

Luc Delfosse

# A Russian Love

*Roman*



éditions  
**DIDRO**

COLLECTION CARACTÈRES MOBILES

## A RUSSIAN LOVE

Rompre avec les choses réelles, ce n'est rien. Mais avec les souvenirs !  
Le cœur se brise à la séparation des songes, tant il y a peu de réalité dans  
l'homme.

Breaking with real things is nothing. But with the memories! The heart  
breaks at the separation of dreams, so little is there reality in man.

CHATEAUBRIAND

Preliminary Dialog with an unknown Reader  
Or  
Sharp Conversation

- Why do you start your story quoting Chateaubriand?
- It is a tribute to François-René. This is also a reverence to his last book *Vie de Rancé*.
- So, what?
- In his last book, Chateaubriand breaks all the writing rules that were admitted in his time. He tells us a story, a biography of an abbe on the road. Chateaubriand, - that I would have loved to cc here but I can't -, just left his heart exploring deeply human feelings shared by whoever loves love and life. As a result of the book, the analysis is dense and intricate but Chateaubriand does it with his extreme mastery.
- Sorry, but I was told that this book has no structure. A famous reviewer wrote that it was only a jumble, odds and ends of Chateaubriand.
- This reviewer was jealous of Chateaubriand's talent. By the way, this guy was a *jealous guy*. Therefore, his opinion does not matter. The fact that the writer put no barriers to his narrative, that he had only one guide, his heart, driven by poetry, proves that he had penetrated the power of love, a feeling which I always considered noble, gentle, gallant, precious and of course, costly. In any case, more noble than jealousy. Let me add that without digressions of our soul, there is no room for love, only reasons not to love.
- Is your story about Chateaubriand?
- Of course not. It is just an essay, to make a correspondence between a music album, *Abbey Road*, and an album of memories, hidden behind a biography of a third character, *Abbe Rancé*. Should he read it, I hope this essay will impress one of my favorite teachers of English, Mr. Surrige. But, one more time, my story, - if anyone wants to listen to it -, is all about *A Russian Love*. One cannot establish neither borders nor limits to love.
- Love is free?
- I don't know. But love is always in the air.

- What is pure love?
- I don't know. But *all we need is love*.
- How can you be so sure?
- Each time I feel blue, a little bit of poetry written on a little piece of paper that shouldn't be burnt is sufficient to put me back on our *long and winding road*.
- Is poetry your secret?
- I don't know but each time way down I go, poetry and a little bit of Inna's heart will make me go up.

Second Dialog with another Unknown Reader  
Or  
Conversation at cross purposes

- Useless words would never come to Inna's lips, only unusual words would. Useless words would never come to our minds but if they would, they would be only like cherries on our cake, our love cake.
- What is a love cake?
- Hey you, listen to my tale, you are just greedy, aren't you? A love cake is more than delicious, both the buds and the soul are excited, the connection is made through the lips. So, one can close his or her eyes while savoring a piece of the cake, which is close to a piece of the heart of the other lover. I don't know if I am clear, but no need to explain what can be felt deeply inside and outside using a violin of Cremona.
- Where can one buy a love cake?
- There is no boutique for love cakes.
- Even on line?
- Not even. Only on lips.
- Can I choose the color of my cake?
- Remember Henry Ford?
- No, I never met him.
- Nor I but he said something like: "The consumer can choose the color of his or her car, provided it is the black color"
- So, what?

- Although when love is concerned, one should not behave like a consumer, but like a lover you cannot choose the color of your love cake.
- What is the difference between a consumer and a lover?
- You ask so many questions, my dear ... You should go to FAQ ... But OK, I will answer this new question: a consumer buys goods, I mean cars or vacations with money, a lover buys love with a smile.
- And if I don't feel like smiling?
- Forget about love or go to the ASMM!
- What's that?
- An Automatic Smile Machine.
- But there I will only get commercial smiles ...
- No, there, on a magic machine, you can choose your smile, they have a mirror, in which you can double check if your soul agrees with your lips. Please also remember: in the old days one would say "to have commerce with ... "meaning to have a nice relation with ... "
- How will I recognize the magic machine?
- Please, guess a bit!
- How come?
- Be in love. On another hand, I am sure that you won't have any problem to find a love cake. As far as I am concerned I would rather bite in a love apple 😊.(\*)

(\* ) As an attentive reader will note, the second unknown reader didn't pay attention to the mention of Inna's name. He or she seemed just to be interested in buying a cake.

Preamble  
Or  
Open Monolog

Dear Reader, here is the preamble of my story. It is a short introduction not a long vague speech. I go straight to my point: I met Inna, I fell in love with her immediately. Just for your information I will love her forever. Where is she today? I just don't know. Just read my words to her: 🌹💗💗 Today ... Where is my love? I am looking back ... To bless her shall I send her a holy red rose? 💗💗🌹 Сегодня ... Где моя любовь? ... Я оглядываюсь назад ... Должен ли я послать ей красную розу?

I know, this is almost a religious preamble, comparable in a way to the preamble of a solemn act of faith. If it would be musical, it would be a prelude written by Bach and played by Gould. It could be a demonstration of the truth of love, of its power, as a beautiful song could remind you so many things. Although my story is absolutely true I am not sure you will believe it. Some friends who listened to my pre-reading said that I look like Don Quixote in search of his destiny, sorry, in search of his Dulcinea. In fact, this is the story of a Russian love. By the way, is there anyone who wants to listen to my story? Some pre-listeners survived to it. Saint Paul, do you have any idea? Shall I come and pray in your church in London? So far, I wrote so many chapters in my life that sometimes fiction and reality are meeting and clapping. So, stranger than fiction, stranger than the parallel lives of Abraham Lincoln and John Kennedy, me and my lovely Inna, we finally met. It was amazing. It is still amazing to me today, at this very moment when I start writing this Russian love story before sharing dinner with Donald at Petr Ossian, 58<sup>th</sup> St, New York. You know, this is an unbelievable Romanesque, an accidental encounter that one can hope to make, one day, but be surprised when it happens, not only surprised, stoned, not to say immobilized. I always said to myself: 'One day, I'll be a rich man' and this happened the day I met Inna. It was stronger than an October revolution. Before we met I couldn't imagine that a world into which Inna would live with me could exist. I thought Inna was living in the Space, close to Gagarin. Now, still, I can almost not figure it out totally but I believe in it. I am a believer. Every dream should be a belief. Only one glimpse of Inna, and I can believe in anything. There is another thing that I can be sure of: my lovely Inna and myself, we will never be strangers neither in the night nor in any place. Tornadoes can be terrible, Inna is just terrific, she is a silent tornado to me. Here is a letter-poem that I could have written for her, just as an example, a letter-poem, which would rhyme in U:

*Dear U, each time I meet U, it is the right time to tell U...  
That I love U. Hey! What? What do I feel about U?  
No need to use words for this, I don't need to tell this to U,  
Just looking at U ...  
And U get it  
How deep and strong I love U?  
U can see it,  
Each time U look into my eyes as U did yesterday in Milano  
Only U can look at me as a silent tornado  
U are my today-tomorrow, U are my tomorrow today,  
U are Inna on my way*

Hey! Jesus! I promised that my preamble would be short. Why to digress on a little poem?

Dear reader, can't you now hear a prelude of Bach? Hey! Tell Tchaikovsky the news ...

What would we be without music? So, let me write a last note to this preamble:

I always loved Russia, I mean, from Day One, when, as a little boy I first looked at a world map ... Russia was such a big land ... I will come back later on to this point as it has been a key factor for the psychological evolution of the child I was then. So, it was impossible for me not to live, one day or another, and then every night, an incredible Russian love of the A category. 'A loves' are 'Pure loves'. This could explain what I cannot explain to myself or to the second unknown reader above introduced. If you have a passion for a country, one day or another, you will be blessed with an original love, a local love, presently a Russian love.

Pure love? It only means that when we are together, according to the classical affirmation, we are alone together, no silly questions, why should we stop the momentum of our love?

## *Chapter 1*

### Stranger than fiction

I first met Inna when both of us we were living in the Middle Ages. Of course, right away I fell in love with her, I think I mentioned it already. I believe she did too but one never knows with love. What was nice, when we first met, I mean, in the Middle Ages, was the fact that our love was already kind of modern. We met in Siberia in a citadel with a bell. We met close to the Tom River before Tomks was founded in 1604. From Day One Inna and myself we had no intention not to live our passion happily. Whoever is interested in the Middle Age, and in love, would know that *love* in the Middle Ages was hardly a happy one. Look, Heloise and Abelard. Even when the Renaissance came, loves were still battled. Romeo and Juliet couldn't enjoy it for long. On the contrary Inna and myself we shared a happy passion. We couldn't meet at Red Square because this beautiful place was not even called officially Trinity Square or Fire Square. I was



myself on fire and The Holy Trinity blessed Inna and myself so that our spiritual union was unbreakable. I think that The Trinity knew my heart would break if I would lose Inna's love, reason why we had this sublime connivance. If one can find reality, real life in books, real love is of course in books but also in Inna's eyes.

## *Chapter 2*

### A Stream of Dreams

So, you can imagine how surprised I was when Inna and myself we crossed each other in our dreams during hundreds of years after we fell in love in Siberia and recently for the 99<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Russian Revolution. Surprised but above all happy, more than happy, just crazy happy, incredibly happy surprised, not believing that God gave us another opportunity to meet and love like in a movie of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Fox. Because it should be clear to you, dear reader, meeting, me and Inna, means falling in love, no need to date each other, love is timeless. We develop this love every nanosecond, no need for a business plan, not even for a marketing plan, our actions and kisses need not to be planned. All our common variables are under control. We were just enjoying it all, any nanosecond, and we have been thanking God every day for this love. There would be no interest meeting and not falling in love. I'll be honest, we don't pray God to remain lovers, we know we will, we just thank Him, between two kisses. Of course, The Almighty can decide to protect our love against any Evil, such a Protection is always wonderful and sometimes necessary.

## *Chapter 3*

### The Invisible

In any of her smiles I could see The Invisible ... Like a physician discovering dancing nanoparticles ... In her eyes, I could read a fairy tale, I could grab a glimpse of my Inna. When I was looking at her she would reply with a smile full of this infinite femininity that all women have but not up to this level. Only a few women received this gift, which is offered every

four years on March 8<sup>th</sup>, on the Woman Day. Then, each time we would meet further I would start taking pictures of Inna, in Athens, in Moskva, at Pushkin's Square, in Milano sharing pasta, in Bologna sharing prosecco ... Any photograph of Inna would make me discover her again. She was indeed each time herself but each time so different. Verlaine was absolutely right when he wrote for us his dream about a woman who was just like no other. But this woman she was not Inna, as you know, Inna she's unique and she's mine, in the Space and forever. But the difference between the two mysterious ladies, I mean between the unknown one in Verlaine's poem and Inna was significant to me: Inna was not a character in one of my dreams, she was real. Of course, she was a dream in herself, a dream for me, being who she was, - she was an incredible living being, a dreamt lady come out all of a sudden from Heaven, to me she became immediately my love potion ♥... I could meet her not only in my dreams but first in the Middle Age, as I already told. I could have discovered her in Greece arriving from Marathon City, hands in hands, to Athens. I could have kissed her in Moscow, sailed with her from Vladivostok up or down to Japan or fly to Australia ... For Inna, I would write a poem upon request or without any request ...

## *Chapter 4*

### Athens

- What about sharing a beer, my dear Inna?
- Great idea but may I put one condition ...
- Just tell me ...
- I want us to drink it at Hard Rock Café downtown Atina...
- Done!

Right away a taxi jumped out of the skies (I always have with me a magic wand) and we jumped in it. We only had to open the doors ourselves as something wrong happened to my magic wand, a bug maybe (sometimes I regret the times when the magic wands were not digital but floral, there were almost no bugs at that time, only rosebuds). Anyhow, our fairy tale could start. The driver was very nice. We began to learn Greek language.

## *Chapter 5*

### Important detail

I would never be tired of looking at Inna, listening to her voice ... I can even guess what are her thoughts, when she cries or would cry and imagine how her brain is working and reacting emotionally.

## Chapter 6

Keep it confidential ...

My love for Inna has no start no end. As I mentioned above in my humble preamble, as I was a child, very often, say several times each day, sometimes during the night, I was looking at a world map. My space would be the world, no less. Later, when Gagarin went into the Space, I also enlarged my own space. The USSR was such a big white blue red country on the map that I fell in love with USSR at that time, particularly in love with Russia. Soon I could feel that one day a Russian lovely lady would become my lover. My intuition was reinforced each time I was listening to that song ... you know that song, dear reader, *Nathalie*... *Nathalie*, she would drink a hot chocolate with a French dreamer at Café Pushkin and he would fall in love with Russia and he would fall in love with her, and he would know that he would be back to Moscow just to meet her again and me I knew my Russian love would be *Inna* and that I would meet her a second time not to say a third time, after our Greek and our Middle Ages previous encounters, - in those times she had been an Athenian princess then a Siberian queen, today she is my Princess of White Yard (I called Scotland Yard to find out where this wonderful village is hidden and Lady Agatha herself told me that I could find this adorable place where my love was born on the Tom River, in Tomsk Region.) Then I was given instructions by Venus herself to fly to Athens in October last year. It was a comeback to this antique city. She insisted that even if I was asked to cancel my trip there, I shouldn't, any delay would be temporal. So, nothing could stop me, not even strikers in the air. I would fight any dragon to go and protect Inna and she would become mine and I would then meet her again and I would take her to Café Pushkin... Don't be surprised dear Reader that I repeat the same obsessions, specially regarding the places of our encounters. This is a normal mental attitude called the lover's syndrome. Dear Reader, to help you follow the way my brain works surrounded by Tornado Inna, I will try to make a digest. Café Pushkin is the place where in our present life we would renew our kiss variations a little bit like Bach wrote his Goldberg Variations. I wanted us to kiss first at Pushkin. Maybe she wanted too. We did. Believe me, dear Reader, there is nothing like kissing your lover at Café Pushkin, discreetly of course.

When Inna kissed me, I understood that *the soul kiss*, - you know this special kiss when both lover's souls meet -, this kiss she would give it to me a little bit later, after dinner, in the snow, with Alexander Pushkin as a witness, he would bless our love. And so, it happened. I didn't tell Inna but one of our next kisses would be blessed by our Mighty God. To enter our love bubble, Inna and myself we would need champagne bubbles. I was wondering if a bottle of Dom Pérignon would softly bless us. I was hesitating. Maybe a Krug 1983 would work better? To solve this point, we finally decided that we would always celebrate our incredible love with champagne, vodka or a beer, dancing a hard rock. We would celebrate it all over, all over the world, in Vladivostok, then in Sapporo. Of course, we would fly to Australia but I won't tell you all our secret plans ...

## Chapter 7

Question marks ...

- Oh, Lord, what does it mean, if, every morning, when I wake up I first and only see Inna?
- Oh, Lord, what does it mean, if any time I come back from Dreaming Island to Reality World I come across Inna?
- Oh, Lord, how do You explain to me that any time my wandering thoughts return to day One, Inna and I we keep kissing?
- Oh, Lord, I cannot meet Inna every day? How come?
- Oh, Lord, won't You answer my prayer? I want to meet Inna every nanosecond ...

Dear Reader, whether you are a Christian or not, dear other believer, believe me, our Mighty Lord is so merciful that that day He answered me. Yes, He did! Indeed! He did it the following way, He did it in the next chapter... Just turn the page or look up and down.

## Chapter 8 *Oh, Happy Day*

Of course, I was not expecting a direct answer from God, I mean a written one, a mail or an sms. If I pray God, I know that His answer is either blowing in the wind, or revealed to me by Manou, or that I will wake up with a new vision of the coming days, the happy days, ♪♪ *Oh happy day when Jesus taught me how to watch* ♪♪, so, in those moments I am always

listening to my heart. My heart was both excited and peaceful, - that's a form of miracle.

## Chapter 9

### Love Potion Number 9

На сегодняшний день ...	Today ...
На этой первой странице ...	On this first page ...
... Белый ...	... White ...
Как твой руки ...	As your hands ...
Я пишу стихи ...	I write poems ...
Завтра ...	Tomorrow ...
Если мы не мудры ...	If U and me we are not wise ...
Мы пишем ...	We will be writing ...
Двуручное :	With two hands:
"Я люблю тебя ...	' I love you ' ...
Для нас тогда ...	For us then ...
Ночь ...	The night ...
будет белым	Will be white
И я вижу	And I will see
в твоих глазах, сияющих золото	In your eyes, shining gold

Пустая страница?	Empty page?
Для меня	For me ...
Она подобна женщине ...	It is like a woman
Она ждет моих слов ...	She is waiting for my words
Приходите ...	Come ...
Покрыть...	Cover by...
Ночь ...	The night ...
Нет больше разговоров	No more conversations
что бы ни случилось	No matter what happens
Его глаза призывают горячих поцелуев	Her eyes call for hot kisses
Она станови моя	
Я ласкал свое сердце ...	Her heart I caressed ...

Ты видишь	You see
Ты потянул меня за рукав	You pulled me by the sleeve
Просто Ты выслать ...	Just You send ...
Пустая страница ...	Empty page ...
Сообщение ...	Message ...
И вдруг ...	And suddenly ...
Я мудрее ...	I am wiser ...
Я схожу с ума ...	I am going crazy ...
От ... радости ...	From happiness ...

Я схожу с ума для тебя ...	I am going crazy about U ...
Это моя вина ...	It is my fault
Это твоя вина, что ты?	Is it your fault? Who are U?
Я не знаю	I don't know
Я не понимаю ...	I don't understand
ты скажешь мне ...	U will tell me ...
Приходите моя любовь ...	Come to me my love ...
Там нет ничего, чтобы понять understand	There's nothing to

## Chapter 10

### A few songs for a dance

I love to meet new people and I love probabilities. So, one day, or maybe it was one evening, maybe, I started a joke, asking myself where was, at that moment, this beautiful young lady that I met two days before ... Where was she gone? Why she had to go? And you know what? As in a beautiful song, the joke was on me ... You know what happened? I saw her coming down the aisle, at that very moment that I was starting to dream again of her, she was wildly dressed, white was her gown, blue was her smile, gone were the two days during which I lost her, but finally I realized that I hadn't lost her, she was back in my dream. Only.

I love fairy tales and, as I told you already, I love probabilities. Globally, I could add that I love mathematics, I do. So, I kept asking myself: 'what is the probability that we meet again? Not only in my dream ... On my mind, this probability was high and on my mind, it was high time it happened.

- Sorry, what time was it?
- It was around midnight ...
- No, my question was: what kind of time did you mean when you said: 'It was our time'?
- It was a midnight special!

- What's that?
- When we went back to the bus, I took her hand, I took both her hands, she was so nice, that she allowed me to confess her my starting love, she was so wonderful, that she let me tell her that I was dazzled by her beauty, by the beauty of her eyes in the depths of which I saw the beauty of her soul.
- OK! I got it!
- To find her again I could have flown to Georgia ... I could have escaped up there to Siberia. I was more than excited ... I was moved ... and I had to keep quiet however. So, I started calculating a lot of probabilities, all happy numbers of course. Obviously, we would meet again, we could not, not meet again.

A lot of flashbacks began to gush on me. First, her eyes appeared, her blue, blue eyes, nicely blue, extraordinary blue, the blue color I love, the queen queen blue of her grace. Then came back the very moment when we really met, when I invited her to dance, a dancing song, some kind of a rock and roll. I love to dance. I thought she would love it too. And my guess was right, extremely right, she loves it too. Oh! God! What a dancer she is, that night, two days before, in the night club, in Athens... What were the different probabilities that she, my dancer, would love 1. Mathematics 2. Dancing 3. Fairy Tales? I said to myself ... What a beautiful world it would be if we would love each other soon. But no hurry. We would know when to love each other not only with our hearts. All we need is love, right? Her perfume started to surround me. I love perfumes.

- Hey dear story writer, it would be faster and easier if you would tell us what you don't love in life! You love this and that, I am afraid you have a long, long list ... Either you send us a list with all or a list just indicating the few things you might not love in life.

- I don't know that; however, it is a long and winding list, the one of the words I would use to love her ...
- It is just what I said ...
- Sorry but I don't really listen to you ...
- You could pay attention ...
- I will try, I promise ...
- Try a little bit harder ...
- I am not sure I can do that, because, listen, Inna she is all to me, she is all over me. Again, I am not sure that I understand it all, but I knew immediately when I found her that Inna would become my essential love, simply, she would become my Inna.
- But, how could you be so sure?



- I love intuition.
- Another love?
- I love to believe. I think I am a believer. I told you that in my preamble, remember?

## Chapter 11

We could not, not meet

I wanted to skip this chapter, like a kangaroo is jumping anytime any place only for the pleasure of jumping and enjoying freedom. I didn't. Inna and myself we love kangaroos. I brought one back to Inna from Melbourne. This chapter will be one of the shortest ones of my book. Titles constitute sometimes a full story, don't they?

## Chapter 12

We could not, not meet again

I am used to flying. Was love in the air? First I breathed. Pressure confirmed love. The presence of love was then reconfirmed by my blood pressure: I got lumps in my throat... Inna was smiling nicely, beautifully, lovely. She was hiding a bit away, just a little bit, not that much away, obviously, she had secrets, maybe secret pains. Secrets never last that long and I am not a secret man nor a secret agent, I mean I never try to find out, I just keep an eye on mystery. By the way I just got a free tour to visit a magical mystery tour. I will ask Inna if she would like or even would love to share it with me. The ticket is valid for two people in love, so it would be a pity to lose this travel opportunity. *Travel for Two* rhymes with *Tea for Two*, *Hard* or *Soft Coffee for Two*, or also with *Beer for Two*.

Now I was leaving Athens; I was on my way to the airport. I kept writing, I couldn't help myself not writing, not writing to Inna.

I love numbers. I love telephone numbers. I love Inna's telephone number, even if I don't know it yet, I know I will love it, I have to admit it, I simply love Inna.

Then all was about going dancing together: first, every second month, second, every first day of the month, then, every fortnight on Saturday, just to get a bit more of fever, then every week, then every single day.

Of course, that night, the night I left Athens I had many hopes, so many hopes. I love hopes.

- Hey, CC Writer! Starting again with your so many passions?
- Maybe I do, I warned you, dear Reader, I love life, I love life even more since I met Inna ... But let me ask you, hey, you, cc reader, why do you call me all of a sudden cc writer?
- I call you cc writer, as an abbreviation of see see writer ... just because I am trying to draw your attention to what I could call an *obsession*, an *over enthusiasm*, a *fascination*, an *attraction* stronger than the one between the Earth and the Moon, or between the Sun and the Moon when the Sun has just dated the Moon ...
- I will meet Inna again, whatever be the day. We cannot, not meet again. It was her in my first dream after I had to go and leave my dancer there, alone among hundreds of people. I love dreams. I love to dream of Inna. Since that morning, I decided to dream every night of my Inna, should I be in Australia, Mauritius, Singapore or Paris. When in Moscow I would not only dream of Inna I would meet her, dance her, live her. How was it possible to dream every night of Inna? Simple: it is written in any love story.
- Life is like business; it is based on a trilogy:  
Information Decision Action  
*Information*: where is Inna?  
*Decision*: no need to investigate, besides the fact she is always on my mind, an automatic system is programmed  
*Action*: I just close my eyes and my dream of Inna comes true. Sometimes it is just a glimpse of Inna, sometimes it is a kiss, sometimes I just feel like a motherless son sometimes like a lonesome traveling bone.

*Chapter 13*  
Another miracle by Tchaikovsky

In this chapter, I would like to reveal a secret. I am not used to tell secrets, do believe me. In fact, I never do. Now, see, see, reader: I am pretty talkative but I am very discreet. I may speak a lot, too much sometimes, but it might be to hide myself behind another myself. If I have to reveal a secret now, it is because a strange feeling is invading me. By the way, one could say, this is not a secret, this is rather the reestablishment of a fact, not a historical fact but a fair fact, a fairy fact in fact. A lot of people argued in the past on the name of the heroin of *The Nutcracker* of Hoffmann. Some said she was called *Clara*, others said her name was *Mary*. Most of time *Mother Mary* is speaking words of wisdom, but what about *Little Mary*? There is also the case of *Proud Mary*. So, after a lot of investigations I discovered, - actually, I was amazed by my discovery, as if I would have been traveling in a Space Shuttle -, that the heroin who was offered a nutcracker for last Christmas was *Inna*. To be precise, among the 21<sup>st</sup> Century main innovations is 'Speed', then followed by 'Globalization'. This applies to anything. If you have any doubt about my statement, just look at the number of applications available on my iPhone 7 Plus. Therefore, the heroin of Hoffmann has been changing name every Christmas. This is the way she became *my Inna*. And as you know, since we met, we never split. Together we decided to fight all the mice which would try to eat our smiling cheese, - you know this unique type of cheese, which gives a wonderful smile, such as the smile of Inna.

Even when she cries, which happens regularly, Inna can smile, and in this case her smile is indescribable and indestructible. So, at a moment, when we were fighting against the people of the Mice, when we were fighting for our love, Inna helped me with all her energy, energy she has plenty. Please note, cc reader, even if I am a strong man, - remember I am, hopefully, the modern knight of Inna and sometimes I can look like a strange knight in the night but I keep running -, and even if my strength has no limit when I am fighting for Inna, with a little help of my friends I can try anything and I always get by. So, you can imagine what I can achieve with the help of Inna... Her help was not only welcome it was desirable. I was feeling like the King of Heart trying to kill the King of the Mice, when Inna sent one of her shoes against the King of Mice. Such a throw proves that my Inna is very intelligent and combative. It is indeed much better to use a shoe like a good weapon rather than to lose it, like Cinderella did when she left the ball. Hey, dear ready reader, don't misunderstand me, I am not blaming Cinderella, she was in a hurry but I did appreciate the Internal Initiative of Inna (since that time I called it the 3i of Inna). So, long fairy tale short, the King of the Mice was so surprised that I could defeat him, he lost his sword and his spades. I didn't kill him, I even gave him a horse to escape, - in fact, to be honest, I didn't give him the horse, I traded

it, his kingdom against a horse. That was the deal. Then, all of a sudden, all the mice ran away trying to catch up their king... But he was riding faster than Sancho Panza. My victory was our victory, Inna's and mine. I picked up from the battle field the providential shoe of Inna. At the right moment, when I touched it, her shoe was transformed into a nutcracker. I put it in one of my pockets and I had no other choice than to carry Inna in my arms. I wouldn't have let her walk with only one shoe and it was too cold to walk barefoot. We were still in winter, crossing a little wood behind our home. We arrived at Café Pushkin where we started to dance, first a rock n' roll, then a Spanish dance followed by a cup of chocolate, then an Arabic dance drinking coffee. After we danced a Chinese ballet having a cup of tea for two. We finished dancing a French carmagnole being served Dom Pérignon Champagne at our table. Just after the last glass of Champagne, we rushed in a Russian Trepak-Rock interpreted by *The Invincible Czars* to whom we offered vodka in order to speed up the pace. We wanted to escape in the Space. We remembered that " *Only fools rushed in ...* " At least, *wise men say that*. We thought we had danced and drank it all but the music started again and we could rest on the *Waltz of the flowers*.

#### Chapter 14

#### We couldn't help falling in love

Some conversations between lovers prove to the ones who have got a certain love experience that these lovers will be in love forever. Here after is an example:

- My love?
- Yes, Darling ...
- Do you prefer wise men or fools?
- I prefer you ...
- OK! I will keep being crazy ...
- About me?
- No doubt! You know what?
- Just tell me ...
- The poetess Louise Labé wrote beautifully about love.
- Just tell me!
- "*Amour ne fut jamais sans la compagnie de Folie et ne le saurait jamais être*"
- I feel this but I need you to translate.

- "Love never was without the company of Folly and would never be"

### Chapter 15 Yuri Gagarin

Yuri Gagarin jumped into the Space. Space jumped into my life as I was a child. Space was infinite, so is love. Love was always in my life. At that time, it was in the air. But all of a sudden love jumped into the Space. I would become a cosmonaut, the cosmonaut of love, the knight-cosmonaut of Inna. It might look ridiculous, but dear Reader, just think how a boy can see the world from his world ...

### Chapter 16 I miss my Miss

'I miss my Miss' is my preferred dance with Inna. Just for you to have a full relation of our passion, this is a magic dance. Black soul, rock and roll and rhythm and blues. If Inna is not near me, if I sing my song, I can hear right away Inna's voice, I can hear the piano and I can dance alone with Inna. Just remember Lloyd Price, Elvis and Little Richard and so many others. Just imagine 'Lawdy Miss Clawdy' but, if down the road I go, this is to meet up with Inna, not to let her go. Let me be her teddy bear and let me be optimistic... Together way up and down we can go ...

### Chapter 17 Dutch Windmills, Spanish Castles

Last time I met with Don Quixote, he recognized me. He said:

- Hey! You! I know who you are, you are the guy who brought my hat back to me when I lost it after I defeated a whole army of evils. My hat was a bit damaged, but still, it was very nice of you. What is more beautiful than my hat? And, as he was in a moment of lucidity, Don Quixote added: at least to me? My hat is everything to my heart; it is at the same love level of my Dulcinea. Together with Jerry, I was singing to the Lord, 'Please bring my honey back to me'. First, a full swarm of bees appeared in the blue sky of The Mancha. They were bringing honey. Thanks to you and God I had my hat to protect me, just in case the bees would have been aggressive. But I took the bees like a sign that Dulcinea would appear at her turn soon.

Between you and me, I laugh at some people who believed that my hat was in fact a flat accessory of a barber. It is a hat. Anyhow I took off my heart, I mean my hat, to greet the bees. But, one more time they didn't respect a courteous knight. Why did they attack me? I learnt later that also their queen was named Dulcinea ... Anybody can make a mistake, can't he?

## Chapter 18

### A new mystery to me

Inna was a new mystery to me. Of course, any woman is a mystery. But Inna had a double mystery. How come? First I could not tell. I just followed my intuition. Why I wouldn't love her? She is delicious. Her mind is absolutely different. My imagination was flying ... Knowing that I was flying too, even flying blue, I was calculating the speed of my imagination, applying the physics rule stating that the speed of a moving object is the addition of its own speed and the speed of the object which is carrying it. Then I started to make the same calculations in the Space. I called Yuri. He was back to the Space. He gave me a few tips to enjoy Space. He added that to be in love when flying in the Space is an emotion, which is stronger than feeling oneself in a state of weightlessness. Actually, at that moment, I was in a bus in the air. Then my intuition reminded me that I should associate it to my capability of thinking, and I should have cold thoughts if I wanted them sharp, not passionate. The cabin in my plane was pretty cold so I could think more objectively. I started to think and I simplified my reasoning saying to myself that because I didn't know the speed of my imagination I could only supposed it, only could I imagining it. It had no limit? Of course, it had ... And its limit was the speed of the light, of course! Wow! That would open a new field for Inna and myself. I was wondering how I could jump in the Space together with Inna. Should we get there from a plane? Of course, we would find a way up and down. At that stage I had no chance to discover the reason of love. Anyway one should never try. It could have been easy to conclude with a classic beautiful statement such as Montaigne made: *"If I would have been told why we loved each other, I would have replied: because it was her and because it was me."* In fact I just wanted to know more about the nature of our love. I had the impression that the answers to all my questions could be found in a place of my brain located between the understanding area

and the dreaming area... Could I call this virtual? Definitely there would be a space in my head reserved for my virtual worlds. But because of Inna, for first time in my life, I wanted one of my dreams to move first to a virtual island and then to become true. Isn't that what a lover sings in a song that everybody sings? I was not singing but reading a book of physics at the same time, more than ever obsessed by the Space. While reading, I was thinking of Inna. So, it was as if, inside my body, a certain number of particles would be radioactive. It was a reach blend of particles alpha, beta, gamma. The alpha particles couldn't get out of me, a few betas could but most of them were stopped by a strong electromagnetic field constituted by the other people around Inna and myself. But I also had gamma particles available, a little bit like the rear-guard that one general keeps in reserve to make sure he will be a winner. (Of course, if the rear-guard is imperial and if the battle takes place in Waterloo, there is a real risk of not winning.) However I knew my gammas could cross any barrier and they did. Thus, these gammas, which were meeting with Inna's own gamma particles, made a new blend of particles. This blend was an incredible, unique elixir, our love elixir. At that moment, we could hear the voice of Ferruccio Tagliavini singing the aria of Donizetti, a violin made in Cremona was playing. Inna had a furtive tear, I was so moved, she told me it was a tear of happiness and I answered her that tears of happiness were the only tears I would accept. *Rain and tears are the same* but if the tears are happy ones a rainbow would appear in Inna's blue eyes, that is to say in my skies...

The fact that humanity has always progressed by dreaming, would confirm this was a wonderful love opportunity to me. Meanwhile I was still thinking ... 'When I look at Inna, I have a feeling that she right away grabs my message, all of a sudden, she understands it all, and she lets me know looking at me, not the same way I do to her, but almost, adding a feminine touch to her imperceptible smile, or something like that. So, my look at her, inside her, and Inna's own look inside me, seemed to have the capability to tell both of us the truth, to tell us that we love each other. Could my thoughts see the invisible? the invisible sparkling mentioned by Musset and that no one could see but God? I just had to admit it, to accept it. This would make myself flying more, flying blue, as presently, flying pink, flying the colors of united lovers. Love is often in the air, for Inna and myself this time it was in the Space, our hearts were finally flying in Gagarin's Space Vessel. We didn't need to recall our memories of any of our encounters, they would right away assemble. I also had another new feeling, the sensation that me and Inna we were constantly expanding and protecting our passion. No one would enter into our intimacy. We were keeping it all for ourselves. Isn't that the only way to enjoy life and love? We were

avoiding external turbulences as we were sufficiently moved inside our ourselves. This was simply that: a love at first sight, a growing love at a constant speed, with pictures and photons flying at the speed of Light, a mystery love, a unique love between my Inna and myself up and down in the Space we were going.

## Chapter 19

### Confidences

Winter. I love winter... Hey! Dear writer! Please tell us now rather than later that you also love spring, summer and fall. We will all save time. Hey! Dear reader, are you still awake? Let me finish my sentence! I love winter ... in Moscow. My friend Irina and my friend Ola told me once that she preferred winter to summer because of the snow because of the light. Hey Winter's Writer! We love you!

Thursday evening: I was born on a Thursday. So, every Thursday is like a rebirth to me.

During our dinner, that night, and maybe because our table was overlooking the Red Square in Moscow Inna looked to me even more beautiful than the day before. She was herself, as always. Please kindly note she cannot be different ... But because the management of love is not that easy - I think I should take a class of Love Management at Castalia University - Inna started with what I would call confidences. Who said why? Oh, it's you dear Reader ... Are you still here, there? Indeed, you are everywhere ... Not sleeping? OK! Let's speak about *love management*. On one hand, all we need is love. On the other hand, when love shows up, - I mean real love, we are all a bit afraid. That's a common observation but if I may say it this way, I could feel a danger, so I immediately and softly stopped Inna. Her mystery was a big part of her natural seduction. So, how come should we take a risk? I had no intention to listen to too many question marks. I just wanted to enjoy our dinner. I was so moved that I could have behaved almost like a romantic, saying something like ' I would like tonight to have no end ... " but I don't like romantics, I am romanesque. In fact, I just wanted to enjoy the presence of Inna, holding one of her hands, then her two hands, stealing a kiss from her, then another kiss ...



I told Inna that the only words we could accept, Inna and myself, when we were together, only the two of us, were the ones emerging and dancing in my poems to Inna, because these words were simply reflecting our love, because only poetry can express love, philosophy cannot. Why so many people try to explain to themselves and sometimes to others why they should not be in love ... when love is not only in the air but in their heart. Inna was silent, I was the wind.

The next day I was in a car when a pianist start playing Chopin, a waltz. To be precise the pianist was not actually in the car, only the radio was on. It lasted one minute. All of a sudden, the driver changed the tuning. How come he could do that? Of course, the saxophone was nice, probably crying a little bit too much, but Chopin was inviting me to dance, so I remembered Weber invitation and a strong desire ... Then the warm voice of Whitney Houston went out of the radio She was repeating 'I'll look to you' and I promised myself to look to my Inna forever, even moreover if God would agree. Finally, even if I regretted that my driver Alexander had turned off Chopin waltz I had to admit that Radio Monte Carlo was broadcasting many beautiful love songs. Some of them were too romantic others were perfect Romanesque characters. Alone, Jasper was singing, feeing the misery. I rejected misery, I always do.

By the way, who asked Inna if we were on the same page? Thais did in a meditation ... Obviously, we were on the same page, there would be many pages, I would page Inna, I would date her anytime, we would share so many dinners, we would go dancing, Inna was my white page that night, and I would constantly fill my Russian pages with my words, no breakdown, only breakthrough, I had no intention to question our love.

## Chapter 20

### The Disease of Absence

*I was not merely overhead and ears in love with her; I was saturated through and through.*

Charles Dickens

I had to admit it and I was happy to own it up, I was deeply in love with Inna. Just above, starting my chapter in a chapel, I partly quoted Charles Dickens. But I still remember the full sentence he wrote in Chapter 33 of

his David Copperfield. I will further plagiarize Dickens saying that, having now Inna in my life, it was like having finally come to peace and happiness. I will add that I was steeped in Inna, I was blissful. Was I sick? For sure I was not airsick. I was simply lovesick.

Before I met Inna, I was never ill but still I had contracted a disease. I was like the fool on the hill. Let me explain. I had signed a contract with myself. Yes, it is always possible to challenge oneself. One can challenge himself or herself running, dancing, jumping, climbing at the top of The Empire State Building in New York or looking at Mount Everest or looking for Nessie.

*The disease of absence* is a specific one, with some airsickness symptoms I must say. Basically, one feels spatial disoriented. Maybe I spent too much time in the Space, among the stars? So, I had to move back and forth, go and tell my stories on the mountains to Mahalia Jackson or to my dear friend Manou, - Manou was the only one not to sleep standing while she was listening to me ... I was accepting this because Manou explained to me that I was permitted to pray, even if I never had any religious education or background. She quoted a religious man to me who had once said: *'the prayer is this desire of a presence'*. Of course, I always had God with me, and I always felt Manou's protection but I was alone in love. I am sure any overly sentimental person can understand what I am saying.

So, long story short, my contract with myself was specifying that I should follow a long and winding road before I would meet love. Among my friends, the ones who knew me well used to call me 'the lucky lonesome boy'. I didn't know that I would become the lucky Inna man. I was happy. I became happy at the very moment I met my Inna. What has been unbelievable is that I could feel immediately what Inna was feeling. What do I mean? We would be together, then, from time to time we would have to fly other directions, but even when she would be far away from me, I would still feel her presence, she would stand by me. Reason why I appropriated the sentence of Dickens: I was really steeped in Inna. Any of her smiles would become a picture that I would never forget. Holding her hand was natural. Stealing her a kiss was a question of getting enough oxygen to survive, dancing with her was just like making love to her. I was so amazed when I was rocking Inna and when she was rolling me that I didn't try to imagine what it would be if we would share a slow dance. I didn't like particularly slow dances but it had to be heavenly if Inna would be here, close to me, secured in my arms. One day we would share our first slow love and my desire would be unbearable. What if unbearable? One more time, no need to anticipate. God wanted it, my soul wanted her

body to be mine, it would happen, sooner or later. Frankly, I was not in a hurry but honest? Later was not my choice, so it would be as soon as acceptable. When I got sure that Inna and I were lovers forever, - she confirmed it to me with her blue eyes first, then with her lips -, I was cured immediately of the disease of absence, simply because Inna was constantly on my mind. To be complete on my relation, I have to add that I didn't feel in jail, sometimes love is a prison, I was feeling free, free to love Inna, free to fly to her, anytime. That was the first time. It was a gift from God to lovers at first sight and further on.

## *Chapter 21*

### Vladivostok and Cremona Her Voice, Her Portrait, Her violin

We wanted to go together to Vladivostok. But if one doesn't hurry up sometimes, life can decide they would go in two different directions. So, Inna went there alone, I mean, without me. The only way I could accept this was to set up a trip for myself. I took a ticket way down to Cremona. I wanted to smell the notes of the Violin City. There, I went to the auditorium and could listen to the only violin concerto written by Beethoven. When the second movement started, I could see Inna in Vladivostok. It seemed to me that she was just looking at the Space. From the music played by the violin soloist, besides the music, I heard the voice of Inna calling me. Was it another tale of Hoffmann? Did Inna had a sister called Antonia? Inna is my prima donna, my star.

## *Chapter 22*

### *Thinking of Dostoyevsky*

He would not behave like Dostoyevsky of course, but his love to Inna would be comparable to the love of Fyodor for Maria. It would be unconditional, total, but so light at the same time. He would accept an exile to Siberia, not five years, say five months because there in Siberia, he would still feel the presence of Inna, even stronger as his angel was born there, in the snow. She could be a reincarnation of Snow White, - who knows? He would disguise himself in a snowman, with a rose carrot as a nose, smelling the winter taste of a sleepy vegetable garden. He would

dress up just to be able to see her looking for him in the winter. He would wear a hat, - what is more beautiful than a hat? This would be poetical and practical as his hat on his head would protect him against the cold. Of course, his heart would be warm enough to protect their love but no way he would get a cold, - what for? With his hat, he would look like a fool? A fool on the hill? Not really, as he was unable to stay perfectly still without her, he couldn't do that without her, I mean he couldn't stay still until she would be back close to him, he simply couldn't do anything without Inna. He would rather be an idiot, feeling like a prince to Inna. Of his miss he was keen, she was a queen, he could be called the *Misskeen* of the Queen? Also, because he was dreaming of becoming a Shakespearian actor repeating to himself on the scene of an Elizabethan theatre that *life was a tale told by an idiot*.

Should Inna cry? - He knew that she would possibly cry ... But he made an arrangement with a magician so that the tears of Inna would not be transformed into ice, the stalactites and the stalagmites would be going down and climbing only around their isba, pure decoration. Then, because they were both loving to play just to celebrate life they would send snowballs to each other, they would.

- OK, dear Gambler! That's the beginning of a program. But what would he do during the five months of his exile in Siberia?

- I am not a gambler, I am a player, maybe my incredible father he was a gambling man but not down in Sin City, a gambler is romantic, he may go to New Orleans, I remind you that I am writing a Romanesque, I shall go to Vladivostok. Maybe Inna is still there.

- OK! OK! Sorry dear writer.

- Never mind, so during my exile in Siberia, I would read again Dostoyevsky, Pushkin and probably Gogol and Chekov. I may need an extension to my exile if I read it all. But priority is Inna. Whenever she comes and pick me up I would follow her. Between you and me, we planned to go to Vladivostok together but she anticipated.

- So, are you 'he' or are you 'you'?

- Hey! Come on! I am telling you a story located between dream and reality, at this stage, without reading my words a second time I cannot control all the variables of my story, love is sometimes so complicated. But I work on a kiss program and will try to keep it silly simple. If I manage I will get another kiss form Inna. Plus, before writing more words, I need to read on Inna's lips.

- And what would you expect to read on her lips.

- The same message that I can see in her eyes.

- What's Apps? Sorry, I mean what's that?

- It is not 'that', it is love!
- Did she tell you that, I mean 'love' already?
- This is private, dear Reader.

## Chapter 23

### A forgotten umbrella

It was raining. I decided I would take a train. I love trains. I still have my miniature train, the one that my Mom offered me. I don't play with it anymore. I should. I know I will remain a child my whole life so, why not keep playing with my miniature train? But that day I had no time to play, I had to choose a destination for my today destiny. Where should I go? Surprisingly I had no idea. It was not that important. I was looking for her. As ever.

- Who her?
- Inna, of course.

Paris, Gare Saint-Lazare. A train was leaving for Cherbourg within five minutes. I bought a ticket on my iPhone 7 within 3 minutes. One could also buy an umbrella available upon arrival or book a taxi or an Uber. This was an option. I didn't go for it as I was sure that I would find an umbrella anytime, anyplace in Cherbourg. And in fact, I was looking for a specific umbrella. I was looking for a flying umbrella, an adaptation to my red balloon, the one I have been traveling the whole of my world so far. I got on the train. To be precise, before the start, I had one foot on the platform and one foot on the train. I had the feeling that I was going down to New Orleans. Actually, I went once to New Orleans, but it was with a bus, a Greyhound bus, I was singing a song by Fats Domino and now, all of sudden, songs were pouring into my mind, it was like a game of dominoes, and a clear voice, probably coming from Heaven was reminding me about love, the singer, a young lady in love was asking her love, precisely, to come back. Frankly, sometimes, love is not that fair, we all love love, so, love affairs should not come to an end. In fact, they have no end. It is also difficult to define the start of a love. Sometimes love is in the air, sometimes love takes a break in the Space, because, imagine, when the rate of pollution is so high, then love is not in the air, love is polluted, so love escapes. If no end no start, like the Universe, like the universal salary?

- Hey! Air Dreamer, if you keep thinking you are going to miss your train and then you will miss your miss over there.

- Hey! For the moment, I am only a train dreamer ... And whatever, I always miss my Miss.
- Yes, yes, we know, you are also a poor lonesome cowboy, right?
- You didn't get my point, sometimes I feel like a lucky lonesome man, I am not poor, one day I will be a rich man. I think that you will never be able to get it: how many times shall I tell you that since I met Inna, I have never been alone anymore, anytime, anyplace.
- So, why are you going to Cherbourg?
- Because Inna has been there and she forgot her umbrella there ...
- OK! And you think you will find it?
- Of course, I will.
- How will you manage?
- I may go first to Lost and Found at the station, but I am not sure, I would rather go straight to the bench where we met Inna and myself, this is where Mary Poppins kindly gave her own umbrella to Inna when it started raining.
- What were you doing on a bench when it rains?
- Hey! You, non-listener, it was not raining at the beginning, when we met, only Inna was a little bit crying but she is used to it. I am used to it too.
- Is she so sensitive?
- Probably, but she is also strong. She always has the solution. As an example, if it rains or if Inna is crying, just a bit of new make-up and from wet for a while she will become wild again. You know, tears are no weakness, tears are emotion and they must go out.
- Anyway, it was raining.
- Yes, but if you would follow my story with more attention, you would have noticed that Mary Poppins handed her umbrella to Inna.
- Was she singing?
- Who? Inna?
- No, Mary Poppins.
- Of course, she was, she can't stop singing, especially when love is in the air, and, by the way, that day, there was no pollution, all the cars were also singing on the rails ... Sorry in the rain ...
- What about the train?
- The train was whistling, it's a nice variation of singing, comparable, in a railway, to Goldberg Variations.
- I assume Inna forgot her umbrella there.
- Well done!
- Reason why you go to Cherbourg now.
- Not now, I went there at the beginning of this chapter.
- Are you back?
- Yes, I am. In the meantime, I had to go to Russia.

- And now, are you back from the USSR?
- No, I am back from Russia and will fly again to Moscow soon.
- With the umbrella?
- Yes.
- So, you found it there, in Cherbourg?
- Yes and no.
- You found it in the air?
- No, I found it in the train. Mary brought it there after I made my prayer. She is really a holy lady.
- And what will you do when you meet soon Inna in Moscow?
- I will give her umbrella back and then we will be dancing ... in the rain or in the snow, we'll see ...
- By the way, I didn't ask you your name.
- I am Mr. Wet and I am in love with Miss Wild.

*Chapter 24*  
*Alexander Pushkin to Anna*

I was having a hot chocolate at Café Pushkin. I asked the permission to borrow, while I was sitting, a book from the shelves. I chose *Queen of Spades*. Before I started to read again this short story, the words of Pushkin to Anna came to my mind, these words had still their power on me because they were the ones that I could have used when Inna appeared to me the first time, I mean in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century. All of a sudden, a red fox started running to cross Pushkin Square covered by the white snow.

I keep in mind that magic moment:  
When you appeared before my eyes  
Like ghost, like fleeting apparition,  
Like genius of the purest grace.

I finished my chocolate and decided to go dancing downtown. When I entered the place, an old juke-box was playing a record by Chuck Berry who just died a few weeks before:

*I got lumps in my throat*  
*When I saw, her coming down the aisle*  
*I got the wiggles in my knees*

*When she looked at me and sweetly smiled*

## *Chapter 25*

*No Comment Please*

Dear Reader,

You will notice that in this book, some chapters are missing. There are the ones that the writer forgot to write. It should not affect your ability to follow my story. Between you and me, the missing chapters are the ones that the writer kept for Inna and himself. Montalvo wrote additional chapters to Cervantes Don Quixote. I guess he did a good job, as a tribute to Cervantes but the great Spanish novelist didn't forget chapters to his book. He just wanted to keep the sweetest moments of his love for Dulcinea for himself. The writers get older. But they always love fairy tales. Here after is one little story, like a confession to the priest, told by an old man who still loves love. Many years have gone since he read '*First Love*' by Turgenev. Visiting Moscow and while walking from Red Square to Pushkin Square, a conversation took place between this old man, a grandfather, and his two little granddaughters.

- Granddad, why the stories you tell us are always ending this way?
- What do you mean by 'this way'?
- They seem not to have an end... said the older little girl of the two.

And the smaller one added:

- There is always a piece of love postponed to the future ...
- Let me tell you another love story. Maybe this time you will both understand ... It is called: '*A Fish for Two*'

## *Chapter 26*

*A Fish for Two*



They had just arrived in Moscow. The Air Freedom flight AF 1944 had brought them back to the city where they first met. He had been dreaming for so long that he would come back to the USSR. With her. Before their departure, from Paris, they had been promised snow. White snow is a necessity in a winter love story. The concierge of the Metropol had booked a table for two at Café Pushkin. Night'in looked magnificent in her Abercrombie dress. She was singing in the snow. He could see her long black hair dancing in the wind. Before they entered the restaurant, they made a quick stop at Pushkin's square to say a few words to the statue. Then the head waiter took them to their table and offered them a glass of Champagne. Night'in wanted to share black caviar. She also ordered a fish for two. The dinner could start:

- How is the lovely lady tonight?
- Which one?
- Are you trying to hurt me Darling?
- Of course, not.
- As far as I am concerned I can see only one lovely lady in this room.
- In this room, tonight, I may agree...
- OK, but be aware, one day, I will get rid of the walls.
- It is impossible to get rid of walls.
- Not at all, remember Berlin...
- That's a special case. President Kennedy was a Berliner. However, do you mean that you want me to be free?
- But you are free Darling, free to love me... I have a dream...
- Martin, do you feel like a king?
- No I just imagine that I am free to love you.
- I will make no comment!
- You don't have to speak...
- You don't like me when I speak?
- I am not saying anything like that. I just mean that under any circumstances I could be your advocate. I also mean, like in a song, I like you the way you are...

The waiter brought the first course:

- Would you like avocado with your caviar? – said Night'in.
- With crab it will be delicious but ask the waiter not to lump them all together...

- Are you afraid they could fight among themselves?
- Are they in love ?

She didn't have to answer the question. The head waiter came and served them the fish for two she ordered, on a golden plate, laid on a pedestal table.

- Do you know the name of the fish?
- Don't tell me. It's Wanda?
- Yes, it is! You're a winner!
- I wonder...
- Why?
- I like wondering...
- Did you ever meet Wanda?
- Not in real life... Only in a book...
- Which one, *Venus in furs*?
- No, a book of poetry, *The Destinies*, by Vigny.
- If I recall correctly, this Wanda was Russian?
- She was a princess.
- Would you have preferred to meet me in this book?
- I don't know. You love freedom...
- That's right. Won't you ever catch me?

He would never answer that question. The waiter offered them the dessert menu:

- What about fresh red berries?
- Good idea!
- With some cream or without?
- No cream for me please.
- It's a pity, I like cream, cream is soft...
- OK let's go for cream. Tonight, we share everything.
- I feel like a 'creaminal'...
- Don't feel guilty Darling, everybody has a right to enjoy life the way he or she feels.

She called the waiter. Then she took up the conversation.

- We were speaking of freedom, were we not?
- Yes, freedom, what about love?
- Love and freedom...
- Do they go well together?
- Good question Martin, are you Lutheran?

- This dinner is as nice as the previous one we shared in Moscow...
- When?
- Was it two centuries ago? At least. I remember when we first met...
- You mean, in another life?
- Yes. You know what? I wish I would meet you in all my lives.
- Again, you don't want me to be free.
- Free, free... What will you do free without love.
- I think I will manage.
- Stop joking!
- OK, I agree, Maybe I will be a little bit sad. Maybe, like in another song, I will be weary, feeling down...
- Let's go to the Bridge.
- It's early to play cards.
- Darling, you are right and I am afraid that the winner would take it all. Anyhow, when I said 'the Bridge', I meant the Great Bridge of Stone near the Cathedral of the Christ-Saviour. Like a bridge over troubled vodka, like in your song, whenever for you, I will lay me down...
- Honest? A good vodka is never troubled.
- I know, it is pure. Like love.
- Is love pure?
- Yes, it is. However, passion may not be. Except the one of Jesus. Coming back to vodka, if a good one is never troubled, so my eyes will be when you will leave me.
- Darling, I will never leave you.

He couldn't believe it. For the first time since they met she called him 'Darling'. Of course, life and love should be a two-way traffic, but, so far, he had no hope that what he had prayed for, for so many years, say again, for more than two centuries or even more, happened that night. Furthermore she said she would never leave him. He was very moved. His heart started gambolling and gambling. He kindly asked it to keep quiet. His heart didn't keep quiet. It kept bowling and simply answered him:

- Please, leave me alone, I am your heart but I am free.
- Free, free, why do they all want to be free? Dear heart, if I am in love, you are not free anymore.

Although a prelude of Bach was played, he couldn't come back to serenity. To do so he had to escape. He had to write. She understood. She asked the waiter for a piece of paper. These lovely moments had to be written. He had a miraculous escape. He left the room. Were the walls still there? He met with her again. In another century? He loved so much the Middle

Age. When Moscow was still a peaceful village - was it ever? Their fairy tale could start. She had always been his Princess. And today, how could he meet a real Princess if it wasn't in the Middle Age? Only there he would dare to touch her hand. There only he would dare to look at her undefinable eyes. Did she ever pose for Leonardo da Vinci? In another century? Would he dare to tell her so many secrets and to open the door of the magical mystery tour...? Would he steal her heart, here, there and everywhere? And a kiss from her tender lips? The beautiful music on the piano stopped. Night'in broke the silence. She entered the Tower. It was her turn. As one joins the dance of life. The real one? The one that literature lets out? She said:

- You are very romantic, Darling.
- No, just a Romanesque character...
- Darling, it was impossible for us not to meet.

She ordered tea for two.

When they left the Café Pushkin the snow had disappeared. They rushed down Tverskaia Street up to the illuminated Kremlin. Then they ran along the sleeping Alexandrosky Garden. There they made a last stop and had their photograph taken – will they get married? Finally, out of breath but so happy, they arrived at the Great Bridge of stone... There, a last miracle took place: like them, the river was free, like them it was in love. The winter ice was gone and the Moskova was ready to take them for a long journey. There were so many stars shining in the green eyes of Nigt'in... They heard the music and the singing of Simon and Garfunkel...

The End

## *Chapter 27*

### Love and Shakespeare

I never watch movies when I am flying. When I am flying, I fly enough, so, I don't need to add any dream when my feet, - and the other passengers' feet are high without using high heels ...

Is it a rule of mine? No. This is rather a way of living, I mean, a way of flying, a milky way of dreaming. But let's accept the idea that it could be a rule. There is always an exception to the rule. So, one night, flying back

from New York, I shut down my laptop and decided to start sleeping. Sleeping is a decision. But, all of a sudden, I changed my mind. Only the fools never change their mind. I have to admit that I have often been a fool on my hill or in the Space. Like a fat man I even found my thrill on a hill, provided the hill was full with blueberries. I also found grace in the Space. When the movie started, I looked up at the screen, - this was the time when watching movie on a plane was like going to the theatre, one had to watch it on a central screen, it was common to all passengers, I mean to all watchers. My story is long enough so, I will make this part short. Anyway, looking up I discovered a beautiful face that I didn't know, Gwyneth was her name, William was his name. Like many of us, I have always been in love with Shakespeare theatre.

- Do you remember this part when she tells Shakespeare that she has been thinking of him every single day of her life?
- Are you sure your memories are right?
- No, but it doesn't really matter. *There is so little reality in man.*

\*\*\*\*

So, now, I guess any man can understand what a Russian woman in love can give to her lover. She will give it all.

- Is Barbara Streisand Russian?
- No. But she might have Russian origins ...
- Why that? Are you starting another joke?
- Not at all. Aren't you moved, that strong, when you listen to Barbara or Whitney singing their love songs? If the message of Shakespeare is '*learn to live, tirelessly*', we must then, before we die, learn to love, tirelessly. Life is relation. If Sancho Panza is right to constantly repeat that we were born to die, I had the feeling that I was born for love, I was born to love Inna.

*Chapter 28*  
*One sentence chapter*

Why should I wait for another life to marry her?

## Chapter 29

### A Russian Beauty

One morning, a triumphant morning, an angel appeared in my hotel room and asked me immediately:

- Why do you love so much your Inna?

He or her added:

- Don't think of your answer, just answer:

I obeyed:

- Because Inna is a different beauty. She is a Russian beauty.
- How come? Beauty is beauty ...
- Are you sure? I objected the angel.
- OK, I can agree that besides the angels' beauty there are two different beauties: the physical one and the one hidden in the soul.
- You are right, Angel, but there is a third beauty, the one of Inna.

The angel seemed a bit puzzled, afraid of a possible confusion on my side between beauties, or maybe, simply jealous. But an angel cannot be jealous. Only John Lennon admitted he was a jealous man.

- Do you mean a beauty of the third type?
- Yes! I remember, my encounter, in Athens, with Inna, was of a third type ...
- Besides Athens, where could you have met Inna, I mean, for the first time?
- In Jerusalem.
- Why?
- Athens was the place where philosophy appeared and developed. Jerusalem is the place where God appeared to the humanity.
- And so, what?
- My Inna is intelligent and she believes in God.
- But, dear Lover, can't you be more specific?
- Hey! You want to invite Freud here?
- No, no need to invite him.
- OK! As a conclusion, as a feeling, When I first met with Inna, she was sitting in a bus, waiting for me ...
- Hey ! You ! Young Presumptuous!

- No, not at all, she was waiting for me. I could understand that immediately, I heard a silent message of God. So, if you now let me speak, at that moment I felt astonished, like the Greeks ... Then, immediately, I fell in love because of God, like in Jerusalem. The astonishment, then the certainty that I would love her forever.

\*\*\*\*

Dear Reader,

The only way to finish my book is to write a fairy tale

- Why?
- My book must have an end but my story should not.
- Could you be more specific?
- Because I want my life to be a fairy tale, I love long and winding roads, I love hugolian triumphant mornings, I love magic lives, I love life, Inna loves life so, I love Inna, I love life with one God, I love life with plenty of gods, I love Athens and Jerusalem. I love life with plenty of leprechauns, when they come at night to tease me. Inna is my favorite leprechaun.
- A lot of stories come to an end ... Why yours wouldn't?
- Mine is a special love story, like a special bottle of wine. You know, I hate that movie in which she dies ... My love is sweet, my love has no end because my love is fun ...

The heroin: Inna

Her lover: me, the writer ...

- What does Inna should do?
- She should smile, she should laugh, she should cry, she should sleep,
- Sleeping Beauty, White Snow and Cinderella getting her shoe back at the end, supposed she lost it before ...
- A hug only would give me energy for the whole day, for the whole week-end because a hug from Inna is like any move from her, this is not only a hug but also the feeling of making love a way like it has not been possible before ...
- Before what?
- I mean before who ... Before Inna!
- It seems that Inna is everywhere in your life, she is here, she is there and wherever ... How come?
- This is simple: Inna? She is finally the one who has filled up any empty place in my life, she made me end up with my loneliness, she is my freedom, she is even more... Imagine that I am her prisoner:

to be in her jail is still to be free to love her. Her jail to me is imagination, it is her promise and her desire, her demand that I am waiting for and will wait for the rest of my life, she had the solution, she solved the main issue of my life, -freedom -, which is the main issue of human beings. She has been able to stop time for me and to make me think of what is pleasure, and what is happiness?

- And what are they? Pleasure is consumption and I am very hungry of her. Happiness is investment and I am ready to wait for her...

So now, here below, is a fairy tale, the one which should make it easier for me to end up my book. Reading it, you will understand why. Of course, I might not marry Inna in this present life, but who knows? Anyhow, so far, I love her and she loves me, I can feel it when I hold her hand or when she holds mine, discreetly, under a table, at a wonderful foodie place ... We usually keep one of our hands free in order to celebrate our temporal physical reunion and our permanent spiritual reunion. To say it simple we are so happy to celebrate our incredible love. So, we drink one or several glasses of Dom Perignon. What I am sure of, is that she will marry me in another life, at the latest.

But before my fairy tale captivates the imagination of the ones who love *love*, love being a divinity to be served, I have to reiterate my apologies to Alexander Pushkin. So, I wrote a little tribute to this immense Russian writer:

### TO PUSHKIN

Dear Russian Reader  
As anyone may feel free  
On can plant a tree  
Or become an amateur writer

As I wished for ages  
In the following pages  
I see no statement open to dispute  
If I just want to pay a modest tribute  
Because of Evgeni Onegin  
To Alexander Pushkin

But should I leave in the shade  
His beautiful *Queen of spades*?  
I mean Pikovaya Dama...



No! It would be a drama...  
In the shade of my tree  
I wear no shades I feel free

Dear Russian Reader  
I wrote in my hearts  
*King of hearts*  
A modest homage to a great writer

## **KING OF HEARTS**

### **PART I**

#### **In another life, I will marry U**

- Let me introduce you to U. U had blue eyes. To be precise her eyes were turquoise. They were incredibly turquoise. Like a wish that cannot be told. Her lips had stolen the rose color of a rose laurel, a rose that had still to be invented and a rose that was still to be born. That night I had to choose between her eyes and her lips. I couldn't. I took her hands. In her hands, they were so many messages waiting for me...
- But Grandfather when did you first meet U?
- It was in Moscow, a long time ago. Maybe in another life...
- Oh, please tell us...
- You want me to tell you about my story, about this young lady who came to stay in my heart?
- Yes, we do
- Do you all promise to keep my secret?
- Yes, we do.
- OK, so I will.
- Once I happened to be in Moscow and had a very strange feeling. But a rather pleasant one. It was a first of April, a date I have a liking for. If you want to know why just ask Auntie Helen. There was still some snow in the streets. I was by myself. My friend Piotr was working late that night. I decided I would have dinner at Café Pushkin. Then I might go to the Bolshoi 🎵. The theatre was said to close its doors for renovation and would then remain closed for more

than three years. Three long years...As it was so often the case the bar at Café Pushkin was crowded. An old black and white photograph of the French singer Gilbert Bécaud drew my attention. He wore a white spotted dark blue tie and was smoking a cigarette. He couldn't be a man like others because he didn't smoke the same cigarettes as the others 🎵 🎵. My friend Mick would have agreed with me. I started looking for Natasha. I couldn't find her. I was about to leave and walk in the snow to the Red Square when, suddenly I saw a nice young lady standing by the piano. She was not turning the pages of a music score, she was only standing. She was not listening to the pianist; she was simply speaking to the piano. Although the pianist was on duty, the piano had no problem to listen to the lady. I could see her, beautiful, with her short autumn red hair. I came closer and discover her incredible blue eyes. She had turquoise eyes. She was whispering. Both the lady and the piano seemed to share. At this moment and under these particular circumstances I thought that the pianist should stop his performance, of course just after he would have finished playing this first movement of the Moonlight sonata. I even decided that if he wouldn't go away soon after the moon was gone I would virtually shoot the pianist. Not that I was not in a good mood, not like in a movie, not to kill him, just to make him understand that he had to go and leave the lady alone with the piano. The piano was absolutely beautiful. It was a Bosendorfer with, as it appeared in the advertising campaign I had seen a few days before 'a very specific shimmering sound'. The pianist stopped playing. Just after this first movement, as if he had understood. Understood what? That after this first movement no other part was necessary, that the sonata should only have one movement and be named the 'one movement sonata', the movement of the heart. The pianist left. The lady sat down. She started playing a prelude written by Sergei Rachmaninov when he was about to leave Russia. Actually the lady and the piano were sharing the music. But I was there, close. I was admiring her and I was jealous. Why would the piano steal the lady away from me ? The lady and the piano understood. She stopped playing when the last note of the already nostalgic prelude was played. I introduced myself to the lady... She smiled... Looking at me she said : We know each other. Will you remember me? I am your friend, U. We met, in another life. U was back, back to me, like the most beautiful notes in a suite of Bach, like the ballerina in a Tchaikovsky ballet. 🎵 🎵And I sang to myself 'what a beautiful world...'

- And then what did you do Grandfather?

- I told her what I never dared to tell her during our previous lives, I told her that I loved her...  
Before she would possibly ask me why I didn't tell her before that I loved her I added: ♥ I love you because you're U ♪.
- Will you marry me? U asked me.
- Yes, I will marry you, in another life...
- But then what did you do?
- Time was stopped. Even the clock was stopped. The clock indicated 19:17. I left Café Pushkin
- Alone?
- No, U came out with me. But in those moments when love seems to be going away one feels always alone.
- Did you take U to the Bolshoi?
- No, but let me keep my dream going... When I left my favorite restaurant in Moscow, I couldn't see the statue of Pushkin anymore...
- Where was the statue? It had disappeared?
- No, the statue was simply quiet, the statue was discreet. Probably Pushkin was writing a new masterpiece.
- In another square?
- No, in another life... Life looks sometimes like a circle.

## **PART II**

### **I will marry U, definitely**

- Grandfather, grandfather, please, please, we want to hear the continuation of your story – shouted my grandchildren upon their arrival.
- Did you keep my secret?
- Yes, yes, we did...
- In this case let's go back to Café Pushkin...

Pushkin had just finished his new masterpiece under the title of '*King of Hearts*'. He wrote his new story, still unpublished today, as the following episode of his famous '*Queen of Spades*'. It took him approximately one century and a half to make up his mind and to write this continuation. I could read this new story in my head during a sleepless night, a night I was dreaming of U. But for a reason I cannot explain the last page of *the book in my head* was missing. Who tore it off? Whoever was responsible for such a blaming act? The next morning, I tried to call Alexander. I was told by the Central Telephone Company that Mr. Pushkin

had no mobile phone or any kind of telephone. I wrote a polite letter to his personal assistant and an old lady who was born before Tchaikovsky composed his opera inspired by Pushkin's book sent me a polite answer. She was stating that Mr. Pushkin had been travelling for the last one hundred seventy years since he left this terrestrial world. She was adding that the quickest way to get in touch with him was to go in a winter night at the base of Pushkin's statue in Moscow when no one else would brave the cold weather in the depth of the night. There I should watch out for Pushkin's statue to move...

I called U. If it would have been possible I would have called her every day. I wanted her to join me in this nightly venture. Going out at night in this area could be a risky business due to the very cold winter that was rife in Moscow that year. But with a couple of glasses of Champagne and one bottle of vodka I would not be exposing U. Her presence besides me would be of great help. Not to mention the pleasure to be with her. When U picked up her phone and before I would have explained the reason of my call she anticipated and said she was certain that I was going to tell her that I wrote another story about our tender love affair. Of course, I did but the story was still in my head not yet written on a paper neither on a CD... So, U wanted another story... Such a piece of news was considerable to me. As an immediate consequence, I decided that *if* I would marry U in another life I would definitely love her in this life. And having taken this decision, all of a sudden, her turquoise blue eyes appeared to me, her so rose lips started dancing in front of mine and her incredible smile was such an attraction to me that it was like gravitation...

I know I introduced you to U in the first part of this story but I think it is time to tell you more about my U; yes, I would rather call her *my* U. I love her so I am entitled to call her mine. Anyhow before I walk her to the church I have to prove to her how much I love her. Of course, I will not explain why, it is my secret and to be honest I don't know why anyway. So, U is such a delicious woman that Tsar Nicholas the first could have compared her beauty to the one of Natalya Pushkin. When I met U first she was only sixteen. Immediately I remembered the fact that Pushkin met his future wife when she was sixteen only and I started singing to U: ♪ ♪ ♡ you're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine...♡ ♪ ♪. I thought: is she mine already?

Not only was U beautiful but she was so kind, she was such a sweet person... She would wait for me when I was late. She would welcome me with a cappuccino that we would share at a bar before I would leave my lovely Russia and my beloved U... U was my sunray in the eyes of which

a piece of light jumping on the white winter snow would come and dance the polonaise composed by Tchaikovsky for his opera *Evgeni Onegin*. Does a ray have eyes? Of course, dear reader, a ray has thousands of eyes like U had thousands of smiles... The sun would die if U would go out of my life. After so many years looking for love and having enjoyed so many experiences, if I had to give a final and precise definition of kindness I would simply answer 'U', if I had to give an objective definition of beauty I would immediately show you a photograph of 'U', if I had to give a new and open definition of love I would simply say 'U'. U has been my only love who has been also and constantly a friend.

- Say no more - said my heart - I know that you know U inside out...
- Ok sweet heart I know you know... Let me then come back to my present story.
- I thought it was a fairy tale? My heart went on...
- Of course, it is a fairy tale... You, open heart... This goes without saying.

So, once I asked U to join me at the Pushkin's statue U didn't hesitate. She was even enthusiastic. She said to me:

- You know I never met the Great Pushkin before...
- Neither did I...
- I have an idea...
- Please my Darling...
- Why don't you call Niania?
- Niania ? You mean Arina Rodionovna, Pushkin's nanny?
- Yes, herself.
- But if Pushkin has no phone, Niania will not have one either...
- Come on there are so many ways to call on a person... Especially in another life - U added. I can do it if you prefer.

My level in Russian being so low at that time I accepted with pleasure and relief U's proposal. Today I can still see U calling Niania in the cold wind of Moscow and asking her help in order to communicate with Pushkin. Niania promised U that she would make sure that her little Alexander, her Sasha as she named the great writer, would be available for a quickie that coming night...

It seemed to U and I unhoped-for, almost incredible that on that same night we would meet and possibly speak to Pushkin himself.

U and I decided to have another dinner at Café Pushkin before we would start our long cold night at Pushkin's Square.

Our early dinner started late. We were seated at our favorite table on the second floor looking over Pushkin's Square and were having the black caviar and Champagne we ordered as a starter when, looking out of the window the beautiful and sharp eyes of U saw the right arm of the statue, I mean the right arm of Pushkin, moving. It was like a sign. U put her charming hand on my left arm and pressed it. She invited me to look through the window. So far I have to admit that I had been looking only at U, mainly through her eyes, only distracted by the wonderful movements of her rose and animated lips so that I didn't pay attention to any other detail. Effectively while my left arm was under the nice pressure of U's hand the right arm of Pushkin was clearly inviting U to come up in his direction. Had Pushkin recognized in U the late beauty of his dear Natalya or had Niania done a good job at an earlier time? Maybe Niania wanted to protect U and me from the deep cold of the deep night... Whatsoever, I promised the waiter that U and I would be back soon, that we had to leave right now for a few moments but that he had to keep the table for us. I paid for the caviar and added thousands of rubbles as a thank you. U and I rushed out of Café Pushkin and ran to the quiet square. The statue was still like a bridge over sparkling waters. We didn't dare to shout out to Alexander Pushkin. Maybe he was sleeping, maybe he was thinking, maybe he was writing... Suddenly the right arm moved again showing something somewhere on the ground to U and I. It was a sealed envelope. U made a quick genuflection and took up the envelope. We both looked at Pushkin's statue as if we were expecting an order to stay or to go or to follow it somewhere, a little bit like great seducers, at a moment having to follow a statue. But Pushkin didn't move further. We went back to the restaurant, back to our table. There we opened the envelope. Inside was a CD. The same waiter came back to us. We were so excited that we made him wait a little bit up to the moment we ordered, for the second time, black caviar and Champagne. While waiting for the glasses we tried to save the content of the CD on U's computer. The sentence: 'for reading only' appeared on the screen. Once U had pressed on 'OK' a second sentence showed up 'you will be able to read the following text only one time then this text will disappear forever'... What shall we do? Life is sometimes trying to square the circle.

### **PART III**

## **King of Hearts**

- Would you like to listen to the end of my story?
- Grandfather, we are all ears...

*King of Hearts*... It was an interesting title for this new book. Did Pushkin mean a man falling in love with every woman he meets? Did he mean a gentleman? If I had to briefly summarize the plot of the story I would write a digest as follows: an old man at eighty-seven was asked to reveal one of his secrets the one that would make a beautiful and gentle lady happy, really happy, forever when falling in love and then getting married with a man, a gentle one I guess...

But now my children, I am sure that you are wondering if U and I clicked on in order to read the story written on the CD. What would you have done in our position? Not an easy decision...

We decided not to open the CD, our emotion was too strong and the risk to read and then forget fairly possible. On the other hand we were very curious, impatient... As ever U saved us. She had another idea, another brilliant idea. We should go, look for and track down a fortune-teller, a person using play cards for this purpose. We both agreed that this person should be an old lady born in the second half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century so that she could tell Tchaikovsky the news ♪ ♪ ... Which news? That he, the great composer should be prepared or go back in time to offer the world another opera titled 'King of Hearts' as a continuation of 'Queen of Spades'. We both rejected the idea of asking a clairvoyant using a crystal ball... We didn't want to know the future, what a lunatic idea; we just wanted to know if we could open the CD we received from the statue. There was another advantage in choosing a play card teller: if we were lucky the king of hearts would definitely appear and maybe tell us how to behave.

For the second time that night we had to rush out of the restaurant. The waiter probably saw U and me as a couple of eccentrics. But we had no time to lose. We gave away most of our rubbles to the waiter as I had seen one of my generous friends do during our dinner a month earlier. We only kept a fistful of remaining dollars for our coming venture.

To discover an old lady born in the 19<sup>th</sup> century in the cold of the Moscow night ♪ was a challenge. We thought that we could call Countess Anna Fedorovna for help but it was late. Furthermore, she was supposed to be dead but we all have several lives, don't we? Her grandson Tom Sky confirmed. So, we hired a free driver for one thousand rubbles. The driver

accepted to be paid in dollars and said he knew in the Arbat district an old lady who used to play cards with Countess Anna when both were young ladies.

The driver left us in front of a palace. The lady was living in a nice house opposite to the palace. We were welcomed by a servant dressed as servants were dressed at Tsar Nicholas the first's time.

While we were waiting for the old lady to whom we promised not to disclose her name we were offered Siberian vodka. After a few minutes the lady came. She apologized for keeping us waiting. U and I realized at that moment that Niania was still helping us. Not only we had hired a driver who knew where the friend of Countess Anna was living but this friend seemed to have been waiting for our visit. A table with a pack of cards set on a green cover was already prepared. The lady invited us to sit down in front of her. She had a smile before we would explain the reason of our visit. This smile was worth any explanation. She then told us that we would have to choose three cards from the pack.

The first card which appeared was Lancelot, Jack of all clubs. This card had the particularity to display a four-leaf clover. The lady commented that we were certainly lucky lovers. The second card was Lucy in the sky with diamonds. Lucy was temporarily standing in for Queen Rachel. A marriage with diamonds would last at least sixty years. Maybe more... Maybe forever... The third card was Charles, King of hearts... The old lady said that she was not supposed to give a precise interpretation to this card; there were several ways of understanding - she added... Life is a circle... But fortunately, we understood what we had *not* to do after King of hearts had given us a wink: a secret held by Pikovaya Dama or King Charles should never be revealed... Then we read the last story written just for the two of us by Pushkin and we would keep our secret: in another life, I would marry U forever... In another life...

My fairy tale has not ended yet, it will never, but let's make a break ... ☺

*Chapter 30*  
Inna, Jerusalem, Athens



*The wild hope, which says 'no' to destiny, makes possible the impossible and reasonable the irrational: the unreasonable chimera proves here to be truer than the absurd truth.*

Vladimir Jankelevitch

- Why do you need now to insert a piece of philosophy in a book dedicated to love?
- Because some modern philosophers, - not to mention the Greeks -, had a real contribution to love and beauty. Look at Jankelevitch! He wrote on charm, beauty, love and joy, maybe also on happiness. If a 'wild hope' can make possible the impossible', then, 'my love' for Inna is possible, and what others would call 'my chimera' is more real than their absurd truth.
- From a philosophical point of view, how would you describe your wild love? Sorry, I mean, your wild hope?
- Don't be sorry, I like your association between hope and love. Love is only possible if the lovers have some hopes. Stendhal would confirm.
- I know, you are a believer. So?
- I can refer to Lev Shestov for whom all things were possible. Let's go ... When I first met Inna, it was like a soft dazzling. Firstly, the astonishment, then, the certainty or reverse. Jerusalem is said to be older than Athens but it doesn't matter. Jerusalem was created for the believers, Athens, because men and women can't help thinking. They look for freedom and then passions will take it away from them. Only love will make Inna and myself feel free. And only fiction will make me free to invent our love.

My imagination makes me love Inna and to be with her I make a constant use of ubiquity. This is the only way to control my desire. But one day, one night, my desire could be her pleasure. Her desire is already my pleasure.

- Hey! Stop here, otherwise Inna will be dizzy ...
- No worry, Inna has always the solution, even when dizzy, she just cries ... This is her safety valve ...
- Safety valve or safety belt?
- Safety valve!
- What's the difference?

- A safety belt doesn't move, a safety valve does, and life is movement before anything.
- I got it ...
- The only answer to ambiguity is ubiquity.
- Why do you need to feel the presence of Inna permanently?
- Because my desire for Inna is permanent 😊
- How was Ubiquity won?
- By the people who invented iPhone.
- How was Love won?
- By poetry.
- Not by philosophy? Paul Valéry did write: '*I do not know if ever a philosopher dreamed of a society for the distribution of Sensitive Reality at home*'.
- The answer is blowing in the wind but in the meantime you can try to guess where is the birthplace of love ...

## *Chapter 31*

### *A Work of Art*

Inna was to me like a work of art. I wanted to know. I wanted to know her. She was the one who offered me it all. Maybe the most beautiful conquest of a man is a horse, - for instance, a king would sometimes make a deal with whoever, he would propose his kingdom for a horse -, but as far as I was concerned, trying desperately to be her prince, my highest noble conquest would be Inna, because she was, she is a work of art, the one who would tell me it all without speaking any word of wisdom, just smiling, hugging me, laughing, dancing me, kissing me, just the two of us living our love. At that moment, another leprechaun jumped into my vision of Inna, just like an imp would do. He stopped me and said:

- Hey! Lover ... Wake up, wake up!
- I am not asleep.
- Not even dreaming?
- Not even, just enjoying.
- Who taught you this?
- A poet, of course.
- His name?
- Suarès.
- How can you be so sure?

- I just feel it. I just feel her. I don't need to explain, neither to you nor to myself. But because curiosity is not always a bad thing and also because you look nice I will give you a couple of indices: neither Inna nor myself we need to speak when we are together. Of course, we do, but we never try to explain. I love words. I love to put them together for her. She loves poems. But the miracle is that those words will never be a jail for us. The only jail we accept is the one where we can dance a rock n' roll.
- You mean a jailhouse rock?
- Yes, Inna is the cutest jailbird ever. She is my Miss Wild, my Miss World, my Everything.
- And, at the end of rock n' rolling?
- We will dance a first on a slow rhythm and blues and then on a totally slow dance. You know, something like '*I miss my Miss*' and this story where the guy can't help falling in love with her ...
- Only fools rush in ...
- We didn't rush. Venus put a spell on us.
- Won't you come down from your hill?
- Don't insist. If you try to change the representation I have of my Inna, one more time, she is my work of art, just consider you lost your challenge.

*Impish*, - I gave the leprechaun a nickname, or say just a name – *Impish* finally disappeared amid the sparks, which were waiting for him. When people leave, they can do it in different ways. Usually leprechauns, pixies and goblins leave in a jet of sparks.

After speaking with my home neighbors, or with my next seat passengers, or with imps, angels, with Manou, or even sometimes (but very humbly) to God, I usually cool down and come back to my favorite light meditations. So, I was so happy to enjoy the presence of Inna... I decided I would live only for her as she was at the same time the sweetest and most exciting poem I ever wrote. Inna would be the poem of my whole life. When she was crying, her eyes were simply shining like diamonds. Even fire would not consume these incredible diamonds. So, I realized that this love would be glittering and sparkling for the rest of our lives.

After meditating, I think I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept. I usually don't sleep that long. I made an exception once, sleeping twenty-two hours nonstop. This was after having danced rock and roll ten hours, nonstop.

## Chapter 32

### New Castles

*“Do not confuse love with the delirium of possession, which brings the worst suffering. True love is a gift, pure, a gift to each other in respect of what each one still has to give.”*

Saint-Exupery

When I woke up, years had gone by. I was still plugged in love but neither crumpled or defeated. It seems to me that I was still meditating. Maybe I was also listening to love songs. Then, to help myself understand and accept pure love as the most wonderful gift from God I wrote a few books about inclination, feelings, passions, tenderness and the different demonstration of love. Then I published them. The same journalist that asked me once about the role of philosophy in love insisted in meeting me again for another interview. I finally accepted, again (\*). Here after is a digest of our talk transcribed in The Spinoza Daily Paper of Amsterdam.

- What is love for you?
- It is my favorite passion together with traveling, running and writing.
- Would you advise to look at love as a philosopher?
- Again? Won't you vary your questions next time we meet?
- Next time, maybe ... So, won't you vary your answers to my questions?
- Partly only.
- Why? Philosophy is wisdom.
- Yes, I read 'The Wisdom of the Sands' but sometimes wisdom is also resignation, abdication. And above all, love is rarely wisdom.
- You refer to Saint-Exupery?
- Yes, his philosophy is pure poetry.
- So?
- I will always read love as poetry.
- You romantic?
- No, I think I told you already but never mind. I am just a Romanesque character. I already explained the difference. I prefer fiction to sentimentality.
- Are you just a gigolo?
- I like this song.

- And where is God?
- Strange question. God is in the skies and love is in the air. In the Space too.
- Are you a creator?
- I travel.
- Is it your adventure?
- Like freedom, adventure is inside.
- You keep optimistic?
- I am a believer.
- I understand. George Sand wrote: *'True love, sacred love, love of the soul does not inhabit the heart of the unbeliever.'*

(\*) Although I have always forbidden myself to seek glory, or maybe I simply refrained from fame, I have to admit that I have been accepting a lot of interviews, which is contradictory, isn't it?

*Chapter 33*  
*Last chapter but three*  
*The impossible fulfillment of desire*

I hate emptiness.  
Why one should keep it empty?  
Let's fill Life with Poetry

*Chapter 34*  
*Last chapter but two*  
*Baudelaire*

Here after is the magic place where everything becomes possible, possible with Inna, and this place has been described by a poet:

*"It is this admirable, immortal instinct for beauty which makes us consider the Earth and its spectacles as an insight, as a correspondence of Heaven.*

*The insatiable thirst for all that is beyond and revealed by life is the most living proof of our immortality.*

*It is both with poetry and through poetry, with and through music that the soul sees the splendors behind the tomb, and when an exquisite poem brings tears to the edge of the eyes, these tears are not a proof of an excess of pleasure, they are rather the testimony of an irritated melancholy, of a postulation of the nerves, of a nature exiled in the imperfect and which would like to seize immediately on this very Earth, a revealed paradise."*

Charles Baudelaire

And now ... и сейчас по-Русску:

« Именно это замечательно, что бессмертна инстинкт красоты заставляет нас рассматривать землю и ее очки, как проблеск, как соответствие Небес. Ненасытная жажда все, что находится за пределами, и показывает, что жизнь является живым доказательством нашего бессмертия. Это как в поэзии, так и через поэзию, посредством и через музыку, что душа проблески в пышность, расположенные позади гробницы, и когда изящное стихотворение вызывает слезы на глазах, слезы являются никаких признаков избытка удовольствия, они являются скорее доказательством раздраженной меланхолии, в постулированию нервов, природы сослан в несовершенной и кто возьмет на себя сразу же, на той же самой Земле , из выявленного рая ».

Шарль Бодлер

*Chapter 35*  
*Last chapter but one*

The Village of White Yar, Toms Region  
Посёлок Белый Яр, Томской области

One night with you ... The voice of a king was singing ... And I was thinking ... What would be a night with Inna? What would it mean?

The night before we just shared another wonderful dinner. A rabbit was looking at us. It was our witness, the witness of the increasing intensity of our love. It was a white rabbit, as white as a snow ball. It was not framed and we were not either, only pictured and photographed.

That night Inna appeared again to me Snow White / Cinderella

A new encounter was closer. I was breathing her. I never felt such a sweet love, not disturbing, just building, not the house of Lord, neither a house of the rising sun but a village, a Siberian village, in the Tomks Region. On the Tom River.

- What makes you so sure of your love?
- I have the sensation that with Inna we now share ubiquity ... Like a poem, which would never come to an end ... provided Inna and I we don't give it up ...
- You refer to Paul Valéry I guess.

- Yes, I do. You did in one of our previous interviews, didn't you?
- *'A poem is never finished, only abandoned'*
- I pray every day that Inna and I we don't abandon our love ... Like Celine Dion, Inna will invent herself as Love invented poetry ... and she will be my little queenie. Like Edith Piaf I would go and get the Moon if Inna would ask me to do it.

Inna is more picturesque than her own pictures. That's the reason why I want to go over the limits imposed by any reason ... I want that our will be done.

### *Chapter 36* *Chekov*

- Why did you wait so long to write a Russian Love story?
- I was waiting for Inna. I knew she was existing, I knew she was born in Siberia, near to the River Tom, but I also knew that I had to be patient, I knew that a white bird would announce her coming to me. And this bird landed one day, it was in September, in the afternoon, on the branch of a beech tree. In October, Inna jumped into my life.
- Was it a seagull?
- Do you like Chekov?
- Yes, I do.
- It was a dove.
- What about you? Do you also like Chekov?
- Who wouldn't?
- What did you learn with Chekov?
- I understood why I love Inna.
- You said that you don't need to understand the reason of your love to Inna.
- Of course, I don't need but I did, or, to be precise, listening to Chekov, I mean listening to his characters, I got another piece of my favorite puzzle, the puzzle of love.
- Do you appreciate to be puzzled?
- Yes and No! Life and Love are reciprocations. If one is puzzled, one is moved, one is alive. But, let's put it this way: the only disposition on my mind in which, in the past, I could accept to be puzzled was always a situation when love was in the air. Then when my Inna

came out of the bus window, in Athens, when this miracle took place, I was incredibly moved but not puzzled. I knew she was her, I fell in love with Inna just after she looked at me. I told this several times already.

- Could you be more specific about your love puzzle?
- In Chekov, Semyon loves Macha who loves Konstantin, who loves Nina, who loves Boris, Boris loves Irina, who is loved by Yevgeny, loved by Polina... They are all looking for love, but they miss it, they don't see it or let it go as Nina does when Konstantin writes for her. Too much 'uncontrolled' passion if I may say that. So, in fact, instead of loving they just stay alone with themselves. That's what I learnt with Chekov.
- Is it the reason why your novel looks like a theatre play?
- You may say that if you read it your way. I would rather say that it is a series of digressions and repetitions provoked by love.
- So, what about Inna and yourself?
- Inna took a little bit of my heart, then, instantly she took it all, but she was so sweet, sweet and sweet, that I knew that she would never break it. I started to sing again, loudly, then lightly, *Piece of My Heart* by Janis Joplin.
- Among the three sisters, which one would you have loved?
- Masha, of course.
- As a writer, would you follow all Chekov's principles?
- No, there is one principle that I cannot follow.
- Which one?
- The Chekov's Gun.
- The one which stipulates: *"If in the first act you have hung a pistol on the wall, then in the following one it should be fired. Otherwise don't put it there."*
- That's it.
- Why don't you go for it?
- It is simple, it is a dramatic principle. We are just looking for happiness and we decided we would be only in love, which means only happy. My Inna will never be Nina, she is not a seagull, one more time, she is a dove, and above all, she gets a double gun, her blue eyes, where I can read it all. No need for wording.
- And how do you see your future life with your Inna?
- If you want to know, just remember the end of *Uncle Vanya*:  
*"We shall hear the angels, we shall see the whole sky all diamonds, we shall see how all earthly evil, all our sufferings, are drowned in the mercy that will fill the whole world. And our life will grow peaceful, tender, sweet as a caress..."*



Loving Inna I was feeling free, free to write poetry for her, anytime, free to run with her and kiss her, free to love her. My words would never put her in a jail, neither hers would make me feel as a prisoner. Our words were magic keys, the ones which open gates and make us fly, the ones which would never lock any door.

For the first time in my life, love was freedom. I had no fear to lose her. I had only smiles on my way to Inna. Even if I was miles away from Inna, Inna was mine. I was miles away beyond any of my goals. I could feel it. For this reason, I knew I would never marry her. Inna being the princess of our unexpected fairy tale, I could see no other happy ending than to respect the three following commandments:


1. I shall not bother her,
2. I shall not destroy her own world,
3. I shall not stop our dream.

For both of us love was a secret that could only be seen by the angels and some of their human associates, the ones who spend their times helping and protecting others. This was what my love to Inna meant to me. All of a sudden, in the skies, the sweet smile of my dear friend Manou appeared to me like the Moon telling her secret to the trees planted in the green, green park of a brilliant castle by a poet born before the Revolution. 🍷 Silent, I went away in the air, in one of the red balloons that I invented when I was a little boy going down there in my street, when, every Thursday I was building the blueprint of my life. I knew my life would be love. I had no doubt. Before leaving I sat down at my round table and decided to reproduce two drawings that I had made already.

The first one I did when I was a child, I had painted it on a free day, on a Thursday. My Mom was ironing and in the air, I could smell the yellow mimosa. That afternoon, before my 4 o'clock tasty break, on an A4 piece of paper, I painted a village, my village, full of green, green grass, boarded by a river that Inna would cry later for me when shortly after we first met. We would discover full love (Full Love is a combination of love at first sight, love at second sight, deep love, love me again, don't forget to love me tomorrow, and then repeat: love at first sight, at second sight and so on like a suite written by Bach and played by Glenn Gould). In the village, there was a big house, the door was initially black but finally I wanted it

painted red. Around the big house located in Brittany, a few dark green hedges would keep my space open.

The second painted drawing I made again was a copy of *The Dance* after Matisse. For the second time, mixing different colors I found the right pink, the right green and the exact blue created by Matisse.

I sent the two painted drawings to Inna. Then I jumped in my red balloon which, patiently had been waiting for me. In this red balloon, God had saved our love and our souls . I started a joke. In fact, I didn't, I only started singing the song of the eternal bees. Hey gees! I realized. Freedom is key in the men's world. Freedom is also driving most animals. Many of them love freedom. Look at the cats, try to catch wolves ... Have you ever seen an eagle? Others will exchange freedom against food and shelter. Just remember the conversation between Master Wolf and Mister Dog. In my balloon, I understood for first time that combined with loneliness love could grant freedom. Is it a paradox? No, if loneliness means peace. I had never been so free before meeting Inna. I had never felt so peaceful and serene knowing Inna. I suddenly heard Little Richard singing his song to Irene, *Goodnight Irene, I'll see U in my dreams...*

Humanity and animals are both managing their owned freedom, they do it in different ways. They behave accordingly. The power point is how can one best use his or her freedom? Just use a power song or a power poem!

As the balloon rose in the air I realized that my desire for happiness, my desire for freedom could be shaped on every journey, every poem, every moment of love that I would share with Inna. Soon I would come closer enough to the Moon to know the secret of Inna.

The End

By the way, dear Reader, if you are told that my story is not that structured, that it is full of digressions, daydreams and other inventions, just remember that this is a love story, the story of an unexpected Russian love. Kindly go back to Introduction1 of my story.

Anatole France wrote: *'A true love has only one language: the kisses.'*  
So, dear Reader, forget about words and grammar, just remember kissing.

*“Amour ne fut jamais sans la compagnie de Folie et ne le saurait jamais être”*

Louise Labé

*"Love never was without the company of Folly and would never be"*

We could add: "... and Love would never know it"

The very End?