

DUMMERCHEN(1)

Monoplay

Laureate of the Eurodram, the contest of the European network for drama in translation (2018),
laureate of the International drama contest Badenweiler (2016).
The play was published in the literature magazine Berlin Berega

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CHARACTER

MARLEN – 45, a principled brunette, a teacher, a dark suit (jacket + skirt), a thick heel, glasses (hang on the neck).

According to the Eysenck test, she is a neurotic extrovert (choleric). According to the Cattell test, Marlene has high tension, high intellect, high dominance, restraint, courage, sensitivity, alertness, straightforwardness, radicalism, low self-control.

According to the Lüscher color test: a psychophysiological state is a risk group. She thirsts for success, excitement, life, full of impressions. She pursues her goals with stubborn determination, refuses to make concessions. Self-centered, so easily offended, impatient and excited. In addition to all, her zodiac sign is Scorpio.

The conference hall in Berlin,
where the events of the Congress of Psychiatry are held
with the participation of leading world experts.

On the stage there is a tribune with a
microphone, there is a bottle of water, a glass
on it.

On the back wall of the hall is a banner with an
inscription European Congress of Psychiatry,
Berlin, May 15-17.

Marlen is entering with a notebook in her hand.
She stumbled on the step but resisted and didn't fall.

Marlen put a notebook on the tribune, fixed the microphone.

MARLEN. Hey (fixing the microphone.) Can you hear me well? Verdammt! (2) Always problems with these microphones! (She's opening the bottle, pouring water into a glass, drinking) Do you hear me?

My name is Marlen. More precisely, Marlana. But it's there, and here I'm Marlen. At the conference, I'm speaking thanks to the invitation of my friend, professor of psychiatry Anastasia Demyanova. I can be your guinea pig. It's rubbish, to be honest. I was told that not only psychiatrists from Russia but also specialists from France, Germany, and Finland are here. Everyone will receive the promised fee.

I hope all this mess in my head will interest you. I have already passed fifteen psychiatrists. There is no sense. Or they are all charlatans, or they are talking about anomalies.

I'll tell you the background. In September of the year before last, my husband and I moved from Moscow to Berlin. The husband is a Russian German. Here, in Berlin, his grandmother died, left the apartment. My husband wanted to leave Russia for a long time. He does business. It

was difficult for him to do business in the country. Said he was tired of fighting, he was tired of being in constant tension. Moreover, this devaluation.

At that time I worked as the head of a department in a good university. It was difficult to move to me. Moreover, our son stayed in Moscow. He is a programmer, he wants to start his own business. He has a wife, daughter.

In Berlin, my husband's friends have a business, they moved here before us. They invited him to join their business. We know the Deutsch. In general, everything somehow coincided, and we left. Everything was fine. My husband went into business with his head, I got a job – taught Russian, gave private lessons.

(Pause.) It ... started somewhere in January last year ... Strange dreams every night... In general, I began to see the Russian president in my night dreams. Of course, I was surprised, I didn't give it much thought. I've never been interested in politics. Politics doesn't exist, money talks. I'm always made laugh by Dummerchen, who believes that his voice affects the outcome. They are really fools. They're everywhere. No matter where you live - in Russia, Germany, Madrid or the US

- you still decide nothing. Politicians just show us the illusion, and we believe in it like an idiot.

But my husband is very political. Constantly reads the news. Honestly, I don't understand why this nonsense is so interesting for people. As if the planet will spin in the other direction if a dozen mosquitoes are waved.

If my husband saw the president in his sleep, I wouldn't be surprised, but I see him! Firstly I saw such dreams once a week, then – three times a week. I slept badly (listening to the audience). What? What are you saying? Understood. No, in Russia I had no such dreams. It started when we moved to Berlin.

All the dreams were different, but sometimes the stories were repeated.

In the first series of dreams, the president is constantly twisting a light bulb. It burns out, and the president asks for a stepladder. He climbs onto the ladder, twists out the old lamp, twists the new one. And it doesn't light up. I bring him a new one and a new one, but, damn it, it doesn't light up again! The president is irritated. He asks me where I get these bulbs. And I calmly reply I take these light bulbs in the pantry. And I add: there are still no alternatives. Tomorrow we'll have it, but today

– we have not.

The second series of dreams. A large room with a bunch of printers. The president is inspecting printers, and I'm walking along, like a secretary. When the president approaches the printer, he starts to print a sheet of text or picture. Once the printers printed busts of Lenin, and the president was completely pissed. Began to scream, to say they give birth poorly. Look what you've made! And begins to beat the busts of Lenin. It's difficult now to give birth, he says, well, so make an effort, put pressure! And then printers print heaps, just heaps of Lenins, oodles. They stand in a row and the chorus sings a song. Well, you know, it's everywhere now (singing «Forever young, forever drunk» (3)). And the president is conducting this chorus. Suddenly he got angry and said: "What are we singing? Let's sing our song!" And he sings: "Kalinka-malinka". But the chorus sings again:

«Forever young, forever drunk!» The president began to bash the choir with a conductor's stick. Lenin's busts fall and break. From the rumble, I wake up.

In the third series of dreams, the president forces me to do exercises. Together with other people. One hundred people are exercising in the mud. He calls me, puts in front of others and says that the next exercise he will show on me. He orders us to kneel. I don't agree, there was a terrible mud, this liquid. He says: "You're a great Marlen, you know! What is this mud for you!" And you know, it works! I kneel, straight into the mud - and the whole crowd repeats after me. We also put our hands in the mud. And the president says: "Now we'll try a new exercise called "The Great Marlen is rising from her knees!" And he gestures me how to get up. I'm trying, but I can't. I fall into the mud again, and again and all hundred people - too. Then the president gets

angry, kneels on his own and says: "Look and learn!" And he falls into the mud! Everyone laughs so loud that I wake up.

Dreams turned into some sort of insanity. I didn't get enough sleep, it's just creepy! I even had a dream that the president is proposing to marry him! I'm already married! Do I cheat on my husband? He doesn't know anything about my president dreams!

I began to ask my friends if they had the president dreams at night. It turned out, many people see different presidents in their dreams. It's very scary. Maybe politicians launch programs to manage our dreams? Maybe all people see the presidents in their night dreams, but all are silent about this? Can we be ruled through such dreams? The politicians powdered our brains and now we have nowhere to go (listening to the audience, catching the question) What dreams did people see? Some ladies, for example, have a dream they are the president's mistress. I've never had such fantasies. One woman in the dream told the president her dress wasn't properly ironed, and he instructed the assistants to sort it out.

I began to read the dream's interpretation. How do you like it: to see the president in a dream is to succeed. But if you talk with the president in a dream – it's to disappointment. One interprets this way, the other - the second way. Isn't it time to agree, guys?!

I decided to tell my husband everything, but I was afraid he'd get angry. He's a liberal, you see, he doesn't tolerate the president. It turns out like a double betrayal. Not only that with another man in a dream I meet, so also I meet with a man of a different political orientation!

But my friend Anastasia advised the psychiatrist. He suggested I see the president in my dreams because of a sense of guilt - because I left the state. But let him fool others, I had no guilt. I missed my son, my country, not the state.

Another psychiatrist said such dreams mean my obsessive desire to become pregnant. Complete nonsense. We searched for psychiatrists again and again, but all consultations were useless. Anastasia learned about the old woman, who saw emperor Nikolai II in her dreams all the time. It's like he never died, but he survived in that nightmare. They say this old woman interprets the dreams well. We tried to find her, but it didn't work out.

I managed to convince my husband I'm nervous because of problems at work. Although he suspected something. I even started to smoke. I tried the sleeping pills, but my head ached. I had to quit. Then I thought the only way to get out of this nightmare was to become the president myself. The president doesn't see the president in his night dreams, does he?

One clever psychiatrist advised fighting fire with fire. Read more about someone you love, he said. And this new person will enter your dreams instead of the president.

I always liked Catherine Deneuve. Elegant, gentle. It turns out she has a daughter from Marcello Mastroianni, did you know? And she was called a piece of ice in a glass of whiskey. I wish I could be called that at least once. Although I don't look like a piece. I'm a chunk of ice. (Marlen can't hear herself loudly, shaking the microphone) Scheisse! (4) What's up with this microphone again? (The microphone turns on.)

Every day I read about Catherine Deneuve. As a result, the president began to come in my dreams with her. Then they scribble on the boat, they drink champagne. She is a hairdresser, and he came to change a haircut. And most importantly - no one noticed me. If you come into my dream, then talk, in the end, with me! It was even worse than when I saw him without her.

But then the president began to come alone in my dreams again (listening to the audience.) What? Yes, of course, I tried different methods. A friend advised: before going to bed you should mentally put the president on a plane and send him away. My friend does it when his mother-in-law yells at him. Just imagine, he said, that you are a dispatcher, and watch as the plane is flying. When the point is not visible, then you will fall asleep. I put the president on the plane, checked to see if the doors were well closed and wished him a happy journey. Wherever I sent it - to England, Ecuador, Kenya, Toronto, and Reykjavik - it's useless. He came back to me again (Marlen's drinking water).

Then the fun began. I went to Moscow to my granddaughter for her birthday. One week I lived with my son and his wife. For that week – I hadn't a single dream! I slept all day, my son even became agitated. I didn't want to leave Moscow.

When I returned to Berlin, the first night I slept as well as in Moscow. And the next - all over again. I recorded this dream (she puts on her glasses, looking at her notepad, then takes off her glasses). In that dream, the president spoke with someone on the phone and didn't see me standing behind. It was about political affairs. Judging by the tone, the conversation was very important. I wanted to leave so as not to eavesdrop. But suddenly I noticed I was standing on the pebbles. If I move, the president will hear me and think I overheard.

He went on talking, then he hung up the phone and turned around. He had the face of the Mona Lisa. I was frightened, and he calmly asked: "Do you think I'm not real?" I say he is real, of course. And he continued: "Then why are you testing me?" And all these words - with the face of the Mona Lisa. I say that I don't check him, that I'm here by accident. Then he asked if there was anyone behind me. No, I say. Then he closed the door from the inside, beckoned me to himself and whispered: "This is a copy. The original is in the Louvre. " I immediately woke up.

(Marlen's listening to the audience.) Yes, it's good that you've asked. I also thought about it. Perhaps it's in our Berlin apartment. Maybe there's something about the aura. The grandmother of my husband was kind of weird. The whole apartment was hung with pictures of creepy creatures. Where she only took them? My husband forbade it to be thrown out or sold. They are still in the pantry. My husband just went to France on a business trip and I decided to spend the night in the apartment of my friend to check this version with the aura of the grandmother's flat.

The first two days in the new apartment I had no dreams at night. But then it started again. (Marlen puts on her glasses, looking at her notepad, she takes off her glasses.) I saw him in my dreams twice that week. Once – the president took my history exam. He asked me to name ten rulers of Russia. Why the hell, I'm no longer a schoolgirl! I was confused and somehow put Nicholas II after Gorbachev. Strange, but in a dream, I was sure that I was right. The president sent me to retake the exam.

The second dream that week was about Moscow. I was walking along the embankment and noticed a monument to Peter the Great. And when I come closer, I understand that this is a monument to the president. Suddenly the statue came alive, and the president asked if I had come to see him at the reception. I said I didn't. Just walked by. I asked where Peter the Great was. He says: "He didn't stand here" I answered: why you say, he didn't, if I still had a husband signed against this monument. He asks: "Who is Peter the First?" I say: like who? Peter the First - the first emperor and the last tsar. Then he smiled and said: "You confuse something, we have never had any Peter the First".

Actually, the dreams continued. So, it's not because of the grandmother's flat. And it coincided again: a few months later I visited my son in Moscow again, and there weren't any of president dreams.

I'm not scared, but I felt uneasy. I smoked a pack a day. Then everything became even worse. Once in a dream, I called my husband with the president's name, and more than once. He was furious, very jealous. Asked me if I have someone. I couldn't stand it and told the truth. He laughed. He said this is an excuse and I hide somebody.

He thought I've got a German, although the president's name is not German at all. He even said: "So the Russian German isn't for you? Wanted the real German?" He suspected I had someone from work. I told that in Russia I didn't see these dreams, I asked him to return to the country for a while, but he called me crazy. He didn't believe a word. I began to believe I was going crazy.

My husband went somewhere, I couldn't find a place for myself. I called all his friends, even in Russia. Nobody knew where he was. For about a week he didn't come, but my dreams continued. And that time I had a dream I'll never forget. I turned into an ant. And all the people turned out to be ants. We crawled and didn't know what to do, just crawled. When one ant

approached another, he asked: "Don't you know what to do?" He replied: "No". And crawled on. Everything happened as if in a forest, around a giant anthill. But there were smooth, thick trees along the edges of the forest. Solid. And as soon as someone started to climb a tree, he immediately slipped. Then there was a rumor that somewhere there is a big, the most important ant, who knows what to do. Everyone wanted to get to him, but no one could. And I did it. There was a really giant ant, but he had the president's face. I crawl to him, he had the microphone next to him. I scream into the microphone: "You don't know what to do?" Then he stirred, cleared his throat and said loudly: "I'm sure none of you will not crawl out of the anthill" And he repeated it like a robot: I'm sure none of you will crawl out of the anthill. It's creepy.

I was only reassured by the fact that my husband returned, and we reconciled. The president dreams continued, but I didn't speak about them anymore.

But then the nightmare started. I noticed some attributes among my husband's things. You know, such as on student demonstrations. I saw my students had such attributes but I didn't understand what kind of symbolism it was. My husband said it was just a trinket. He was some kind of weird, didn't answer the calls.

And then I saw these attributes on the one student girl. It turned out that this is the symbolism of antiglobalists. The world carnival against capitalism, you can imagine. With their idea, they were like a chicken with an egg. Naive! Why don't they enlist right now in the nursery? That student girl invited me to a demonstration in Cologne, there was just going the G8 summit. I wasn't up to Cologne. That day I wanted to follow my husband, and I followed him. He got into a bus with young people, and I also managed to climb in.

Do you know where that bus went? In Cologne! And my faithful husband was sitting next to that same student girl. At the demonstration in Cologne, they waved flags, threw bottles, stones. I couldn't believe he was there. Thousands of people. He is a clean liberal who, even when he touched the newspaper, washes his hands! I couldn't believe I was there. Among the yelling crowd.

Then they went to the park. I picked up a half-broken flag and also went there, although I wanted to wash. In the park, the husband rubbed alongside this girl, they were neighing like crazy. She began to push speech. Began a carnival against capitalism. Worst of all, she is the student I teach. My husband listened to her, opening his mouth. He hasn't looked at me like that for a long time. He was just shining. Like a crazy fan of this girl. I couldn't believe my eyes. All these people - are they really believing they can change the world? Poor oppressed countries. Who will pity them? The gap between the income of the rich and the poor. The world is not fair. Yes, the world is unjust, dammit!

I left, didn't want to be noticed. It turned out this girl is one of the leaders of the antiglobalism movement. I decided not to say anything to my husband, I wanted to think it over. The horseradish capitalist, but all the same! For justice, for peace! How many years did you make money on such people? How many Deutsche marks are in your bank account? He said justice was a utopia. And now, look at him - waving a flag!

The president dreams continued, but I didn't care so much. I tried to understand what was happening to my husband. Maybe he arranged all of the jealousy and just wants to teach me a lesson?

Most of all I was frightened by the fact that my life is crumbling due to some kind of anti-globalization, of which I had no idea. And my husband always asked how I could be so apolitical. He said: you, teacher, should interest in politics, should educate the young. Teach the young to defend their rights. But I don't care about the rights! To spit on the youth! I want nobody to touch me! If everything had collapsed because of what I understand, but if everything flies into dust because of the inexplicable, because of some antiglobalization, then how to live on?

One day I went to a conference in Munich, but due to lack of sleep mixed the dates and came to the station one day earlier. When I returned home, I found them there. He brought that same student girl to our bed. They made antiglobalization right on our bed. She screamed in the

Deutsch, and he puffed like an old steam locomotive. I even thought people are standing around and cheering them up, like at a demonstration. And these sounds, this fuss. It stood for a long time in my ears (pause).

I left, they didn't notice me. If they told me that I would remain silent in such a situation, just turn around and leave, I wouldn't believe it. But I restrained, it was my cunning, if you want. My mother used to say to me when my father was cheating on her: it's useless to compete with youth. There is nothing more powerful than youth, life. There is nothing stronger than a young fury. They can't be stopped. It's like trying to outrun a racing car on a horse. And all this stuff is because of stupid dreams. Actually, my husband was so sure of my betrayal that he went crazy. He even forgot his business.

And then I started doing really crazy things (Marlen's drinking water.) A man is ready to go to much, only so that his life remains the same as before. I will not say I'm ashamed of what I did. (Marlen is fixing the microphone, he starts to work). What's with this microphone today? Scheisse! What?!

Actually, one day I reported to the police that their antiglobalization movement is starting something illegal in Berlin. That this student girl is one of the instigators. That she is a drug addict, and her friends take drugs in her apartment. I made it all up. I threw a piece of paper with the address of this girl to the police. I wanted her to have problems.

The police came and took her and my husband. Quickly released, I didn't find anything. He came at night, tired, even frightened.

I didn't know how to return my husband. I couldn't stop the president dreams, but I had to do something. Then I decided to become the same as my husband. Began to read the news. I was sick of them, but I tried. We even sometimes discussed the events in Yugoslavia with my husband. Began to talk more.

But then this student girl, this Christine, became a raver. You know, rave music, fun, and all this stupid stuff. They shook their bodies at the love parade in Berlin. And my husband went after her. I even went to this love parade to make sure. More than a million people! He rode with her there, like he was twenty-three. And the president dreams continued. How many women lie in their beds with their husbands, but see the president in their dreams at night? How many?

I couldn't recognize my husband. Nothing more concerned him. I had to pretend I didn't know anything. Didn't want to leave him. Besides, he often asked questions about different men, and I realized that he was still jealous. So... he still loves me

I was only worried that with his girlfriend he just clinked glasses. Even made a tattoo. Down on the leg. Tattoo with an eclipse. Just then the eclipse happened, and many people went weird. Like these two. He slept in his socks, thinking I will not notice. Probably, she persuaded him to do this. All this is a total eclipse. But, unlike the solar one, it doesn't stop.

I tell him, do you know what's going on in Yugoslavia? I ask, do you know what is happening in Chechnya? You know it? Do you know that Likhachev is dead? You don't resent the Nobel Prize in literature given to Gunter Grass? No?

He only said he would be outraged if one day Nobel Prize wasn't given to Pelevin. I say, what for? His «Generation P» can't be read at all, some parody of literature. And he replies that no one so talentedly buried the middle class. Subtracted somewhere and repeats. Yes, you are a walking middle-class mummy, look at yourself! (Marlen's drinking water)

He was hanging out with this girl and pretended nothing had happened. It seemed he was experimenting with me. I was sure he loved me. Once he even arranged a scene of jealousy when he saw me with a colleague in a cafe.

Should I cheat on him with another man? Only in reality! Maybe then he wakes up? These dreams ... They have become something of hope. As if I'm not alone, but I have a person with whom I have something connected. Let even something abnormal.

The only thing my husband was stirred up in the autumn with - the explosions of houses in Russia. He even asked his son and his family to move to Berlin, but they didn't agree. They

organized a watch at night, watched the cars. My son was always on duty. He plowed like a horse. The granddaughter told how she always looks out the window and prays so that no car turns into their yard. And she keeps track of who will get out of the car and says everything to the father.

And you will give up like this, I asked him. Will not you persuade your son to move? And he replied that his son had his own life.

I didn't know where to go. I wanted to return to the country, but nobody expected me there. My son has a family, why they need me. I'm so used to my husband that I can't imagine life without him.

I already forgot about the president dreams. But then they changed. The president began to ask for my help. The reasons were very different. Once he was in for important talks, and he asked what kind of tie to wear. I couldn't believe my ears: is this so important? Why did he ask me such a trifle? I chose a red tie for him. And then in the news, I saw that he was sitting in the red tie during the negotiations. I thought, if I help him, maybe he will finally leave my dreams. But this happened many times: what jacket to wear, who to award with a prize, whom to meet and with whom don't - in the news, everything was exactly the way I chose.

I thought it was a coincidence, but then I got into all this stuff. I told the president: I'll help you if you do what I want. President sluggishly, but nodded. I got a boob job at the best clinic! In the best! (Marlen straightens mechanically, exposing her chest) This girl's breasts will sag, and where this demonstrante will take the money for new boobs? And I will! I went through all the rejuvenation procedures. Asked the president for investment to bring my husband back to business. Money flowed into the husband's business all the time. I controlled reality! They considered my choice! Money became more and more! We bought a huge house, I bathed in the pool overlooking the forest and sparkled my new breast. Then I said to the president when he came in my dream at night again, I want to become a professor – and I become!

But it's time to think about the country. I told the president he had to create an anti-corruption committee - he had created it! Said, we must fix the election of the governors – he did it! Ideas appeared one after another - taxes, the fight against poverty ... But I almost didn't have time to do anything for the country - a full nightmare began.

He no longer wanted to fulfill my wishes. One night in a dream, he called me into his office. I opened the door - the snow wind blew from there. The whole room was covered with snow. The president was sitting at the table, wearing a warm hat and a sheepskin coat. On the table - another sheepskin. I was shivering from the cold. "You're tired of your president dreams, are you?" - he asked. "Yes!" - I answered. Then he looked into my eyes: "Look how you overclocked, you know! Enough games! I don't come to your dreams for that. Now the matter is serious. If you help me, I will not come to your dreams anymore". He said I need to make a decision. To remain the president or to resign. Then I really got scared. To choose a tie is one thing, bit leave the country without a president...And he began to demand: yes or no.

On the one hand, if this is true, and by my decision, he will no longer be the president, then dreams will cease. After all, he is no longer the president. On the other hand, can a country not have a president because of some kind of dream? I decided to play and said that he had to retire. Of course, I thought nothing would happen.

And for the New Year ... for the New Year my husband called me from the living room, he shouted. The news was on TV. The husband says: "It was in the announcement, look!" (The microphone jams again, Marlen hits it harder) Will you work today or not? Will you or not?! (The microphone turns on)

Suddenly, the news shows the Russian president. He addressed the people on December 31st. He had a strange face. It was sad and looked tired. The president was translated into the Deutsch, but I heard his Russian words. He said it was the last time he addresses the people as a president and that he is retiring. That he asked for forgiveness. And said the prime minister will perform his duties. I couldn't believe it! Did I change the president of the country through my

dream? Did I decide this? I couldn't even tell my husband about everything, he would find me crazy again. (Marlen's listening to the voices in the hall) Yes, dreams have ceased, right. No president - no dreams. But it was too early to celebrate.

The president, who by that time was already a former president, come in my dream once again. Again in that snowy office. He asked: "Didn't believe that you decided? Now the last task for you. If you help me, I'm sure you will not have the president dream anymore. I need to choose a political heir. Who will win elections in March?" And he takes out three pictures from the drawer of the table. There are some men in suits, I don't even know them. Except one. The former prime minister who then was the acting president. I saw this face on the TV-news.

The former president shows photos and says: "Here, you should choose from them. And he'll be the next president". I say I don't follow politics at all. I don't know who is who. And actually, all the citizens of the country should choose, but not only me! Why should I choose for everyone? He replies: "Think well. You should answer in the next dream" The office was snowing. I thought, how can I agree to such things when there was such pure snow falling around? As if I betray my country. It's up to me to solve everything without asking people.

I forced myself not to sleep for several days to think. On the one hand, I had a chance to finally get rid of the president dreams, regain control of my life and return my husband. To live as I lived before. On the other hand, I'll see the president in my dreams all my life.

I didn't want to choose. Why should I make a choice? Why me? Why do people have to make any choice at all? Do we have a democracy? Then I can do what I want. Not to choose. But they force us all, regardless of whether you want this, damn it, or not! Our right not to choose is ignored! These politicians can't understand in any way that to force people to choose is the same dictatorship as to limit their choice! Absolutely the same!

I stayed five nights but then fell asleep. Worse, that night I called my husband the name of the former president again. He was angry. Said if this happens again, he'll leave.

In the end, I decided that all this is nonsense. Such a game. I'll just pick one of the three candidates in a dream, and the president dreams will stop. All the past situations were just coincidences. The president will not be changed just because I choose someone in my dream, right? This simply impossible. My husband didn't speak to me again. I couldn't stand it.

The former president came into my dream again. But the place is different, with a swimming pool. The heat is creepy, palm trees. The president was lying on a chaise longue in his dressing-gown. "Well, did you choose?", - he asked. "Let me look at them once more," - I said. "Where is the photo?" - "Why do we need photo" the president continues. "Here they are, all here." I turn around, and there were all three candidates pictured at the photo. Also on the sun loungers. And the one who was the prime minister too. "Choose", - says the former president. I said I don't even know whom to choose. "Look, she's resisting," he laughed. Then the one who was the acting president and the former prime minister said: "There is a phrase in one Italian film: a real man should always try, but a real woman must resist". The former president laughed and said to me: "You are Marlen - Marx plus Lenin. Your blood must boil! Choose the prettier one".

Nobody was cute to me, but I wanted to end it sooner. It feels like they were mocking me. Their skin glistened with heat, seemed sticky. The hell. I don't know how they lay there so calmly. Decided to choose at random. Pointed to the far right tall man, I've never seen even on the TV- news.

Every night, I waited for the president dream again, but he didn't come! I finally began to sleep enough, to give more time to my husband. Everything was fine. I regained my life again. My son, however, stayed in Moscow.

My husband and I discussed last year's elections to the Russian State Duma. This has never happened! He was angry with the victory of the Communists! He supported this party... the Union of New Forces. No, the Union of Right Forces. And I tell him, you don't know your country at all, you don't know - what the Union of Right Forces? I began to forget about these

president dreams. But was waiting for the March elections. And then my life went down the drain. (Marlen's drinking water)

Everything happened in one day. In one night. I found them again in our bed. Husband and Christine. I couldn't believe it. It seemed to me that he loved me, but it turns out, all this time ... all this time I didn't see even what is happening in my home. Life never belonged to me (pause).

I screamed like crazy. They were so scared that jumped over the bed. I beat her with a bag, with my hands. She has such an elastic chest that I wanted to beat even more. My husband tried to pull me by the hair. He said he didn't dare to leave me. I couldn't stand it. Creature. Coward, even couldn't tell me the truth (Marlen's drinking water).

When they left, I roared, got drunk and turned on the TV. There was the news, talked about the results of the elections in Russia. The one who was the former prime minister and the acting president won. Not the one hell, which I indicated in my dream, you know? Almost fifty-three percent of the vote! Fifty-three! I threw the TV out of the window. He said that I decide! What am I! I decide! But no one decides anything! I'm the same Dummerchen as they all! These suckers! Those fucking suckers! We are given the choice of the color of the tie, and the rest is decided by themselves! The best people who don't mean we are people too! And we believe! We are on a tie, like a red rag, and this is just a distracting maneuver! Believe in all these games, in all this shit!

But worst of all, I began to see the president dreams again. But already with a new president! Fifty-three percent! Dreams and dreams! (The microphone turns off, Marlen beats and beats the microphone again, although she yells so loudly that she doesn't need any microphone)

I see the president I haven's chose in my dream! can't control my dreams or this microphone! My life flew to hell because of these dreams! I raise fees twice, just give me control over my life! Return it! I'll pay twice as much! Do you hear? Three times! I want to sleep, sleep, sleep! I want to forget all this! I want to see the dreams that I want! I want to live the way I want! I want to decide how to live! Myself!

*The microphone turns very loud,
produces unpleasant creaking
sounds,*

*and while Marlen says she wants to live
herself, the microphone says quite different
and laughs: "Dummerchen! Dummerhen!
Dummerchen!"*

*Marlen's voice is quieter, and the microphone is getting
louder.*

ECLIPSE

Footnotes

(1) Foolish / silly / stupid (Deutsche)

(2) Damn it (Deutsche)

(3) «Forever young, forever drunk» - popular in 2000's song of The Russian Rock band «Semantic hallucinations»

(4) Shit (Deutsche)