey KGB communism back, so the West continues to funnel them money for their incompetent, creaking Russia, that's already communism. The abomination is democratically shit specific. The real spiritual romantics and dissident competitors are totally slaughtered by grey big guys for foreign currency and fresh Norwegian red shrimp, to make it more palatable.

P o l y a. I understand that no matter what, you just have to write your poems for salvation and not think about the Big Guy bitches. But when the number of these bitches controlled by the Big Guys crosses all mental boundaries... I have one poem about fascist bitches.

T i m. Read it to me.

P o l y a. The prisoner's escape from Auschwitz proved unsuccessful –
They shot him as he hung on the wire.
He weighed forty kilograms – no more.
It was a warm summer in Poland.

Cicadas in the grass hummed all night long,
The waxing moon illuminated the square –

All the prisoners were driven from the barracks,
After the unsuccessful convict escaped on that moonlit night.

Then they took every tenth man out of the line
And led them on their final path.
A bullet was discharged in the back of head for these 'tenth men'
When they reached the crematorium.

It was not a successful escape back then in Poland,
Now there were less people and more snitches.

T i m. Thank you. I love you. Yeah, these twisted immigrant supreme lawyer-rats should just be shot, preferably with a healthy sense of humour. That's exactly what I'm doing. As best I can. Any of your people still in Russia?

P o l y a. Mama.

T i m. You still visit her?

P o l y a. No.

T i m. Problems with the embassy?

P o l y a. One infantile problem – five minutes sitting on the steps of the university, where I was penalized when they found out I married a Frenchman. You can smoke a cigarette on the steps, and that's it. For the sake of five magical minutes – it's not worth going.

T i m. You're husband's French?

P o l y a. From Alsace. He got jealous of the Arab at the window. There was a house opposite and there was always some Arab sitting by one of the windows. He looked at the street, at pedestrians, at cars and at our window with his sad eyes. One night my Alsatian husband dreamed of jealous bugs and he beat me very badly. By that time I already had my boy, my son. I ran away to him here in Paris. And 'la cathédrale de Strasbourg' said goodbye to me forever. That coffee and chocolate cathedral growing right from the stone earth up to the most striking ethereal sky. I used to sit in the cafe opposite for hours every day, it was balm for the soul.

T i m. I'm insanely happy you came into my life, Polichka. (*Takes her hand.*) Are you feverish? Have you caught a cold?

P o l y a. Just the sniffles. It's nothing... A soldier with a cold...

T i m. I was really impressed by your amazing poem 'The Soldier with a Cold' when you read it to me in the restaurant. Are you shivering?

P o l y a. Everything will be fine tomorrow. When it's abnormal that means everything is just like everyone else's normal, the Great Consoler. You have other ideas... before the execution... in your novel?

T i m. Just before the computer drum spits out the fatal and happy number, this time for execution – seven sevens with threes at the beginning and end, the cherished number of the Great Consoler, the whole point is that shortly before that the Great Consoler accidentally meets a sweet sunny girl and falls in love with her, with a wonderful sunny love.

P o l y a. Yes, yes, it was exactly like that. In a sun-kissed forest, in a sunny clearing dotted with sunny dandelions to the end of the sunny horizon, a lovely girl was sitting on the soft green grass and weaving a wreath of sunny dandelions for herself when the Great Consoler saw her and fell in love with her at first sight.

T i m. In this sunny glade the Great Consoler comforted the most distressed people before execution. People forgot themselves, lost their mind with happiness in this blissful, heavenly, sunny glade. And this happy oblivion was enough for a person until the next morning, when the person's head was chopped off.

P o l y a. The Great Consoler often came alone to this fairy-tale clearing to forget himself for a while after his murderous and unbearable hard labour as the Great Consoler. He understood that he was not comforting people, he only killed them with lies before execution. And he, the great killer, needed to forget himself in this sunny glade more than anyone else.

T i m. But when the Great Consoler came alone to this sunny glade for a moment of oblivion before his imminent execution the next day, this T i m e the sunny glade didn't help the Great Consoler. Just as his Solar Beloved didn't help. The sunny glade and the Solar Beloved only burned and opened the wound of love with unprecedented force. After all, love itself would be put under the executioner's axe the following day... But not a muscle twitched on the face of the Great Consoler when the executioner cut off his head the next morning...

P o l y a. But when the Great Consoler's coffin was lowered into the grave and his Solar Beloved was granted the most honourable right by the king himself to throw the first handful of earth, the Solar Beloved of the Great Consoler threw a bouquet of scarlet roses and sunny dandelions instead of a handful of earth to the bottom of the grave, on the coffin of the Great Consoler.

T i m. And when all the other participants in the funeral procession became indignant and began to throw large fistfuls of earth in the grave, and drunken gravediggers came with huge shovels, the scarlet roses and sunny dandelions did not stay at the bottom of the grave on the coffin of the Great Consoler with his head cut off at the throat. The scarlet roses and sunny dandelions rose together with the earth scattered over the grave – these scarlet roses of love and the sunny dandelions of unearthly, celestial happiness were higher than the earth.

P o l y a. And even when the grave was levelled and the scarlet roses and sunny dandelions were beaten with iron shovels, these roses and dandelions were not broken or trampled into the soil of the graveyard. The roses and dandelions were themselves severed heads of roses and dandelions, but unlike the Great Consoler they were still alive and so they didn't want to stay in the very depths of the grave underground...

T i m. But the Solar Beloved of the Great Consoler was found dead in the sunny glade two weeks later. The girl went there right after the funeral of her Great Solar Beloved and lay there in oblivion for several days, until she died of hunger and thirst.

P o l y a. The wonderful Solar Beloved of the Great Consoler was buried next to the Great Consoler and no one knew that there, underground, they exchanged love messages – no one knew. There, under the ground, love has revived them again, Tim.

T i m. You're reading my mind, Polichka! You memorized my novel by heart, from beginning to end. You are infinitely generous and talented. I can't live without you any longer. (*Kisses her hand.*) You're shaking all over. Are you cold?

P o l y a (*snatches away her hand*). I'm more cold than hot.

T i m. You're... a cosmic girl saint.

P o l y a. When you don't know what to say, it's better to speak out. Otherwise people think you know what to say. Killing your Jews – did you console them before the execution, too?

T i m. I comforted them with a bullet, a knife, poison... a pillow!!! (*Takes a pillow in his hands.*)

P o l y a (*takes the pillow from him*). To bring sleep and sunny dreams.

T i m. When I, a Jew, killed Jews, it always seemed to me that I, a Russian, was killing Russians!!!

P o l y a. Why?!!!

T i m. To stay alive myself! I love you, Polichka! (*Wants to kiss her.*)

P o l y a (*pulls away from him*). Who are you?

T i m. T i m.

P o l y a. A killer?

T i m. Only man can be a killer. He is aware.

P o l y a. I'll make a bed for you, man, here on the sofa, if you want to stay.

T i m. Thanks.

P o l y a. No problem.

T i m. Merci.

P o l y a. The Jew-killer was a polite and deadly saviour.

Lights cut out.

The next day.

(Tim sits at a table, writing. Polya enters.)

T i m. Polichka! I've been thinking about you all the T i me.

P o l y a. Had breakfast?

T i m. I found your note that you had to go out and I should have breakfast by myself. Thanks.

P o l y a. You're writing the novel?

T i m. The Great Consoler doesn't want to put love under the executioner's axe.

P o l y a. Is that better? He can refuse to be executed?

T i m. He can. However, in that case the rest of his life he will be spat upon, shamed and hated by the people. Firstly, everyone will think that the Great Consoler couldn't console himself, therefore he doesn't have the gift of consolation and all those executed after his false consolations were not comforted, they died under the executioner's axe in inconsolable agony. And so the Great Consoler ate someone else's white bread all his life and only did his own mercantile, black business. Secondly, in elite intellectual and many other circles close to the court, dying on the block, under the executioner's axe, was considered something quite honourable and sacred, and many would have despised the Great Consoler for the fact that despite his inconsolability, he did not after all choose death and didn't pass away with a pure, almost holy name.

P o l y a. And if the Great Consoler emigrates to another country where there are none of these ridiculous holy executions?

T i m. The novel takes place in the future, when all countries have united together, and the Earth has become a single country. Then emigration can save no one from execution.

P o l y a. What can save them?

T i m. My dear Polichka. Only one thing can offer salvation – the word of hope – God. That Christ has risen in the name of Truth. God is the Truth. And Truth is the Ultimate Measure of human Grace. Truth is paradise. And we were expelled from paradise. We took a bite from the fruit – we tear everything Jewish to pieces. Being present, we are absent. But the Fruit is still with us. The Fruit of saving and forgiving Russian love. You understand?

P o l y a. I don't understand, I love, that's all.

T i m. Without a love story you won't write anything of global meaning – the truth won't be all-inclusive.

P o l y a. What do you need to stigmatize a murder?

T i m. You need to kill someone yourself.

P o l y a. Have you killed someone?

T i m. I killed someone, but I didn't feel it.

P o l y a. How do you mean?

T i m. Just as I want to kiss you now, but I'm still afraid to ask: I don't kiss you, so I don't feel it.

P o l y a. Ask.

T i m. I already asked.

P o l y a. What did you ask?

T i m. I said I wanted to kiss you, but I'm still afraid to ask!

P o l y a. Ask!

T i m. I already asked!!!

P o l y a. What did you ask? Don't raise your voice at me, killer!!! You don't want anything else?!

T i m. I want everything, but I'm tired.

P o l y a. And you decided to die of fatigue?

T i m. From having to console myself.

P o l y a. From what?

T i m. From the fact that it's impossible to console myself.

P o l y a. Is that why you want to die?

T i m. I did the most important thing – I fell in love with you. Thank you very much. Now I will definitely write the novel. There's inspiration.

P o l y a. The inspiringly polite killer is a saviour and lover. Oh, I really like that. Such meaningful insane passions are like a whirlwind, and the more they become meaningful, the more they turn into utter madness. And I fell in love with you – such an impossible killer.

Murderers are probably loved more than anyone in the world. Is murder intoxicating, like love?

T i m. The meaning of murder is to give someone else's body a state of rest. The dead man is the foundation of the entire universe. The thing is stable, measured. As Heraclitus said, 'We live by each other's death, we die by each other's life'. Christ wouldn't have risen, and no one would have loved Him if He hadn't first died on the Cross. And now is the T i m e when any word and concept should be crucified on the Cross - on the Cross of Conciliation, on the Cross of Measure – otherwise we will never understand anything, otherwise His Death would be absurd. An example of His Death would be terribly absurd – that Man was crucified like that and He suffered like that. Nature doesn't do murder. It's only people that kill themselves and others just for rusty kopecks.

P o l y a. And you'll crucify me so you can love me even more.

T i m. Are you ready to pay?

P o l y a. So you don't work for free, killer?

T i m. After I stopped killing it turned out that I was unable to earn money any other way.

P o l y a. What's that? (*Picks up a note from the table.*)

T i m. A message.

P o l y a. Who's the message from?

T i m. Your son called. Said he's coming over.

P o l y a. My son? When's he coming?

T i m. He's coming tomorrow.

P o l y a. What did his voice sound like over the phone?

T i m. A bit pensive. Will I get in his way here? Should I go?

P o l y a. Where to?

T i m. The squat.

P o l y a. They're demolishing it.

T i m. I can go sleep in the Bois de Boulogne. There's an inflatable mattress in my suitcase.

P o l y a. You still want to kiss me?

T i m. Yes.

P o l y a. You can try.

T i m. Thanks. (*Kisses her.*) You really are a divine girl.

P o l y a. You can and should beat me for that.

T i m. I was beaten in Russia for being a Jew, in Israel for being a Russian. In Israel I went to the pharmacy once and there's this typical Soviet Jewess behind the counter. I treat her as a person, in Russian, and she replies in Yiddish, but she can't string two words together properly. All ass in a white overall, this lady babbles away nineteen to the dozen, on purpose so I don't understand. Belching out her stinky Jewishness. And there was no one except me to show off in front of in this pharmacy, no Israeli bonuses to nail up. Well, that's when I took some headache pills for free, put my knife to her Adam's apple. Just like that, in half a second, in a typical Moscow drawl she hands over the medicine for free. When there are only Jews in one country, Jews can't stand that setup. And I always asked the client who needed to be dispatched and what for. That was my condition. If it was a good guy, I didn't kill him. Several times I just took out the clients so that nothing would happen to their victims without me. And I did it for free – anonymously, very positively. It's a fucking joke, Israel's like a worst version of life in the

Soviet Union. Every day the Jews crucify Christ the Jew exquisitely there, with the senselessness of the Jewish peddler. For every head of Jewish-immigrant-Alim, America or someone else still absurdly donates twenty-five thousand dollars, if not more, for physical and physiological provision. Twenty thousand is stolen by the Israeli bureaucracy. There, stealing is considered a worthy Jewish craft, especially in the state structure, among immigrant beggars, among the Alims, who haven't yet figured out the system of theft in their Jewish kingdom, a state with Black Jews along with the same Jewish Arabs and mafia rabbis from China. Over there you're just a suitcase for them with budget kickback money that just arrived at a seaside resort to visit them in Israel, with a parcel from Auntie Moti and your ugly Ryazan mug for a change of mother country. And if you don't know how to open your own business at least, like me with my social hitman services, you understand, then you the Jewish professor will be charmingly, cleanly sweeping the streets for them, and tomorrow I can't guarantee under which Tel Aviv train you will throw yourself like your own Annushka Karenina. Well, in short, if we discard everything superfluous – I'm not the marionette killer like Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov – in order to then go through a contrived torment of the soul to surrender to the authorities there and repent forever. If I kill, I kill without repentance. You can't kill someone if you think you're going to repent later. But on the other hand, I'm in favour of finding positive healthy forces in the novel that could catch and kill a killer like me. As in Shakespeare's 'Macbeth'. I already told you. Macduff, the most positive noble Scotsman, was found to put an end to Macbeth. Shakespeare's killer Macbeth himself does not repent. This is the redeeming truth in the life of art. Only in this case will life continue in its moral, righteous, objective flowering. There is no redeeming truth of life and art in the contrived, fabricated repentance of the schematic murderer Raskolnikov. The image of Raskolnikov brought our killer Russian Revolution. Because in the novel Dostoevsky did not destroy Raskolnikov, but released his beloved Napoleonic thinker for pseudo self-repentance. He became the fortified Raskolnikov of 1918 and began bumping off all the Porphyrus and Elizavetas...

P o l y a. But how can a killer like you be murdered by positive forces that will actually be sincerely conscientious and visionary, absolutely convinced that after killing you they will not save this world but bring evil to it, with more murders everywhere.

T i m. Enough. Polichka. Let's make peace. You've won with your feminine, maternal, peace-loving, all-seeing, insightful, over-logical, righteous nature. Anyway, in short, we won't kill anyone else – we write novels about how someone was killed in past times. We earn a lot of money from these memoirs, these redeeming novels in schematic series, and we go to a far-away island in the Pacific Ocean to engage in fucking, absorbing love for inspiration – so that the next lot of redeeming novels go into multiple editions scribbled between ejaculations... Sorry.

P o l y a. Write whatever you want, just try not to fake it.

T i m. My dear, then we're here in just the right place. For a moral and psychological ethical novel – here in Russian immigration – that isn't faked, the most submissive city is Paris. Wherever you look – the immorality of life plus our immigrant complicity, you might say – taking the immorality of an immigrant and branding it with shame. Yura Tomsy, the Parisian ballerino boy, lent me Vikochka Malinina in a white wedding for five greenbacks. Before that, a private business of immigrant Alims taught me how to rob Israel when leaving for eight and a half, not the Fellini way, with dollar greenbacks for twenty-five percent of the total amount stated, working as a guarantor and buying overpriced apartments. Our entire immigrant life here is just brilliantly immorally co-organized, Polichka. You can't shoot all the freaks and you can't lock them up in novels. I got you, of course, with my Blue Beard delirium. I hope you will still let me through your ears and into your soul in a Christian way, that you perceive me as a poet, a samurai killer poet in his noble field of war, in service to the master. My God-master is you now. My killer characters just involve me. Really, the bastards have got me – they entered me body and soul. SomeT i mes I really don't see any difference between myself and my killer characters.

P o l y a. I myself ate my son in Paris.

T i m. Was it tasty?

P o l y a. Very.

T i m. Then who called you? What nonsense are you telling me?

P o l y a. Timochka, as a Jewess I learned to eat my children from the Russians. They, the Russians, reproach us Jews for eating our own children.

T i m. But wait – you're Russian, Polina.

P o l y a. Russian girls are the most patient little girls in the world. Like Jewish girls. Even more patient than Jewish girls. That's why Russian Jews love Russian women. And Russian women love Jews because Russian Jews are the most inveterate Russian freaks – without the natural step of a sparrow, but only a leap to the side and a gallop from heel to toe. They chirrup above all but jump lower and lower into the filth, lower still. And when I finally realized that I'm the most Jewish sparrow – I calmly, spiritually and physiologically pecked at my very Russian son, a little kike chick.

T i m. He said his name's Lyora. You have a son called Lyora?

P o l y a. I have everything – I live with a Jew in the West. That's what we're talking about.

T i m. The Great Consoler and his beloved girl at the bottom of the grave were talking about worms. And I really forgot about the executioner, who is very kind and on whom a lot depends in this execution.

P o l y a. Oh, that's cool. The executioner should always be the kindest person in the realm – so that people aren't afraid of him when he chops off their heads. Listen, if the executioner doesn't want to chop off his head for his own personal reasons, no matter what they are, then maybe he won't chop off the head of the Great Consoler? The executioner has the right to surprise the unpredictability of his soul and heart, so that the public loves and fears him more? Eh?

T i m. This surprise of unpredictability is revealed, usually, at the last moment – when the head of the Great Consoler will already be lying on the block and the executioner's axe will already be rising towards the sun, the stars – from there, whack, and the head and neck are slit in two forever.

P o l y a. Interesting. If the executioner cuts off the head of the Great Consoler, he will cut off the head of a murderer. But if a murderer kills a murderer, then there is still a murderer left in the world.

T i m. He who wants to live most remains. The one who knows how to forget he is a murderer.

And again without the nerves and worries of the fictional murderer Raskolnikov. Dostoevsky didn't kill anyone himself. How could he know all these torments of the soul, the consequences after the murder, all this was groundless. The murderer only needs to be killed, I repeat.

Allowing a murderer to repent is a crime. That is my belief. But, of course, with part of my Russian soul I clearly understand that Dostoevsky is right in terms of Christian Mercy – we must give even the murderer the opportunity to repent. Otherwise the world will self-destruct. But this is turning the other cheek. I myself do so often in life. But in the novel – you want to kill this bitch so badly – you can't imagine it.

P o l y a. Kiss me, executioner.

T i m. Of course, Joan of Arc! (*Kisses Polya.*) If only everyone was like you, Polichka! We wouldn't need to kill anyone. (*Takes her hand.*) You're trembling all over, this is magical!

P o l y a. You want to die from my love, Tim?

T i m. I do.

P o l y a. I too want to die from your love, Tim.

T i m. I love you, Polichka! (*Kisses Polya.*)

P o l y a. I think the problem of killers can be solved very easily: if all the killers kill each other there will be no more killers left in the World. And you will be the most important CEO in finding and pitting these killers against each other. I'll let you do that.

T i m. For your sake I will sort out all the murderers in no time – and let them devour one another, like rats in a barrel.

P o l y a. And the last remaining killer must commit suicide. Just don't kill him yourself, or you'll be a killer yourself.

T i m. Why are you trembling? Are you cold, or scared?

P o l y a. With a cool killer like you and for a nymphet Natalie Portman like me nothing is frightening, LEON my saviour! (*Kisses him*).

Lights cut out.

(The next day. Onstage, Polya and Lyora.)

L y o r a. Polya, are you delirious? You dragged back to our home some kind of vagrant killer Jewish genius of Russian origin? Some kind of crazy Great Consoler, mad, pro-active, an executioner and good Saviour. Polya, this will drive me to the grave in no time. Isn't my leprous moviemaking enough for you? Aren't I, idiot that I am, enough for you? This is a tragedy, Polichka, a funeral march.

P o l y a. You're not an idiot, Lyora. You have a very big metaphysical necrological opinion of yourself.

L y o r a. In short, what bald devil sent this blue balloon here?

P o l y a. You're not a blue balloon yourself?

L y o r a. Isn't it enough, the blue balloon you have already? Polya, this is crossing the borderline.

P o l y a. I got used to it. I've flown across many borders. Israeli, American, French. With a clapped-out conductor like you.

L y o r a. Isn't one clapped-out Jewish fool enough for you?

P o l y a. I only know one Jewish fool – that's you.

L y o r a. Suppose I'll have to give in. If you really want me to give in, I'll give in.

P o l y a. I want you to give in.

L y o r a. P o l y a, I'm deeply, super-existentially fucked up in this non-therapeutic Immigration – I'm devouring the last AIDS-ridden remnants, my Polichka. I'm already a stinking corpse in soul, in body, and in the pricks of others. And you still want to press another corpse into my body bag, wedging him in. For you I'm some kind of Belmondo. I've been with you a long T i m e. And right now I'll tear like a ten-times-used johnnie. You're ready for that?

P o l y a. Of course.

L y o r a. Well, dear comrades. Polya. Polinochka. Well, what else do you want from me? Shall I completely deflate and die? Then this lousy genius of yours will die sooner, if not head first then feet first, straight to the crematorium.

P o l y a. You're a rare Jew-boy, Lyora.

L y o r a. A seductively rare Jew-boy, my dear Polina. Well, where do we put him, on which floor? That's enough, Polichka. We talked enough – that's it. Enough. Two Jew noses in one prison cell cannot exist in this world, ever. Besides, I'm still jealous of you.

P o l y a. What?

L y o r a. For you none of this is love. No doubt about it. I understand. But even then – he's taking the shit here.

P o l y a. And you?

L y o r a. It's my home.

P o l y a. I put up the dosh.

L y o r a. Okay, enough – hammer me into the coffin, hammer me in – go on. But let it be my own coffin, I want to be alone. This is the last and only wish of your dearest beloved corpse – to be at least quietly, silently alone in my own coffin, it doesn't have to be made of crystal, no need for precious materials or music.

P o l y a. Why can't we be happy, Lyora?

L y o r a. Nobody gets to be happy, Polya.

P o l y a. Then what do people live for?

L y o r a. We're born and we live out our lives, no more and no less.

P o l y a. Don't be mean to him, Lyora. He was born, he's our son.

L y o r a. I'm going crazy, that's for sure.

P o l y a. Why do I go on living with you when it's impossible for me to live with you? Let me go, Lyora!

L y o r a. I'll let you go, no problem. You're in the West, you can do anything you like here.

P o l y a. It was in Russia I did everything I wanted. Here there's freedom – here you have to respect the freedom of others – your freedom, Lyora. But it's only you, lamb of the executor-destroyer, that can do everything you want here – you stole my freedom, my anal freedom. When will we Russians get smarter?

L y o r a. If we get smarter, that'll be boring.

P o l y a. The French aren't bored in France. Why don't you want to be a simple, exemplary, intelligent Jew? Go to work, get paid, finally, like a real normal, useful Jew.

L y o r a. Because of my upbringing. I'm a Jew – there's no way I can get smarter. But for future prosperity, you first need to become Ivan the fool! Yes, yes! Every day I explain to you, girl, my brain nipple system. For you to become a lady you have to outslut all the sluts. And I have to lie on the stove like a foolish Yemelka, to be resurrected later as the Prince. Don't cry, damn it, just let me make my movie – everything will be OK for queens in checkmate, we'll smash all your freak enemies as you always love to do. We'll go to Cannes, win the prize and sit in the immortal kingdom. The plot is cool, about this village where the residents don't know what kind of fruit a Jew is and what to eat it with. And so the cannibals who escaped from prison and accidentally stumbled upon this Siberian taiga village begin to explain to them, these cloth-eared people, how Jews can be deliciously gutted. Well, I told you. I'm going to make short work of everyone with this movie, goddamn. Now it's the only Jewish theme – they cut off everyone's prick, P o l y a. After all, it's only this way that the nomenclature brother will speculate on the topic of Jewish moolah. And, bitch, he doesn't invite me to his dacha in Cannes to have fun. He's a worldwide fighter for the rights of unrecognized dishes, a cut-throat fighting bro, but he doesn't invite Lyorochka and his fucking prick to his dacha for merrymaking at the Cannes festival. The hard-currency payment and the glory are only for porno, to seduce even more free-of-charge sluts, and the other Yemelyas get a yoke in the temple. With no clever Jewish brains I don't understand this Darwinism of the bohemian stubborn absurd, my dear Polina. I must be crazy. Damn it – twenty thousand euros in Dieppe, fuck it, lost at roulette. Well, for greenbacks I took this Korean, Dobrynya from Kazakhstan, a producer, to Dieppe to breathe the air of the English Channel and fuck a few French salopes. I was punished to the tune of twenty thousand euros. Dammit, Polya, by all the saints, by the vices of all the saints, I swear – I'll give you twenty thousand corrupt euros. I owe Boule ten thousand now. If I don't give Boule ten thousand in three days Boule will cut your Lyorochka, your not-fully-killed louse from the Soviet Union with a penknife. Polinochka-Linochka, I'll give you those euro notes. I won't burn out this T i me with the Soviet Union, dammit. There's a free-of-charge fucking Jewish movie we can fly out to shoot right away. Well, we needed and there was and will be a Korean, a right bastard, Dobrynya from Kazakhstan, Ilya Muromets in Mumu. He tells me that in the movies right now they need music and pictures, and my script about a village with cannibals and no Jews is passé. Lyorochka, he says, you can shove your Jewish script in your fucking Jewish black ass. In the movies music and pictures can make the people pay money!!! This Korean Kaiser from Kazakhstan, the dick! Like the mute Korean in a black metal hat with Goldfinger, a killer, James Bond Sean Connery 007, there he was gracefully felled with a voltaic arc at the end. You know it. And no one else promises me currency for a movie, goddam. After all, everyone likes anal real art. And I'm like a saint, fighting for pure, big, sacred art. Porn everywhere, in life and in movies. Enough to give you a migraine, a stroke, Polinochka. Let Boule slice me up, for fuck's sake, for steamed meat. No, fuck it, let Boule chop me into foie gras. I don't need any wiping paper euro

francs shit, Polichka. Especially since all your money is holy. Let Boule slash me, for fuck's sake, once and for all.

P o l y a. Let Boule slash you... once and for all.

L y o r a. Well, yes – of course, once and for all, let Boule cut me, my sweet darling. Thank you, mother, for your holy and heavenly sincerity. Thank you. I definitely deserved it.

P o l y a. I don't have ten thousand euros, Lyora.

L y o r a. I played to win. For you to win, Polichka. Before that I'd won a lot for you.

P o l y a. You've only been losing lately. And I'm crying with my leaky doped pussy-rose, I'm crying with my life, Lyorka.

L y o r a. I don't have a leaky doped pussy-rose, Polichka. And my life is torn to shreds, burning in your tender pink hands.

P o l y a. And you don't have a penis, Lyorochka.

L y o r a. I do have a penis, Polya – let's not thrash my dick too.

P o l y a. This big leaky smelly torn ass everywhere. And of course he suffered from it... I begged you, pleaded with you not to play that bloody roulette any more.

L y o r a. I wanted to win, Polichka. I wanted to win for your sake, baby.

P o l y a. Okay, Lyorka, don't whine.

L y o r a. You're my God, Polichka. God alone knows, you're God to me, Polinochka.

P o l y a. Save me, Lyora.

L y o r a. I want to save you, Polinochka! But you can see what an asshole I am, a Russian sham miser of Jewish origin. But I love you. Only God knows how I love you, Polinochka!!! (*Weeps.*) I'm a slimeball – I'm the last Russian slimeball of Jewish origin, Polinochka!!! (*Weeps.*)

P o l y a. You're the first Russian slimeball of Jewish origin, Lyorochka.

L y o r a. Kill, kill me, Polichka!!! (*Weeps.*)

(Tim appears in the doorway. Polya and Lyora don't see him.)

All I ask of you is that you don't kiss Tim. If you infect him with AIDS – he's crazy, he'll tell everyone.

P o l y a. Lyora takes good care of himself.

L y o r a. Lyora takes good care of everyone.

P o l y a. You can't get AIDS by kissing. It was you who brought me this AIDS-carrying rich French Jerome, Lyorka.

L y o r a. I warned you, Polichka. You agreed to it. You even wanted to risk going with this provocative AIDS-carrier yourself. I'm guilty every time, always, I know. Kill me, your Jewish asshole, tonight, Polinochka!!! (*Weeps.*)

P o l y a. It was then I decided to kill myself. Because you, Lyora, my tender, loving and beloved animal-husband, brought me an AIDS-carrier, and wanted this AIDS-carrying Jerome to want me for one hundred thousand euros... And I wanted that.

L y o r a. Polinochka! But where are they, my beloved, the one hundred thousand euros?!!!

P o l y a. Polinochka pierced a hole in the johnnie with her sharp nail, before making love with the prince.

L y o r a. Every day, such details – I can't take it, Polinochka, makes me cry, Polinochka!!! (*Weeps.*)

P o l y a. And the AIDS-ridden sperm of the lovely Jerome the AIDS-carrier, stayed inside me forever.

L y o r a. My sweet, my beloved, dear, darling, unhappy Polichka – this is unbearable. Kill me, your bastard, your Jewish asshole, Polichka!!! (*Weeps.*)

P o l y a. When Jeromchik slid his penis out of me and saw the torn johnnie and realized that he had come with AIDS-ridden sperm into my body, then Jerome sobbed like Shakespeare and carried me to the bathtub in his arms, just as Othello carried the strangled Desdemona. And all night, for hours, he washed me in the bath with perfumes and shampoos. And he licked me with

his tongue and swallowed his AIDS sperm with his mouth. Oh, my sweet AIDS-ridden Jerome, this was our fatal destiny. I wanted to kill myself, and now I'm doing just that. I don't blame you, Lyorochka for anything – it was me that wanted to fuck for money. And you didn't protest, Lyorochka, my beloved, dear, darling killer.

L y o r a. I must have been mad!!! I am mad!!! Polinochka!!! (*Weeps.*) To emigrate and end up catching AIDS?!! Fuck it!!! Fuck it!!! Fuck it!!! I'll make a great movie, Polina – all the sluts-Akashics-lady-swans, such a movie, shit, I'll fuck, I'll screw the bastards that inflicted this immigration on us, shit, I'll kill those AIDS-mongers.

P o l y a. No problem working as a pro when you're beautiful. But when a working girl's beauty disappears, everything disappears in a pale and beautiful way. And AIDS disappears you faster and more zealously. Oh, divine AIDS, thank you for this royal meeting... Don't hurt Tim, he's a good man. I have so little time left to live, Lyora. Don't hurt Tim.

L y o r a. Everything will be alright, Polichka.

P o l y a. If not I'll go to the hospital and get registered. When I can't extort money from the amorous preoccupied population of Paris Boule will kill you quickly, once and for all, with ultimate harmony and rhythm.

(*Tim coughs.*)

L y o r a. Jesus! You should knock before entering, Timokha! Isn't that right, Polichka?

T i m. I... Sorry. I wasn't thinking.

P o l y a. Sit down and have some tea, Tim. I'll get the tea. (*Goes out to the kitchen.*)

T i m (*picks up a pack of pills from the table*). AZT. Polina's got AIDS?

L y o r a. Polina's got AIDS.

T i m. You can't get AIDS by kissing.

L y o r a. You can't get AIDS by kissing.

(*Polya comes in with the tea.*)

P o l y a. Everything's ok. Have some tea, guys.

L y o r a. Don't tell anyone Polina has AIDS, T i m. Alright?

T i m. Of course not.

L y o r a. And don't kiss Polina any more. Apart from having AIDS she's my wife, not my mother. Understand?

T i m. Of course. I kissed Polina in a friendly way, as the French do. After all, we're living in France now.

L y o r a. Polina and I have French passports, but I don't want to see any more French kisses, Ti. Alright?

T i m. Alright.

L y o r a. That's ok then. So. In short. Lyora wants to smoke, but L y o r a doesn't have any cigarettes left. Ok? No fooling around, guys. No need for any more problems in a foreign country.

Ok? (*He is about to go out.*)

P o l y a. I'll go get some cigarettes. Need a breath of air. My head is aching. (*Goes out.*)

L y o r a. We've all got a headache... That girl gives you a headache.

T i m. She's a good girl.

L y o r a. We're all good girls – when we're not bad boys. Will you write a screenplay for me? I'll give you the initial concept. A dazzling plot and a harrowing Jewish theme.

T i m. I'm writing a novel.

L y o r a. What asshole wants your Great Consoler now, especially here in Paris. You must be totally crazy, and you seem to be a Jew, too. You need to reflect the mood of the moment. Now even anti-Semites don't regret putting money on tear-jerking Jewish stories.

T i m. You don't say.

L y o r a. If you don't have a Jewish theme in the West today, then tomorrow the West will have you, a Jew, scuppered with a Jewish theme, they'll have you fucked without even asking your last name. You need to be first to jab your hobbled lupine between-the-legs hard-on Jewish-Russian member in here quickly, very timely and boldly, deep inside to the point of obscurity – radiation in the eyes of this hoarded-up West – if the West itself has pleaded to be assfucked with the Jewish Russian theme. And if you manage to fuck the West well, then love will drag itself along with the world autopilot. If you fuck the West with love, Russia will already be waving its ass by inertia, in line with the West. And if Russia is waving its ass, in the West they're already warmed up and ready, you simply rule forever, a millionaire Rothschild with yachts. You're even better than them – you put the Russia-girl with the West, the pederast Dorian Gray fatalistic killer, languidly side by side, doggy style, and into their anal holes all along the spine with a gasp, one by one, you curse and insert your immeasurably active prick, and with a Kalashnikov burst you come orgasmically in their happy, gaping mouths. Surely, my boy, such a scenario about life and art must be a success?

T i m. The way to live a long life without any stress.

L y o r a. You got it! Your brain cells are already in motion. Then you turn on the music and the movie is off and running. Write a script, Consoler, this will be a great consolation to us. While in Russia everything is practically free – take it, motherfucker, don't pass by the free movie in Russia from Paris, immigrant boy, for the glory of your homeland – we're not slaves. Or write a blood-soaked murderous porn scenario in the nostalgic Soviet KGB mode about a mutually murderous group on the genetic hemorrhoidal sub-cortex level in Paris. Any Western porn is rejected for our own historical films that bleed with the tragedy of love for the ineligible power. Turn out the light and flash up the movie. What powerful forces of secret Soviet agents are gathered in Paris to fuck each other in the ass in unison until they are felled by the fever of AIDS and the grave beyond. They're cooler here, our cockroach scum are stronger than in the USSR, my euro boy. So nobody can guess who is a dissident and who is KGB – everyone has completely fucked everyone else here, they all dug into all the KGB, dissident, Politburo and other Jewish-Russian holy holes. Everyone just wants to fuck and spectacularly zigzag a close friend, so that foreigners are still afraid. One type of salvation is to be the first, I repeat, to fuck – pumping like a fire engine, confidently, brazenly, deeply and boldly. That is what you must write for me in your great holy script, while your brain is still all-seeing, prophetic and accurate.

T i m. You speak colourfully.

L y o r a. But I can't write colourfully, writer.

T i m. But wait, when you fuck someone you really forget yourself – and that's when someone puts his AIDS-ridden dick in your ass for his own sweet, immeasurably prophetic murderous pleasure!

L y o r a. Well, that's the essence of porn in bohemian group sex – the one who fucks to death the first, without knowing why, only to win glory and then, with all this monetary glory, to more easily and sincerely flog and knock down the others.

T i m. The end-to-end theme is awesome.

L y o r a. My boy. Here is a topic that's really biblical and at the same time contemporary, bloody and sacred, with repentance in the finale. Polish Jews from Siberia told me this in Paris. Ephemerically speaking all Cannes will be ours. But if you, people's commissar, plagiarize my plot for your novels I will kill you, piss-head, without trial or investigation. Ok? Lyorochka's ultimate judgement will be to ride you into the asphalt without trial or investigation.

T i m. And what else is in store on the asphalt, commissar, in short?

L y o r a. You're a serious Jew with a lightning-quick brain, I really like you, lifer. In short, this Jewish plot about a flourishing but remote Siberian village of some fifty houses surrounded by cedar forests. The people living in these houses sowed wheat, they have cattle. They have them in the bestial sense, too – this is when God can't see because of the clouds. When there's no God at all. Where could he be – he's not there, not anywhere. A truly atheistic plot, right through to

the end. Two cannibal fugitives from the GULAG end up there – a third convict that ran away with them got eaten long ago, and now they’re hungry again. They see this village ahead with smoking chimneys. They enter. The villagers welcome them as honoured guests with bread and salt. Soon they put the newcomers in charge of the village. The residents soon realize the convicts have big members-generators – they can penetrate anyone they like in any aperture without lubricant. They are confident in their members. Time passes – the convicts crave fresh human flesh. So they tell the population: all your diseases, and all other misfortunes with a fatal outcome, are the fault of the Jews. If children go missing in the forest, they’ve been eaten by the Jews, no doubt about it. The day before the cannibals had specially led two little kids away into the forest, roasted them over a Pioneer bonfire and devoured them. The populace has never heard of Jews before and asks them to explain in detail. The convicts explain it like this: let all the villagers with hooked noses wade into the river to waist level, and the other villagers with upturned noses should take knives and stakes and stand on the banks – in this way the Jews will be revealed. Being naïve and uneducated, the villagers carry out the convicts’ instructions. Then the convicts tell the inhabitants with upturned noses and knives or stakes that the naked inhabitants with hooked noses in the river are these same Jews and should be quickly slaughtered, salted like fruit or vegetables and eaten slowly, so they last a long time. The people with upturned noses do as the convicts ordered. They develop a taste for Jewish flesh and eat it quickly with appetite for a long time. But again the time comes when all the human flesh has been devoured and the people with upturned noses feel the urge for more Jewish meat. The convicts tell them straight out, without taking them to the river: those who, despite their upturned noses, have curly hair and dark eyes are naturally also Jews, the same fruit and vegetables. And with surprising resignation these new Jews surrender themselves to feed the others. Then the rest of the people with upturned noses are also butchered and pickled, and to this day the convicts haven’t yet managed to devour all their grandchildren. This is the basic material for the screenplay of my film. But it needs developing, maybe with a few depraved culinary details.

T i m. With a culinary theme of depraved cannibalism as well – back off, Lyora. Not my style.

L y o r a. Back off yourself. Why tell your lies about the Great Consoler to us, the grandchildren of convicts? I can understand your Consoler doesn’t need a cannibalistic culinary theme, I agree. But my theme of convict Great Stranglers with a cannibalistic culinary aspect would be more interesting as a farce. I could write it myself. Can’t you see, the soul is utterly sullied by this life of immigrant intrigue. In this taiga story I only feel the soul of these cannibal convicts. The film script must also have the theme of love, between a hooked nose and an upturned nose, something touching, naïve and lyrical, so that ordinary people buy cinema tickets and go see a film they find moving. You can add something about love for me. I think you still have it in you. Otherwise, when I think about the script I see before me not frozen Russia, but Israel, the USA, or even Paris, a gay faggot instead of this village lost in the Siberian taiga. And the convicts are like the grey KGB and gulag rats eating me, eating the simple, honest immigrant toiler alive. That might be tolerable if I didn’t see myself in my scenario as this cannibalistic grey rat that devours itself. Total fucking self-destruction every way you look at it. But it looks like I can’t devour myself entirely. Help me write this script, brother. Or devour me, this anti-Semitic Jew immigrant cannibal, all raw, without culinary perversion, just devour me.

T i m. Lyora. I don’t have the appetite for it.

L y o r a. Let’s drink then, that will give you an appetite! (*Reaches for a bottle.*)

(*Polya enters.*)

P o l y a. Your fags. (*Gives Lyora pack of cigarettes.*)

L y o r a. Thanks, Polichka, you’re a sweetheart. (*Lights up.*) Okay, guys. Let’s think it over, make an outline of the script, Tim – then we’ll be friendly and happy, just like in the movies. Ok? (*Looks at his watch.*) Oh yeah! I’m meant to be at a Party meeting with the old lags. There’re having a rendezvous in the bar across the street. I won’t be long. Have fun.

(Goes out.)

P o l y a. So what d'you think of Lyora? A man who's alive but dead.

T i m. I love you, Polya.

P o l y a. Love is beautiful. The most magical category in the wonderful human eternity. But they haven't found an AIDS drug yet. Everyone dies and so will I. Why should God make an exception for a whore like me? If God exists. Other girls who were never whores die without God. I love you too, Tim.

(Puts her arms round him, starts to cry.)

Why is there no cure for this damn disease?

T i m. Will you give me AIDS, Polichka?

P o l y a. What?

T i m. I can't live after you die, Polinochka.

P o l y a. What are you saying?

T i m. I can't live without you. I want to die of your... AIDS. Then I'll know I'm dying from your microbes, and I'll feel better. I agree to die of your germs, Polinochka. I want you, Polina. Can I kiss you like a man kisses his beloved wife, on the mouth, slowly-slowly?

P o l y a. You can.

(Long kiss between Tim and Polya.)

T i m. I want you, Polina. I want you to give me your AIDS. I want you, Polina!

P o l y a. Then take me – take me!!!

(Pause.)

T i m. My... my prick... he doesn't want to... stand up. I'm impotent. Can't get hard. Complete prostration. That lousy squat must be the reason. *(Weeps.)*

P o l y a. Calm down, T i m. I'll feed you up. You'll soon be strong and hard. If you go jogging you'll soon recover your strength. Won't you?

T i m. I'll do that later. Ok? For now give me your finger, I'll make a little cut, make you bleed a bit, like my finger. *(Cuts his finger with a knife.)*

P o l y a. You're crazy.

T i m. Look, it's beautiful. The red blood of love.

P o l y a. Of love...

T i m. Doesn't hurt at all.

P o l y a. Doesn't hurt...

T i m. Can I give you a little cut to show the red blood of love?

P o l y a. Go on.

(Tim cuts Polya's finger with the knife.)

T i m. Look, yours looks very beautiful too – the red blood... of love...

P o l y a. Of love...

T i m. Can my wound love your wound a bit?

P o l y a. Go on.

T i m *(presses the cut on his finger to the cut on her finger.)* I'm so happy, Polichka.

P o l y a. Timochka!

(They embrace, begin a long kiss.)

T i m *(looks at his cut)*. God gave life to all. The AIDS microbes want to live too.

P o l y a. What have you done, Timochka? What have I done? Timochka!!! *(Wraps her arms*

round Tim, kisses him, weeps.)

T i m. AIDS will be a good executioner. He will execute us both simultaneously.

P o l y a. Romantic.

T i m. Love saves romantics from life.

P o l y a. Truly. You're crazy, Timochka!!! *(She faints.)*

T i m. Polinochka! *(Leans over Polya as she lies on the floor, kisses her.)*

(Lyora enters.)

L y o r a. What happened?

T i m. Polinochka fell over.

L y o r a. If Polinochka fell over we must lift Polinochka up.

(They place Polya on the sofa. Revive her. Give her a glass of water.)

What happened, Polinochka?

P o l y a. Lyora.

L y o r a. I'm Lyora, I'm here. What happened?

P o l y a. My head's spinning.

L y o r a. Shall I give you a pill?

P o l y a. It's quicker without pills.

L y o r a. T i m, maybe she'll listen to you at least and swallow these anti-AIDS pills! Well, what else can we do, Polichka? I'm going mad. I'm going mad for sure, guys. It'll be for the best. It's still impossible to understand this leprous AIDS-ridden immigrant life, my brothers!

P o l y a. Everything's ok, Lyorochka. Lyorochka, you're a good guy.

L y o r a. We're all good guys, Polichka, when we want to be. That's a golden notebook quote. *(Jots it down in his notebook.)* I'm going schizo – I need a drink. Tim, Polina, we're human, we a drink – can't we just forget for a while that we're dung worms here in Paris?

P o l y a. Let's drink.

T i m. Let's drink.

L y o r a. Now we can have a human conversation, guys. *(Finds some glasses and a bottle of vodka, pours.)* They completely gutted me with their versified bohemian chatter. What are we toasting?

P o l y a. The Earth.

L y o r a. Idle talk of trans-bohemian worms.

T i m. If the Earth didn't exist, there'd be no sky.

L y o r a. The Earth revolves around the sun in the cosmos.

P o l y a. And somewhere in Paris the Eiffel Tower penetrates the Earth like a splinter.

L y o r a. C'est la vie. That's the way it is. We'll survive. That will do.

(They drink.)

Lights cut out.

Lyora and Tim.

L y o r a. No, I don't understand you at all, my friend. God gave you talent as a writer and Lyora has offered you a real-life commission so you can earn money and be famous. What do you say? You'll never be able to get rich with your Great Consoler. They told me in Israel that I too could

send Jews to their coffins. I will never believe that a gay clown like you can outsmart the Jews. Although there's a few gay fascists who might be capable of it. Well, write a script about how they eviscerated the Jews in Israel, non-baptised anti-Semite. Let the love in this scenario be fatal yet uncomplicated. Let every Frenchman from Bordeaux and every Russian immigrant pay the cinema so he and his beloved wife can watch the film. I'm tired of making films free of charge. How long can I do it? Life in Paris is too expensive. I'm worn out, man. I need a rest. Do you need a rest?

T i m. Absolutely.

L y o r a. Let's take a holiday, then. Why shouldn't two healthy men take a break. Here the vino, let's get pissed. (*Pours Tim some wine; he too drinks.*)

T i m. Polya's an amazing girl.

L y o r a. There's no place left to brand this amazing girl. The little witch really knows how to put herself about. You're in love with her? My heartfelt congratulations. All the more since Polichka is my wife, legally speaking. A fatal love affair for your screenplay? You think I don't love or feel jealous about this nymphet? You're very much mistaken, comrade. This is curly shaggy-headed Polichka, a whore who still can't figure out that love and life are out of proportion. She's a trollop, and she's got AIDS – to avenge me, a bald Jew, for my faithful love with a deadly fate – an AIDS-infected cunt. Yes, really – a natural Russian phony slut. Here in the West that's the Jewish existence. The all-loving Russian brain may still be worth something in Russia. Well, she's a patient whore, that's true. For that I appreciate Russian women – I size them up, love, screw and respect them. I wouldn't have risked leaving for the West with a natural, real-life, tender but thoroughly cheapskate Jewess, a real blue-blooded Jewess. What Polina had to put up with due to my lifestyle would have buried ten Sarahs, no problem. But even with my complex Jewish brain I can't understand simple Russian chicks. How many of them I fucked, all different, but I know with my sperm sucking brain that they only have one thinking convolution, their scratchy pink slit. But their edelweiss, this murderous snake-killing crotch splinter, has an incomparable capacity for reason. So this girl Polinka starts putting out, so I get jealous? But I'm not jealous, damn it. If she doesn't believe that I love her, to hell with it, but I'm not jealous – my armpits don't itch with jealousy, that's it, no matter how much you stray, slut, you can be a right royal whore. Did she give you this trope about the ladies who are the bitchiest sluts, too? Yes, she just started putting out and she just really liked screwing. To begin with she did it for free, on the side. Then she sees you can get good money for fucking. And she started earning big bucks. And I don't care if she earns good money. I don't live with her to sponge on her money. I'm just a stable kind of family guy, faithful to my one and only. If I married the one girl, I'll live and die with her alone. I too can have a bit on the side, it's only natural. Nature demands that sperm is selflessly shed and shared with someone or other. It's not a crime, T i m, for a guy to have a few fucks in his own paid living space. All the more so, when your own pussy fucks until she catches AIDS. And of course, if you're screwing you need to screw a few lookers. And if they're lookers, they're young. If they're young, it gets expensive. At least Polinka understands me in this respect and gives me money for girls and boys, it's because she still loves me, that's why she gives money to her Jewboy ferret for his Yid copulation. Probably she wants me to get AIDS, too. And I skewer very young girls and even younger boys like chaste and cute baby monkeys. I ask them for their medical certificates. If I'm not sure I screw them with a rubber johnnie. What can you do, brother, when you're not quite sure? So you're not well acquainted with AIDS yourself?

T i m. This AIDS can fuck off as far as I'm concerned.

L y o r a. Excuse me, brother, I looked in your suitcase and found an HIV-negative test certificate, although it's a year old.

T i m. Borya Tomsky, the forensic labial expert, wouldn't let me live in his house unless I brought him a certificate.

L y o r a. You lived with him?

T i m. L y o r a, you've swayed me with your pressing questions.

L y o r a. After Borya Tomskey, over there in the squat, did you fuck in a manly way with someone? Can you answer just this medical question, this primary and sacral gender question, my wacky baby monkey?

T i m. To live in the squat, let alone die there, you don't have to fuck the manly way at all.

L y o r a. You're not as stupid as you pretend to be. I knew you're a half-pink balloon, debauched but holy.

T i m. I loved Borya with real love, while there was love.

L y o r a. But I see you love to love girls, too. That's to say you're an immeasurably depraved bisexual giant. Let's make it clear: gay as the blue sky and clear-cool in bohemian mouths – Lyorochka – bisexual dangerous-cool.

(Holds out his hand.)

T i m. Go to hell, Lyora, alconaut.

L y o r a. Bigger it, what kind of little boy writer are you to blaspheme a colleague? I'm with you, more or less, in a good way. We'll land smoothly – you'll fly to the blue sky. Polya won't be back yet – she's working the night shift, overtime.

T i m. What?

L y o r a. Polinochka has gone to suck and fuck for euros – she's earning dosh to buy her guys supper. Of course these guys love Polichka, but they can't get money to feed themselves. God didn't give guys the ladies' attraction slot. Even with a gay ass and a snotty dick, if you're not a juicy 20-year-old boy there's no chance of scoring in Paris. But there's no problem having fun and hanging out with a snotty gay scoundrel like you. Tim, I'm not asking you to suck my dick if you don't want to – you can still bite it off in a fit of anger, you killer. For now, I'm not in a rush to reach the next world. But we have hands and asses – who can stop us? And what else is there to do here in Paris when you're short of funds? All the more since you don't want to write this dream scenario for me. You gotta pay the rental one way or another.

T i m. I was ready to go and earn some dosh today, I can play my guitar in the metro. Polya said there's no need. You also said there's no need.

L y o r a. Are you stupid or are you pretending? Who needs your fucking forty euros or whatever amount of euro-franc-coppers you'd get for the whole week. For one night Polya can coin more than you'll earn in a lifetime, clubfoot. You really tell oral bullshit, writer, but you're a cute sportsman with lovely ruddy cheeks. *(Hugs Tim.)* We can really love one another... I won't hurt you. My little boy, my acrobatic baby monkey.

T i m. Leave me alone, Lyora. *(Pulls away from Lyora.)*

L y o r a. No, I can't leave you alone, Tim. If someone gives me a hard-on I can't keep away. Don't be afraid, Tim. I haven't got AIDS. I always have my certificate to hand with the authentic stamp on it. Look. *(Shows his certificate.)* You're a pure and holy boy, too, you don't have any kind of AIDS. Let's make pure mutual love, my little cupid, my boy, my bunny, my budgie. Stop behaving like a hymen – you're not a girl. Why are you coy as a little cherry? You're no little girl.

T i m. But you're a Jew, Lyora.

L y o r a. I hate it when I get called a Jew. Tim, you're a bastard, a real-life yid.

T i m. You should drink in moderation, that's a quote from Jawaharlal Nehru. Okay, I'm gonna get naked.

L y o r a. I'll undress you with the greatest pleasure, my Little Tom Thumb.

(Puts his arms round Tim.)

T i m. Let's see who gets undressed first, bitch! *(Forcefully throws Lyora across him, pulls off his trousers.)*

Lights cut out.

L y o r a. Talk dirty! Talk dirty! Cuss good and hard!!! Aah!!! Aah!!! Right in, deep in, tired out,

were you, that's a magic sword, baby!!! Good!!! Aah!!! Right in!!! Aah!!!
All-mighty!!! All-powerful!!! Aah!!! Falsetto!!! Aaaaah!!! Like that!!! Yes – like thaaaat!!! So
good!!! Wow – what an epic force – that's so good!!! You're my
consoler and saviour!

The following day.

(Lyora is reclining on the sofa, sucking his thumb as he flicks through a magazine. Polya enters. She's tipsy.)

P o l y a. Lyorochka! *(Flings her arms round Lyora.)*

L y o r a. You're in a very good mood, Polichka!

P o l y a. Last night Edmond was splendid as a hurricane, my dearest Lyora! *(Throws her purse on the table.)* Now Boule won't be in such a hurry to cut your throat with a penknife.

L y o r a *(takes the money from her purse, counts it)*. Ten thousand euro-francs! Twelve thousand! You're a masterpiece, Polinka! You're my heavenly, earthly golden girl! Edmond gave you all that himself?!

P o l y a. Edmond gave me a huge bouquet of red roses! I tossed the roses from the balcony of a five-star hotel in Montmartre, for the endless party that Paris throws for me, like a bone thrown to my bitch Montmartre soul! Before him there was Pierre, then Christophe, then Mohammed, David, then black Jean with his white teeth. The Gospel of John: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.' John, Ivan Sergeevich, Alexander Pushkin, our enlightened harmonious white-black boy, genius of speech, combined two extremes in one:

'Always of the same humble and majestic appearance,
Just as a grey-haired deacon in his office
Sits watching all those innocent and guilty,
Observing good and evil indifferently,
Without knowing anger or compassion.'

By the words 'Observing good and evil indifferently', Pushkin proved that Nature doesn't wage war, and men should take that as an example. We can swear, but we can't argue.

L y o r a. I swear and argue too, all the time, in a vulgar and offensive way, my heavenly darling. Why does money never fall from the sky of heavenly Paris by itself, not even for pious people like you, my dear Polya?

P o l y a. They don't give money for profanities. You should know that. But on the other hand, there's nothing in the world more selfless and sincere than our obscene language. 'Fuck off', for example, means you have no virile generalizing creativity and you just need to get fertilized. And 'fuck your mother' means 'where's your memory'? But Freud, the little bureaucrat, completely diverted all that into pathology.

L y o r a. That's true, my dear. All the wrong-headedness of modern-day psychology stems from that. And does Freud understand my problem? He was a charlatan bastard, an Oedipean phallus; relatively speaking Freud was just a Jew, a Western dick from the hill of Sisyphus.

P o l y a. When the true gods return to Earth, they simply won't be recognized. The problem was that Freud didn't have any Russian obscene language over there in Austria, what could they know about all the things that can be generalized with our expletives. And between us Russian girls it's necessary to have talent to listen and understand profanities, if we declare ourselves to be real, serious poetesses. Everything else is a lie, pointless chatter and provocation! Naturally. No, but in chess checkmate means a thrashing, deadlock and loss. In physics it's the point of stupor. Profane language is an entire universe, where there's always a way out of the shit that is

precisely configured by obscene expletives, by emphasis, this is the essence of its naked, tortured truth. Swearing is sacrificial, revealing the empty man, eliminating problems.

L y o r a. What did they give you to drink last night, those dickhead Paris hotel barbarians? What led you to voice Russian expletives? Are you a little fatigued, my little naked angelic poet? Shall I run you a bath?

P o l y a. Expletives stick to those who bear sweet sin, and no bath can help, my dear Lyorochka. (*Kicks at underpants lying on the floor*). Look, your polka-dot underpants are swearing in sperm – we bought those together someplace!

L y o r a. My underpants are resting quietly, not uttering a word. What are you on about, Polya. Come on, lie down, chill out. (*Picks the underpants off the floor.*)

P o l y a. Where's Tim?

L y o r a. Everything's okay, Polichka.

P o l y a. Where's Tim?!

L y o r a. I'm telling you everything's okay, Polichka! To hell with him. I don't know where Tim is. He was here all night with me. (*Gestures at the sofa.*) I didn't hurt him.

Softly-softly. I tenderly and caressingly put my dick in his fucking huge mouth... I swear to you on all my holy infertility that I didn't hurt him, Polichka. He's a cool guy, Tim's a real goer.

Such a strong, tired-out, gay winter stallion. The little gay boy is resting, all worn out. Listen, let him stay with us. Thank you for bringing Tim, Polinochka. He's like a cricket brownie – we can just breed happiness. You're never wrong about people. It was so tender and friendly between us – he tickled my palate numb like sponge cake cream with his super silky intoxicating tail.

P o l y a. You can't cross the same river twice. You stay there the first time. In Russian folk tales they chop off your tail with an axe. The bifurcated swishy tails of harridan cloven-footed sexomaniacs are felled with an axe for good.

L y o r a. I did him no harm, Polya, we had such a beautiful, junked-up, carefree trip. But I can't fuck you, right in the mouth of almighty AIDS! And I need to fuck. Or else I become a neurotic crazy freak, twitching like that stupid idiot, your neurotic pathologist Uncle Freud, or worse. I'm a normal man, Polichka. And like a normal man I need to fuck, the call of nature. I don't want to get your AIDS, Polichka. And don't look at me like that, as if I passed it on to you. I'm exhausted and badly bruised. Well, you just fucked and became a tender, aromatic lady. I, too, just fucked and became... more or less... once again... what I was... but in truth worse, although, as far as my body is concerned, much better. You are explicitly and ulceratively right, my dear Polya. As always. Polya, I'm being self-critical... Polya... Why are you so sad? More tears. I don't understand the meaning of your tears – I just don't. And now you're laughing again. Thank God. Tim will come back any minute and you'll see, his eyes are shining with happiness. You have to understand this world in all its volume and diversity, political correctness and Western tolerance. Tim himself doesn't give a shit about getting laid with an adrenaline-fuelled guy. I just fucked with Tim, Polya, but you can't imagine how much I love you, without hypocrisy at this moment. I love you, Polya, and I'm absolutely transforming myself in the best artistic and inspired way! But that will clearly end in a completely crap way!!!

P o l y a. Like Tim, you loved me as you got sick.

L y o r a. Probably even more. Tim also loved me with a heavenly, consoling and sickening love. You know yourself. Tim's an imperative hurricane, a pumped-up strongman. But if you want to fuck him we need to use a johnnie from now on. And it'd be better if you two didn't fuck at all. You can love one another with platonic love, at a distance of a centimetre, at least. I guarantee: such immaculate love will actually last longer. You have a whole division of aborigine generals who'll always pay you for a fuck. Let me have Tim, Polya. I'll do whatever you want if you give me that, Polichka. What do you want me to do?

P o l y a. Tim wanted me without a johnnie. But he couldn't do it. He's too tired. He couldn't get it up.

L y o r a. Why should he want to fuck, I say it again, without a johnnie? Are you crazy, are you little kids? Getting AIDS as a chance, parting gift from you? Let Tim come out of this clean and

ready-to-please with me, Polinka. Why are you so hung up on him? When he was with me he had an epic hard-on. Shit, he's got such a mortadella sausage, healing to the death, you catch your breath, but so chastely, naïvely, yet deeply, he penetrated me to the bowels with his healing treatment, then he came out, and then again he repeated that magical spring manoeuvre over and over with his striking epoch-making hymen-breaking genital cock.

P o l y a. Bravo, bravo, congratulations – and you sword-fought without cloaks?

L y o r a. Of course we sword-fought without cloaks. We weren't fighting a duel en plein air with Lensky. Tim has an HIV-negative test certificate. Borya Tomsy never jabs his huge dueling sword inside anyone's anal breach without an AIDS certificate. And the last time Tim did any penetrating it was only Borya Tomsy a year ago. After that nobody. Tim's an incredibly honest dude – he was looking me in the eye. He only shafts you up the ass out of spiritual love. We made love with loving, Polinka. And for love a contraceptive is equal to AIDS. I can't live without love, this duel between worthy men – you know me as a poet like Lensky, my Polichka-Olechka, Tatiana born of the Larins.

P o l y a. Yesterday Tim took this knife and made an incision in his finger. The crimson blood of love was shed. Then with the same knife Tim cut my finger too. Again the crimson blood of love was shed. After that we pressed our loving cuts together – incision to incision, blood to blood, and our wounds loved each other for eternity. Our wounds loved each other... (*Sinks onto the sofa, covers her face with her hands, weeps.*) Poor Tim, he loved me so much that he wanted to die from my AIDS, to die the same Time as me. And you made love with Tim to die with us at the same Time, Lyorochka. I'm not jealous, I'm tired of jealousy. I even forgive Tim for his betrayal.

L y o r a. Wha-a-at?!! Fuck!!! A-a-a!!! (*Grabs his ass, spits saliva, looks like a madman at his 'cut' finger.*) AIDS!!! A-a-a!!! Fuck-a-a!!! (*Runs around the room, uncertain what to do.*)

AIDS!!! Fuck-a-a!!! AIDS never sleeps, fuck, fuck-a-a!!! (*Howls.*) AIDS never sleeps, fuck, fuck-a-a!!! (*Howls.*) AIDS never sleeps, fuck, fuck-a-a!!! I'm going to kill this AIDS leper, pariah, leper, bitch-a-a!!! He came inside me three times, the bastard, and ended up so stiff, Polinotchka!!! And he, that beast, that hitman, he cut my finger too, the thug, so we too could be blood-related! I'll kill that Pol Pot executioner – that pure, honest Jew! My Polina!!! Fuck-a-a!!! Momma!!! Fuck-a-a!!! What can I do now, Polina – my beloved girl?!!! (*Sobs.*)

P o l y a. There are pills to take. Swallow some AIDS pills, Lyorochka.

L y o r a. But pills won't stop me catching AIDS, Polichka.

P o l y a. Pills don't help anyone, Lyorochka.

L y o r a. I can't take it – I can't co-exist like this!!! (*Weeps on her lap.*)

(*Tim enters.*)

P o l y a. Tim!!! Where have you been? My gentle, beloved, belated Tim.

T i m. Went for a run.

L y o r a. Murderer, bastard, leprous killer, bitch!!! (*Howls*) I'll kill you, bitch, murderer, with this AIDS-infected knife, finish you off, you leper, bitch, killer, bastard! Pray, Jewboy, leper, yid, to God the Executioner!!!

P o l y a. Give me the knife! (*Snatches the knife from Lyora.*)

L y o r a. You bitches, typhous sluts, leprous AIDS carriers! You infected me with AIDS, you bitches, you typhous AIDS lepers. Why did I surrender to a communal death? I'm not an executioner, Polichka. It's you, the AIDS bandits pretending to be poets, you're the bastard executioners, the typhous AIDS carriers that mow us down! (*Weeps.*) We've become blood relatives now, AIDS has made us Soviets and AIDS-infected Paris blood relatives. Whores!!! (*Weeps.*)

P o l y a. Loving is one thing, but dying while still alive is something else. Now you can love me without contraceptives, Lyora-Lyorochka.

L y o r a. No-o-o!!! Polichka. Little Polichka!!! No-o! Never! No!!! (*Weeps.*)

P o l y a. Obscenities are all that's left to us.

L y o r a. Polichka! Little Polichka!!! Never!!! N-o-o!!! Moma!!! Bitch!!! (*Weeps.*)

P o l y a. What has become of the Great Consoler and his beloved, sun-blessed sweetheart, Tim?

T i m. Not a single muscle twitched on the face of the Great Consoler when the inhabitants of the abandoned village devoured themselves as Jews, and the convicts, the AIDS carriers and cannibals, carried on, and on, and on... And the Great Consoler was no longer needed by anyone... There was nobody left for him to save. Not a single human left in the world.

(*Pause.*)

I just went to look at the squat – it's been reduced to ruins. Kostya was sitting on the rubble with his dog Dick, crying hot tears. He said only Miklos and some unknown Russian lady of the night were left in the cellar, under the ruins. Russian artists-bums protecting the Paris ruins with their bones.

P o l y a. Miklos was a good guy. His gay girl was a good person, too.

L y o r a. We should gather batches of young girls in Russia and take them to Nice, to Nice, to Nice – to round dance love!!! Then we'll make a movie with the money! But only, mind you, if I go first, I go first to welcome the girls, the flocks of swallows, to Nice. I won't infect them! I just caught a cold, nothing more. (*Weeps.*)

P o l y a.

A soldier with a cold in a trench in winter, snow.

Three o'clock in the morning, enemy tanks on the attack.

The soldier has pneumonia, there's no penicillin,

No warm bed for him in the nearest infirmary.

The soldier with a cold no longer wants to live.

He spits blood on the snow as his temperature nears forty.

The nearest enemy tank is 100 metres away

And with his barrel pointed at an infantryman

The soldier rises to his feet, advances to the tank with a grenade, smiling,
And it seems to him that his beloved flies towards him instead of the tank,
That he holds flowers in his hand and not a grenade,
He wants so much to embrace his beloved,

Even the tank is hypnotized and dares not shoot.

T i m e stopped the war for a moment of love for this soldier and the tank.

But the next moment a shell flies from the tank and pierces the soldier's breast.

No penicillin, it's no longer necessary.

The soldier has fallen, he's dead, his cold is gone.

Winter, frost, and steam rising from a pool of blood.

(*Pause.*)

My roses were higher than Montmartre, higher than Paris, my scarlet roses of love flew over Paris... Despite everything, I only remember the good things. Despite everything... Let the words remain here with the others... But Russian Polichka has betrayed before... Mama! (*Plunges the knife into her heart.*) Doesn't hurt at all. Death is no more. The soldiers all live on. (*Falls to the floor. Dies.*)

L y o r a. A-a-a!!! Wo-ah!!! A-a-a????!!! Is this for real? She's a poet? (*Points a finger at his head, and at Polya.*)

T i m (*removes the knife from Polya*). Yes!!! Yes!!! Yes!!! (*Violently stabs himself with the knife*.) Doesn't hurt at all.

L y o r a. Oh ye-e-es?!

T i m. Ye-e-es!!! (*Deals Lyora a fatal blow with the knife*.)

L y o r a. No... (*Sinks to the ground*.) Yeah, the Jewish killer... Still alive... Save me... (*Dies*.)

T i m. Polichka. My darling beloved Polichka. Child... of the Universe... God... My... Poet... You gave salvation... Freedom...

(*Kisses Polya and falls silent beside her on the floor. He is dead.*)

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