

## Epilogue

"Ivan Nikolayich knows that having stared at the moon the seated man will turn and look hard at the attic windows, as though expecting them to be flung open and something unusual to appear on the windowsill.

The rest, too, Ivan Nikolayich knows by heart. At this point he has to duck down behind the railings, because the man on the bench begins to twist his head anxiously, his wandering eyes seeking something in the air. He smiles in triumph, then suddenly clasps his hands in delicious agony and mutters quite distinctly:

'Venus! Venus! Oh, what a fool I was . . .!'

'Oh God,' Ivan Nikolayich starts to whisper as he hides behind the railings with his burning gaze fixed on the mysterious stranger. ' Another victim of the moon . . . Another one like me . . ."

The Master and Margarita, Mikhail Bulgakov

## Series's texto

### Are you there?

They act in their intimate theater, *but the theater also is the whole city, and the actors are legion, and the drama crowned by silence embrace many days and many nights.*

*In this complete immobile abstraction that even pain and terror are absents; living creatures seem to listen and watch over some of their organs, the heart, the secret and irreparable course of the blood.*

Windows opened to nowhere, empty the time with wild and crude light.

The body breathes, not faster, deeper.

And their hearts endure. *Because it seems that the heart can endure anything, anything...*

Rodrigo Illescas