

ADIBAS

- adibas – 1. fake adidas;
2. surrogate or imitation in general;
3. any fake or falsified thing, situation or fact, etc.

1. MORNING MULTIMEDIA

Bobo can do anything. She cooks pasta fabulously, has seen all the seasons of Lost, and drives me crazy the way she sucks; she does it elaborately, with great care.

Bobo. At the bare mention of the name her firm nipples, cream-rubbed body, slender waistline and dexterous tongue loom before my eyes. I lay in bed alone. The cell phone shows half past nine. I slept two hours longer beyond usual time. All I remember from my dream is that my brain was shining like a light bulb and colored sparks were racing through its convolutions the way signals flash through a fiber-optic cable.

A glass of pasteurized milk is on the nightstand at my bed, a plate with a pill of Centrum and a croissant are next to the glass. The way I figure it out is that this will become my morning diet in the near future. Did I really sleep so tight that I couldn't hear Bobo get up, get dressed and run down for the croissant?

As soon as I reach for the croissant, Aphex jumps up on the bed, wags the tail fast: right and left—the picture is blurred. He licks my face, too, trying to stick his dry warm tongue through into my lips, sort of long time no see. I know the way he counterfeits joy. All he wants to get from me is just the croissant. He lies down on my chest, fawningly looking into my eyes. 'Fuck off', I say. 'And now!'

He sneaks away dismally, head down, tail between legs, sits on Bobo's pillow, looking fixedly at the croissant. He's got really big watery eyes, just like Amélie from the movie Amélie. He wants to snatch the croissant from my hand, dares not do it though. I feel for him. This croissant is the best in Tbilisi, baked in the newly opened bakery on the ground floor of the building I live in. Inside they put cherry jam, raisins, marzipan, chocolate, farmer cheese ... and they are more than just croissants, they are Goldberg Variations performed by Gould.

Aphex looks hard into my eyes, trying to soften me up. To no avail though. His Lacrimosa doesn't work today. We both figure out that he can't goof me, so he wouldn't get a crumb of it. The airy- soft bakery dough melts in my mouth, then slides down and warms up the inside of my belly.

I take off the blanket and look at my blood-shot cock; it lies over my stomach and swells up in a sort of funny way. I feel it throbbing, can't take my eyes off it. My funny Valentine—that's just the way Bobo named it. There is something hypnotic about beholding a hard-on. Are stomach and cock all that really matters? Sure thing. Even Aphex gets it: he shifts his eyes between the two. I hold the croissant in one hand, my funny Valentine in the other.

I swallow the Centrum pill, drink it down with the milk. Then I run to the bathroom. Aphex, sore as hell that he didn't get the croissant, goes at me barking, sort of trying to bite my heel. The plasma screen is on in the living-room. TV1000 shows Pan's Labyrinth.¹ Can't show, that is. The frame gets stuck. The white monster puts its palms with an eye on each of them to its face. The half of the frame is lost in pixels. No signal to display—pops up on the screen. This cable TV has been really goofing up things recently. I flip the channel to Imedi. A tank column rattles along some highway. A rapid speech of a voice-over:

'... general Kulakhmetov calls it misinformation and strongly denies that Russian tanks entered Tbilisi. Nevertheless, high-intensity shooting has been heard for as long as one hour in Didi Digomi² ...'

First thing I get under a hot shower, thoroughly foam myself with a scrub up to my neck, wax granules and coconut flakes enjoyably massaging my body. I cool the water down to icy cold and brush my teeth in my own way. The two things I'll never give up are having a cold morning shower and brushing my teeth until the gums start bleeding. The hard is still on, anyway. With the sweetish odor of the scrub Bobo comes to me again. I don't give a damn that she wouldn't swallow cum; even now I would gladly cum in her mouth.

I separate women into two categories: the ones who swallow and the others who keep cum in their mouths. I can tell from experience that the latter blow better than the former. Sure enough it isn't a law of nature in any way. I just know it by experience. Take Bobo. She doesn't swallow but her blowjob is heavenly though. As I shoot in, her mouth gets filled with cum while her heart prays. That is what I call a true blowjob, a discipline of saints: cum in mouth, prayer in heart and a cock in hand.

I picked up Bobo the day before yesterday at a party in Tsavkisi.³ That was at a summer house of a mutual acquaintance with plenty of black candles, boozy delirium, love chiromancy, rave and lousy ecstasy. Since that day I learned that she was a determined character, preferred black clothes and plain talk, her Skype nick was alien_style, had a pierce ring in her navel—a tiny platinum embryo, and loved electronic music. She's got a firm body, upstanding tits and tight ass. However, there is something vamp-like about her; she is sexier rather than pretty.

She was standing alone by the loudspeaker sipping Red Bull through a straw. I pushed through the ecstasy hung up dancers to get to the speakers ... and accidentally bumped into her.

'Sorry', shouted I.

The way she smiled I figured out she hadn't heard me. No wonder though; I didn't hear myself through the basses bursting from the speaker.

'Borena', she shouted back.

I thought she was just kidding. 'Borena?'

She nodded: 'Just Bobo'

After we tried and failed to dance into the beat of the music, we happened as if by magic to be in the next room where, jaws askew, we zealously necked for a long time. As though in a trance, I figured ourselves fucking right there on the sofa. Then we exchanged all the tunes from our cell phones through Bluetooth, laughed a lot over plenty of bullshit, bitching about everything and everybody. At long last we cuddled up and fell asleep right there, just like in TV series; the camera moves back, romantic music is on, titles appear on the screen.

I figure that everything is settling down on its own. Bobo's going to enter my life once and for all. Just as complete renovation wraps around a shabby, shared apartment. I, for one, am willing to accept all that she's going to bring into my life:

Johnny Depp movies, Centrum, Darth Vader poster and gentle hysterics before her period. I put on a bathrobe. Aphex lifts his rear leg for me to see, defiantly pees on the fridge and runs away far enough to be on the safe side. That's the shitty way he pays me back. Happy for what he has done, he can hardly wait to see my reaction. Well, he'll be waiting till cows come home. The bastard is strained and stiff all over just like Antonio Gades 4 before performance and waits for me to shout an order to dance flamenco. I pretend that nothing is up and coolly wipe his pee off with napkins. I just wonder if all Chihuahuas terrorize their masters like this, or rather I have Aphex spoilt head over heel. Out of the corner of my eye I see him watching me with amazement; he realizes that the game is up.

I open the fridge. As soon as the inner light bulb is on, it dawns on me that in my dream my head was lit just with the same bulb. Not like cocaine when you take it through the nose and it blows up your brain like hell. It was a quite bulb, just like a good old lampshade in sweet grandma's bedroom.

The TV is heard from the living-room: '... the motorized rifle battalion of the 42nd division is headed downtown along the right embankment of Mtkvari5 River. The battalion includes 80 units of heavy machinery and 30 tanks ...'

A paperback book and the open laptop of Bobo are on the kitchen table by the window. A light vibration of the laptop is carried through to the table. I see the book for the first time ever, a shadow-figure on the cover:

Gone with the balloon. Seems like some modern novel, anything from horror to postmodern. First thing I do I visit YouTube, search it for any crap whatever. I download Cannibal Corpse6 hoping George Fisher's raucous would soften the hard-on. I sit down on a chair, lift the hems of my bathrobe, stare at my stiff cock and think about Bobo. It's hard to have a hard on and not to think of Bobo, or, in contrast, to think of Bobo and not to have a hard-on. The Cannibals fail to soften it down. Fisher wheezes: Draining the snot, I rip out the eyes ... rotates his head propeller-like, his long loose hair waving about. I give Bobo a buzz, all to no avail though. The mobile phone is blocked or out of coverage. Where could she have gone? I look outside through the open window. A herd of bicyclists rides along the highway. The bicyclists, bent forward from their seats, look tired, heavily pressing the pedals down. Due to their aerodynamic suits, stuck to their bodies, the egg-shaped helmets and mirror glasses,

they look like aliens. A gray Ford Sierra drives behind the herd. I snuggle up in my chair and shoot a photo of my cock with my cell phone. Then I check the quality of the photo on the cell screen and one more time become certain that three mega pixels can't even get close to the real-life picture. I still send the multimedia to Bobo. A winged envelope flies away on the screen: message sent to Bobo.

2. TOY TRIANGLES

'Two Mojitos' I address the bartender.

His name is Paata. Everybody calls him Bob though. Just a Bob Marley thing. I never call him this way, by the way. His faked reggae style gets on my nerves. A marihuana-colored shirt on, Jamaican pigtails, leather beads and loose shorts get him out of the big picture. Bob nods quickly and smiles at me. I hate to be flirted in a so untalented way. While he slices a lime and breaks up ice, I walk over to a plastic chair under a sun-shade and seat myself.

The Vake Swim Pool is bustling with silicon-breasted widows of mobsters, businessmen's wives with cellulite-heavy waists, cum-eating Barbie Girls with huge sun-glasses, rave party gays with their navels pierced, mama's boys with all their dreams come true, young firm bodies just ready to be sent to the Eurovision Song Contest. Smells of water, cosmetics, fresh chlorine and disinfectants mix with each other. The water in the pool dazzles and blinds. The speakers pour out neutral house music. You can't love the music like that. It can't get at you, either, though. You two, you exist separately. I should think, the music like this is specifically composed to be played in spas and lifts of luxury hotels. One never knows when it starts or ends. It is not 10.00 a.m. yet and the sun nastily sizzles. Nobody is swimming though. Heat-relaxed and white as a sheet Tbilisians lounge in their beach chairs under sun-shades. All one is supposed to do here is just baking in the open swim pool; swimming is not looked with favor here.

Just Tako stands out against the background with her chocolate-colored skin. She stands bare-footed at the edge of the pool with her eyes closed and her back turned to me. Her bathing suit can hardly be made out among the Y-shaped panties and thread-tied tiny triangles that cover almost nothing on her. These geometric figures are so merged with her suntan that one can hardly see them on her body. Even her tattoo is hidden behind the suntan. By the way, she had tattooed a small target just two weeks earlier in the middle of her nape.

She had painted that tattoo in this unfashionable spot for the simple reason that next to her clitoris her nape is one of her most erogenous zones, sort of an external G-Spot. She seems to have gone too far for that matter just like a teenaged girl for whom remonstrating with the world, declaring her own parents the bitterest enemies, frequent masturbation and making hasty decisions are a common thing. How can I tell her all this stuff, anyway? By the way, a couple of weeks ago I almost showed off hillbilly style, too. I mean, I came very close to having a tattoo painted on some spot of my body. You know, I'd always felt like

having a big Avatar-like arrow painted on my shaved head: right from the nape all the way over the head and down to the place where my brows meet. I'd have had my body tattooed all over long ago, just like some yakuza. However, the thing is, all that lasts for ever, annoys the hell out of me. While the tattoo master was working Tako's nape, I was sitting in a leather armchair in a tattoo salon looking through some tattoo catalogue. The range seemed to include almost everything from Incan-Aztec images and bar codes to SS-men's symbols and pictures of Che. There were mottled ones like computer tomography and uniform ones just like naïve stencils. You could see some funny ones as well. Like, a Dao monad, an industrial symbol-logo yin and yang and der grüne punkt intertwined just in one tattoo.

I liked God of war–Huitzilopochtli who, as a matter of fact, happened to be a humming bird, armed to the teeth and dressed in knight's armor. Looked like Bumblebee that is transformable into the Chevrolet Camaro Iron Giant. Then I checked on it in Wikipedia and learned that in olden times even people were offered up as sacrifices to this tiny little bird. Well, if I were sure that I'd have got myself understood right, I'd have gladly sacrificed one half of Tbilisi to some bird. Even a chicken would be just as good.

I find that I am not alone near the bar. Some couple sits at a plastic table with glasses half-filled with some juice. The box of Vogue is just around, with a lighter inside. The woman is sitting the way that all I can see is her fragile shoulders, a thin arm relying on the table and her foot heel under the chair. The heel exposes a piece of yellowed, warped and scaly skin of her feet. She is whispering something into the man's ear, her body bent slightly forward. The man nods now and again, typing a message on his phone.

I have no idea why I recollect in detail the dream I had that morning. In that dream I was in Krtsanisi Residence of Shevardnadze⁷ having an interview with him. He was wearing conventional clothes as usual: a blue suit and a sky-blue shirt. Just on his feet he had rosy plush slippers with rabbit ears. We were sitting in chairs at a low table with a bottle of Borjomi⁸ and two glasses. I was holding a voice recorder in my hand for some reason. The leather of the chair and the skin of Shevardnadze were the same color. I couldn't tell where Shevardnadze finished and where the chair started. He reminded me of Big Lebowski from the movie The Big Lebowski. He wouldn't move his lips. Just as a clock-work puppet, sounds would ooze out of his mouth. Sedately he would recollect: '... once being a secretary general I visited Parajanov⁹ in his small half-wooden house in Mtatsminda¹⁰. He was very happy to see me and a little worried at the same time, as based on his own words he had nothing to treat me to. He excused himself and said he would drop in at his neighbor's for a minute just to get some food. I stopped him saying that if I needed food, I would have brought some along myself. He kept plenty of strange things in that apartment of him, just like a whole museum. Later I moved to Moscow. The Armenians, however, moved the museum to Yerevan in secrecy. Everything that belonged to Parajanov's house, they managed to move away piece by piece and eventually opened a wonderful museum in Yerevan. Some time later I put them to shame which they defied saying that Parajanov was Armenian just like them, so they were not ashamed a bit.'

The flashback vanishes. Tako has a small set of earphones stuck into her ear. She is holding an iPod, its white jack looking even whiter on the background of her suntan than it really is. Just like a milky stripe along a bar of chocolate. She looks as if she cares about nobody, as if alone with herself, in herself. As a cobra ready to strike, she lightly sways to and fro to the beat of her music. She is aware though that she brings some slight, correct disharmony into the sluggish reality of the pool and everybody watches her closely but surreptitiously, with some artificial carelessness. Watching straightforward is unacceptable in this show. However, peeping in secrecy keeps in more eroticism than any porno does. And this is more than just a show. This is a magic show. A Sawing illusion. That's just what she wants for herself. She wants them to peep her and get a hard-on. She wants to be like that woman who is about to lie inside a box to be sawed in half next minute in front of the public. Why not? I love everything she does. I like myself when I see the way Tako gives them a hard-on. I myself get a hard-on watching her firm boobs, an updrawn tight ass, a slightly wide, boy-like shoulders ...

'Two Mojitos,' Bob puts glasses on the counter.

The water twinkles in the pool the way one may think it a result of some special effects. And it vibrates as if it is being drizzled. A growing drone all of a sudden reaches its peak and dies away as fast as it appeared. A jet fighter flies so low that the wind and shadow attached to its board pass over the pool. The sun-shades near the bar wave heavily, the water in the pool wobbles. Relaxed Tbilisians lounge around in their beach chairs. Everyone pretends nothing is up. Just one skinny woman bends sideward and looks up at the sky.

As soon as I start sipping Mojito I wish I had got just flat water. It's mixed with vodka rather than Bacardi. Even spearmint can't kill the sickening taste of alcohol. Feeling a little woozy from the heat I creep up on Tako, kiss her sun-heated nape. It right away gives her the creeps. I feel a bitter-sweet taste of tanning cream on my lips. My brain sends a signal down to my cock. Right away I feel my sphincter contracting, a light electric shock going through my balls. In cases like this, it's my sphincter that contracts first. Then my balls twitch. Have no hard-on, anyway: some familiar jazz music vaguely cuts through my earphones. My thoughts don't make any sense-what's got Tako to do with jazz? I kiss her nape again. Then I wait in vain for the jazz excerpt to turn into its electronic remix.

Tako turns to me. Smiling she opens slightly her eyes. The twinkle of the water dazzles her eyes. I hand her a Mojito and ask with a motion of the hand what she is listening to. In reply she points to the screen of the iPod. I can't see anything though. The screen reflects the sunshine. Tako sways again like a dancing cobra. Before she takes away her hand I catch sight of her index finger. The varnish on it is off in one place.