

TWO VIOLINS

A MAN and a WOMAN onstage, both with violins. And a VOICE over, in italics.

Hey.

Yes.

A fig?

What?

You want a fig?

Ripe?

Yes.

Sweet?

Yes.

I'll try.

Good!

Amazing!

Try another.

Really.

There are Thousands.

I know.

Right here on the tree.

Thank you.

You feel that?

What?

Your fingers.

What?

Touching my hand.

I don't know.

Try again.

Okay.

Try another.

Okay.

You feel that?

In my fingers?

Yes.

I think so.

What is that?

Electricity.

How is that?

It's our bodies. Good.

Oh.

We're electrical.

I see.

Our fingers touched.

Yes?

You feel that?

I think so.

What?

It's electricity. A spark.

Okay.

I know you felt it.

How do you know?

I was there.

Yeah.

It takes two.

Two?

Two electrical machines, like us.

I see.

It's a vibe.

I think I felt it.

I know you did.

What does it mean?

Polarity.

Oh. Polarity?

We're standing there, our bodies inching closer. And then we touched hands and there was a spark.

I didn't see a spark.

You felt it.

I don't know.

I did.

What did it mean?

It means there's an attraction. A current. Between our bodies.
Between our fingertips. I thought you were going to grab my hand.

I wasn't.

It's rare, you know. To have.

What is?

That kind of electrical contact. It's rare. It doesn't happen much in a lifetime. Where you can say, you know, what a vibe, I felt a vibe. I'm not telling you anything mean. Our fingers touched.

Our fingers touched.

There was a tingling. And our bodies were moving towards each other. That must mean something.

What?

Electromagnetism. We're alive.

What to do?

Nothing to be done.

Do we live or die?

Now we live. Soon we die. There was a shock of life, like touching a live wire.

I was searching for bread.

I know.

My father is lying on the street. My father is dying on the street. Some people walk around him, others walk on him, as though he were an old blanket. Trash.

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We are walled in.

Yes. By the stupid and the ugly. Oh, how I would like to kill them all!

So, would I. The shithead local fire and police departments and all the lying sonsofbitches in the schools.

First things first. We need to find bread.

There are too many of us. And too many of them.

They are shooting a thousand a day, or so they say, *a thousand vermin gone today*.

Don't sing! you idiot!

I'm sorry.

Don't rhyme!

I'm sorry.

We dug our ditches and then we take off our clothes and are glad to make the planet cleaner, free of Judaica, and we sing the *Shema*, and take a bullet, and our lives are over, completed by martyrdom.

What then?

What then?

What then?

Smoke, bugs, worms, what?

I don't know. We'll die and get it over with. We'll sing and die and play our violins, take a bullet in the head and then maybe we go to our ancestors.

Where is that?

(Pointing) Up there.

(Jumping) Here I come!

Not yet. Wait on the bullet in the back of the head.

No.

We'll find bread and not be dead.

We'll kill someone instead.

Who?

A Nazi. We'll grab him by the hair and snap his neck. And then we'll go on a spree. We'll kill them all.

Oh!

They have parties on the veranda while they watch us die. COME WATCH THE DYING JEWS AND HAVE A NICE MEAL. MUSIC AND DANCING! TWO VIOLINS!

Bread!

Veal sausage!

Wine!

Music!

Two violins!

That's us. And we don't have long. We'll give our lives for Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms.

Ready to play?

Yes.

Unrehearsed!

Yes. Where's the audience?

They are there, behind the wall.

What wall?

Containing us, revealing us. Funneling us, you could say. Jewish blood going into the planet, it's got to help the planet. Like an infusion. Think of it that way. *(They raise their instruments as though to play, and a volley of gunshots is heard instead.)*

2.

You are mad. I thought you were mad before, talking about fingers and electricity, but now I'm sure of it.

You can think whatever you want. This is the End. A fig tree in the Ghetto, eaten to the bone. No, eaten to the bare idea of it. That's what we ate – the idea of FIG.

The Tree of Knowledge.

I don't think so.

Nobody knows what it means.

What?

The tree.

Somebody knows.

I don't know.

It means the End. Imagination, like the fig that wasn't a fig. A taste in the mind. An Essence.

Go forth, He said to Moses, bring enlightenment to the *Goyim!* What a joke that turned out to be.

The Hasidim in the East. They wouldn't fight. They kept to the Commandments. And almost the entire people were murdered. A remnant came to the U.S.A. in hopes of rectifying Jewish life in the seventeenth Century.

No joke. You had Rabbis on the floor thanking God with their death rattles.

Why?

Because they had no chance at Life. And they wanted to stay kosher, so they said their prayers and gave it up. *Hear O Israel!* The ones that survived, they came to Williamsburg and Monsey, New York. Nobody gets in, nobody gets out.

And you have a man with Evil Intent there and orange hair.

Where?

There!

Who 's that?

I think he's over there.

Where?

They had an argument to make.

Which is?

There's acid in the battery.

What the fuck? Who is this person?

He looks like a mushroom.

He looks like a lightbulb.

He's electrified!

There's one, there, in the bushes. Don't look. If you look at him, he'll shoot you, as sure as night follows day.

I will not look.

He will not stay.

I could almost taste that fig you offered.

Was that him?

Yes, as our lonely fingers touched, among the corpses and the dying. I had a fig tree in my garden. I let anyone harvest them as they came by, Friday evening and Saturday in the morning and night, stopping to pick the fruit. A little prayer, a little fruit.

I'm an old woman in rags, bones and old flesh who can barely walk.

There was a vibe. It's all we have. The rest is dusty air, not enough oxygen, not enough light, dedicated to the death of all Jews everywhere. The Creators, really, of the Culture of the West. The Intelligence of the West. The Religions of the West.

It's too late now for Romance. That's your weakness, your chief weakness, the big one, a pretty face, a girl's attention, the wink of an eye, those will get you any time. Admit it.

I do admit it.

You should make it the First Cause, from which all else flows.

Hail Spinoza and the First Cause!

No. The First Cause is the murderousness of the uncircumcised.
Look how they do.

Shall we play?

Let's play. *(They start to play, but a series of loud anti-aircraft fire goes off.)*

3.

Wrong cue?

You want to talk to somebody?

You'll go up to the ditch and take a bullet in the head.

No, you go.

No, thanks.

Who are they shooting at?

They should have bombed the camps. Long ago. The railroads and the barracks and the machine shops. The Americans and the British. They left the camps alone, I mean alone, while the Germans carried out their butchery.

And so?

It's true.

And then they'd know we knew.

So what? Who cares? What could they have been thinking?

The Anti-Jew in the home country.

Let's go. You and me.

You go.

No, you.

Let's take a moment to live.

Yes. I want to say yes. take pleasure in what's left. The pleasures of the body. But all around they're dying or waiting to die, like you, like me. Like he or she. What are we? What are we for?

Thing is, the harm is done now, the harm is permanent. Never to be undone.

Strange creatures. We eat and shit and blow air around. No wonder killing is such a thrill –

I'm not thrilled.

Just think – and Moses went forth, up on the top of the mountain and Yahweh spoke to Him from a cloud, Moses was not allowed to see Him, the Creator, only to listen and pass it on, this Egyptian boy found in the reeds along the Nile. And yet here we are, breathing the foul air of the Ghetto -- watched by armed Ukrainian police.

I am not Ukrainian.

Does night follow day in this place?

Night follows day. The cosmic clock winds on no matter what we do, children of the One God.

I have not seen the Sun in many days. I don't know how many days; the days are vanishing. I no longer count the days.

You think you can kill that yellow-haired soldier?

No.

I am no longer a soldier.

What are you?

I am a messenger from the living dead.

He'll kill you first chance he gets.

How do you know?

Don't look at him.

Why not?

His eyes are red. Electrified.

Why do you say things like that?

Everything is electrified, down to the last breath. I saw you going by, a moment ago, and I was electrified; and I was mortified, as well, for once we could have been lovers. And now it's too late.

You remind me of the old times when men were students, and the women wore wigs. Now the wigs are gone, and the books are gone, and people are starving in the street.

What answers did they expect to find? In the books, in argument? What phrase or insight might appear to account for the mass murder of the messengers of God?

I'll have half the fig.

What are you afraid of? We are soon to die. On the ditch. A bullet in the back of the head. Just think. One thought. One last thought. Go ahead and think something, then eat the rest of the fig.

Thank you.

Keep you alive for a few minutes. Don't let him see you, the soldier in the bushes. Good.

Amazing what a look will do. I'm thinking of assassinating that stupid soldier.

How?

With our eyes.

Come on.

Half-closed eyes, and then you think -- you want to direct the energy into his head. The electrified energy in the air. We concentrate. We think. We'll kill him with our thought. Think. *(A pause)*

I can't think. I don't have the energy to think.

Never mind. Can you play something Yiddish? Deedle deedle dum?
That ought to do it.

No. Step away, you're breathing down my neck.

I'm not.

Step away. Let's play. (*They raise their instruments, but a catastrophic thunder of machine gun fire ensues.*)

4.

Well.

The music of gunfire.

People love that shit. Bombs, firecrackers, chases, and car crashes,
shotguns.

Did he move?

I don't know.

I think he moved.

Not too loud.

Maybe a centimeter.

Can he see us?

Can we see him?

Definitely.

Then he sees us.

Don't look.

I'm not looking.

It might arouse his attention.

I'll turn away.

On second thought, he has no attention. Everything he has is on himself. Turn around, see if he moves.

I can't.

Try again.

I can't.

Are you welded to the stage, or not?

Not.

How could that happen?

Did the soldier move?

No.

Can you see his eyes?

No.

Don't panic.

Okay.

Don't try to move.

No.

I'm sorry.

Never mind. I don't think he sees anything when he looks. He has trouble looking. When he looks, he doesn't see.

What then?

He doesn't know what to make of it. He can't figure it out. His mother used to wipe his nose with an oil rag. And she wiped his ass with a wet dishcloth. He was a golfer man. He zoomed around the countryside with baskets of little balls and sailed with ease over bumps and thumps and wiped out everything in front of him.

Let's think about something else. Let's not think about him. Let's think about something else. Like the fig I gave you earlier.

I don't know what else to say about the fig.

The fig was from my garden, the garden of Youth, where I grew artichokes and lemons, pomelos and oranges. The world was fruitful then and I was too proud of my garden. And that's how we got down to one fig.

How so?

Pride. I had been blessed with an orchard. I did nothing to deserve it. And then a swarm of locusts ate the tree to its core. It was a dried-out fig, dry as paper. I used to skip my way to school and sing a jingle or whistle a tune. I had tangerines and tomatoes, chopped liver and prunes.

For lunch?

For lunch. *(Pause)*

Did he move?

I can't see him.

Don't move. Don't look.

I'm not moving or looking.

Sonofabitch could have a brain. Squeezed between his ears like apple sauce or drainage fluid.

He has a helmet on his head.

I'm standing here clutching my violin, frozen to the floor, and in the distance, I hear the crying of children. *(Distant sound)*

Don't listen.

Why not?

It's a tape.

You can't just keep on telling me things.

Why not?

Because I will revolt, I will recoil.

Okay.

And that will be bad news for you.

I'll take my chances.

I'll stomp your violin and cut your tongue out. *(Pause)*

Wait. Can I tell you about the tape?

Tell.

It was a tape.

You said that.

Children were gathering in the school basement and then the soldiers opened fire with anti-aircraft guns, flame throwers -- and one of the idiots pressed **play** so all is recorded until the end of time. He was one of those guys who is sitting over there watching us for no fucking reason.

Maybe he wants to hear us play.

Let's play. *(They raise their instruments, and an enormous artillery barrage ensues. Pause,)*

5.

Not today.

No.

I remember you, in the old days, I remember you fondly.

What's my name?

I forget just now. But you had a wonderful body.

Yeah, yeah.

Absolutely perfect in every way. Blonde ponytail. Beautiful smile with good teeth, long legs, shapely breasts, a wonderful butt.

Did you try to call me once?

I did.

What happened?

I chickened out.

Try again sometime.

Yeoh, like when?

Like tomorrow.

Or next week.

Or a year from now.

On the planet Mars or the moon. *(Forced laughter)*

I had tremendous yearning in those days. Too be fondled and fucked, hugged and kissed.

By me?

By you. Don't give up.

I'm an old man now.

Wait. I saw the solder slink out of the corner of my eye.

Don't move, stay still.

He hates us.

That's how it goes. It's in the soil. They plant potatoes and up comes hatred of the Jews. I'd like to kill the piece of shit, rip him apart with my bare hands.

Good luck with that.

Do something alluring. Get him to come over here.

No.

Why not?

He's *treyf*. Unclean.

How do you know?

That's a Nazi helmet he's wearing. Not a yarmulke. I saw hm out of the corner of my eye. He might be dead. Look.

I can't.

Why not?

I can't get the right angle.

We'll never know, then. We'll be standing here stuck in the mud with eyes on earthquake and fire, flood and hurricane. The History of Man as a planetary catastrophe.

I can't look at his eyes. They're red.

Red?

Red as blood. Streaming out of his head.

Don't tell me.

I'm telling you. Searing blood. Blood on the countryside, blood in the caverns, rivers of blood running into the earth. *(Sirens)*

I think he's made of cardboard.

No.

What then?

Steel. He's made of steel. Far as I can tell. Blood is streaming out of his eyes locked in on us.

Oh, come on.

Yes.

Don't look.

He's a helmet on a stick.

Let's play something.

That won't work.

Why not.

The thing 's got blood bazookas for eyes. Bazookas are the arms; fire is the armament.

Tell him to look away.

Maybe the music will hold him up.

He can't hear it.

Why?

He's got no ears. *(Pause)*

Let's go over there and hit him. Let's kick the shit out of him.

Okay. Ready?

No.

Careful with the instruments.

Yes. *(A rumbling sound)* What's that?

Sounds like an earthquake.

Sounds like whales. Sounds like singing whales.

Let's play. *(They prepare to play music but are overwhelmed by the loud onslaught of heavy artillery fire.)*

6.

Holy shit.

Let's wait a minute.

Let's sit down.

You got a rock to sit on?

I got a rock.

I got a rock, too. *(They sit)*

Well.

Well, well.

You know, I 've had a crush on you for years.

Why didn't you call me?

I did call you.

So that was you?

Yeah.

Why did you hang up?

I chickened out.

Why?

I'm an elder.

So?

I didn't want to take advantage. And you're taller than me.

Too bad. Now we'll never know. The joys of sex, kissing and cuddling and excitement.

It's been many years now.

It shows.

What do you mean by that?

Nothing.

Come on.

You're still a good-looking guy, only now you have a big stomach. It would get in the way of a good intercourse experience.

Oh, fuck.

Exactly. *(A few rocks roll onto the stage.)*

I have an idea.

What's that?

Let's throw rocks at the soldier.

He's nothing but a piece of shit. Armored.

Can you stand up?

Yes.

Remember, in the village square, we were standing cheek to cheek in the sun, thirsty and hungry, shitting and pissing in our pants. They had it blocked up with all kinds of shit like old trucks and cabinets and baby carriages, all four corners were blocked by the people who were having champagne in the balconies above. And then a troop of killers marched in and set up a machine gun and opened fire. The square began filling with blood. There was a square of blood, higher and higher so we slipped and fell and after fifteen minutes the street was swirling with blood and bodies began stacking up on top of one another. I don't know who was in charge there. They were German soldiers and Polish and German gentlemen sipping champagne and tea and eating little savories and I began to throw up and I ended crawling under a building that had no foundation, there was maybe six inches of safety in there.

The blood in the square flowed down into the sewers and ditches and pipes into the earth, but the red square remained as it was to this day. Dried blood red.

I made it back to the ghetto. People were dying on the streets. A perverted teenager wearing a Nazi helmet was going around shooting people in the head.

Was it him?

It was not I.

Was he a Jew?

I don't know. He was out of his mind, whoever he was. Don't throw rocks at that thing. (*Clang*) I think it's a piece of medieval armor, is what it is. Take care of your violin.

Right. So, Moses made his deal with Yahweh and they sacrificed the Golden Calf and then wandered in the desert for forty years. And thus began the History of the Jews and the pangs of Conscience on Earth.

What about Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Noah's Ark and Job?

It's the story of God. It was said to the Prophets, go forth and tell the *Goyim* about me and keep it simple and true –There is one God, and he is Me and I am IT. Turn your face away or the whole tribe will turn to dust.

He turned his face away. It was him. Him and the American Government. Millions could have been saved.

America was lame. They couldn't care less about the refugee Jews. Thousands had to go back and went to the camps and died there. Shoveled into ovens. Can you believe that? Can you conceive of that?

Let's kill the motherfucker.

Where is he?

Maybe that's him over there, The hulk. Blood coming out of his eyes.

He's a bunch of wire and light bulbs with a copper or aluminum shell. Throw another rock at Him.

I'm holding a violin.

Okay don't throw it. This is fuckin' amazing. Tell the motherfucker to stand up.

Stand up motherfucker.

This area right here will no longer be an area.

Could you follow that?

What will it be?

Nothing.

I'm going to kill this sonofabitch.

Don't forget the violin.

No. Once we were mercenaries in the Arabian dunes. We rode camels and brandished swords. We lost a major battle to the Arabs. Imagine what could have been.

Soon you won't be able to breathe. We'll all drop dead where we are because the air is becoming carbonized and the Oxygen is slowly disappearing, bubbling off the planet.

We know that.

Think of me as a mushroom or a fungus.

A mushroom IS a fungus.

You get what I mean?

No.

Forget it.

You stupid motherfucking piece of shit. Trying to be a mushroom?
It's gravity alone keeping us going, keeping us legit.

On the side of a wall.

Ask anyone what gravity is.

Hey!

Yeah?

What's gravity?

Why don't you go fuck yourself.?

Thank you.

Americans. Immune to the basics. Exceptional.

Let's go back to the romantic.

I don't feel like it.

We used to have lunch among the flowering plants and fruit trees
and flowers. You remember that?

Yes.

What do you remember?

A feeling of subterfuge. Why? Because I had no rights at the time.

You were dreaming. You had no rights.

That's what I said.

You had the right to die. That's all.

Let me ask you – we got a sledgehammer around here?

We do.

Let me have it.

What are you going to do?

I'm going to knock this shithead into the ground, into the fire below.
What do you say now?

I have nothing to say.

Here goes. *(A blow)*

Won't work.

Why not?

I am a permanent blemish on the History of Man. You can't chisel it off.

I'm tired anyway. I've shot my load. And there's been no love in my life for twenty-five years. *(Pause)*

We're so sorry.

No, you're not. I don't need no sorrows for me. I'm perfectly intact except for the hinges in my hips. Time was, I couldn't hit a nail with a hammer.

This is true.

Though you stood over me and abused me and bullied me.

Me?

Yeah.

Don't confuse me with someone else. I just wanted to get into your pants.

Well, you've missed your chance. No honey in the nest. But I made my own violin, which I will now play. It has a wonderful tone, borne of much suffering, worth about ten thousand dollars. In today's money. *(Starts to play and a huge avalanche is unleashed instead. Pause.)*

7.

I have a theory of Everything.

Shoot.

All matter, all energy, all thought, all everything is a matter of refinement. And how is anything tangible or intangible refined?

Through suffering.

Correct.

Hammering or burning, cutting, slashing, stabbing, pandemics, murder, what have you, it's all to make the course fine. And so, what have we done, we, the Jews, to carve out a piece of immortality, a fine substance in the heavens of a suffering martyrdom, a very fine vibration that wouldn't exist if it wasn't for us and the magnitude of our suffering.

Some people wouldn't go along with that. Some people said 'Good Riddance.

The Universe wouldn't be the Universe if it wasn't for us. There'd be no music, there'd be no song, no clouds of burning light, of electrified matter.

Money. You all have money and a place to live, and you walk in a hurry like some Gentile kid might jump you and pull on your beard. Where are you going? To and fro and in a hurry. And you stand and bow stand and bow, hours at a time.

It's a process. We have been processed.

Purgatory.

We don't have that.

What do you have?

The Day of Atonement. We are pounded mercilessly with Judgment of our sins, and we get down on our knees with the pain of remorse. It's important to realize that there a chemical exchange going on.

The Universe is a process.

This puts me in mind of my dear old mother. *(Pause)*

Go on.

She never caught a break. Beaten from the day she was born. Why? We don't know. Passed on from Ghetto to Ghetto, from Warsaw to Brooklyn, an unwavering persecution. From sewing machines to being whacked with broom handles, to shock treatments to lobotomy, to advanced childhood at 85. There she was in Livingston Manor, in a home for the rest of her life, acting out at the age of six years old. We watched, my sister and I, as she cavorted happily about, playing with the other children, having lost the chance when she was herself a child.

We live through horrors, life is a horror, and yet we live through it, and the Jew, the Jew is hated for his love of Life, how he sings on a Friday night though his synagogue is burning. Hear O Israel!

They should have bombed the railroad tracks to the camps!

Too many Jew-haters in the U.S. of A. What was the name of that asshole, in the State Department, was it Long, a Mr. Long, who had the face of Death on him. American Death, superior white man death.

Bomb it once, and then a hundred thousand times!

Let's play something.

No.

Why not?

The crust of the Earth is loaded with bodies. Bulging with bodies.

Tune your instrument.

I am not a fiddler on the roof.

What are you?

Fertilizer.

Look at this shit. Nobody will tell you what's up. They're too busy doing their thing, like fucking and ducking and sucking and wasting their fucking time, going to their jobs, watching TV, thinking about their teenage daughters, their wayward sons, their nasty wives, money, money, money and so on.

Meaning?

Don't kill me for this.

I had no intention.

Thanks a lot.

What are you asking?

I'm not asking.

What are you saying?

Don't tell anyone.

Why not?

It's a big secret. No one can know.

What?

We're all going to die.

Everyone knows that.

Yeah, but they are dreaming of immortality, heaven awaits these hypocritical American Christians. They believe all kinds of shit. While they shoot us in the back of the head and throw us into a ditch. Into the crust of the Earth. You get it now? We are imprisoned by Hate until the End of Days.

I do get it.

Buried in the soil is the shroud of the Anti-Jew, buried there forever, waiting for his chance, and it's coming my friend, it's on its way.

Let's kill it.

You can't kill it. It's immortal. Maybe it was there at the beginning, as the planet was formed, like a chemical cloud or a cosmic ghost, there to squelch any rise of **conscience** on the face of the forming Earth, there from the beginning, there until the end, knives drawn, cannon loaded, barbed wire – excuse me.

Why?

I'm going to throw up. And then I'm going to cry. And then I'm going on a killing spree.

Good luck. *(Pause)* What's holding you up?

It's like the head of snake or a giant worm. You cut off its head and right away it grows another one. What the fuck could that mean? We are abandoned, we are consigned to –

Murder.

Yes, the murdered. What happened to Yahweh, he was supposedly our friend, we held him up come hell or high water. And now it's *Rosh Hashonah*, and we're supposed to rejoice and give thanks, and bow our heads to the Almighty and soon confess our sins and then to go on to live our lives under the shadow of Conscience, until they cut off our repentant heads and throw them into the endless fires signaling the end of the world.

We are guests in this country. We are guests everywhere except Israel. Thank God for Israel. Back in the desert, fight off the Muslim Arab world. Hear O Israel! Save us from perdition!

Forget about it. Watch a ballgame.

You can watch the Holocaust on TV. Slivers of footage. The bodies of the dead and the soon to die.

Nothing will change. Life will go on and the memory will fade.

Say it isn't so, Joe.

Let's go to War.

Won't work.

Why not?

The people have frail brains in their heads, they can't get their heads around it. I don't know if I can. I'm sick to my stomach. I'm going to throw up again.

Watch where you're aiming.

I'm not aiming. I'm sick.

Okay, Joe.

Enough is enough.

Let's play. (*They start to play but are overwhelmed by a large volcanic earthquake eruption.*)

8.

Well.

Well, what?

That was a volcano. Probably split up a continent. Moved shit around.

Definitely.

What I want is to get to the bottom of this. Mainly in myself. Because nobody does anything or says anything or remembers anything and they love their silly jobs in dollar-land, so keep the borders closed because some battered hard-on walks in and shoots

piss on our pigs. That's what they're thinking, like "Don't let those pimply ragged stupid black and brown faces in here, we have enough in this country, and we don't need you in here and that goes for the bearded Jews as well because they are not one of us, they are still living in the fifteenth century. I don't know where they came from or what they want from us.

They are coming from the death-camps.

Well, what is that? That's not our fault. That has nothing to do with us. We just want to make a living and we don't need people crawling in here or swimming the river or sneaking in on planes or the water ways. Or voting in our elections. And they murdered Jesus Christ, of all people.

When was this?

Fifteenth Century.

That can't be true.

It's true.

Well, that's a big one. We got seventy million Christians locked up in the southern lands already. And that's not all.

What else? *(Pause)*

I forget now.

Jesus Christ what a shmuck.

You guys got it all wrong You are an idiot species of Man. The American bogie-head. You're not really men, you are more like pigs,

and you piss and shit all over each other. So, what I'm going to do is this.

What?

I'm going to kill you all.

Why?

Revenge.

I got to go home now.

I got to feed the kids now.

I have an appointment.

There's a show I want to watch.

I'll be late for work.

I'll be late for my meeting.

I'm supposed to fuck my wife tonight.

I'm expecting a call from my dear old mother.

My father is in the hospital with contusions.

I have a date.

I never did nothing to nobody. Fuck that shit.

You don't belong here if you weren't born here.

They should stay in their own country.

We didn't have a country.

Fuck you then, we had nothing to do with your problems.

I take steroids for C.O.P.D.

I have diabetes. I need my insulin.

Anyone else? (*Heavy machinegun fire.*)

Fuck, Man, we're all dead.

Like I said. I'm trying to figure this out. What do they have against us? Why do we have these gaunt white Christians denying our chances for survival? It's like these white heads are attached to the fungi. Talk about a world-wide conspiracy. It's everywhere on the globe, in the soil. So, I'm trying to understand it. In myself. I mean without the possibility of revenge. Of fighting back. Time moves on but something sticks. What is that? It is the remnant of conscience, because the species has a genetic error. Psychopaths emerge everywhere. One at a time, two at a time. In every generation. Black, brown, red, yellow, whatever. A psycho appears furtively. While the Jew, he waits patiently with his head covered, bowing and singing to the one God, reality, reasoning, a devotion to the book thousands of years old, and yet we keep our sanity. Most of us. That's it – they cannot break us. They can kill us, but they cannot break us.

So many good men were murdered it's impossible to know how many though we know some intimately because we know ourselves,

the Jew in us, and of course all the photos in all the Holocaust memorials, men women and children.

Where we play our lamentations.

Now it's something else again because the memory is fading and life on Earth is going up in flames.

So, I's a different ballgame. Our sorrow and revenge have nowhere to go. Not to the burning small-brained two-legged running for cover, not to the History of Man. And what of the evil spirit that aroused the European continent to murder its Jews. Will it remain in the atmosphere? Will there be an atmosphere? What remains -- Like an amputation of the Spirit, even the idea of conscience, carved out by fire, flood, earthquake, migration, hurricane and mass murder.

It's a song to the Universe itself.

Let's play.

Into the Nothingness above the Tree of Life.

End. Music and Dancing.

**Murray Mednick
Rosh Ha Shona
2022**

