



Ukrainian Drama TRANSLATIONS

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Play

The northern lights

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Північне Сяйво

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*Circles under my eyes. I come to meet the dawn... I'm talking with the same as I. My eternal companion -
the brain, soaked in modernity and stamps of history, and me, who seems higher than Buddha,
Taller and higher in spirit than Gautama Buddha himself.*

...

I scoop the cream of events and lick the foam of days...

*In the dead of night, upon the roof of wisdom, where the secret Muse of mine is resting, soaked out like a big
fat **breeding pig**, like a pupa in cocoon.*

Antenna... antenna... radio signs...

Twenty-storey building under my feet...

Gautama, I'm higher than you.

Drink the potion, Gautama!

.....
*I don't wake up for 20 years now
and every bullet is the bullet of the national treasure
Off the coast of Equator,
On chest,
the chest that rests on upon the turtle-shell.
I'm flooding Indonesia by liquor of sweat and lust!
By shots of psychedelia and joy of tours into Gautama's domain.*

Reverse, o rivers!

The Minutes fall in hail,

Fall in showers of artificial hunger on fields of wheat

Eat the Stalin! Dig in, brothers!

<p><u>Look! The babies have roamed from womb to stomach!</u> <u>Look! The unborn babies have roamed from womb to stomach!</u></p>

Eat the Stalin, sons of bitches!

But, what the mother has to do-o-o?

And Virgin Mary

What to do-o-o?

What the woman has to do-o-o

With the Hitler

in her womb?

What the woman has to do?

Baby Hitler in her womb

And I'm awaking, I'm awaking!

20 years havepassed!

Momma!

20 years!

And I am already old!

Momma!

I'm a gaffer, old as hell

Bollocks, Mommy, I'm20, but I'm older than you.

<p><u>Bury your children</u> <u>There happened to be too much life for them.</u> <u>Everyone born in love must die at 20, so they never wake up</u></p>

- Mommy, I am a little Hitler

- Sleep, honey, you'll go to school tomorrow

And so the boy went to school...

And there he found a school of the Spiritual Order.

Spiritual Order from A to Z

The pinnacle of education is the skill

to make gloves of human skin,

the art of crafting gloves of human skin.

- Mommy, I am a little Hitler

- Sleep, honey. Daddy was killed, now you take his place.

Love me, son, I'm all yours
moooMmyyy_ moooMmyyyy_
I am your Motherland!
Love me, baby, in all positions!
I am your Motherland!

Incest is God's grace, honey.

.....Incest makes happy babies.....

And you, my dear, you were born this way too_ you'll be the happiest of all. I promise....
I promise...

I Promise_

- **Mom, what is war?**
- **War, my dear, is when**

.....You get screwed by someone and then you appeal to Hague Tribunal for not being properly screwed.....

- Mom, and what is Hague Tribunal?

- Sleep, son.

Don't you know that Minutes fall in hail?
The days pour in rain
And the years lay down like haze.

Sle-e-e-p
and you'll se-e-e The Northern Li-i-i-ights.
And Mommy will kiss you everywhere... Everywhere...
and you'll become the richest and the most loved boy of all!
And you'll take care of your Mom and Look after her when she gets old.
Why do you think am I raising you? Hah?
So you could love your Mommy. And tell her everything...
'Cause I'm your Mo-o-ommy. Your Mo-o-ommy. Mo-o-ommy-y-y.

**20 years, Mom... I began to shave... I've returned from Afghan...
I'm alive and wanna hug you.**

Mommy taught me how to French kiss,
And she told me all about her intimate parts,
about her charms,
that's how she calls it – **“the charms”!**

Mom says,that I used to be a little monkey and then became a human being.

...But I've grown into a fat bastard...

But I was! Very! Nice! As a kid!

*Nice
little monkey.
Mommy's monkey.
When we're small
We're all so nice
little monkeys,
hippos and puppies*

*The first word
I've learned how to say
was **want**, and the
second was **Mom**.*

But

.....20 years of age I left my Mom, left for good.....

And now

I can only feel her from the distance

Forgive me, Mom,
But I'm a full-grown man now.
And you're my Mom.

And we can't have anything between us anymore

It's not right to sleep with your own Mother...

But I've realized this
only in Afghan,
where they put
a barrel of a gun into my mouth and said that I will never sleep with my Mother again because
that's not good.
And then it hit me that it really is bad. And later they said that if one sleeps with his mother in his 40's
it's because he had **never been to Afghan**

- Mommy, I am a little Hitler.

- Sleep, honey, I'll give you a pill, and it will a-a-all pass.

C'mon, take a pill, with a sip water. You should only drink a boiled water; never drink from the tap.
Only the homeless dogs drink from the tap,
and you are not a doggy-y, aren't you?
You are sma-a-all, cu-u-ute,
Naughty monke-e-ey.'

When Mommy was 8 years old,
she used to take a lot of pills too.
She was taken to the best doctors.

.....But only one old witch was able to help her.....,

She broke the hoodoo with an egg.
Since then she had never been ill.
She says,
she's as healthy as a horse,
'Cuz no one looks a gifted horse in a mouth

But what did she mean by that?

No one knows.
Mom has always tried to teach me something.

But I was never taken to them old witches to break the hoodoo.

She says she **doesn't trust them.**

But, you know what, healthcare is quite a different thing; today's healthcare is high-class, you know, not like it used to be in old times. There are drugs of all sorts at any prices, for any age, and from any disease. You know like, the pills for people from 17 to 24 only. But what am I to do if I am 24 and one day? Do I have to make an appointment at doctors or like get another prescription for, like "24 plus" or something?

So, ever since I was born, Mum switched me from one medication to another. We never held on to one drug for too long. Mum said it's bad for you, your body is getting used to it, so it doesn't work.

And it really did stop working. Maybe it's because I never swallowed it, just chewed until Mom would stop watching, and then ran to the bathroom, and spat out white, red, yellow bubbles of saliva with chewed drug.

– Mommy, I am a small Hitler.

– Sleep, honey, your mommy is too old to grow another Adolf now.

You'll be an economist, just like your Dad.

But don't become a president,

That's a thankless job

Mum never explained
why exactly it's a thankless job,
but I took it for granted,

Momma can't lie, can't she?

And later she said:

– You'll be a pimp, *pimps get more money* than economists.

So I started to sell my Mother,

Sold her to everyone
Abroad and to Turkey.
I never knew that before - that everybody wants my Mom and only her.

Other ones are not fit, they say.

Other ones are not so *compliant, and can't make out so well.*

..... After that I became proud of my Mom.....

I knew before that she was special, but now I became mad proud of her

And we did really get a lot of money then.
But why would she need it anyway?
'Cause she had all the –

food, drinks,

clothes,

living space,

She never had to hit the street like a

whore,

I would pre-arrange everything by the

phone.

They'd come, take her and bring her back

when finished.

With perfect timing, all done by schedule,

Right down the line.

*Have to know exactly
your per-hour pay.
And I had a solid client base,*

*All the right people
Like, politicians, gangsters,
you know, economists...*

well,... they all wanted my Mom.
And Mom would never get squeamish of anybody.

She said:

– I don't care much for age or beauty as long as it's a good person.

– *Hey Mom, I'm a little Hitler*
– *Who's taught you that crap?!*
– *The teacher in a kindergarten.*

She always used to say

That I'm a **little Hitler**, and that she would always
Strangle such filth and will continue to do so
as long as she and her children are alive

And also, I showed the girls my pipi.
They made me do that, and
when the teacher saw that she hit my pipi with the ruler.
She said it'll grow better that way.
I didn't even cry. I got so excited I wanted more...
So I told the teacher, but she just burst in tear and ran away.

Then we were fed semolina porridge. **I had a clot and I spewed it back unto the plate**, not into mine
though, but the one that was next to it. And a girl who was eating from it didn't notice and kept on eating.
That moment I realized that you are the best Mom ever,
Because you always make me an instant soup, and it never has any clots.
Too bad the client will come in half an hour,
and I will have to sleep alone. Again.....

– Hush-sh, Hush-sh little sonny.
Momma has to make some money.
You are a big boy now,
You could sleep alone sometimes.
Take a nap alone a while
Momma's gonna be back in no time.

– So where do you work?

– Hush. We've got thin walls in this house, baby. The neighbors might hear us and they'll gossip about us.

I got a night shift, son!

And I thought to myself - it's a shame I have only one Mom. Should've had two of them. One for the
day and one for the night. Going to bed wouldn't have been so scary then. Going to sleep without Mom
is mighty scary, not like when she's near.

Otherwise Mom is just hanging around somewhere and you just lay there all scared and covered in
blanket. You're crying, worried about her, you put your head through an open window and shout:
"Mommy! Mommy!"

And nobody, not a single passer-by looks at you. You look at the clock, it's 1 a.m., **everyone's**
asleep, and there's just you yelling. Just a little more: **Mommy!** And a few times more, but a little more
quiet now: "Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!"

And at daybreak she'll come and say "*Oh, I'm sorry,*
Dear. I got stuck in a traffic jam",
 or tell me that "*the bus got broken*".
 And you just have to believe her,
 at least pretend as if you did, 'cause she's your Mom, right?
 It's awful going to bed without Mom.
 And when it's day you feel scared when she's asleep.
 'Cause you're not sleeping,
 you didn't hang out all night,
 'Cause you're still a little kid, right?
 And she's just lying thereon a sofa, smelling of booze and perfume.
 The room is lighted,
 The sun shines into a window.
 People don't sleep at daytime. Only the dead do.
 The public service is done before the noon
 and afterwards they get carried away to a graveyard.
 And the living before they die, visit them on a graveyard,
 while searching for a nice place for themselves.
 I remember when Granny buried her son - my uncle,
 she had set some cheap iron monument, *just for the time being*.
 And then another one, of marble.
Nothing like sitting by a decent wee tombstone
Now this one could surely use a table and a couple o'benches
And the old one... Well, you don't scrab a tombstone just 'cause it's old don'tcha?'
 She placed it on the other side of the table, '*to guard the place*'
 She didn't even forget to enclose this whole space with aluminum fence.
 And so she would sit at the table; dead son to her left, hollow grave to her right.
No one will bother and they can't take a spot with a tombstone there, eh?
Who cares if it's not as good as the other one on the left,
it's a monument for God's sake.
 Then she would dust both monuments, sweep around, and sit back again.
 But she wouldn't stay for too long – housework won't wait.
 And then my Granddad croaked too. So the lot came in useful,
 Granny had a reason, '*cause this is the land issue as well, right?*
 And now she sits at the table; her son to the left and husband to the right.
The table is too good to put it to trash, that's a decent table; dyed it three times already,
But the crappy paint just keeps on falling off
That's just a bad energy, you know? Dead, rotten energy...
Let the table stay a little while.
 And it's not even about the table.
 She kept two coffins in the attic even before Granddad checked out.
 Wherever they came from.
You don't put a decent coffin down the drain just 'cause you don't need it, right?'
 She said- *leave it alone*
 Soon as granddad died she trashed the remaining coffin.
So you don't let death cross your mind – she said...
 Granny got wise...

*And Momma's asleep.
It will get dark soon, and Momma's still asleep.
Gives me creeps, really. I know she's my Mom, but I'm scared anyway.
She's sleeping, and it seems to be wrong in a way.
People don't sleep at daytime.
Maybe she's not human?*

I wish I had two mothers.

.....One for the day, and one for the night.....

Mommy woke up ! Kissed me gently !
but not a French kiss this time,
and went to cook,
She boiled water and crushed the instant soup cubes into it .
Have some soup, honey! – she said,
you must be hungry,
did you just sit in front of the TV without a snack the whole morning?
It's not good for your stomach, you know that?

And I sit at the table,
My first Mom to the right, and the second one to the left
The one that is gone away now,
The one I dreamt of.
And I say:

**“Gimme the cash, a client will be here in one hour. And I never got my Hans Andersen
goodnight story you promised’
“Read it yourself, dear, I need to take a shower. School is over now and you still can’t read more
than 20 words a minute.”**

Later on, I talked her into an abortion,
So we could save some money and buy a new flat.
Momma agreed,
she said:

Two freeloaders is too much, I can't afford that.

Outside somebody sang "Evening bells", Momma hugged me, gave me a kiss and I fell asleep.

And I had a dream in which presidents of all countries assembled at my place where I auctioned my Mom. It was winter and I dug a trench with a sapper spade. I could hear booming of explosions all around, church bells were melted into combat shells. The fight wouldn't stop both on earth and in heaven. Aliens from different planets sold secrets of eternal life. Gautama descended from the skies, with a shovel of his own, but the golden one – says, *trench won't dig itself*. But I dig better than he does, 'cause I defend my native land from enemies, and he – he just came in to get some digging practice. Well I don't mind, let him dig, anything for a quiet life. And as he digs, repeating my shovel moves after me, he says:

"Don't sell your mother, man, don't do that. Selling your own mother is wrong. If they try to smooth-talk you - say, you've changed your mind. If they offer you lots of money - don't take it, if they'll threaten you – say, Gautama will come and take care of you. And if they go like– "say wha'?! Who's Gautama?" You say: it's Gautama, Buddha Gautama.

I said so, but they didn't take me seriously and made me sign the contract. I gave them my Mom and they gave me an oil-derrick in exchange. And I go like, I don't no needa fucking oil. All the transportation is running on water, like, for ages now. And they say: No! Take it!An oil derrick! In every country. Very good!And I'm like:

Chinese Oil? What kind of oil is that?

The very best, they say, high-end-top-class-vintage-luxury-branded oil, you'd be grateful, here, take it.

I signed it before I could even notice; I have no idea how it happened. They must have hypnotized me or something, or maybe I was taken in by the whole 'luxury' thing.
When I went to