

ALEXANDER CHERENOV

*NEONOO, or  
PARADISE  
IN THE  
NOOSPHERE*



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## **Аннотация**

After death the hero arrives not in heaven, not in hell: in the Noosphere. What is his disappointment when he perceives himself as «incomplete»: no image, no likeness – only the totality of knowledge, only consciousness in the thinking shell, which is the surrounding space. But the hero is not disappointed alone. Here he meets many other «comrades»: Jesus, Apostle Paul, Caesar, Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Mohammed, Buddha, Napoleon, Stalin. Life «in a new dimension» begins...

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# **NEONOO, or PARADISE IN THE NOOSPHERE**

**ALEXANDER CHERENOV**

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# Chapter one

...Where I am? And what am I doing here? I do not remember anything... No, I lie: I remember something. That's about «what am I doing here?» Something happened... precisely with me. Oh, so what? What exactly? I must remember... Oh, yes: it seems, the other day I died... No, it does not seem: I just died! That's why there are Ilf with Petrov in a head: «So much work has been loaded – I'm afraid, as if not to die!» It's funny, but I was afraid too. And here is the result: I died. Someone took my life from me – and I died.

So say after this, that they do not die of fear! You need evidence?! Here it is – me! I am absent there and present... I feel a cold sweat break through me. I don't feel the sweat itself, but I feel like I am getting through. And then: if I can argue on the subject of personal death – and not hypothetical, but held – that means, I... That's classic: «cogito ergo sum!» «I think – it means I exist!» And this is no longer a philosophical abstraction: a fact! The fact of personal example and direct participation!

So, calm down. Although, what here, to hell, calm? I want to believe, but I cannot believe! And what should be done in order to believe? What do they do in the first place? Probably, they bring thoughts in order – and, so to say: «forward – on milestones, with a cheerful laugh!» Well, «remember them by name». Glory... I do not know to whom, there – god or

hell – but my memory, it seems, did not go away... on the way to «another world». So, «I remember here, but I don't remember there» – this is not about me.

So: I do not remember exactly how, but I certainly died. We will remember. So: it seems, I watched TV – and, it seems, hockey. «Russia» in the semifinals, «courageously» surrendered to Canadians with superior fees. Courage plucked on three – seven. We got a chance to «win the bronze» (previously only the first place was considered a win). I will not argue what exactly happened to me, not to mention what happened to them. Although, what could have happened to them?! Nothing: the guys calmly managed without snot – and immediately went to their «Canada» to receive the next «labor» millions.

And, here, I... It seems, that my head was spinning – and not from success. I remember that it «arrived». Not added – thoughts, there, or other property – namely, «arrived»! The blood, perhaps, surged, or the brains shuffled, but it took me down with my head. I remember, that I even managed to be surprised: «That turns out to be how it happens!»

And then I remember only one failure – not a memory failure: it's too original even for me: remember... failure in memory! I mean failure as an action and «end station». Impenetrable darkness worked out for such – and in passing, and for the road. I remember, that at this moment my head was not mine, but something, tightly wrapped... dense. The most curious thing: I did not feel pain. In none of the moments: neither at the start

nor at the finish. So, he just took it and died... Well, I already said: someone took it, but I died.

I don't speak for «later»: I don't remember. Surely, there was a classic: «the old mother will cry in the corner, the father will brush away the tear the...» So, I will not lie about the «wires to the last journey». I also do not want to fill in the spirit of the heroes of Raymond Moody's books «Life after death» and «Life after life». In other words: I do not remember being separated from myself, and, having soared under the ceiling in the form of a spirit, he looked around at his «soulless» body. I do not remember any «light at the end of the tunnel», where I was, according to the scenario, must be waited for by extremely happy relatives and «representatives of the administration of the other world».

I will not say anything for the details of the civil memorial service, which, of course, was, albeit in Russian simply utterly. Or, maybe, there was even a speaker in the spirit of Chekhov's Zapoikin, who crushed a tear from the participants of the event with the words of the classic: «Can you believe your eyes and ears? Is it not a terrible dream, this coffin, these tearful faces, groans and cries?» Although, does it really matter, how I was «escorted»? Yes, and the «last» whether this «path», if I now have the opportunity to argue on its theme?

What is it that turns out: they took away my life, but I stayed?! Or did my «I» remain? But in any case: there is something left – and this is already something. The first... no, the second thing –

I look around. No, I'm lying: this is the third thing. And the second thing is... The second thing... I grope myself. I grope – and I grope for nothing. Well, nothing at all. Because there is nothing to feel: under my hands there is nothing. Although I'm lying again: I don't have a hand the same way as nothing else. But one thing I can say for sure. No, and again I lie: two I can say for sure. First: I looked at myself. And second: I did not see myself. I have not seen – and still do not see.

But I clearly remember both processes, if only because both have caused in my soul... the same discomfort in me... Discomfort... What unbecoming elegance this is! What, there, to hell, discomfort: a sense of horror! And not some, there, provincial: inexpressible! Not conveyed by words... and all the rest!

But this, it seems, is the very beginning only. Further, as it should be – more. The process, as they say, «went» – and I see... that I am not the only one, who is just as «noticeable»! That's because I do not notice anyone, although I notice how much diligent! Around me... exactly like this: at three hundred and sixty degrees... «within sight»... how could I put it more softly... there is not a soul or something! The lack of shower «colorfully» is complemented by the lack of everything the rest. Around – as well as in any other geometry – there is not only no one, but nothing! And yet the big question is, is there even this «around»... along with the rest of the geometry?!

And indeed: the eye – or whatever I have – does not notice

anything in front of itself... and in all other directions. Not even a classic white veil or the same classic impenetrable darkness. There is only – and also the classic – «the presence of absence». Here, really: «I go out alone on the road..."! Well, about the road – it's me too... so: what, there, to hell, the road!

I will not lie: I feel uncomfortable... or not for «something», that personifies my essence now. For the stealth hat, I don't think: it's unlikely, that I was supplied with a fabulous inventory. What is the point?! What then? Am I alone really, and this is my personal hell, the one that is taught to man by modern fiction? But why then I still am «not involved in the work» – as an application to the boilers and pans? Why do they allow me to spend my unproductive potential and working time?!

I get scared by these thoughts. All my life I have dreamed about loneliness, about peace, about philosophical silence, but now I am not happy without any «for some reason»! Probably, it was not about such loneliness, that «there was a speech» on my thoughts... «On my thoughts»... I am then processed again: maybe, I now consist only of thoughts? Maybe, I am just a memory of myself? No: I'm distracted by the theme of «myself, the present». The bearer of that memory is not given. Then who am I? And, most importantly – where am I? And more importantly: what I am? And finally – the most important thing: why am I here? If as a «consumable» – that's unpleasant, but understandable. But if... Ah, here it is everything else that is... it is not clear. Totally incomprehensible!

So, calmly, mate: «cogito ergo sum». If I think, it means that all is not lost, even despite the fact, that nothing has been found. But we will look! I have time, as I understand it... although I do not understand anything... a lot of... because not a single second: time, after all, is a property of matter. But «Nothing» is «thing» intangible. So, there is no time as such, and therefore I have a lot of it. Such is the «unity and struggle of opposites».

I finish with the philosophy and begin the «repeated round of possessions». This time I «look around» more calmly and thoroughly. I have nowhere to hurry: there are no people to be seen, the guides – with horns and tails – too. It means that we will still live... well, in the sense of: we will exist... we will be... In general: we will count... somewhere and someone... Now the main thing is to determine the concepts: «where?» And «who?» And this is not a «naked» philosophy, but the harsh reality of being. It would be more correct to say: not «being, but fact of being somewhere or in something. But «being» somehow gives hope: this is not hopelessness!

So: I think – it means I exist. Philosophical abstraction is proved by practice. It is already possible to «dance» further on the topic «who?» and «where?» The fact, that I am not a spirit or a soul, can be seen at first glance... even if you can't see anything. Me, in any case – for sure: we will deal with others later.

Ah, where am I? What kind of sterility is this, compared with which sterility of the operating room, I beg your pardon, is public toilet?! Why is everything «sterile» so much that there is

nothing... not even what should be sterile?! As the saying goes: «where is everyone»?! Where did it go, but if it was not, then why? If this is the «solitary prison cell of personal hell», then I am against... although no one asks for my opinion. But, all the same: I, all my life, did not tolerate society, posthumously are with both hands for the «labor collective», because «without friends I'm a little bit, and with friends I'm a lot!»

Interestingly, is my stay here stationary, with reference to one point, something like a statue on a pedestal – or?.. I strain the thought – and it seems, to be making a move! Well, as I «commit»: I feel... at the level of consciousness, that I am starting to move. It would be nice to understand: what? A strange feeling: this «movement» does not meet the slightest resistance. Here it is – the ideal of the strength of materials, compared with which the phenomenon of superfluidity is the Neanderthal ax in comparison with the present-day combat laser!

«I go on milestones», but, alas: I do not come across. Everything is like in a poem: «I go out alone on the road – and, at least, hell was walking along it!». This is unpleasant feeling, true, it seems, the only one of its kind. I don't feel other unpleasant sensations, such as: hunger, cold, thirst, heat. The presence of the «administration of the corrective-labor institution», as well as the red-hot frying pan under the butt is not felt either. So, this is not hell... it seems. Well, that doesn't seem like hell, even if it doesn't seem like anything else.

It's strange... If this is not hell, then why are there no signs

of its opposite? Where is paradise, or, at least, its «waiting room»? Where is the classic? Or, maybe, I'm going to the «wrong path of the wrong» – that is, an atheist of the «Christian bottling»? But after all, Muslims have a paradise, which looks like «the country of Limonia, where there are forty calls – and all for lunch!» Why then do not I see cool gardens and hot in love virgins? And if this is a «Buddhist-Hindu type paradise», where, at least, a sense of peace and tranquility? Rest, unfortunately, «we only dream»!

Hence the conclusion: this is not paradise. But, if this is something like a «transfer», then it was possible to equip it with at least a minimum of amenities! The same is true for the quarantine case. Or in this quarantine place applicant experiencing more and thoughts... «lice»? Well, if this is so, then that's swinishness. Not only were people frightened on Earth: now «for your deeds...», «according to your faith...» – so also thought went to the credit as evidence!

«I go» further, but there is nothing more here, nothing and no one. «Not heard there is even rustling in the garden...» But, hush! It seems that there is something or someone. In any case, I feel a stirring of thought. And not his own: somewhere next door. I strain my ears... or what I have now – and for sure: «hello?» meet me! Not literally, of course, but the oncoming movement is obvious!.. That is, I wanted to say that... well, signs of life... being... well, or staying were found. And that's not classic turbulence, but something like a «mental movement».

I feel: vis-à-vis is also happy to society, although it does not hurry to me «with an outstretched hand». I take the initiative.

«Who are you?»

The appeal «to you» is not due to lack of culture: it is customary to talk with the dead and «spirits». Separate misunderstandings are problems of «separately misunderstanding» people. But I just «correspond». And I «conform» to the commonly understood «language of thoughts», as if talking to a fellow tribesman – in the sense, that translation services are not required.

«And you?»

But this is impolite. In our twenty-first century, it is somehow not accepted to answer a question with a question. Maybe, comrade «arrived from afar»?

«I am from the twenty-first century. And what are you from?»

«Twenty first century after the birth of Christ?!»

I do not see, but I feel like a guy... it seems like a guy – «the jaw falls off» and «the eyes roll out». Due to the proper reaction, I nobly release him a relapse of lack of culture.

«Yes, it is. Judging by the question, you are unlikely an ancient Greek or ancient Roman. So, where are you from?»

«The fifteenth century after the birth of Christ.

Now it is my turn to «weigh the jaw» and «bulge the eyes», albeit let it be conditional and the one and the other.

«And you have been here since the fifteenth century?!»

In response, I feel something with a sorrowful sigh and a no

less sorrowful nod with an absent head.

«Alone?!» I continue to «weigh the jaw», combining this event with the earthly profession of an investigator.

«No, there are some people.»

It's easier already!

«Where is everyone? Where is the population... or, like, there, its: society?»

The guy sighs again.

«There is no society: there is only a population. And society is not only in a scientific sense, but also each other's societies.»

«No communication?»

«Yes. Each is by itself. We can only communicate with contemporaries. But with each other we have already talked so much, that sick of one thought to speak again. Therefore, we try to stay well away from each other. And what: there is enough space.»

I «wrinkle» my missing forehead and «wonder by missing eyebrows».

«Only with contemporaries? These are the „rules of the game“ or not a unifying beginning?»

The guy respectfully «looks» at me.

«And you, sir, I suppose, here recently?»

Well, this is a completely different thing: «Sir»! I feel that I approve.

«I just arrived.»

«You are welcome. How are you settled?»

I «grin»: lo, you – and the fifteenth century!»

«Yes... here...»

And I «wrap my arms around» nothing.

«Not bad!» Counterpart «nodding» approvingly.

«That's it!» I am not approvingly reacting. «That's in another sense: there is nothing! Do you understand?»

The guy suddenly «smirks».

«Do I look like a brainless ram?»

It's «heard» something native in its intonations, something from the «edges of native aspens».

«Where did you come from, buddy? Well, where are you from?»

«Florence, señor.»

«After the plague?»

«In the eye» of the interlocutor I easily read respectful amazement. I consider it possible to give «face» a small portion of indulgence.

«I read „The Decameron“ of Boccaccio – and more than once.»

Attitudes towards me immediately change: I feel it even missing skin. Now vis-à-vis breathes me one sympathy.

«Where are you from, señor?»

«Russia.»

The guy «does not turn on».

«Muscovy!» I «raise» the «historical archives». «Hyperborea. North.»

«Oh!»

«What does this „oh“ mean?»

Unlike the counterpart, I turn on immediately: something is not right.

«Oh, if you want to say that only heard, but no one have not seen... well, none of my countrymen?!»

Vis-a-vis confusedly «shakes shoulders».

«Senor probably forgot, that I am from the fifteenth century...»

«Oh, yeah!» I calm down: glory... well, okay: God, that I, too, just «did not turn on». «So, nothing is lost yet... if only because nothing has been found... And who were you in your world?»

«Alchemist, senor.»

«My respect!» I'm not lying too much. «Looking for a „philosopher's stone“?»

«I was looking for.»

«And what is the result? What do you „found on the way“?»

The guy «smiles shyly».

«Nice to meet such an educated senor. I report: „on the way“, I „found“ nitric and sulfuric acids, and learned how to make stainless steel.»

«So all this is you?!» I do not stint on the «cry» of approval.

The alchemist once again works in the mode of «hesitate».

«Well, let's say this: I also had a hand...»

«My respect!» I once again return to the alchemist, this time – for two qualities in bulk: for creative input and modesty. «It will

fit in the household!»

«And who were you in earthly life, senor?» alchemist  
«translates arrows».

«I was in part of the laws.»

«Oh! And which ones? Roman law, perhaps? Habeas  
corpus?»

«No, I was an investigator.»

The guy «changes in the face».

«Is not of the Holy Inquisition?!»

From an excess of irony, I «twist» the absent person

«Let's just say: from a related office. Does it scare or surprise  
you?»

Vis-a-vis already – is «in the face»: I returned it to its place.

«Scared at first... and then surprised.»

«Why?!»

Ignoring the complex approach of the alchemist, I only  
wonder at his to surprise.

«There are no such people here. And since there are no such  
people here, this means that you have dealt with other matters.»

Now it is my turn to be «embarrassed», which I do, having  
cleared my throat accordingly.

«Well... well... you are not far from the truth. Indeed,  
I have devoted the last time to „serving the Muse“. I wrote,  
in general...»

«What exactly?» the vis-a-vis unexpectedly «lights up».  
«I believe that not love lyrics: here it is no good?»

«No, not the lyrics.»

I begin to move from bewilderment to comprehension. The criteria of the unknown «collector of souls» are alarming, but at the same time, they are impressive.

«There was different material. I have a philosophy, ethics, esoterics, and thoughts about Good and Evil as philosophical and religious categories...»

It is embarrassing for me now: the «inquisitor» – and such frivolous things! But, to my extra surprise, this recognition evokes a completely opposite reaction in the alchemist: a benevolent one. His «face» is literally blooming with affection.

«Well, it is another matter entirely! That is, I wanted to say, that the people here are not only welcome guests, but also the only inhabitants. And though everyone had different things, they were all creative. And the theme of your work is «in color».

I «turn on» not immediately – and for this reason I am not even surprised, that the fifteenth-century slang is so close to the twentieth century.

«You want to say, that „not everyone got into our close circle“?!»

Vis «blooms extra smile.»

«That is what I wanted to say, but I could never make it as beautiful as you just did, señor!»

Just in case, I don't specify, that I don't have to return for this beauty to me, but to another comrade.

«Okay, we'll come back to this. And now I'm interested

in something else.»

«I am at your service, sir.»

I «come close.» Well, on Earth, it would be called so.

«Here you say: «here», «there.» Where is this «here» and where is it «there»?

The enthusiasm of the alchemist evaporates instantly. He even has to take a break to restore working conditions. But I do not urge comrade: the question is too serious for me to change the setting «Do not hurry!» And I turn out to be right: after the termination of the earthly minute, comrade is «restored.»

«Here is a question of questions, sir!.. I don't know directly how to answer...»

«You cannot „directly“ – answer „crookedly“!» I'm not too original.

«Do not succeed, sir...»

Vis a visitor honestly droop head his head.

«Why? You cannot articulate or do not know the answer?»

«I do not know the answer...»

But, as stated in the famous children's the poem, «the nutlet of knowledge is solid, but still we are not accustomed to retreat...". And I start to «crack» my friend.

«But how do you understand this? Somehow you must understand?»

«Damn it knows!»

In a different setting and in other circumstances, such an answer would surely make me laugh. But now I'm giving up

a smile. And then: from the fifteenth century from the birth of Christ, but the devil commemorate he is not afraid! True, that with him to take: an alchemist, although, perhaps, there is another reason?

«Did you meet the devil here?» I can easily guess, not so much asking, as stating.

The guy «smiles».

«No, señor.»

«And what about God?!»

«No, señor.»

«Due to this reason you are not afraid of either one or the other?»

«That's right, señor.»

I'm already going to be stunned by another conjecture, but I change my mind: there will be time and occasion.

«That is, it is neither heaven nor hell...»

«It seems, that's so,» the alchemist» spreads his arms». That's because it does not look like not only on heaven or hell – no matter what. There is a complete absence in stock.»

What a pleasant people these are alchemists! How many healthy outlook on life! How much optimism even in the face of the dominance of pessimism! No, two materialists – even from different centuries – will always understand each other. In this case, the second one – me, that is – it is not at all necessary to refer on the «testimony» of the Hubble telescope.

«What could it be?»

I have already told myself in the manner of Ostap Bender:  
«Oh, well, put aside the fun!»

«If it is not heaven or hell, if it is „our close circle“, into which „not everyone got“... And by the way: where, in that case, did everyone else go? Well, those who are not honored?»

Vis-a-vis, without hesitation, again «works off his shoulders».

«I do not know... But I have never met any of my acquaintances from among the rich idlers here. Occasionally there were „donators“...»

«Patrons of sciences and crafts?»

«Yes.»

«Well, this is understandable: although with a purse, but comrades also took part in the progress...»

I again «go to myself behind the thought» – and it immediately «moves me» for the next request. No wonder: so much food! So, I am now – all of the questions.

«Listen, buddy, here we are somehow we see each other, but how can this be?! As we can see, if not exist, how physical objects?! You need eyes, you need a brain! What gives us the opportunity to comprehend even „nothing“, not to mention the comprehension of each other? I hope I do not „reinvent the bike“?»

«The bike?!» the alchemist honestly «opens his mouth».

«Oh, yes!» «I clap» myself conditionally over the «conditional forehead». Bike has not yet been invented – and this time, without quotes! Sorry, mate, I just wanted to get confirmation

from you that you see me.»

«Oh!» alchemist «smoothed face». «Well, get it.»

«So you confirm that you see me?»

«I see something,» the «friend» confesses, «but I can't touch it: there is nothing and no one. So, it's not me, but you must explain to me... That is, they shouldn't, of course... but... I wanted to say: it's fit to explain to me what is happening here... even if nothing happens. I'm from the fifteenth century, and you are from the twenty-first.»

To begin with, I «sigh»: the companion is right in his complaints. I can put up versus this, except that his experience of being here.

«Explain»... I can't even explain it to myself yet – not what you need. I can't even explain how you and I explain it without an interpreter!»

«Well, this is, just «easier steamed turnips!» the alchemist grins, «keeping a distance» «Natives «from the next world» immediately become countrymen on this. All the dead are brothers!»

It is said well! Here, to you – both the alchemist: both «physicist», and «lyricist» – «in one bottle». But we must «continue the investigation». «We have already won the first half», but how many more of them, and all are the first! My thought immediately fished out of itself the next «hook».

«You say „stay“...»

The alchemist agrees nods his head.

«Come on, let's go on milestones!»

«Let's go together!» the alchemist «switches on» right away: our man!

«Let's go together! So: if this is not heaven, and not hell, but we still comprehend each other and the surrounding „nothing“, even though we have died on Earth, then this is, in any case, some kind of otherworldly of being. And for the otherworldly existence there must be, at least, some otherworldly world. Do you agree with me?»

«One hundred percent!»

Alchemist once again corresponds to the twenty-first century.

«Well! Go ahead! So this is the other world, but some kind of «unfinished»: from «nothing.»

«Probably, it happens,» the alchemist turns out to be a philosopher.

«Probably, it happens, if it there is!» I am no less a philosopher. «And are found here, as I understand it in biology, not the soul, and... hell knows that: until I don't understand. But for understanding, we have what... no... and not here... everything. That is, not only is there no „environment“, so also we do not exist... in the conventional sense, at least, in the form of the soul. The soul, after all, must have some kind of „human-like shell“ to show itself. Agree?»

«With both hands!» the alchemist does without hands.

«Good! So: since we are not souls, at least, in the form of the air shells, not to mention the material substances – and,

however, we exist, which means, that we are some other form of the otherworldly being... in another form of the otherworldly being.»

The thoughts of the alchemist are amicably strained by «folds on the forehead».

«And if you simplify?»

«I can. We are not only not in heaven or hell, but also not for heaven and not for hell! We are something else...»

«What exactly?»

I do not linger with my shoulders: I shake them.

«Damn it knows!»

Immediately I leave myself and I think already «out loud».

«We are not, but we are... We cannot be touched, but we see each other... Right – as in the Bible: „We are invisible, but we are recognized“... We have nothing to say, but we speak... Stop! „We are talking“!»

I'm «returning» to the alchemist.

«We talk thoughts! That is why we „do without a translator“! This is more than „countrymen from one world“! And already from this you can „dance“ on farther!»

«Where exactly?» alchemist «made to dance».

«This means, that we exist thoughts! And everything we are capable of is a derivative of our consciousness! This is our consciousness works!»

«What is consciousness?»

With his fifteenth century, the alchemist is honest with the

twenty-first. With all my strength I try to somehow conform. I start to remember the long-forgotten dictionary on ethics.

«Well, if – according to science, then consciousness is a reflection of the social being of people.»

I feel that it «does not reach» – something like Bender's «quasi uno fantasy» in the club of chess lovers. Yes, and I myself would not have joined in his place. It should be simplified to the unscientific level, but that was clear.

«Well, to make it easier for you to understand, you are sitting here,» I exploit a movie, «that is, roughly speaking, knowledge, plus life experience, plus self-esteem.» It may even: the ability to make decisions with skill. This, of course, is unscientific, but quite «edible». How does this simplification work?»

The alchemist diligently «drives in» for some time – and then «leaves» back.

«It seems, I understood.»

«What exactly?»

«Everything, what I have gained in my life with brains and hands, is me. At least, I am the present.»

I doubt the truth, but not for long. In the end – this is not important.

«Well, that's something like this...»

And then it dawns on me once again.

«By the way, have you thought about why I – from the twenty-first century – can communicate with you – from the fifteenth? I, of course, don't mean the language barrier... missing. You

said that every cricket know your hearth»? Something is wrong here...»

«Well, I didn't say anything about the cricket,» the alchemist grins «not from the fifteenth century,» «But I think the point here is that you, senor...»

«Listen, enough with this „senor“!»

«Sorry: that's habit.»

The «face» of the alchemist «stretches into a good-natured smile».

«So, here: I think, everything is explained by the fact, that you are elected.»

My opposition immediately «wrinkles on the forehead»: an unexpected explanation.

«Elected? Who did it and for what? Tell me: you surely had to meet people from other eras?»

«Well,» the alchemist begins to think, «but I find myself first on the word.»

«Did you meet many favorites here?»

The alchemist is honestly embarrassed: «smiles guiltily», eloquently «tapping himself with his fingers on the forehead».

«I did not get it... Indeed, that's the question.»

While he «gives confessions», I leave for a while for thoughts. Soon there is one, as if suitable, at least, suitable for revision: as a draft or blank.

«My friend, but, maybe, the thing is in this thing, where are we with you?»

«Friend» honestly trying to match, but in vain. That's no wonder: you can't «jump above» your fifteenth century! Therefore, I easily release to him some «lambiness» of his gaze and useless «wrinkles on his forehead».

«I explain it popularly for the ignorant», as one comrade said. And it seems that the point is not in the thing, but in me! The fact that I doper to its essence! More precisely: in the fact, that I am the first to finish it up to its essence!»

«Really?»

That's a little tactless, but fair. «I took a tug...», as well as «do not boast, going to the army...» It is necessary to comply.

«You are right: it is possible that I was, so to speak, „encouraged in advance“.»

«???»

«Sorry, buddy: all the time I forget about your fifteenth century! By the way, this is not a humiliation, but on the contrary: praise. That's strange thing, but I feel you my contemporaries!»

Alchemist, for the umpteenth time, «shyly lowers the eyes».

«Thank you, senor... that is, my friend... So, what, there – about the „advance“?»

«Well, if in a simplified way, then in our twenty-first century, the advance is a part of the earnings that are paid in advance, even before the end of the work.»

The «face» of the alchemist «blurs» in one of the endless smiles.

«I comprehend it! That is, you want to say that this is... well,

where we are turned out to be with you, encouraged you for the right thoughts, for being on your way to solve?»

Conditionally «shake» conditional «hand» of the alchemist.

«Exactly! And I think that I am hardly one, so clever. Surely, there are people here, who have „reached“ this before me, maybe, even during their life, on Earth.»

The «eyes» of the alchemist «light up»: nothing new is clearly not alien to this guy.

«I'm sure you already have a clue!»

«That's assumption on the verge of discovery!» I «tear off a leaf from a laurel wreath» modestly. And then: you need to take care of yourself for subsequent assignments.

«Though hint!»

How many pleas «in the voice» vis-a-vis: a real scientist! Not that the rest of the «herd»: roam here for centuries without a brain... ruminants!

«So, in fact – already!»

«???»

The alchemist honestly «weights the jaw» and «pulls out his eyes». Although with regard to him the adverb has long been inappropriate: in the «weighing» and «buckling» the guy is honest a priori.

«Not heaven or hell!» I am imposing him on target.

The «look» of the alchemist «brightens», but no more: the guy is honest... Again, I: «honest»! Better let it be so: the guy corresponds to the level of the fifteenth century.

«Quite later, OK?» I postpone the lesson of educational program – and the vis-à-vis agrees. Yes, and what remains for him? «And now I need to meet with one person! Well, not with a person, of course... But you understand!»

«Understand.»

«Then – the question: how did you come across me? Just do not say that you wandered, wandered – and came across! Now it's no time for a joke! So, here – about the «things: it is, obviously, not space. Yes, and space is not a mess: everything is ordered, everything is laid out on shelves...»

My «face» acquires all the signs of «classic insight»: looking up and to the side, the light from the wide-open eyes, guess, pushing from all the cracks. I no longer speak of a slightly weighted jaw.

«On the shelves!» Brother, admit: every century is something like a floor?»

«I confess,» the alchemist is not too surprised at my hunch. «All of us live in their strata.»

«And how did you get here? Getting up the stairs? Six steps up?»

Here the vis-a-vis finally gives the proper response. Not, no surprise: admiration.

«Well, brother, you have a bright head!! It took us centuries to figure out what you thought of in half an hour! We are the discoverers: not everyone rushes to search. Most of us are pretty with their status.»

«Of the status of the conditional „sheep“?»

«Conditional only in form,» the alchemist grins. «And, if not enough, still does not try to change it. No one before you... from among my acquaintances, did not even try to comprehend the local existence.»

The alchemist pauses, embarrassed and continues «with eyes to the side».

«Me too. That is, I tried several times – and give it up. Not enough „cash“.»

He expressively «knocks himself with a finger on the forehead» – and then «blurs» in my address:

«And you – oh!»

I «bow to all four sides,» without stopping with receiving compliments: the thought drives further.

«But getting into the right age is half the battle. The main thing: how to find the right person.»

Once again I «leave with my eyes» and come back, once again come back illumined with guessing.

«What letter begins with your last name?»

«With the letter „A“...»

The alchemist does not turn on yet, but he already guesses. Although, what, there, to guess: it's time for a man to understand, that I haven't asked any questions.

«And mine too!» I vigorously «bloom by face». «What if?..»

The alchemist «moves the whole body forward.» The guy understands, that the solution is approaching, and does not want

to miss a moment. I do not delay the moment of celebration, otherwise you can even miss the thought due to this business. This is the same thing: «here it was – and there isn't», as one comrade said... or a group of comrades.

«And what if „this“ represents not only „floors“, but „blocks“ also?! And no, „anyhow“: alphabetically?!»

The alchemist immediately connects with the «light of his face» to «my light».

«That is, the people on each „floor“ are distributed by last name?!»

Well done guy! He and his brains would not have disappeared in our twenty-first century! And knowledge is a new thing: it would be than to make it!

«That's right, buddy! So, rising from your „floor“, you got into the block corresponding to the letter „A“, because you yourself are from block „A“, but only six „floors“ below!»

«Exactly!» «the alchemist «shines» additionally. «Only now it dawned on me that everyone I met was with the letter «A»! Well, their last names, that is.»

«What about people with other names?»

The alchemist «sighs» and guilty «pats himself with his hand on the forehead».

«I repent: I did not reach them... because this thought did not reach me...»

«Well, it's not scary!» I let go generously – beyond the time limit. «The main thing is that we „pinned“ the structure. So this

thing is something like a hive or the construction of the type of chessboard...»

And here again «strikes me with guessing».

«I am convinced: people are packaged here not just alphabetically, but alphabetically encyclopedic volumes!»

«It suits, but as a draft,» the alchemist «decreases with a glow».

«???» I am culturally indignant.

«Different encyclopedias have a different alphabet. It depends on the number of volumes.»

What a good boy! What a pleasure to work with such an opponent! After all, we too are «not sewn with a bum» and even «not done with a finger!»

«Everything is taken into account by a mighty hurricane,» buddy! Priority is always given to the inventor! The surname is known to me – it means that the alphabetical order is also known: the corresponding volume in the lifetime Great Soviet Encyclopedia!»

I am encouragingly «clap on the shoulder» of the alchemist, who has already had time to be puzzled by the adjective «Soviet». But I have no time to go into historical details.

«Now we find! Now it's a sin not to find...»

«Can I connect?» the alchemist «shudders with a voice»: is he really afraid of refusal?!

Well, how can you not become generous with the new «clap»?

«Do you have a choice?..»

## Chapter two

I estimate the geography of a place and I make a reference: the step below is and to the right, to the northeast. Of course, there are no «pointers» of type «A – Al» or «V – Ver» here. But to navigate the place is quite possible. Therefore, we are going to the «point» with a deviation of «a degree», not more. And not to «see» such a colorful figure as an object of my interest – this should be very hard to try.

«Vladimir Ivanovich!»

«An old man in a black velvet» skullcap «and a gray beard» does not conceal cash surprise.

«Not expected...»

«What exactly?» I «smile good-naturedly». «Exposing?»

«It's funny,» the old man switches to irony. «And yet: how?!»

«How did I get on you?»

I decipher the question not so much for myself or my grandfather, as for an alchemist, who «stares at us with all eyes». The man is clearly waiting for clarification on the topic of choice. It seems that the comrade was counting on the fact that I would take him to some fairy hero, like Ilya of Murom. And so he is somewhat disappointed. Surprise «in the eye» does not interfere of the manifestation of frustration.

«I answer: a logical way. If „this“ is not heaven or hell, then to whom else should I seek advice on the noosphere, if not to the

„founding father“, academician Vernadsky?»

The alchemist's «fallen off jaw» gives out all available emotions. The guy is again honest in the manifestations. I'm ready to let him go and a small game: the term «noosphere» and cannot be familiar to the «coming» from the fifteenth century. But the alchemist, too, manages to surprise me pleasantly, as soon as he «tightens his jaw».

«Noosphere»... «Noo» is knowledge, «sphere» is a sphere, a circle, a circle... «The Circle of Knowledge»...»

His «face» gives out all the signs of «canonical his insights by guesswork». Academician Vernadsky – this is really... well, that is... well, in general, «his bright image» – glistens his eyes at me immediately, while nodding his head at the alchemist.

«Who is your companion?»

«In the voice» of the academician there is genuine approval. Without unnecessary modesty I carry it, including, to myself: this is not just a companion, but my companion! And if he is someone, then I, especially, not anyhow who! And the «format» of a comrade is just «this is with me»!

«Imagine, Vladimir Ivanovich, this is your colleague from the fifteenth century.»

«Is he a chemist also?» academician «brightened eyes».

«He is alchemist, to be exact. He is an accomplice in the manufacture of acids and stainless iron. It does not matter, that his name has not been preserved in history: it is important that what he preserved is preserved. As the saying goes: your name

unknown, but your feat is immortal. Do not consider my words blasphemous: that's just an analogy.»

«Academician Vernadsky!»

Introducing himself, Vladimir Ivanovich vigorously «despises» his age and «shakes the hand» of the alchemist.

«Pleased to meet you, colleague. For me, chemistry is a matter of life.»

«More precisely: geochemistry, biochemistry, radiology and much more.»

I also want to get my portion of a «respectful handshake» – and I get it: «ask, and it will be given to you». Academician «brightens the eyes» is in my address already.

«Are you familiar with my work?»

«Yes, of course!» I bravely lie. «I read your works on the theory of the biosphere and the noosphere. I know your work in the uranium project. Last your work, with which I... hmm... hm...»

I have a sore throat: artistically lying – not only without blinking an eye, but also on a «scientific basis» – it is not easy. I would even say: it's responsible... with all the irresponsibility of lies. But «took up the tug»... lie to the last point, really!

«... I got acquainted, there was a work on the chemical structure of the Earth's atmosphere. Well, the one, for which you were awarded the Stalin Prize of the first degree and one hundred thousand rubles, the ones that you gave to the Defense Fund.»

The «look» of the academician «warms up» and begins

to «dampen»: old people are very sensitive to praise. I thank myself for only the relative laziness of my mind: in time I got acquainted with Vernadsky's brief biography. That's incredible, but fact: it happened on the eve of what happened to me!

«They remember the old man...» the academician «trembles with his voice» «Remember the grateful descendants...»

He cuts himself off and rushes at me with a «clarifying look».

«By the way, about descendants... What century are they from?»

«From the twenty-first, Vladimir Ivanovich, from the first quarter.»

I don't know if I upset the academician with this confession, or vice versa. I would like to believe that's the second. And I'm not mistaken: Vernadsky is «trembling» not only by «voice», but also by «nose».

«Thank you, young man.»

«Thank you too, Vladimir Ivanovich.»

«For what?»

«For the compliment.»

This time I am not lying: in my grandfathers' years to win the «rank» of young men it's not the latest insult.

«I hope I will have a reason to deserve your thanks not only for that.»

Well done, grandfather: from past sentiments – not a trace! A scientist, professing the principle of «for business – time, for fun – an hour», stands before me again.

«I hope also, Vladimir Ivanovich. Moreover: after that we are here with a friend and profits. And not alone: with questions. And we have a lot of them. For some we have already found the answer, but others are too tough for us, more precisely – not on the brain. And you, dear academician, is the only one, who can help us... and not us alone...»

«I am all attention!» Academician corresponds to the statement.

«Then let's start in the spirit of the setting of Maupassant «Closer – to the body!»

I immediately «take the bull by the horns». In the sense of: academician – for the living.

«The first question, Vladimir Ivanovich, is: am I right, or wrong?»

«You are rights, of course, rights!»

Academician does not think for a moment.

«This is not heaven or hell. This is indeed the noosphere – mind and scope, the sphere of interaction between nature and society, in which intelligent human activity becomes the main factor of development. If you like, there are synonyms: the technosphere, the anthroposphere, the sociosphere... Do you understand me?

The latter is clearly addressed to the representative of the fifteenth century. But «comrade fits.»

«Yes, dear academician. But, all the same, what about the thinking shell?»

«Here's for you – and the fifteenth century!»

To my gaze there is a view of the «beautifully arched academic eyebrow».

«Well, comrade: you are to me – „not in the eye“, and I am you – „in the eyebrow“! You have grasped the very essence. Indeed, the noosphere is a thinking envelope around the globe, the formation of which is associated with the emergence and development of human consciousness. This concept was introduced into science by Teilhard de Chardin and Leroy. But – without false modesty – I also participated in the definition.»

«Vladimir Ivanovich,» I resolutely argue for domestic science, «I protest: There is an obvious brute force of modesty! You did not „participate“: you made a decisive contribution. Moreover, if not the definition itself, then the theory of the noosphere is exclusively your merit! And there is nothing to be modest! After all, this is a question – not only of scientific priority: it is a question of national pride! A political question, one might say!»

Academician «shyly dives into the gray mustache».

«Thank you, dear compatriot: touched. I am touched genuinely. But I just wanted to mention the participation of other comrades.»

«This, of course, characterizes you properly,» I partially soften, «but in the interests of the cause, and beyond the time limit, we will assume, that you have already noted!»

I without further words... although, perhaps, that is not quite so – sentence the question.

«And now – to the point, Vladimir Ivanovich: how to live on?»

Academician suddenly loses all his academic greatness. The usual thing: a collision with the world simplifies and genius. Illustrative example: Jesus, whom, according to Renan, daily contact with reality not only relegated, but also humiliated – and even deprived of self-styled status.

«You can immediately see the Russian man, dear young man. The question is not only „not in the brow“, but right in the forehead! Everything is in Russian style...»

Vernadsky is «coughing embarrassedly».

«Well, therefore, the answer must be in Russian style also. That is – right, without philosophical quirks...»

The glance of the academician, which had just been absent in his mustache, returns to my «face».

«Since you are familiar with my works, you should know another definition of the noosphere, exclusively mine already, outside the context of de Chardin and Leroy.»

«Of course, I know it.»

I «unfold the chest» no less effectively than the guns of the legendary cruiser Varyag probably did.

«According to Vernadsky, the noosphere is the highest stage of the biosphere, associated with the development of mankind.»

The old man's «whiskers» ««take upright position»: this is helped by the «happy smile» of the owner.

«Excuse me, dear compatriot, my tactlessness! I am excused only that there are so many rogues around, posing as for experts

and even colleagues! Once again: a thousand regrets!»

I praise the free time, that I did not devote to a glass of brandy, but to acquaintance with the biography of the academician and the scant information about the noosphere that I had available. I, of course, would have wriggled out without science – with the help of some brains – but it's not for nothing that it's said: «knowledge is power»!

«Vladimir Ivanovich, if you „deepen“?»

I strongly move my grandfather to the story of the harsh truth of life – the local, of course. Vladimir Ivanovich sighs.

«Yes, my young friend...»

I laugh in my heart: «young friend» – on the sixth ten of years! But still – thanks, comrade! If I were a woman in my place, you could legally rely on the gratitude of «right up to...».

«... the noosphere is not heaven or hell. It's good, that this is not hell, of course. Although... the concept of „good“ is relative: even in hell, there is society yet. After all, people are in contact with each other... with the attendants... with the inventory... Everyone is busy with the business... in the boilers, there, in pans... There is a possibility of exchanging opinions about each other...»

At this moment, the three of us laugh in unison: the academician didn't want, but joked, and very well.

«Paradise is better, of course!» academician «sighs». His «face» is filled with classic light sadness. «Well, that paradise, which is of holy Perepetuya and other theology: with nectar,

ambrosia and a service charges odes to the Lord only. But there is no such paradise... like any other.»

It should be another sigh.

«You think I would not want to be wrong? Also, as I would like! But, alas: what is not – that is not. And there is no heaven with hell – so there is «this».

Vernadsky illustrates the statement with a «hand gesture». And I cannot stand.

«Vladimir Ivanovich: what does „this is it“ mean?! The fact, that the noosphere is, roughly speaking, is the sum of knowledge, I understood that. But what else? And how can this „what“ be used in practice?»

On practice?»?» the academician frowns, «starting on the road». Once again, I energetically take a friend... «bull by the horns».

«Well, you look at us!»

And I show myself absent in kind.

«Excuse me, dear academician, but there are not only „neither skin nor face“ – nothing at all! No, since we were in such a place and in such a situation, and since we are a „cogito ergo sum“, let us then think about how to live further! I don't want to be just somewhere, nor is it just like to exist somehow! I already understood that they do not live in this other world, but only find themselves. But is it life: just finding? Yes, and tired of me „to see“ only one „inner eye“! If we are aware of, at least, the basics, that's enough to appear to each other! It is time

to manifest! I do not want to be an energy matrix, nor the total life experience!»

I do not know how I was honored, but we are starting to manifest! It looks like on photographic paper appeared in the solution of the developer, and a little later – polaroid images. That is, we do not appear immediately, as if by magic, but strictly «according to the scheme». True, the fixer type hypochloride for fixing the image is not required. We look at each other, diligently rubbing our eyes with our fists without quotes now. We are the same, already familiar to each other, but not mental images – as it is, in nature and «in the material»!

«I do not understand!» the academician is the first to confess. «This cannot to be!»

«And if it may be?!» I object quite «scientific». «Remember, Vladimir Ivanovich... Although this you cannot remember, because you can't know.»

The academician courageously transfers the insult of the «youth», not forgetting, however, to answer me in the same way.

«What exactly is, my young friend?»

«Santa simplicita!»: you couldn't get me with such an insult, especially since I have already raised it in status to a compliment!

«That is the setting «If you cannot, but really want – you can!».

The face of the academician clears up.

«Is it a further development of science?»

«This is life sciences!» I clarify modestly, but at the same

time, significantly.

«I think I understand you...»

«And I understand without „it seems“!» the alchemist is blurred. «I told you, senior, already, that you were chosen! But you laughed at me!»

I bow my head.

«I repent! So, that I will not laugh at you anymore... on this occasion. You were right, albeit from the other flank.»

«???»

«There is no esoteric, my friend! I just used the installation of our esteemed academician.»

Vernadsky immediately turns on.

«Which one?»

«Knowing the laws of nature, mankind becomes the main force comparable to geological ones, and begins to have a decisive influence on the course of processes in the sphere of the Earth covered by its influence.»

Academician honestly weighs jaw without quotes— already.

«Do you quote me by heart?!»

Once again, I reward myself for spending a few minutes to memorize. Here, he is a life lesson: knowledge is never superfluous, and there is never much of it!

«Yes, Vladimir Ivanovich,» I modestly lower my eyes. «But I do it not to hit someone with knowledge. Remember: «non scholae, sed vitae discimus!»? «We study not for school, but for life!» What is it for me? I'm talking about that, willy-nilly,

I pushed off from your thoughts and came to my one. Here it is: since the shell is a form of matter, then its contents must be form in form. That is, not only by thought in space. And then I – subconsciously, of course – went further: if we, as humans, are the main force that has a decisive influence even on the sphere of the near-earth orbit, then we need only «point out» the noosphere to individual flaws! That is, if we only recognize ourselves as the main force and want to – and everything will come true! And it will be much more reasonably, than even Allah in the Quran. Remember: «When Allah decides a business, he will only say «Be it!» to it – and it happens!»

«That’s incredible... and brilliant!»

Even earthly eighty «with a tail» years does not interfere with academician put on the face valiant amazement. Unexpectedly for me, Vladimir Ivanovich turns out to be honest in the face of another’s achievement. But it is always not easy! And, if someone else’s is based on your basis, even more so! Such a position is a double feat: the feat of a scientist and the feat of a man!

«That’s brilliant, like all the simple things!» academician unfolds praise. «How I myself have not reached this! After all, the thought and will of man is the creator of the noosphere! But thought and will are not taken away from the body! Remember, like a poet: „The will and work of a person are created by wondrous things!“ I wonder if other inhabitants of the noosphere can follow you, my young friend, that is, to manifest

themselves and others?»

«Well, the question is, of course, interesting!» But I think about it... almost without thinking: this is me – about creative inspiration.

«It may be, dear Vladimir Ivanovich, that this is not an exclusive privilege. Perhaps, in this „Through the Looking Glass“ this „feat“ is within the reach of anyone, who can come up with it.»

I make an expressive pause.

«Or, maybe, that's not so. Remember: „many are called, and few are chosen“!»

«I think so also!» Alchemist applauds me with his eyes.

«There is one more moment. Is it necessary to enlighten everyone, even if „the salvation of the drowning is the work of the drowning“? As far as I understand in biology, the contingent here is the most diverse, including not the most worthy of the „resurrection“.»

Vernadsky excuses himself for a moment. Picturesque this spectacle is: an academician in a classic dress on reflection. For a classic outfit go beard, mustache, professorial mantle and velvet «skullcap».

«Perhaps, you are right, young man. Knowledge, of course, is power. But sometimes it is so destructive power, that it is better to leave the potential carrier...»

«With a nose?» I «connect» to the academician.

«No: with cash potential, without „extra load“! Let, better,

the potential destroyers will remain „soul of thoughts“ – without a human shell!»

«Soul of thoughts»...

I immediately disconnect from reality due to employment shock. I am really shocked not so much by the wording, as by the opening of the fact. The same is necessary: in a word, to determine what I would need a damn lot of hours and paper!

«And you said, that it was me a genius!»

These are the first words, with which I get out of admiration. And I say them, not at all following the installation «The cuckoo praises the rooster for praising the cuckoo». Attacking the throat of my own «ego», I am just courageously reward.

«And I do not give up my words!» without refusing words, Vernadsky refuses from a pedestal. And refuses with courage, match my own. But then I am «Their nobleness», in this context, at least.

«In that case, let me share the laurel wreath!»

Academician defeated – this time not by scientific reason, but the nobility «Their nobility is me».

«What will we decide with the „soul of thoughts“?»

This is an academician! Our person! That's right: for whip – time, for laurels – an hour! Where is it to Maupassant – even with the true, in general, setting «Closer to the body!»

«With the „soul of thoughts“?»

I build a pause only for the sake of my own form. Simply put: for the monumental image: «The soul of the poet could

not bear..."! There is no great need for posture: while we exchanged pleasantries with an academician, I had already thought of everything. Well, if not everything – everything is for a start. More precisely: for the initial stage.

«Let's make the account, Vladimir Ivanovich! Podushny! Let us separate, so to speak, the wheat from the tares: to whom – to life everlasting, to whom – «in quite even the opposite». There we will decide, to whom to see with the eye, to whom with the thought only, to whom to manifest ourselves, and to whom to remain the «mindless form». We will take into account with an alchemist. Subjectivism is... objective: «in the struggle you will find your right». And you, Vladimir Ivanovich, while you rest: your hour will come...

## Chapter three

«Where two or three have gathered in my name – there I am with them.»

I look around: the academician has not yet had time to «hide beyond the horizon», but this is clearly not him. And the text is not his! But the text is very familiar to me! Really is?..

«This is Lord...» the alchemist turns artistically pale and strives to descend to four points.

I peer and wave my hand – not a greeting, but dismissively (forgive, Lord... if you are... somewhere... elsewhere).

«No, mate: if it was the Lord was there, he would have been elsewhere, not here, all the more so „unmanifested“! And this is the next „unthinkable spirit“. So, do not rush to drop the body – and at the same time dignity.»

«The wicked and adulterous race...»

«Well, well, buddy: calm down!» I do not show the slightest respect. At the same time, I don't show the author either: «no need to hurry!» The society must be returned to a full-fledged citizen, but I'm not at all sure of the need for this comrade to «return»!

Despite the clarifications received, the alchemist cannot determine the line of conduct. As a result, he chooses the «middle», although not a golden one at all: he fixes himself in a semi-bend. That is, from the support on four points the guy

left, but the courage to expand the chest is not enough. That's the damned legacy of the past! Okay, let's not rush things. At one time, «the burdens of heavy will fall, the dungeons will collapse – and freedom will take you joyfully at the entrance...» «Chains» is, of course, «chains of faith», and «dungeons» are «darkness of consciousness».

«Why do I see you „not from within myself“?» the first comer is upset with the move. The first counter he is: an academician is the first one found. «Why do I see you as if you are made of flesh and blood?»

«That's because we are of flesh and blood!» I do not consider it necessary to feel sorry for a friend. Well, that is, I am selling him the truth without anesthesia, although I know that it is very painful.

Comrade qualitatively «turns pale» – and even «lack of availability» cannot prevent him from doing so.

«And what about me?! Why am I not..»

«The expression of horror» completely replaces the «pallor» «on the face of the first comer». I continue to kill the comrade of true life.

«Well, if you really are the Almighty, connect! Say «Be it!» – and it will be! As far as I remember, you threatened to «build the temple in three days»! So there was the temple, and here is just an image! Go ahead, man: act! Only about the «wicked people»... that's no longer needed: there no fools here! You understand: there is no one to «hang noodles on the ears»! And nowhere!

«I...»

The man «frantically swallows saliva»: obviously did not expect such an excess of the truth of life.

«You are Jesus of Nazareth!» I do without a question mark. I do it like the surgeon: no pity – but in favor! The guy shudders and drooped shoulders.

«Yes, I am Jesus, the Son...»

«With a capital letter, please!»

I «make a test shot» without the slightest compassion to the object of work. And then: «if not me – then who?!» Jesus, who is the «Son», «pulls his shoulder» again, because he is confronted with reality again, even if not as primitive as Renan's.

«I don't understand you, son...»

«The son of my father!» I appear to be the first «at the microphone» again. «Just as real as your dad is a carpenter! Therefore, let's better – without the „fathers“ and „sons“! At a minimum, don't claim a capital letter: „walk“ with a capital letter! Otherwise, I will demand proof!»

«The wicked and adulterous race seeks for signs...» «the voice of «Jesus» trembles – and I do not stand it.

«Again... But I asked you. I did want the best! Well, then do not say, that I did not warn you! So: if you do not want to get the bad, in the good it will be even worse! Simply put: if you once again talk about the „wicked one“, I will leave you...»

The guy freezes with a «drooping jaw».

«... No, not without sweet: without development!»

«???»

Well, what's the demand for it: the first century... A.D.! This is «collective farm», in one word! Darkness! Gray!

«You will remain „insensible spirit“!»

The man «bends in the knees». I do not stay away from the process, of course. That is – with the «medical gun at the temple».

«Do you agree to remain nee Jesus – without claims on Christ?»

The man «drops a tear»: it's difficult to part with the ranks, but to part with self-deception it's unbearable completely.

«Do not delay, Izzy!»

I «extend my hand to Jesus, at the same time trampling on Christ with my feet».

«Take sin from the soul! It will be easier immediately: I know!»

That's from the movie a little bit, but, in fact, it's true. The object of the work «sighs»: the step is in the right direction. As they say: «it's more a little, it's more a little bit».

«Well, confess it! I do not hang you „aggravating circumstances“! That's though intent, but without mercenary motives! You... how is it?.. not only not for the golden-silver, but „suffered for all mankind“ also! Word of a gentleman: it will be counted! Sincere confession mitigates punishment! And in your case completely free! Well, what's your opinion?»

«Izzy» «drops his head»: he is consonant.

«Why did you hesitated – you had to immediately confessed!»  
I approve of the ward under the expression of horror on the face of the alchemist. Here, you and «advanced thoughts»: hole in the ass is not iron! As they say, «There is no God, but the hell knows!»

«And for this – here you are from the „kind of evil and adulterous“!»

Finally I «stand» on the object, once again, but already in the process of work. The effect is amazing! Jesus slowly appears in the air. Looking around, and then feeling himself, he stares at me with awe and not at all reverent envy.

«So this is you?!»

«No!»

I am «frivolous», but I resolutely renounce other people's laurels: there are enough of them.

«I'm not him! That is – not you... Well, that is... not the Anointed! I would explain to you... if you understood...»

This man, albeit from the first century, but insulted at the level of the twentieth. I relate it not to his merits, but to mine: I «attached» him, although it is accessible in form, but thoroughly. And what of this: isn't it «available in form «one boxer puts another?! There is a big mind it is not required – neither to «attach», nor to understand, that you have been «attached»!

«So, be content, brother, with what you are... in kind and full size!»

Jesus shakes his head – not conditional now.

«I'm not self-serving for the sake of...»

«That's why you are „developed film“!» I frown: I do not like to come back to the covered material! Well, this is not the case, when repetition is the mother of learning! «Izzy, we know your „beautiful spirits“! And for this we deeply appreciate you and even respect you! But just do not need more attempts to improve the human breed! Well, there is no in stock, the human breed, I mean!»

Illustrating the text, I move my hand around the mental space.

«Do you see, at least, one object of educational work?»

«...» Jesus remains honest.

«Here you go! We now, my friend, we should not think about improving, but about finding the material. And why? That's because as one comrade sang: „After all, we have not been on Earth for a long time!“ Feel that... you feel nothing?»

Jesus again honestly refuses the image of the Lord.

«Here, this and that!»

I don't show off... well, well: I don't show off too much against the background of one who, when he was an earthling, declared himself «the Son of God». Although, I will not deny: «standing up» precisely on this comrade... or rather, on his ambitions is not the last pleasure.

«What are we going to do?»

Jesus, it seems, resolutely – in all his indecision – refuses to claim the role of Christ. Now in front of me... in front of us

with the alchemist – is a small, confused, useless Jew from the prehistoric era. And this is not an insult: all «declared» is in stock. How can you not remember Celsus and Tertullian: «terrible face and body». I will not say anything for the greatness of the spirit: I have not yet become acquainted, but everything else is in existence. «Christ» is a crook, a short-legged man and disproportionately large head – obviously, not due to an excess of brains. In a word – in a few words: disproportionately folded, face dark, black-haired, curly-headed, and with a hunchbacked nose. The general impression is: life is not a fairy tale of John Chrysostom! They dressed the classic Jew in the ancient god – and now I have to «clear this mess» and «enjoy the spectacle»... of the truths of life!

«What we are going to do? First of all, dear „Lord“...»

Well, now, I cannot deny myself the pleasure to «stand up» again on «our Lord»! I understand, that is not good, but I cannot! They «fed me spiritually» so that they «fed me» to vomiting! So that, as they say: «I return your portrait»!

«... So, first of all, my friend, „let’s go on milestones“! We will look for people... among people!»

«...»

Jesus is not Christ again. But, give him credit – he even does not try. For this, I —once again also – «condescend»... to «our Lord» (forgive, Lord, our sins!).

«Do remember Diogen, Izzy! A man not in vain spent lamp oil in broad daylight: try, find a man!»

«Why do we need him?»

That's right, Izzy: «we»! As the saying goes, «let's drink for the fact, that none of us, no matter how high it takes off, should not break away from the team!» You are on the right track, Lord... sorry: Jesus!»

I unfold an overbearing – and even «commander in chief» – glance at Jesus. The guy instantly «disappears with his eyes»: he is already beginning to understand life.

«The question is correct and timely. We are not looking for our own kind: here they alone are. As they say, it would be something to look for. No, brother: we need not just humans – we need comrades!»

«Fishermen of men?» Jesus comes to life... or Christ is in Jesus.

I grin – correctly and economically.

«No, brother. We need apostles not of faith, but of deeds only. Sorry, but we don't need your company.»

«???» Jesus never ceases to be honest. That is, does not cease to be a man.

«Not everyone got into our tight circle»!»

«...»

Rejection of the question marks in the eye indicates that Jesus, even without being acquainted with Vysotsky, is familiar with common sense. This should be appreciated – and I appreciate it.

«This world... let's call it so – is not a garbage can...»

Even a dark complexion does not interfere with Jesus to blush

qualitatively. I still knowingly suspected the man presence of brains. It already begins to seem to me, that in our century he would have descended for his... if he had not opened his mouth: silence is gold.

«I see, Izzy: you already are „on the way to the truth“! Yes, brother: it is very regrettable, but your accomplices... blame: allies... they are not needed in this world! They did not pass the competitive selection!»

«In this world?»

No, the guy obviously is «not smarter than a locomotive». But we, too, «are not sewn up», and «are not made with a finger»! And I squeeze a condescending smile on my face.

– Don't, mate! You have long understood, that «there is no hell, no heaven in the shine of heaven»!»

«Why are you – so?»

«This is not me: this is LaVey, „Satan's Bible“! But, in this case, I agree with him!.. Like you also...»

«Like me?!»

Jesus reflexively holds his hands behind his back. I'm grinning.

«Izzy, it will not save you from voting! Yes, you have already voted!»

At this time, the sponsored remains without text: «matured» and «reached».

«Well, here: «And you were afraid!»

I am once again satisfied with the sight of the «fallen idol»,

but – quickly and without unnecessary suffering for the object of work now. The guy is already «on the path of correction»: he recognizes his subordinate position – why should «wipe my feet on him»... at least, not through time?!

«Am I alone really...»

Jesus does not even ask: ascertains. Moreover, he is «killing himself» and «sprinkles himself with ashes». In such circumstances, you need to condescend to him: he is still useful!

«And I am alone, completely alone with my healthy team!»  
I twist my cheek.

«???» Izzy does not turn on. I apologize by my eyes quickly. I feel: that's not enough – and «turn on the sound»:

«The song was like that. The comic song it was. But, as you know, in every joke there is just a fraction of the joke.»

«...» Izzy doesn't betray him.

«This is me – to the fact, that you are not alone, mate, if we are here!»

And I make a wide circle gesture, covering us with the alchemist, who all this time silently shook my disrespect for «our Lord Jesus Christ». The glance of Jesus is getting a little clearer.

«I understand it. As the saying goes: «do we have no idea?»»

My jaw falls off: here, you – the first century A.D.»! He is – our man almost! And then: in the «gods» fools do not go! And if they do, they are not accepted!

«But, nevertheless: is there really no one here?!»

That's not a question, but a cry of the soul! I sigh and scrub

my badly shaved cheek.

«God knows, Izzy!.. I think that only one person has chances: Paul.»

The face of Jesus is drawn out: a classic demonstration of genuine amazement.

«Who is it?!»

I curl cheek guilty, additionally «condemning» myself by slapping the palm of my hand over the forehead.

«Sorry, brother: I completely forgot!»

«What exactly?»

«Well, the fact, that you did not know this „ally“ during your life!»

«Is he impostor?»

I artistically twist my cheek – on the subject of confirmation. I cough shyly.

«Hmm... hm... Well, how do you say...»

«Tell me how it is!»

«Then let it be so: he is a part-time ally!»

«???»

«Well, well: part-time student, and, by the way, not one of the last. And, if absolutely precisely: the first! And the first is not in the order of vocation: according to the mind and merits!»

«???»

Jesus is not original, but honest. I «I condescend» to him once again.

«The most curious thing is that Paul deserved not only for

himself. No, he himself, of course, did not forget – and in the first place. But that's just because he could not forget himself only through you! After all, he built you as the „god of durable“ like durable goods. Do not be offended, Izzy: if there were no Paul, there would be no Christ! They would have forgotten you within a week after Calvary! There were a lot of such „gods“ hung on the crosses! And this man „raised the banner“, „unfolded“ it, finished your image – and forward, to the victory of Christianity! You – the real Jesus – of course, did not know... until now. Therefore, when we meet Paul – and we will surely meet him – I ask you: do not strike at once! Maybe, this guy will fit us also!»

Jesus silently shakes his head: whether in agreement, or grieving to what he heard.

«And I thought, that everything had already been said on the cross...»

«I hope you do not mean the words „Lord, why did you leave me?!“, and even more so: „It is finished!“?»

I am once again disrespectful to the image, but for medicinal purposes exclusively: in the interest of truth. Jesus suddenly grins.

«Do you think, that the cross is the most suitable place for beautiful speeches?!»

I cannot stand – and applaud. And then: here, to you – the first century! Even it becomes somehow embarrassing for the former «standing on a friend». It turns out that I hurry with conclusions

due to the cost of atheistic education!

«Bravo, Izzy! I think that not only I, but Nietzsche himself would have softened his grades – and even bowed his head!»

«Nietzsche?»

The forehead of Jesus is going to harmonica bellows.

«Is he a student impostor also?»

«No, brother: he is your biographer. He is respectable, but disrespectful.»

Jesus is extinguished by the face and is wary.

«And, what: did I get much from him?»

The guy starts to like me – and I try to be as correct as possible, but in the dosage of truth only.

«Sorry, but he made you idiots...»

Jesus does not have time to give in to the spirit – and I am already with painkillers.»

«But it is he, who owns the words that you just voiced!»

«???»

«Jesus said everything on the cross!» That is, Nietzsche claims, that you did not intend to leave behind neither memoirs nor theory. In his interpretation, you only showed people how to live – and how to die. Nietzsche thinks, that you are not guilty of what Paul made of you!»

Jesus thinks for a while: it feels like a guy has something.

«He is forgiven!»

«Well done, Izzy!» I hold on to his shoulder approvingly. «You are not only generous, but also clever!»

«But Paul...»

Jesus slowly shakes his head. Something in his look makes me nervous. Some he is not judgmental. And the voice is matches the look. Well, not heard in the voice of conviction. And, here, notes of approval in it clearly slip! Notes are barely audible, but still of approval! Bad will be if he believes in the version of Paul and begin to try on the outfit of Christ, already tailored to the pattern of this self-styled apostle! And I probably won't have problems without them... with other problems! I want to take all speculation about suspicion – and I cannot: brains and professional experience do not allow. I'm, after all, «in one of my earthly lives» – an investigator.

Did I hurry with the with the transformation of Christ into Izzy?! Yes, it will be necessary to pay the closest attention to a comrade: a small one is not at all as simple as it seems... Or does he want to seem?! It's no wonder his «tracing paper» was in the noosphere, among the «thoughts» of scholars and statesmen? Here, as I understand it, «do not hold fools»! So the noosphere found his thoughts useful, or, at least, deserving themselves. For what?! It is unlikely that he was «taken to the state» for past merits, although the man took part in the creative process! And, maybe, in vain am I'm thinking about his participation in the past tense? And the process itself may not be what it seems to me!

All this I scroll through in my mind under a good-natured smile on my face. I don't even take my hand off Jesus' shoulder.

Diligently «absent by the presence» – and not rush my ward with the return of dreams into reality. I want to think, that this is just a dream. But, if Izzy again aspires to Christ, it is not worth prematurely opposing a comrade. I «showed film with him» – now let him show itself both in work and in terms of thoughts.

«Let`s go, Jesus: we are waiting for the business! I will not say anything for their greatness, but I have no doubt in volume! Alchemist, do not fall behind!»

I mow an eye to Jesus carefully: the guy is full... for something... for some reason. Okay: «there will be a day – there will be food for thought»...

## Chapter four

«Jesus, son of Joseph!»

Son of a carpenter, tired of useless to turn his head on the missing sides, stops.

«What?»

«Do you know the Holy Scripture well?»

«Not understood...»

If a comrade thinks, that I am trying to insult him – it is in vain. I am only bringing him to the subject of interest.

«Then remind me of the beginning of Genesis?»

«In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. The earth was formless and empty, and darkness was over the deep, and the Spirit of God moved over the water»..»

«That's it!» I sigh. «And we don't have that either: neither darkness, nor abyss, nor water!»

Jesus sniffs knowingly.

«So you said, that I... well, this... not this... is not the Lord?»

«You are not the Lord!»

And once again I am on the topic of «nothing». In vain the companion hopes for something... or on someone, for example, on me. «In order to avoid further torment», I quickly condemn his hope. But the guy is clearly not going to move away from canon.

«But there is no other Lord either!»

«Other»?!»

I artistically «kill» the applicant by mimicry and voice: for the mind. «Killed» corresponds to the image instantly: he «dies»... with crimson paint on dark cheeks.

«I'm sorry... I didn't put it that way... I want to say: „There is no Lord“...»

That's better!

«That is, I wanted to say: „The Lord is not here“...»

With a hasty correction, Jesus is ahead of my failed gratitude for a sober look. No objections: he is clever. He is clever and cunning: «they do not deny, loving, because life does not end tomorrow,» as one comrade said. Therefore, instead of a friendly pat on the shoulder, I now have to «stand a little on my friend» – not for selfishness again, but in the interests of the cause solely.

«Step forward – two steps back!» Am I right, comrade Jesus?»

The opposition is silent. Confounded? Lurking for better times? I can't guarantee anything anymore, especially since the «best times» come suddenly – and again on me.

«The Lord is everywhere...»

«... should be... theoretically!» I'm not in debt: the sequence should be... consistent! «Everywhere»! Everywhere is somewhere not here! And here – do you see him, or even feel? No, mate: if there is no classics, then there is no Spirit of God! That's because he has nothing to do here: neither darkness, nor water, nor the abyss! And everything should be according to the instructions: no gag! After all, the Bible – if you believe its

readers-admirers – is not just a book, but a record from the words of the Author! Or do I think so by my naivety?»

Jesus courageously suffers an insult for himself and for the Lord and prefers to be left without a text. Now I have the opportunity to grin relatively calmly.

«So, one conclusion is already there... about what is not. And we have... nothing! Nothing classic... together with the Chief Classic! Hence what is the second conclusion?»

Jesus wipes his head. The text is already coming from somewhere below.

«Do you want to do without the Lord?»

No, this guy needs to be closely monitored! He is definitely well acquainted with the dialectic! Well, we make a knot for memory!

«I don't know how it is in your age, but in ours it's not accepted... it was to answer a question with a question...»

And without that, not a model of harmony, Jesus immediately hunched over the norm. Well, man: not a guy, but a virgin... in terms of feelings! It is impossible this way: start crying immediately... because of the little things!

«Well, well, Izzy!» I clap the shoulder of the ex-God conciliatingly. «Now (I don't want to, but I'm shouting on an adverb!) I never thought to offend you, and, if, nevertheless, I managed it – sorry, for the sake of Go... that is, sorry.»

Jesus calms down: «a sweet word is nice and cat». And I have a lesson: there is no need to dissuade the little boy... ahead

of time: there will be time and occasion.

«Well, that's okay,» I put my arm around his shoulders. «So, what is the second conclusion? Here it is: will we begin to live or will we continue to exist?»

Jesus unexpectedly snorts and moves his head from the side to the side. Honestly: it seems that he is not two thousand years old, but he is our contemporary!

«Well, you, brother, determined!»

In my heart I «stroke myself on the head»: that's up to the «brother»! It means: «go the right way, comrades!»

«This is the question of questions! And not some kind of abstract philosophy: the meaning of life!»

«True understood, Izzy! So I ask you for the meaning of life!»

Jesus ceases to grumble and will cloud his face.

«If I really understand you correctly... then you offer me participation in the arrangement?»

«Yes!» I repay to the son of a carpenter. He sighs and shakes his head already «in a different sense».

«That is, we do not take the Lord into account?»

What an unexpected wording for «Christ»! The guy is clearly doing well... on the road to materialism... although I make mistake.

«There is not Him, Izzy!»

Jesus frowns painfully – and I «spill the balm».

«At least, there is not him here! Although, if we are here and he is not, then he is not anywhere! Even if somewhere there

is something in addition to «this»! After all, you yourself said: «Where two or three have gathered in my name – there I am with them!» And if he is not with them... with us, that is, then... to «no» there is no trial! Well, agree: this is elementary logic!

«Balm», as always, is not enough – and I «replace» it with a «bitter pill». Poor Jesus, there is nothing left but to swallow, at least, because... there is nothing else left... due to the lack of «nothing else» in stock.

«And then, Izzy: we are here with you! And another habitat for us will not be! Even, if it is theoretically allowed, that the Lord does exist, then we will have to, you want, you do not want, to admit that he exists in another dimension. Somewhere „there“, in another world, which with our does not intersect! You yourself see the environment: not a damn thing does not surround us! Hence the question: what, and let us wander with thoughts... and even if looking through the desert... absent?! Or spit on the conventions...»

«Is Lord just „convention“?»

«Well: „to the discrepancy of the canon“...»

«Spit it out»?!»

Izzy, do not try my patience! I have it not so much, and it is not long-playing! But then, «after what you go, you will find it!»

«Well: „close our eyes“! Does this wording suit you?»

I already have a link in the upper octave – and Jesus clearly refuses «wake the sleeping dog». In other words: he remains, albeit without mimicry, but without text.

«Hence the classic choice: «pro» or «contra»? Sorry, mate, but «terciam non datur»! Translation, I think, is not required: it is unlikely that the Roman procurator of Judea spoke the language of the aborigines. You daring him in Latin, wasn't that's you?

Jesus nods his head.

«I understand your question. Not the last one: the first.»

Oh, how he left the confession of impudence! What do you say: well done! But it's another reason for alarm for the future.

«Of course, I am "pro" ...in principle...»

What is this news?! Comrade obviously forgotten! More than that: more and more actively unbelted! Here and indulge the little boy! A little boy, it turns out – «with a fly in his nose»!

«What does this „principle“ mean?!»

Jesus does not suddenly hesitate: getting used to, or what?

«This means, that I agree with the idea of arrangement, but I would like to clarify: on what ideas?»

«It's funny!» I refuse to smile easily. «With the idea... on what ideas?! Yes, you, it turns out, you can work not only with women and boys! Renan put you up for nothing!»

«What kind of Renan?»

I wave my hand.

«One of your «sympathizers».

Judging by the acetic expression on his face, Jesus easily «took apart the quotes». On this occasion, it is advisable to a little «splash balm pick».

«By the way, quotes can be omitted: man did not decide on

the verdict... But this is so: a lyrical digression... What regards your question...»

I think artistically: I connect the palm and already thoroughly overgrown chin to the process. Here, to you – «soul of thoughts»! Here, to you – «because we are no longer on earth»! It turns out, that life is life everywhere, and not necessarily this, which is the form of existence of protein bodies!

«You are right: ideas are fundamentally.»

I intelligently hold the guy under the elbow: both «demonstrate» and «ask» at the same time. The last is in every sense at once: both the direction of his thoughts, and the right tone for both of us.

«Well: let's go on milestones. That you once declared himself King of the Jews!»

«You say!»

«Oh!» I am wincing without any arts, that is, genuinely. «Just do not, Izzy!»

«What is not needed?»

Jesus honestly hangs his lips: the guy is already in the subject, but do not know also.

«Nothing is needed: neither the then evasiveness, nor today's!»

Jesus' eyes suddenly get wet – and he feels tremulously, both in his nose and in his voice.

«Has it really „reached“ to you?»

«Yes, so that you, there, do not mean: my brains, or our age!»

But I ask you: keep it simple! As one comrade from Chekhov said: „Arkady, don't talk beautifully!“ I do not interrogate you, and do not catch the word! Your confessions are not needed to me, but I need your complicity in the creative process. And you, instead...»

I sadly wave my hand, while generously forgiving Jesus the theoretically possible rudeness. And it seems, my efforts do not disappear in vain.

«Okay.»

Sniffing, Jesus courageously draws a line under this topic. And rightly so: a more interesting one is waiting for us – and not one.

«Only I have a small clarification: I did not declare myself the King of the Jews, but they declared me! And this is me – not about the procurator.»

«Do you mean a group of mates?»

«Yes.»

«But you did not mind?»

With the intonation of the voice, I de facto remove the question mark.

«Khe-khe...» Jesus begins to diligently clear his throat.

«But you did not mind?» I climbed an octave higher – and Jesus nods with his head doomedly.

«I did not mind...»

«But the king is the ruler of the kingdom, isn't he? That is, he is the first person of the state? Leader, can I say?»

I do not need to develop a theme and put pressure on Jesus:

the guy «turns on» instantly.

«That is, you want to say, that I stood for the idea of the state?»

«Do you want to say something against?»

Jesus almost smiles guiltily – and throws up his hands.

«You're right: I stood for the need of the state. But my kingdom was supposed to be „not of this world“. Do you feel the difference? So that „don't get me right“, but „God is Gods, and Caesar is Caesar“!»

«This is «from another opera»!» I scorn my hand. «The logia are not clearly on the subject of «heavenly device»! This, as I understand it, was only about the banal tax payment. If wider: on the execution of laws. So, «from the world»,» not «from the world», but the kingdom is a form of government in the form of autocracy!»

Jesus looks down with embarrassment.

«Yes, but – the state in heaven... in paradise, that is...»

«We are not in paradise!» I press the opposition in the bud. «Yes, this „sky“ is not a biblical land! „And God called the firmament Heaven“. Do you remember?.. Oh yes: about „remember?“ – I beg your pardon.»

This I recover in response to the painfully wrinkled face of Jesus. And then: such an insult is it!

«That you have the right to ask me such a question. But all the others have the right to ask me already. As well as answering them «for myself and for that guy No, brother: nothing is better than the state – with all its depravity – are not invented yet. Well,

agree? Or «cave communism» is better?!»

I slyly smile – and Jesus freezes in the tense waiting for another trick: the boy has already studied me a little.

«And biblical paradise is not anarchy either! Not only are angels distributed by rank, so not all souls acquire equal rights: some will still be... well, they must turn out to be „more equal than others“! Remember: those, who suffered for „Christ“, will take the best places in paradise out of turn! Even the „Abraham’s bosom“ is for the elect! What about the control of „fellow souls“? All of them are „covered in participation“: they give and give praise under the watchful eye of the cherubs at the seraphim singing!»

The guy grieved – it shows in his face. He clearly prefers much less of my acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. And then: even the fool will understand, that these are additional difficulties. And Izzy has already proved that he, with all his ignorance, is far from a fool. So much the worse for him: I vigorously deploy the offensive:

«Summary: orderliness is in everything! And the state is the highest (of known) form of order! So, let’s not „reinvent the wheel“!»

«???»

I smile shyly and lay my hands on my chest guiltily.

«Sorry, brother: again I run ahead of the locomotive!.. Ugh, you! I wanted to say... In general... if you return to the theme of the state, then you do not need to invent anything new, because

the new is well forgotten old. Well, what: consensus?»

«???»

One of my question marks, Jesus increases to three. Once again, without pretending to originality, the failed opponent once again turns out to be an honest guy.

«We will build a state... at the place of stay?»

Jesus silently throws up his hands: «consensus» is understood and achieved.

«Brother Alchemist!» I return to the life of a bored colleague. «Are you standing for the need of the state – or how?»

«I stand for it – and not, anyhow: shoulder to shoulder with you!»

This is how the cinema-like Chapaev and his evasive «I, comrades, for the International!» In the context of this claim I give alchemist a friendly clap on the shoulder.

«Thank you, brother, for a subtle understanding of social issues! And now the question is for both. Tell me, friends: how are we going to vote candidates: individually or by list?»

«...»

This time, the jaws of both satellites hang down «in unison»: again I «do not correspond to the era».

«Sorry, guys. I just wanted to ask about how we will „resurrect“ the comrades: one by one or in a crowd?.. I am already reading the question on your faces: „what am I doing?“ Moreover, my friends, that I am not a strong man! Piece „revitalization“ in droves I will not pull! You see that... you see

nothing! Nobody is still showing up. And that means – what? And this means, that they can do nothing, and I am elected really! And not because it is so good: because someone has decided so! But there are many of them, but I am alone! Already only a detour will drive me to the grave... well, that is... well, you understand what I wanted to say. Therefore, let's solve the question of how the respected Jesus expressed it, „in principle“.»

Having been remembered – and not in the already usual critical plan – Jesus immediately «takes the form of God»: he is concerned about his face. It is unlikely because he wants to show, that he is not here «from the side of the bow». The man obviously «pretends something to something».

«And what kind of people are supposed to „revive“?»

«Different!»

Due to the exhaustive, I would even say, comprehensive answer, Jesus «leaves the podium». I direct my eyes – with a question together – on the alchemist. He immediately gives out a face of uncertainty on his face – and modifies the image with the same shoulder movement.

«I trust you completely, Teacher!»

I see Jesus as much as he jerks from this appeal: he is the Rabbi! Teacher, that is! Well, «for the general improvement of the body» it is more than useful.

«But... You did say yourself: the people are different. How would we do not „revive“ those, who are not needed?»

I am immediately filled with a soothing gesture.

«Your doubts are clear, brother alchemist, but absolutely groundless. You have forgotten that the noosphere is not a paradise, which, exist it, would surely be the refuge of any stupid rabble.»

Jesus qualitatively turns green face, but I'm not going to stop the medical procedure. This is not just bitterness. This is the bitterness of the medicine. It makes sense to suffer. In his own interests: «The more tears there are, the more relief: in tears, lies the cure!»

«Noosphere is a sphere of knowledge!»

«A-a-a-a!» The alchemist blurs into a smile. «How did you say: „Not everyone got into our tight circle!“?»

«Actually, it wasn't me, who said it... But you are right: here, only the chosen ones! I will not lie: the criteria for selectivity are unknown to me. Although, I think that here „not fools are sitting!“ Well, so as not to miss the fools. Of course, the people here are indeed different, as well as the contribution of each individual to the common body of knowledge. But there are no fools here definitely.»

«And the opponents?»

Well, the alchemist: he has bright head really! But at the same time, to once again admire, I painfully frown: he told me this question – like a fist in the gut! At the same time, I notice how Jesus stares alive. It turns out that the «volcano of passions» has not yet died out: «it smokes in places»! Well, well, comrade..

«You're right, buddy: opponents with brains, too, „manifest“.

Of course, this is additional trouble. More than that: additional strength of materials.»

«???»

There is the next «unison» of companions – in the presence and on the face. Comrades do not pick and choose: this is again «I do not correspond».

«This is the science of the resistance of various materials. For example: it is harder to move in water than in the air, but...»

«Got it!»

There is hardly any need to clarify, that the author of the replica is an alchemist. Jesus at this time «iron» corresponds to the installation: «we Academies did not finish» I «go back to the microphone».

«Yes, on the one hand it is bad. But, on the other hand... The New always makes its way in the struggle with the old. Truth, as is known, is born in disputes. And nobody has yet canceled the laws of nature: the unity and struggle of opposites, the equality of the force of action to the force of opposition, and the angle of incidence – the angle of reflection. Well, and so on.»

I place the alchemist's shoulder on a friendly side.

«And then, do not forget the heroic beginning. It is not for nothing that it is said: „And all our life is a struggle!“, and „And an eternal battle – we only dream of peace!“ also.»

«Well said!» Alchemist gets comfortable in my arms. «And by whom?»

«By two different comrades. And two opinions are almost

a fact.»

I see that Jesus was already pretty tired with the prelude. It delayed somewhat, in fact. Well, after all, «that's not by my own desire»! But the word is given to «ex-rabbi».

«This... how is it... Paul, it seems?»

Why so rude, buddy?! Why so disrespectful... no, not to Paul: to others? Interest in the «subject of interest» can be hidden by less awkward way, than imaginary amnesia!

«Paul, friend Jesus, Paul is his name!» «You are understood». So, here: I personally would not «show» this comrade. And not because he will begin to «oppose»: because his energy is directed in the wrong direction. And you can't redirect: this is the «matrix»! Of course, he is a man not without ability. If only it were possible to direct his abilities to good deeds!»

I see Jesus, already, turns pink with pleasure. Man tries to hide the joy, but it does not work. It is understandable: «the dawn of civilization»! Camouflage is from the Stone Age! But, nevertheless... Here, to you – and Izzy! Here, you – and the «lamb of God»! Yes, apparently, I will have to «expose myself» with another line from Vysotsky: «He buried us too early...!» «He» is me. And «us» is Jesus, son of Josef. Comrade is «smoking» more and more: not the «Ural Mountains», but the hidden «Vesuvius»!

«Only, if «resurrecting» everyone all together, then Paul «will rise again» for company». And my personal opinion is just my personal opinion, which should remain with me. I am here on the

same rights as everyone else. Well, except that I am with a small «starting capital», as «the first, who comprehend the essence». But it is like an ignition key in a car: «fuel in tanks» was poured without me...»

I slap my forehead again under the bulging eyes of the companions: all the time I turn to the twenty-first century! I can't learn to «fit»!

«In general, Izzy, you cannot be upset: Pasha „will rise again“, no matter how much I resist it in the soul... or, whatever, I have.»

Jesus got paled: «I know, that you know, that I know». No, this man is not as simple as Nietzsche painted with Renan at all! Maybe, he did not finish the academies, in fact, but he graduated from the «school of life» «with a gold medal»! Although, «if he had finished the school», he would not have ended on the cross!.. But there is something else that «though»: maybe, he once loved to suffer, in fact – and after all, a lot has happened since then! Having suffered on the cross, the guy obviously got wiser! Now he is not a lamb for the slaughter! And then I bring him to Paul, in which Izzy probably already felt not so much a competitor as an accomplice! Oh, did not Jesus deny the title of «Son of God» only in words? It may well be, that the guy will still show himself – and to the rest he will also show something!

«Ok, „closer to the body!“, as one comrade said! Let's decide on the merits: who is for the „resurrection of the list“, please vote?»

There is full consensus. I request who is «against», who is

«abstained» for order... for protocol, that is. Those, of course, are «absent»: both according to logic, and to common sense. I visit Vernadsky for a moment: we left somewhere close, because Izzy wandered by itself, not alphabetically. I have no problems with the old man: not for beauty, he «discovered» the noosphere!

I return to the satellites.

«Well, well... Let's begin. „As an honorable saint, as an honorary pope of... our kingdom“...»

The alchemist's mouth is being opened from such blasphemy against the will of the «rightholder!», I am making the amendment in order to avoid misunderstanding.

«It's joke! This is from mov...»

This time I compare centuries in time.

«... well, let's say: from the book. But, if in fact, on the rights of the copyright holder – sorry for the pun! – as the first one, who managed to manifest himself and manifest in all senses, I ask the respected Noosphere...»

For the first time, having «called» my place of residence with a capital letter, I wonder – and my face brightens from an attack of genius.

«Here, really, really: «Doubts – away: I am a genius!» Just now I had a wonderful password, which is re much better than «Open Sesame!»

«Do speak – do not torture us!» the companions put their hands to the chest in unison.

«There is nothing secret, that would not become obvious!».

Companions' faces are subjected to synchronous charm and delight: that's both beautiful, and on the theme! Better not say it! Probably, the Noosphere itself is of the same opinion, because the very next moment from the announcement of the password there a lot of souls around... it would be... if not competent device Noosphere with division into floors, sectors and blocks.

«How many people are here!»

First of all, we unanimously pay tribute to the quantitative composition. After that, all together and each separately begin a «quality acceptance».

«Bah, there are all familiar faces!»

I cannot stand the first: affects the superiority in training. I remember, if not all, then many, at least most of those, whom I «personally know» from their portraits in history books. And even if it is not uncommon the similarity is very remote, but it is suitable for identification.

In front of me is a whole gallery of «portraits»: Phidias, Miron, Policlet, Archimedes, Aristotle, Alexander. They are followed by the Romans, from Romulus to Caesar. With philosophical detachment, the Buddha follows. Behind him is Mohammed. An endless stream of famous and quite unknown all sorts of cases the master. People go labor of mental and physical. Although I am not surprised, but I state with pleasure: there is not a single slacker, even from those, whom I do not know, comes the spirit of creativity.

«Our mutual friend» Paul appears from somewhere «from a corner» – and immediately goes to Jesus. Izzy confusedly looks back at me. I nod my head.

«Let me introduce you to each other: Jesus, son of Joseph, who has been „Son of God“ for a short time – and „super-twelfth apostle“ Paul, „in girlhood“ tax collector Saul, one of the most consistent persecutors of followers of „Christ“.»

Izzy and Pasha blush together: «the show was a success». No wonder I tried. But this slight «trampling down» does not prevent them from devouring each other's eyes. Not from hunger: from interest, which is mutual, to my surprise. It seems, that the men «found» not only themselves, but also each other. Interesting «singing»: something will be next? Okay: «go ahead!»

«Well, while you meet, I will glance at the contingent. For «for business – time, for fun – an hour!» or, as one comrade put it more precisely: «Stop Stop having fun! It's time to work!»

«I'm with you!» The alchemist immediately props me with his shoulder. Jesus' shoulder is «out of stock». The comrade is already busy with another comrade: both «absorb each other». Well, okay: what to happen – that cannot be avoided. It is me – not only about myself... even not so much about myself... And, if quite frankly: not at all about myself...

# Chapter five

«The people» «resurrect» on the floors – according to the «establishment» of the Noosphere and common sense. By the way – about the Noosphere: the capital letter seems to be affirmed not only in me, but also «in the atmosphere». We with it – me and the «atmosphere» – are already grasping the fact, that our hostess is not a soulless body of knowledge, but something «alive» and supernatural.

But – back to the egg: the process of «resurrection» finally gets until the twentieth century. If the ancient Greeks are «familiar all faces», then the faces of the «newly manifested» are even more so. Lenin, Stalin, Mao – all those, who created something – manifest themselves. Even Adolf Aloizovich is «manifesting»: the «Third Reich» is listed behind him. Not a «millennial», but still! And, here, something other than the representatives of the twentieth century is not visible: neither Gorbachev, nor Yeltsin, nor Putin, nor American presidents, with the exception of Franklin Roosevelt. Not deserved, however. In the Noosphere – if you follow the «letter» – only creators are credited. By itself, a position is not an act of creativity. for Misha and Boris are only the ruins... and eternal oblivion. Ending on Earth, the guys there also ran out. The end of the physical was just the end, point at the end of the sentence. Noosphere clearly did not feel the need for the services of these «fellows». This is

classic: «moments are handed out to whom – shame, to whom – dishonor, and to whom – immortality!»

Despite the different «caliber» and different «time of vocation», the «people» are not without a clue, and not without abstract, but quite concrete: everyone looks at me in much the same way as the ceremonial line – on the parade host. That is: «Eyes right!» Honestly: that's nice. That's encouraging and even happy – and that's not the reward itself: prospects.

Now you can talk. No, I could communicate before, but only in a truncated format. Only one past stood experience behind the comrades and gentlemen, experience of earthly life. This, of course, is a necessary and useful thing. But it is time for us to speak for the present and the future. And for this you need to manifest – in all senses. Only visual contact makes it possible to fully communicate. Yes, and the moment of psychology must be considered. Even one friend from the movie once said: «No, I can't by phone: I need to see your eyes».

«Comrades and gentlemen!»

I take the word – and no one is surprised. On the contrary: everyone pulls up, as in the ranks. It seems that the people have already managed to compare the «life» of the past with the present – and pay tribute to the «Donor-Deliver». I hope that the reward is just beginning: we are at the very beginning of the creative path.

«Congratulations on finding the face of man!»

The ranks fulfills «according to the Charter», even if «a loud,

three-time «Hurray!» is carried not from the mouth, but from the eyes. I do not complain: we must take into account both the specifics of the contingent and the specifics of production.

«Now each of you has the legal right to declare: «The meaningless stay «nowhere» has ended!»

I see: the most intelligent are already starting to acquire question marks in views. I not delayed with satisfaction of their curiosity.

«Yes, my friends: I have the honor to invite you to make a choice between meaningless stay and meaningful life! With the return of the human form, we cease to be just a piggy bank of knowledge and past experience. Now we get a chance to apply this knowledge and this experience in practice. And not somewhere there: here, in a new place of residence... I would like to believe in this status of it...»

It is not difficult to track the reaction of the contingent: the original massive enthusiasm begins in places to encounter individual manifestations of skepticism. Well, well: I did not count on universal approval.

«Here everything is – people deserved...»

I see Hitler – and make an amendment:

«... or at least deserved the right to this «here» by entering in history. As for the contribution, it can be different – and not necessarily positive. No one has the right to encroach in any way for the right of every «soul of thoughts» to be here. This is the exclusive prerogative of the Noosphere, in which we, as

a follower, are just the atoms or building blocks of this universe. Everyone has the right to remain thoughtless, even being «manifested» in the total mass. After all, the «manifestation» of the individual may not coincide with his desire. Some may not want to be a member of society. If only because it is impossible to live in a society – and be free from it.

The text belongs to Marx, the speech is mine, and it makes an impression. Comrades think: for sure they remember earthly life with not only rights, but also responsibilities. The last a priori are the prevailing number. For a combination of reasons, it becomes quiet so that they probably hear me at the other end of this «world». I continue to «work out my comrades» – the good thing is that everyone has already «penetrated» not necessarily with my ideas, but with the consciousness of the importance of the moment – that's no doubt.

«Therefore, all that needs to be done to such a... hmm... man for returning to his former appearance... even if absent – is to declare now that there is such a desire. Right now – before the vote. After all, „manifestation“ is not an irreversible process. And since it is possible both individually and in a team, this rule also applies on the phenomenon of reverse order. As they say, everything is in our hands. More precisely: in my.»

With a supposedly apologizing smile, I spread them with the hands mentioned.

«It so happened, that the „manifestation“ entrusted to me. I would venture to take on yourself and the reverse mission.

As a result, the comrades will go to their floors, and will exist in parallel with us, nowhere intersecting anywhere.»

I pause – and «come to the question», as a fighter – on target.  
«So, who does not want to remain in the human form?»

For the results of the vote, the wording of the question is not the last thing. And this is not a «naked theory»: I can judge the beneficial effect of the formulation by the expression of the faces. The expression is exclusively correct: fear «in the batch» with readiness to vote not only with hands, but also with legs – and not only for oneself, but also «for that guy».

«There is no one! So, let's go to the agenda from the procedural issue. We have several questions on the agenda, one more important than the other. I think that for the first time the whole agenda will be too – therefore there is a proposal to solve only two... or three... or it turns out... the most important question. Allow me to announce the list?»

The stream of consciousness – in the form of positive emotions – qualitatively replaces friendly cheers of approval. Comrades are not yet accustomed to express themselves on an earthly basis: the lack of practice and perennial quasi-existence affect. Nothing: this is good for a start!!

«So, the first question – and the most important one – is: will we begin to live or will we continue to exist? The question is not philosophical: actual-vital! I hope none of us need to explain the difference between the concepts?»

There are no people willing to ask for clarification – and I give

a little reference.

«That's a little reference. You can exist even in the image of man. Have you any objections? To answer, use the experience of the earthly life of each of you!»

The argument is so «killer», that none of the «dead» do not rush to «come to life». This makes it possible, without further ado, to go directly to voting.

«Who is for to start living?»

I sly with the wording again, but that's in the interests of the cause again. I am not mistaken in the calculations again: the perception is adequate. The people speak out for life. And Mohammed is not limited to «participation in the choir» – and soloist:

«At all there is the will of Allah. If Allah was pleased to define me here for a residence, it means that I am here not to have fun with the gurias, moreover, there is none in the field of view. I do not know how others, but I will live and work here for the glory of Allah.»

I do not dissuade a colleague, although it is elementary: Allah has only heaven or hell. And if this is not heaven or hell, then there is no Allah. But why «run ahead of a locomotive»: it's not time to put dots above «i». That would be «black ingratitude»: a colleague extends a hand to me – and I «spit» into it!

Therefore, I gratefully smile to the prophet – and calmly begin to observe the formalities: «abstain?», «against?» These are really formalities: there are no abstentions, and even more,

those who are against it, because there are no fools. Once again, «I am erecting myself on a pedestal». Simply put: I beg for sympathy.

«Some of you probably think: Why do I command here? The question is legitimate and reasonable.»

I see: the eyes of individual specimens begin to clear up. So, I not only guessed, but also pleased, at least, «played a lead» – and not only disarmed the enemy, but also earned his sympathies!

«Yes, comrades and gentlemen: the question is legitimate and justified. Therefore, I immediately hold the answer, including for the initiative. So – about the right. I will say it straightforwardly: the right is one-time use. I am endowed with it as the „discoverer of the law of manifestation“. I do not know, maybe it is suitable for further use, but I refuse to abuse it.»

I see that not only Democritus, but also Caesar and Napoleon approve of me with views from the spot.

«And then: someone always needs to take the initiative. Otherwise, nothing would have happened! Otherwise, we... you... would still be nobody – and not from the «International»!

I come across a question in the eyes of Caesar – and immediately put my hands to the chest:

«Excuse me: there was such a song – and there were such words in it: «Who was nobody, that will be everything!»

«This is a song for our Spartacus!» Caesar grins, causing approving smiles on the faces of Lenin and Stalin. The reaction

of all three is in credit to me. Now I can even more energetically the initiative in my hands.

«One intelligent man once said: „In the world, nothing changes until someone starts changing! And another way to change something does not exist!“ Therefore, based on my ideas about the welfare of each person, I ventured to take the initiative! I emphasize: only initiative, not power! The issue of the distribution of powers is the next on the agenda.»

The people come alive and resolutely: not for all, but for many of those present it is a question of questions. In the interests of the cause – due to self-criticism and a sober look at things – «I spill on comrades refreshing shower»:

«Only before it, I would like you to give an assessment of the initiative shown: whether I am abusing or not. This is important, both for me and for the future, not only for the future of our relationship. Believe me: I'm not exaggerating. So, who thinks that I am abusing, please raise your hands.»

Even if I didn't think of «forming an opinion», I «formed» it due to only one reason: literate statement of a question. Of course, fools «take fire» once again, it is not: here everything is «wise»!

«Thank you for your trust and understanding.»

I squeeze out some more degrees of heat from the eyes of others: it won't be superfluous, at least, in the future.

– The next question, friends, is: a form of social order. Believe me, the question of form is not at all formal, as it may seem.

After all, the way we see our device, how we «organize», directly depends on the question of power and our continued existence.»

Above the plain of heads, one hand timidly sways. Of course, I easily calculate the owner: Napoleon Bonaparte.

«I listen to you, Mr. Bonaparte.»

And rightly so: there is nothing to indulge in the dangerous delusions of individual comrades, even if I myself am mistaken about these delusions. Well, in the sense, that the fallacies of individual comrades can be worn – and even are – purely hypothetical. I must immediately make it clear possible «applicants»: «here you – not there!» And it seems, that Napoleon understands the main thing: no he is not Napoleon, but only Bonaparte, at least, here and now. Anyway, bye it will not be «proven otherwise». More precisely: until I decide his fate: Napoleon or Bonaparte?

«Dear Mr. Chairman!»

Not without pleasure, «I hear myself with a capital letter». Along the way, I repay to my friend: he «complies», as if he was listening to my thoughts.

«If I understand you correctly, the question is now being resolved on the establishment of the state and the form of this state?»

«You understood me correctly, Mr. Bonaparte!»

I re-apply Napoleon with a «face» about the truth of life.

And nothing: «attached»! And he doesn't mind! And already «from the point of application» the ex-emperor is embarrassed,

not at all imperial, coughing.

«Please, excuse my audacity, if it is found by you...»

Well done: keep it up, Napoleon! In the sense: so lying... face in the dust!

«... but I would like more clarity... Once again, generously, please excuse me.»

«Don't mention of it!» I generously apologize to the emperor, using «all my existing Versailles». «No cheek I do not see your question. Clarity is needed by everyone and always... for greater clarity. Hence there is my answer: republic – or a monarchy. Terciam non datur! I hope the translation is not required: „we all learned a little“?»

«Thank you, dear Mr. Chairman!»

Napoleon «leaves the podium» «in the dress» of the slavish look and bowed back. Nice to deal with adequate comrades!

«Whose choice is this?»

I am seeking through the eyes of a scoundrel. But the insolent and not too hiding: Caesar. It was possible not to look for: just guess. Besides him, of all those present, only Stalin can ask such a straightforward question. Well, well: at least, with a friend, everything is clear... at least, to start.

«This is a collective decision, dear Guy Julius.»

That's right: it will do without the consul, and without the lifelong dictator, and without a victor – and without «and so forth, and so forth, and so forth». Let him tell me more thanks for the fact, that I do not call him a «citizen» – only in the context of the

Code of Criminal Procedure, and not the constitution of the republic. It is necessary to put a comrade in place... if he does not stand on it. There is no other method of education. If he hits me with the question, then I hit him with the answer! For the umpteenth time: «terciam non datur»!

«I don't know if the staff of the team will satisfy you... or, to be more exact, the initiative group...»

I Insolent smirking, because I know for myself: it works flawlessly.

«... but into it... they enter: Your humble servant...»

Light tilt of the head – so that, God forbid, my words not taken literally. Caesar wisely remains unresponsive: he, who has ears, let him hear! And he already heard me and about me!

«... my companion is one of the greatest practitioners of medieval Europe...»

For the sake of «raising the rank» of the alchemist – and he gratefully appreciates cheeks the color of ripe tomatoes. The mention of «Europe» has a beneficial effect on Caesar. He «did not drive» into an adjective, but «Europe» clearly falls in his liking. And then: man all his life he tried to escape from the provincial Mediterranean to the operating room! It is clear: what kind of empire is of the «Apennine boot» with the surroundings?!

While Caesar «looks good», I go further:

«The third „member“... in the sense of: participant – is the Founding Father of the Noosphere, academician Vernadsky!»

There are no fools – even if they were – and everyone is drawn together in the ranks. Caesar is no exception. A man is not in vain famous for not only a strong hand, but also strong brains.

«Well, the fourth member of the Initiative Group is the well-known – but after you, dear Caesar – the born son of a carpenter, later „Son of God“ Jesus! Please welcome!»

In the manner of a noteworthy entertainer, I step aside – and with an outstretched hand «I call upon the center» pale red Izzy. Man, of course, didn't miss anything from my presentation, which I carelessly... but why lie: intentionally – turned into a play. That is, they did not pass by him – for they passed by like in the ranks – neither the «born son of a carpenter» nor the quotation marks in the «Son of God». Looking now on Jesus, I have no doubt that he is ready to give me and by faith, and according to his works – and do it right now. Only one thing holds him back: he needs me – and much more than Paul, because «my number is first»!

All the residents of the «Birth of Christ» are filled with reverent delight. Of course, the people understand that this is not an «original», but only «tracing paper». But after all, he is not an impostor! And that's not something «self-made»: «tracing paper» from Jesus themselves – and for them Christ also! Caesar is perplexed, true, not alone: the company consists of all the representatives of the ancient world. On their faces reads: «Think: Son of God! Our Zeus has a lot of sons! We dig in gods, as in litter! And then – some kind of Jew... formless!

No skin, no faces – but a lot of ambition!»

But the reverence of the «resurrected» masses clearly makes Caesar think. I judge this because Caesar is thinking. And rightly so: the mass of such different ingredients will not collectively be in awe of no reason. Even if that is the reason – with a pitiful look does not cause the slightest understanding among people who understand... in gods!

I have an eye on Jesus: a man blooms right before his eyes. «A little more, a little bit more» – and he will begin «to smell sweet» so that again begins to apply themselves «the anointed of God». I feel the opposite view: not so much an aspirant, but a triumphant one. Here, really: «and the eternal battle – we only dream of peace!» Looks like this guy is nothing does not have against delivering «a few minutes of thrill» to me – it is possible that in the area of the anus.

«What's your opinion about the composition of the Initiative Group?» I switch to Caesar: there will be a turn to «Christ»... if he does not want to remain Jesus. «Have you any objections against the fact of convening the Initiative Group? Should someone start?»

Severely – «in ancient Roman style» – Caesar fulfills his head. More than that: with his eyes he «shakes my hand» – and also «in ancient Roman style»: in the area of the elbow bend.

«No, dear Chairman: I have no objections against the convocation of the Initiative Group or against its composition.»

Well, here and for Caesar, I am «dear»! And also I am

Chairman with a capital letter! It is «heard» not only by me: everyone else is the same! Looks like it's my new name now, and, maybe, a position! Not bad! In any case: useful, especially in the context of the triumphant views of Jesus. By the way, the approval of the Roman Izzy is clearly not to his liking: he is not the one, who gains a comrade in arms. Jesus could hardly have heard of ignoramuses about Caesar, but his back is not familiar with roman lashes. The enthusiastic views of the «sympathizers of the «Birth of Christ» at the address of «this Caesar» also contribute to the sobering of the «Son of God»: the people admire «in unison». So there is, for what!

«Before you put to the vote „form“ I offer to you a small educational program... to blame: an explanation.»

I'm getting used to the role of the chairperson more and more... but maybe: Chairman?

«What is a kingdom, an empire, I think everyone knows: it's the power of the sovereign, most often, the sole. Autocratic, that is. There are classic autocrats, great not only by manifestations, but also by number here. In order not to offend anyone – because no one deserves it – I give a selective list.»

Of course, «a selective list» is «a balm for the soul»: I have already «aimed».

«Please welcome: Emperor Nero, the Roman Empire!»

Unlike himself, earthly, Nero gets off with applause a slight bow and even a slight embarrassment.

«Emperor Peter the Great, Russian Empire!»

For a moment, Peter also «shortens himself on the head».

«... Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, the French Empire!»

I reward Napoleon's proper behavior, and the man «smells» of embarrassment and pride.

– ... General Secretary and Prime Minister Stalin, Joseph Vissarionovich... Soviet empire!»

Stalin silently grins at his gray mustache: just like the one on Earth.

«And this is not only a far from exhaustive list: that's very beginning! You can continue for a very long time – and all this will be decent people!»

I see that understanding is growing, but I have not yet «gone half the way» either. What does it mean: competent people!

«You yourself already understood, my friends: there are so many of them – applicants and applicants for a place! And the place is one!»

«Many called, but few chosen ones»! “ Jesus is gloating gloomily not at all in the spirit of himself, earthly. What does it mean: „people grow“! „They are growing straight above themselves!“ He understands: „here you are – not there“: you need to adapt to the changed conditions. Here, after all, the man did not study either history or natural science, but comprehended: in order to live, you must... survive! Survive, go all out! Previously, he sought out more and more death. You can say: asking for trouble, and climbed on the rampage... on the cross, that is. And they „pulled it out of context“ – and

the guy quickly realized: „trampling death on death“ – this is „from another opera“! „Here it will be necessary to «trample» in another way – and not only life, but also those, who live! Because «eternal life» – even though eternal, but life is! That is, the struggle for existence! In a smoothed form this is: «and all our life is a struggle!»

«Dear colleague is right!» I am marked with a tactful look in Jesus: «but do not expect more». «The surest way to turn our world into a theater... blame: the theater of military operations – is to give power to someone alone.»

«I offer a tetrarchy!»

I do not even go to the voice: I know that this is Diocletian. Well we all learned a little something, and somehow! Therefore, I do not waste time and sniff.

«Dear Emperor Diocletian, probably forgot that we have to the place of the tetrarch the competition will be higher than to the Moscow University! I wanted to say that in the place of the tetrarch there will be several thousand applicants, one worthy of the other! And there are only four tetrarchs, dear Diocletian! What: we will establish the principle of rotation? And the very idea is „not from that opera“! So, sit down, comrade!»

And he «sits down»... even while continuing to stand on his feet! No, the people are here with brains!

«The best argument in favor of the republic is the example of Julius Caesar.»

Raising the question, at the same time I «raise up» Caesar.

He does not resist: he already understood the question and the relevance of his example.

«The famous politician and military leader encroached on the republican form of government – and paid with his life!»

Caesar sadly nods his head: «It was the case!»

«Hence there is the conclusion: „choose the lesser of two evils“. In our conditions, this is a republic, a republican form of government. We put to vote!»

Tired of the discussion, I no longer propose: I dictate, and not in the manner of a school teacher, but in the manner of a classical dictator. People accept me adequately and even well! I judge this not only by the result: one hundred percent «approval», but also by «adequate» facial expressions.

«Accepted!»

Sounds like «sold!» And I myself recall the manner of the leading trades. But now – not to the nuances: «strike the iron», because «to make nails out of these people: there would be no stronger nails in the world!» This is me – to the fact, that «it is necessary to think»! By the way, about the «necessary»: a break would be necessary, because, as if not to overload companions. Such an «overload» may end badly for me and my grandiose undertaking...

## Chapter six

«Maybe, we will announce a break in work?»

People tactfully perplexed: «what a break – at such a moment?!». As always, we – the leaders – underestimate our people: I already consider myself a little leader. It is possible that the people also correspond for «anatomical» reasons: I have not yet had the opportunity to check whether everything has manifested itself there. Maybe, there is the exterior only?

«Well, since the break is not needed...»

«You will be worse!» I add unreadable to myself.

«Then – the next item on this issue: the form of collegial leadership. I ask comrades to speak out!»

– I offer the Council of Elders!

Above the heads, the hand of Pericles is already vigorously «spiked». I give a person a moderate skepticism – and work out «in unison» with the prevailing opinion: for some reason, the people are not enthusiastic about the proposal. Being outstanding is nothing: we don't keep others!

«Good: we put in the protocol!» I work out Solomon, who, although present, does not manifest itself. But the «Council of Elders» is its text «by definition»! That he had to come up with a sentence: why not a «Solomonic solution»?!

The people take time out for reflection – and then suddenly Jesus takes the initiative. Suddenly, because I have already begun

to think, that he will «work as the second number».

«I offer Council of the Sages!»

Oh, this one, me, Izzy! All to him – away from the truth of life! It was necessary to learn, my friend: I would believe science more than fairy tales about miracles! Of course, I am grateful to you for your participation, but it would do well to connect a head to the language, at least, sometimes. The word is only silver! I see, how amicably, almost «in unison», the faces of the commanders twist. No exceptions: Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Caesar, Attila, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Napoleon, Zhukov. I connect with the curvature of my face – and not out of solidarity with the majority: according to inner conviction.

«Ok: we write this sentence in the protocol! But who will make a proposal that will suit everyone?»

«Having delegated» two representatives, the people – as it should be «according to the scenario» – keep silence. I have no choice but to take the word that I, «by the way», no one took.

«My word will be... about the word, I apologize for the pun, because one comrade was right when he said: «In the beginning was the word».

I looked at Jesus. He is missing a look: not yet decided with attitude. And then: maybe, I am plotting something bad once again? I state the «absence» – and I am satisfied that it is, at least, not gnashing of teeth.

«I think no one will object to the fact, that the key word should be „Council“? Because only this way – advising and accepting

collective decision – we will be able to live here!»

I look around the society and get a «credibility trust» in response. Or, maybe, that's not a «loan» anymore, but a full-fledged «remuneration for work»?!

«Then, let's thank for participating in the collective work of our respected colleagues Jesus and Pericles...»

I note markedly grateful glance at both.

«... And let's start from the key word. On the rights of a temporary presiding officer, I will do it the first: „Supreme Council“!»

I go around the eyes of the process participants: not one, who wants to follow me afterwards! More than that: I notice Caesar's extended arm. Out of habit, he pulls her from the wrong angle – in the manner of the Nazi salute (although the Nazis stole the «manners» from the Romans), but he already understands, that in some way you have to ask for the word. Well: «ask, and it will be given to you».

«The floor has a colleague Caesar!»

I see: the people like my attitude, equal to all, and, together so – respectful. And, the main thing: people like that even as a temporary chairman, I «do not want to stick myself out», as one comrade would say!

«Thank you, dear Chairman,» Caesar «raises me to the title» again. «I think that I will express the general opinion...»

Caesar interrupts himself and smiles. The most intelligent «representatives of the labor collective» begin to smile

behind him.

«And he did not notice how he spoke the language of our distinguished Chairman!»

But true! I myself just now realized, that I had launched a certain speech standard into circulation! I would like to think that it is the standard, not a stamp! Nicely! Damn nice!»

«But I'm not going to give up neither the words nor the form!»

Well done, Guy Yulievich: I like you more and more! I think we will work together. This is especially relevant in the context of Jesus meaningful views: the boy, by leaps and bounds, is filled with significance. And not anyhow, what: fraught with consequences for all of us.

«Therefore – once again: I think that I will express the general opinion if I say that the word „Supreme“ suits every one of us! It best reflects both the content of power and the ambitions of power – what, then, hide it! – all of us, who present here! I think it makes no sense to continue the discussion: we'll think of nothing better.»

«As our dear Chairman says,» the alchemist wedges in with a text and a smile, «there is no need to reinvent the wheel!»

Caesar smiles.

– If our dear Chairman doesn't consider it necessary to reinvent it, then let it be!

Since I am already being applauded in unison, I rise and bow out.

«Thank you, colleagues! It seems to me, that we are on the

right path, comrades! We have to go through the final – for today – segment: personalities.»

Fatigue and indifference in the masses was not before, but now does, «as never happened»! In the verbatim report, if such a thing existed, a remark «noise, animation in the hall» would certainly appear. And then: «today my life is solved...» as one comrade would say! Because of the earthly experience and parts of the local, colleagues rub hands only with views. But sapienti sat: for clarifying the «who is who» I don't need more.

I stumble on the eyes of Jesus easily. They are scattered with irony, so uncharacteristic of this man's «earthly edition»! «Many are called, but few are chosen!» I read easily in my head glance. Yes, how deceptive is the first impression! I underestimated companion «from the first approach»: he clearly does not intend to confine himself to the «spoilage of blood» to Pilate and Caiaphas! In other words: a man anticipates my future problems. Well, okay: it was ours – it will be yours.

«Dear colleagues!» I conditionally «knock» with conditional «hammer» on the conditional «tribune». «There are a lot of us here! If we decide on a surname discussion, this will be the last thing we can decide on! We will simply drown in the discussion! That's because there are no unworthy candidates!»

I see: «hit»! People stop jostling at least with their looks: even if it's conditional, but I equated in dignity everyone! It is useful for the cause... of my authority!

«But the Supreme Council, my friends, is not rubber, and

not sinecure! Here it will be necessary to work – and not on your pocket, but on your comrades! All of us! There will be neither prophets nor emperors in the Supreme Council: there will be members of the Supreme Council... from the prophets and emperors „in the old way of life“!»

People calms down: worried. I look at Jesus: the boy is still bold in his eyes. Finish, my friend: now it's my turn to laugh!

– The initiative group has worked the entire agenda of today's meeting! Otherwise there was no need to form it!

As for the «Initiative Group», I distort it a little: this merit, in a different version, «arbitrariness» is exclusively mine. Alchemist and Vernadsky instantly «roll out his chest» from a sense of belonging, but Jesus is wary. «And we plowed» does not suit him. He obviously would have preferred the wording «Announce the entire list, please!» before the announcement. But understanding among the masses is growing and even increasing. I like it. Dealing with a mass of personalities, though not easy, but pleasant: do not fall «below the level of the floor». Such an attempt to find a common language is a laborious and often useless process.

«Yes, you correctly understood: there is a list of candidates! I announce!»

I do not even ask for permission: the mass must be taken «warm» – like the «iron» «hot». The issue must be resolved promptly and without snot. Something like Caesar solved the Rubicon question.

«Oh, yes: a little preface. We, the Initiative Group, offer one candidate per seat. There are twelve seats total. These are the places of the members. Perhaps, there is a need for the establishment of a candidate member site. But this is how you decide. How do you decide?»

I barely have time to change the signs at the end of the sentence – and the people already agree to candidate members. And then: one and a half – more and more than one! The people even agree to stay «zero point, five-tenths»: at least, partially, but at the top!»

«So: I read out! Candidates for the positions of members of the Politburo... sorry: the Supreme Council: Solomon, Buddha, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Jesus nicknamed „Christ“ ...»

Dust from frayed Izzy's teeth reaches as far as «to the tribune»! Artistically, I insulted him! And you laughed at me! Here's a lesson for you: «let the sleeping dog lie»! And then: I do not need to apologize, but Jesus! What for? For monstrous ingratitude!

«... Mohammed, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Peter the First, Napoleon, Lenin, Stalin. Candidates for the Politburo... again me: for the members of the Supreme Council! – the following comrades are proposed: Pericles, Charlemagne, Karl Marx, Mao Zedong.

«And instantly it became quiet in the hall», one of the earthly comrades would not have failed to notice. I do not like such

pauses – they usually promise the wrong promises. Therefore, I take again: the word, «microphone» and «bull by the horns».

«I suppose it's not necessary to acquaint you with the biographies of candidates, dear voters: people are all famous and popular! Before why not, you probably already got it yourself. But, as they say, „repetition is the mother of learning“. Everyone knows their predecessors according to the „law of nature“ – it is the „law of history“. In addition, during the preparatory work, the Initiative Group found that almost all those, who „before“ independently got acquainted with the biographies of those, who „after“. I think the explanation of this phenomenon is not surprising. First, that's the time factor. He was even more than enough... because it was not at all... as such, in the physical sense. Secondly: the idleness factor... blame: lack of employment. People wandered their own thoughts among other thoughts... others – and unwittingly assimilated information. This is me – about those, who are not with their will: there are no such people in the composition of the Supreme Council.»

For the benefit of a little bit, I flatter Jesus: he is probably the only from applicants, who did not fill up the baggage of knowledge. Did not consider it necessary? He believed that he already knows everything... as a «Christ»? Or: «Blessed are the poor in spirit»? If so, then how – «Seek, and ye shall find»? Although – what to take with him: he is a walking paradox! Probably, he thought – and, maybe, still thinks – that the «Son

of God» is not supposed to be different.

«As you probably already understood, the Noosphere provides for us an ample opportunity to share knowledge of the past with each other – and not only on their „floors“! After all, She herself is a data bank, a „accumulator“ of knowledge and experience. Hence, it is not surprising that the overwhelming majority of you – if not all – were able to at least „hear“ about each other. Moreover, „not everyone got into our tight circle“! Random people we have not found! Here everything is people of thought and deed!»

I see how the breasts of my colleagues in the Noosphere begin to roll out with a wheel, and how their eyes overflow with admiration for themselves, and a little bit for me. Again, I – well done: «our sorrowful work will not be lost!» Already «not lost!» And why? That's because a man – «he in Africa also»... that is, in the Noosphere is man:" a kind word and a cat is nice!». Now you can «take colleagues completely warm»!

«Have you any objections or additions to the list?»

The question is not at all a tribute to the form and protocol: everyone wants to «light up at the top». But «the hotel is not rubber»! And stick out at the expense of such reputable candidates – to their own detriment! And this is a hopeless case: with his word – versus mine! And then: with some word – on such «eagles»! In every case, I don't allow me to come to my senses: I don't delay with a pause.

«Adopted... no objections and additions! Then...»

And at this moment I am tactlessly interrupted. But, as it turns out almost immediately, this is exactly the case, which in Odessa would not fail to notice: «So that they would interrupt me so tactlessly!»

«One minute!»

Again – Caesar! It seems the guy is quite accustomed not only with earthly manners, but also with their «Russian component». Now he «asks» the words with an intelligent raising of the index finger. For complete resemblance to the twentieth century in his hand lacks only the «Parker» with a gold feather. And he does not ask for the word: he takes it without asking.

««I didn't notice the elephant, as one comrade once said!»

I am just starting to «bulge out» and «weigh out», as they interrupt me again.

«Do not be surprised, dear Chairman. I'm here somehow met Lenin and overheard this phrase. True, he honestly referred to another comrade. But now I am talking not about that. As always, you are right, dear Chairman: those, who wanted to replenish their knowledge – the one, praise to the Noosphere, had all the possibilities for this!.. So, here: about the „elephant“...»

Caesar is already addressing voters: I apparently got my own – in any case, «at first».

«How could we forget about our dear Chairman?!»

Once again, Caesar is an unsurpassed skill to cut the truth of the womb without a diplomatic protocol.

«The Chairman is the only link between us all! I have don't say that thanks to him we are only alive... well, we exist in the human form! But his election to the Supreme Soviet is not a tribute of gratitude, but a vital necessity!»

«What do you suggest, Caesar?»

I go to the voice and I can easily find its owner: Attila. Caesar corresponding gesture immediately assures the guy in readiness to make a proposal.

«I propose to increase the number of members to thirteen!»

Jesus pales: the guy obviously does not like... well: I don't like this number. Therefore, he had twelve apostles?!

«Do not!»

And who is this? Bah: yes, this is Napoleon!

«What is not necessary, colleague Napoleon?»

«Do not change the quantitative composition, colleague Caesar!»

I barely hang my jaw: «Thank you», brother! Is this your payment for my good attitude to you?!

«Explain!»

Caesar clearly agrees with me in the rejection of the audacity of Napoleon. The emperor convulsively pulls the Adam's apple. Apparently, that's an earthly habit: there is nothing to swallow here!

«I propose to introduce our dear Chairman to the Supreme Council instead of me!»

Here we have with Caesar jaws hang down simultaneously.

And we are not alone! Sorry, brother Napoleon: I did not see a person in the emperor due to the stamps thinking! Having worked my jaw, I begin to moist my eyes.

«Thank you, colleague! But, since a good deed does not go unpunished, I propose to „punish“ a respected colleague of Napoleon with the position of a candidate for the Supreme Council.»

«Could you tell the difference?»

This time I am not «following the trail», because I have no doubt: one of the candidate members. By voice and emanation that's Charlemagne. Nothing wrong: this is a legitimate interest. And, perhaps, that's not because of wounded pride: there is the crowd, much more wounded here. It is possible that the comrade is simply interested in the scope of authority. In any case, I want to think that way... for myself and for Karl.

«That's legal curiosity, colleague Carl! As they say: I hurry to satisfy! Dear voters! Dear candidates... as candidates! First of all: the position of a candidate for the Supreme Council is not a folding chair to the podium, and not powdered sugar to the bitter pill! A candidate member takes part in all affairs and meetings of the Supreme Council. He has the right not only to speak about the proposals made, but also make your own! Another issue is that the candidate has only an advisory vote. Right only a member of the Supreme Council has a decisive vote. That is, the candidate speaks out, but does not participate in the voting. But there is a candidate where to grow! Do not you, dear

colleagues?»

My final words, as I suppose, break applause.

«Well, now – the final chord: we vote with the list!»

This time I not only manage without a question mark, but also replace it with an exclamation mark. The people do not rip: together pulls hands up. Due to the unanimous «approval», I additionally get around without a vote count: under such circumstances it's not even Sisyphus, but Monkey business. But we still have to work together with the work collective! That is, we must save power.

«Thank you!»

I fasten my arms above my head, and shine a radiant smile. A start was made and quickly.

«Now everyone is free until...»

Out of habit, I pull back the sleeve – and immediately pull back: there is no wrist watch. Nothing: it is fixable. There were no hours yet for lack of need: there was no time. And there was no time because it is a property of matter. No matter – no time. But now the matter is... some! I think, dear Noosphere has already paid attention to this discrepancy to the classics. Of course, I just «think»: that's unwise – for my part – it would pay attention directly. So I'm just «generously sharing my thoughts out loud», so that the «responsible comrades» hear.

«In general, everyone is free... until further notice.»

That's rough, but nothing: let them get used! I did warn – with Karl Marx: it's impossible to live in a society and be free of it!

You, guys, have chosen themselves... yoke on your neck! But you are not even a flock without a «yoke» and «shepherd»! So that: «if you love to ride, do love sleigh to carry!»

«I ask the newly elected members of the Supreme Council to stay behind to resolve procedural issues and draw up work plans.»

The word «work» makes a magical impression on voters – and they are «dematerialized» instantly. Our people «remember the Earth» decisively: «Let the iron saw work!»

# Chapter seven

Members and candidate members are clustered around me. I go around the eyes of the neighborhood.

«There are no working conditions, even the minimum! No table, neither chairs, nor carafes with water, nor telephones – for nothing, that they don't need a damn thing here! But nothing, colleagues: we will have everything!

We become in a circle. I stand in the center, of course – like the sun in relation to its customers. I see: Jesus does not actively like this. Recently... well, not the time... well, if you take the sequence of events, throughout all of them Izzy demonstrates his dislike for me more and more often. But now he is forced to restrain his ambitions: Paul is «not canonized» and remained with the people. Therefore, a friend must know his number. And he is, though not the «sixteenth», but not the first. But, «trick» with the setting of «many called, but yes few chosen» «does not pass» here. There are no called ones: all are favorites.

«Well, we are organized!» I smile, but for a very short time... that is, immediately turn off the smile. «And we were formed not to collectively sit on the throne. And we will not divide the Noosphere into tetras or detion too. Comrades, we will „steer“ together! What's your opinion, dear colleague Caesar?»

I notice the already familiarly stretched index finger of Guy Julius.

«Dear Chairman! I agree with the collective nature of leadership. But there must be a center connecting us all. There must be the organizer. That is, the person who will take the decision of all procedural issues. Otherwise, our Supreme Soviet will turn into a ship without sails and helmsman.»

«But you cannot do without a helmsman in the open sea!» Mao Zedong reminds himself almost in the song format. I smile to the Chinese companion encouragingly: the pun was a great success.

Caesar smiles knowingly: the man really did not spend time when it was «in the form of a formless spirit»: he self-educated thoroughly.

«I thank my colleague Mao for a good pun, but the question is a serious one. Having learned a little of the distinguished Chairman – I am not talking about Chairman Mao right now – I have no doubt, that great things are waiting for us. So, the Supreme Council must be a truly working body.»

I once again «patting myself on the head»: what colleague I got!

«If I truly understood, colleague Caesar suggests that we establish the post of Chairman of the Supreme Council?»

Caesar does a fine job with his head.

«You truly understood me, dear Chairman!»

– Then I propose Caesar!

«Rejection!»

Quickly we got along with him: «the ball is to the left, the ball

is to the right»!

«Then...»

«I offer myself!»

Eyes present, as if on cue, turn on «self-nominee»: this is... Jesus! Ay, how immodest it is, comrade! Or: «why not?»? Should someone still be first – let only in terms of lack of modesty? But the guy should, at least, think about it, at least, figured the chances of success! Or is he trying to secure a place for the future, forcing us to come to terms with the inevitable? «Gutta cavat lapidem non vie, sed sepe cadendo»? «Water sharpens a stone not by force, but frequent fall»? So, is it a colleague Jesus? Well, if in fact, so, then for a long time you will have to «fall»!

For a brief moment, an atmosphere of awkwardness reigns among us. Here, to you – and emperors! Here, to you – and the prophets! It would seem: God himself... or, whoever... told them to «push their elbows» and «climb over their heads», but it turns out: they are people, like people! Not a single boor... except for one... who does not seem to consider himself as such.

Members and candidates diligently look away not only from Jesus, but also from each other. Have to intervene: the guy, it turns out, nobody's fool! And in the «Holy Scripture» he is such, too, cleanse! This is what life does for a man! Although in this case it would be more correct to say: «this is what death does to a person, especially this death: on the cross!»

«Elections – logically – cannot occur on an unopposed basis. The choice is, roughly speaking, giving preference to „someone

from“. Therefore, I ask you to include in the protocol for voting not only the candidacy of the self-nominee Jesus, but my candidate also.»

«Name!»

Only Mohammed – the poetic soul – can so artistically request information! Excellent vocals complement the hands, in the oriental manner extended to me like to heaven. No analogies, but for some reason the Maghreb sorcerer from «Aladdin’s Magic Lamp» is immediately remembered: «Star of Suhain: tell me the name!»

«I propose to elect our colleague Stalin as Chairman of the Supreme Council!»

The pipe falls out of the mouth of Joseph Vissarionovich: colleague did not expect such a turn obviously. For a while he remains without text. But at Caesar right there to be material for sound. Before «going on the air,» he glitters with his eyes in Stalin encouragingly.

«I support! As far as I know, colleague Stalin has extensive experience in leading the work of the plan we need. He, if I am not mistaken, headed both the ruling party and the government, was the Supreme Commander in Chief. He united Eurasia under his scepter. Finally, the main thing: he is a master of bringing together different views!»

Caesar has not yet finished giving out a panegyric – and Stalin is already grumbling contentedly in his mustache: the information has been assimilated and processed.

«I thank colleague Caesar for such a high appreciation of my modest works. But, maybe, someone wants to say a word in support of the candidacy of Jesus?»

Caesar immediately passes us with a triumphant glance: «what did I say?!» His jubilation is understandable: Stalin did not mark on a competitor, but, on the contrary, lifted him and even «shook off the dust»!

But there are no people willing to «stand up» for Jesus. More than that: I am afraid no matter how Muhammad made a report on the theme of the «false God». Muhammad is an capable guy, and if he «gets to the microphone», I will not envy Jesus! That's because, taking the floor, Muhammad will immediately take for «Christ»! I think that the Quran researcher was not quite right, who attributed the merit of the creation of Islam to the triumvirate – and even in such words: «Muhammad thought, Abu Bakr spoke, and Omar did». The triumvirate was, and Abu Bakr and Omar were complicit, but Muhammad thought, spoke and did with them, and without them!

But, praise... In general: the «matrix of the earthly prophet» is silent. Mohammed only frowns at the «self-promoted». Thank you for understanding, colleague Mohammed! I open my mouth, but they are ahead of me.

«Dear colleagues!»

Lenin did not get rid of his famous burr in the sound of «p.» in the Noosphere also.

«I have great respect for my colleague Jesus. This is certainly,

brilliant person, a man of exceptional talent, but...»

Demonstrating chagrin, Lenin claps his hands on his thighs... at least in their form.

«... to my deepest understanding, colleague Jesus cannot be unifying center! He is a man of another character! After all, as far as I remember, when he was an earthling, bring not a peace, but a sword! What consensus can there be?! No, at this place we need a person, who would be different from him just more than his temperament, less capriciousness... Well, why I list: you read my „Letter to the congress“, in which gave an assessment of Stalin and some other comrades!»

Lenin pauses – and already triumphant at Stalin’s address.

«By the way, dear colleague Stalin, this applies to you too! You, too, are not fit for the role of the „unifying center“! Yes, my friend!»

The last words are illustrated by the classic «pose of the fert»: the body forward, the thumbs of both hands behind the sides of the vest, the head with a smile from somewhere below. Stalin, whom, it seems, not at all does not touch the jubilation of Ilyich, takes out the empty pipe – probably, tobacco they have not yet been delivered to the Noosphere – and good-naturedly grins at his mustache.

«I do not mind, colleague Lenin.»

Smile falls from the face of Lenin: he not yet accustomed to the noospheric familiarity. And from whom: from the object of criticism?

«Therefore, I once again thank Caesar's colleague and I declare my withdrawal. I don't want to be a bone of contention.»

Having honored the decency of Stalin, everyone together looks at Jesus. But the guy diligently «out of stock» – as if he says: «To hell to you, but not self-withdrawal! Do not wait!»

«In conclusion – a few words on the subject of contention.»

Stalin, it turns out, has not «left the podium» yet.

«So, here: „so that there is no discord between free people“, I suggest choosing the one, by whom we are reborn to almost human life.»

Jesus is immediately orphaned in terms of views: they are all immediately redirected to me. And then: if a man and suffered for all of humanity – not for that, but for «that.»

«I propose to vote immediately!» Stalin jiggles the shutter». «Why should we delay: everything is clear!»

Izzy immediately «goes out» with all cash «lights». That's not because his «quench»: enthusiasm dried up, for, as a colleague said Stalin: «everything is clear.» Final score: fifteen zero to my advantage. That is, for me —all members, except for me and Izzy: applicants do not vote – and all candidates.

«Thank you for your trust!» I do not twist too much soul: although I was counting on it, it was not sure. Or rather: I was not absolutely sure of unanimity. «I hope that you will not remain ungrateful.»

«???»

«I am on the issue of trust too.»

The number of words does not reduce the number of participants amazement: everyone participates. I do not delay a moment of celebration: everything is good in moderation.

«I propose to elect our colleagues Caesar and Stalin as my deputies. Immediately – anticipating questions – I have some words about the essence of the substitution. So, the Vice-Chairman – with a capital letter – is responsible for the block of questions assigned to him. What kind of questions? Various: ensuring law and order, state security, external relations, if in those there will be a need. Another group of issues: the provision of employment, the organization of its cultural leisure, housing, utilities. In addition, the Deputy, as is already evident from the title itself, will replace me for the time of my absence.»

«???»

Colleagues are not original, but objective. And then: what could be the absence in the Noosphere?! More precisely: from the Noosphere?!»

«I hasten to dispel your bewilderment!»

«Haste» does not prevent me from anticipating the «dissipation» of the corresponding smile: with a mixture of mental superiority. Nothing: the chair is possible.

«We have not yet begun to live in the Noosphere, colleagues! And who can vouch for the fact, that our rudimentary ideas about it correspond to reality? As the saying goes: wait and see! In the literal sense: when we live —then we will see. But it is advisable to prepare for the „viewing“ now – just in case!»

«It is reasonable – like everything that our Chairman says!» Caesar «pours me oil» generously. Of course, this does not remain without reaction of colleague Jesus: the boy is no longer green, but turns black face. It is blackening in a complex: from envy, and from grief.

«I support our dear colleague!» Napoleon joins Caesar. «I propose not to delay the voting procedure: it's time to start doing business!»

I have been working out the approval to Bonaparte for centuries and «open an account». Pure formality: unanimously.

«It seems, «with the papers» is over!» I smile. And this time I'm not the only one who smiles: all my colleagues passed the «path of bureaucracy»», regardless of the «time of vocation». «Then, as a colleague Napoleon correctly noted...»

Once again I celebrate the encouraging look in Bonaparte, already not pink, but red with embarrassment. Apparently, I «went over the dose». But these are not cards: busting is here only for the benefit.

«... it's time to do business! To begin with, let's decide the crucial question: „build“ or not „build“?»

«???»

Colleagues are perplexed t at meat firs, then at each other. Under apologizing physiognomy I immediately lay my hands on my chest.

«I, apparently, inaccurately said, colleagues! I did not mean cohorts or battalions! I'm talking about the banal construction:

housing, social facilities... well, and so on!»

«A-a-a-a!» the team is restored in unison. But the joy of comprehension is replaced by bewilderment immediately. «Why should we?»

I did not doubt the likelihood of such a question. More than that: waited it. And general bewilderment would not take me by surprise. But Genghis Khan was to be his spokesman! «By role»... and by status! But this is not him: this is Bonaparte! Genghis Khan has not yet joined the work, but Napoleon is participating «for both himself and that guy»! Okay: the question is in the case, not for the sake of points for activity. Moreover, even Caesar is skeptical.

«Why do we need this», colleague Napoleon? That's good question. Really: why? Why, if we, the local ones, are only the form, the shell of the earthly selves! I'm not talking about thoughts: everyone, who had it, has it now. I say about the shell. Or, as a colleague said, Stalin: «about the image of man». Yes, our shell is incorporeal: no bones, no intestines, no meat, no tripe! Therefore: there is no need for food, drink, air, medical care! And since there is no climate, no needs for clothes, shoes and in housing, of course, too. Hence – the legitimate logic of the average man in the street: «Why?!» The man in the street is, of course, not Napoleon: a colleague merely expressed a «general opinion». And then: somehow we been here thousands of years without everything! And yet I go with this question to you! Why am I doing this and why what am I proposing to do?»

I shut up impressively and start «livestock accounting»: I glance over my head. The most intelligent have already realized. I have no doubt that «Caesar will be the first at the microphone» – and my colleague does not fail me.

«I understand you, dear Chairman. Thank you for not only you do not climb over the heads, but you also become flush with us!»

Of course, the easy landscaping of Jesus' face does not elude my gaze: the guy has once again been turned over by praises.

«Let's consider this a preamble to our first decision! Let's back into the mainstream. So, colleague Caesar: what do you understand?»

Caesar respectfully bows his head.

«Dear Chairman, I understand your idea! Your thought... Sorry: but my understanding of your thought...»

Here it is – a gentleman!

«... such: if we are people, then we must live in a human way! Even cattle do not live in an open field!»

«What, there, cattle, colleague Caesar!» Lenin connects. Even primitive people did not want to live in caves!»

«Exactly!»

Caesar shines in Ilyich in gratitude for the company.

«Romulus did not stay in the cave: he founded the city!»

The argument is not quite «from that opera», but «it will good with beer».

«You're right, colleague Chairman!»

Now I am honored by Caesar: in the Roman manner, he puts

his hand on my shoulder.

«We will build!»

«But first we will vote!» I chill the ardor of the Roman correctly. Needless to say, the vote is openly formal. Even Genghis Khan does not want to «soak in the rain» – what to say for representatives of sedentary peoples! Even Jesus spoke in favor of the construction! More precisely: he kept silent in favor of construction: he did not give a vote against. But this decision was probably harder for him than the others! At least, because I had to discard not a nomadic notion, but a personal prejudice! He stubbornly does not want to support me and those, who support me, but he can't but not support: common sense is ours. And this quality of Jesus is being filled more and more, despite the fact, that the process goes along with the growth of personal ambitions.

«It was smooth on paper,» Stalin reminds about himself in a favorite manner. «What will we build: castles in the air?»

«Not in the eyebrow, but in the eye!» The people together «back their colleague with their shoulders». There are no fools, and «delay» is a temporary category... even in the absence of time.

«But this is true, colleague Chairman!» Napoleon is the first to get upset, despite on the exclamation mark. «What are we going to build from?!»

«Calm down, colleague!»

I do not linger with the answer – more expensive – at the same

time anticipating a classic soothing gesture: the palm – «forward face». The gesture is accompanied by a mine of superiority on the face – for greater persuasiveness.

«Everything is taken into account by a mighty hurricane!», as one comrade said! Yes, as long as we have available one absence only! But everything is in our hands! Remember, who we are here and for what? Exactly: we are brains and experience! And here we are – for the same thing! For brains and for experience, that is!»

«...» Stalin's eyes begin to clear up, but I have no time to wait for the «final development», although it would not hurt to encourage a colleague's hunch.

«Exactly, colleague Stalin!» so I do: I encourage, that is. «A working tool, as well as materials, can be created, knowing the theory, the specifics of production and the characteristics of materials!»

Following Stalin, Mohammed also flourishes.

«Ay, how are you right, dear Chairman! For it says: „When Allah will decide some business, he will only say to him: „Be it!“ – and it happens“! Aw, what a fine fellow you are, dear!»

For the «dear» and other praises, of course, thanks, but I, frankly, mean something different. There is no question about Allah, «may the Almighty forgive me!» But the prophet, as a participant in the creative process, deserves not only condescension, but also encouragement. And I do not delay with the right thing.

«Yes, dear colleague Mohammed, the principle of action is about the same. „Allah“ ...»

«Sapienti sat!»: I am quoting for the initiates only. And then: why hurt a good man? For the light, almost weightless grin of Stalin and Caesar, I see: men are of the same opinion. And Mohammed is not so far from the truth... Unless, of course, take into account the «factor of Allah».

«... Yes, so, here, «Allah» says his «Be!» with knowledge of the matter obviously! Not as an amateur, but as a specialist... in any industry, on which he says this is his «Be!»

Mohammed's face blooms with additional paint. At the same time, I am honored with a couple of grateful views of the prophet. Here it is: interfaith harmony is in action! An atheist, a Muslim and a pagan will always get along with each other, if they do not «push themselves out», as one comrade would say! Although, about interfaith harmony, this is me: «after all, we are no longer on Earth», as once stated with bitterness another comrade, already in the context of a different environment. We should not have any confessions: this is not the «letter» that should be followed! Well, as for the occasion with Mohammed, then I respond to good only with good, even if a friend makes mistakes with the «source» of good.

«So, we have a similar situation, dear colleague Mohammed! If the master imagines all this, he can easily imagine! Well, that is the whole process: how it works, and what it is made of! After all, here, in the Noosphere, not only the best minds

of theoretical and applied sciences, but also masters of all kinds of crafts are gathered. Not artisans, but Masters with great the letters „m“! Should they rely on knowledge and experience – and the Noosphere will show the result in kind! Everything will come true, as rightly noted by the dear colleague...»

That's another curtsy in the direction of Mohammed – and the return surge of sympathy.

«... based on science and production. Knowledge and experience will give the right tool for the job, and the right material. They cannot be invented, but they can be created! In thoughts, but precisely to create! More precisely, recreate: with accurate calculations and „without any“ fantasies! Only such a result can manifest itself with Noosphere! That is, only with accurate knowledge of the subject can appear „accessories“!»

I make one more round bypass. Comrades already suspect me of intent, but «nobody dives into the trenches». I make sure again that «not everyone got into our tight circle!» And I honestly confess:

«That's right, colleagues: I intend to. I think on the theme of „who to charge“?»

Two hands rise at once: Caesar and Stalin. This is both well and bad. And the question is not in dialectics: the choice is always fraught with not only responsibility, but also the consequences of giving priority. It is easy to lose not only illusions, but also sympathy. But, unlike many other cases, the choice is always made. I am not an exception.

«Yes, colleague Caesar will not be offended at me, but I think that this business is better... to blame: you need to entrust your colleague to Stalin. „This business“ means: general idea, design and estimate documentation, personnel selection, execution control. Why precisely to Stalin?»

I grin, as if to precede the illustration with the answer. And I am not mistaken: my colleagues are smiling knowingly. Nevertheless, I make an excursion: «repetition is the mother of learning».

«Colleague Stalin is not only in terms of «the whole world of the violence, we destroy to the ground...». He is more in part: «... and then...» Well, that is: «we will build a new world...»

I mean nobody, but Lenin suddenly begins to change color from red to white and back. Sorry, colleague, if I hurt you... inadvertently. Although... Well, agree, Ilyich: of course, you did not want... maybe... it happened... but only this is because of you – «the whole world is down to the ground»! No, I understand: someone needs to destroy! This is not only a dialectics, but a vital necessity also. More than that: the truth of life. To create a new one in place of the old, you need to clear the ground! But here, as you can see, there is nothing to clear. Well, there is no force application object. And in terms of construction... well, just be honest: is this in terms of others?!

«Let us recall what „sins“ are counted for colleague Stalin: collectivization, industrialization, rearmament of the army, restoration of the destroyed country in a miserable five years, the

transformation of shrill Russia in the second empire of the world! A colleague, Stalin is able not only to search, but also to find „frames“. And he not only finds them, but also brings them to readiness. Well, since the diamond is adjusted to a royal cut diamond. And, most importantly: not only Stalin's colleague, but also his appointees are able to control the process, and to ensure the desired result by the right time! This is a great gift, and not to everyone it is given!»

Caesar courageously transfers «the bitterness of the pill», but I understand that now it is advisable to splash a little balsam.

«All of you are not only great generals, but also great statesmen. Each of you has not only military feats.»

For the benefit of the case I will scribble a little: for Genghis Khan, for example, there are no labor achievements. «On the line of truncation of heads» Tamerlane prevailed also: he was an asset only Samarkand. A colleague is better known as the «master of dismantling other people's buildings». But as one comrade said: «in art, it is possible to exaggerate – it is possible to downplay!» The art of telling the truth is no different from all others in this respect, including from the art of lies also.

«All of you – each in his time – so to speak, „worked hard“ in the field. Everyone in their own time!»

I'm not in vain duplicate with the exclamation mark and, moreover, I pause: «sapienti sat!» We have everything here «sapienti» Therefore, the faces of colleagues simply do not have the right to ignore a insight. And so they do: they insight. Caesar

is the first in the line of moment of insight by guesswork.

«You, as always, are right, colleague Chairman! The scale of the creative activity of each of us is incomparable with what we did... no, better: Stalin, a colleague, accomplished! Even I, who built cities from Egypt to Britain, will not dare to stand in one row with my colleague Stalin!»

I add my voice to the collective admiration, and when it seems a little, I add the appropriate look. But Caesar – praise the «gods», «patronizing» him! – do not delay «with the moment of personal leadership».

«The difference in technical capabilities must also be taken into account! I, of course, read something here, consulted with my comrades – but this is not enough for this guide! In short, this is what is commonly said on Earth now: I propose to close the debate... without opening it!»

That's original! Although: Caesar – «he is in Africa..."... in the Noosphere, that is, Caesar!

«My candidacy, I withdraw of course.»

Caesar with a grin turns to Stalin.

«The yoke is yours, colleague Stalin: put your neck up!»

I'm not in a hurry «with the announcement of the results», because of their absence.

«Colleague Caesar, do you mind if we vote this question? Maybe comrades will have other opinions? Maybe, a colleague Jesus wants to become „self-nominee“ once again?»

Izzy blushes like a tomato and puts his hands under him. It

is clear: away from sin. I have no doubt: this moment I will also be reckoned. At a minimum, Jesus already «tied up a bundle» and «made a notch». The guy is more and more resigned from himself, canonical. And not «by the day, but by the hour», as I once «counted»: right before our eyes! «People are growing!» Or rather: «Times change and we change with them!» Turns out it's possible in the conditions of time «absent as a class» also. Where «love your enemy as yourself!»? Where «turn the other cheek to him»? Where is «forgive them, Lord, for they do not know what they are doing!»? This Jesus is clearly not going neither love, nor convert, nor forgive!»

«He does not want!» Finally, I linger on Jesus... with my feet: «Seven troubles – one answer!» «Then let's vote. Who is for putting the heavy burden of building on the fragile shoulders of Stalin's colleague, please raise your hands.»

Further it is possible and not to correspond to the instruction: «abstained», not to mention those who are «against», no. But I am an incorrigible formalist. As one earthly comrade, to whom the other originally referred: «Every fold on your blanket is a loophole for world capitalism!»

«Congratulations, colleague Stalin.»

I shake hands with the «chosen one of luck». This is an amazing feeling: I know that there is no damn thing, but I feel it like living! Thank you, dear Noosphere: this is quality work! Not some, there, bullshit!

«Well, the first task for you, a colleague.»

The people immediately selected: interesting because! And then: the very beginning! It is possible and so: with a capital letter! Not the Big Bang, of course, but also...

«Colleague Stalin try to equip this wasteland by the next meeting...»

I look around the gaping space.

«with everything you need for work, at least, at a minimum: a meeting room, furniture, an interior... You know better than me what and how! There is no need to threaten the Kremlin or any presidential palace: this is later, in the process! But, at least, please provide: what are we, to hell, the leaders? «All cobblers go barefoot?»»

This time I «grab» a friendly applause not for the successful construction of the proposal only, but also for the successful task on the design.

«The project of the General Construction Plan should be ready for the next meeting! Okay?»

Stalin affirmatively nods his head.

«In parallel, your people should start work „already yesterday“ on the compilation of the State Five-Year Plan... or the Prospective Forecast: we'll specify the name later, when we decide with the system.»

«I got it, colleague Chairman.»

«Then – a break: we are already «going with over-fulfillment»... Or, for the same reason, will we postpone it altogether?»

No, all the same, I well done: what «eagles» grabbed! Not a single slacker: everyone is eager to fight! It is understandable: everyone want to know everything at once. And rightly so: certainty is the guarantee of a sober look on things, or the opportunity to get rid of the fear of uncertainty.

«Then I declare a smoke break!»

«???»

«Ugh, you: break!»

# Chapter eight

So, for the «zero cycle» in the construction, I can be calm.

No, this is not the classic one – the «zero cycle» from clearing the site and the foundation. I mean more extensive work. If to speak the language of the military: «mobilization and deployment». That is, a colleague, Stalin, must find people, mobilize them, create their brains with tools, equipment and materials – and «give a five-year plan in three years!» And I have no doubt: colleague Stalin will «give»! Everything will «give»: both the five-year plan, and «coal for the country»!

And the next is already no less serious questions. And not only those, what's on my agenda. I feel their approach is classically: «by liver». At least, one of them directly echoes the social order issue on my agenda. We decided to build a state. This means that there is nothing to «reinvent the wheel». Here is either or. Either it will be a socialist state, or a capitalist state: there is no third.

Only one circumstance makes the task easier: if we build the State «with a capital letter», then it is doomed to be... well, okay: not socialist, but socially oriented, because the state «with a capital letter» is the patron of its citizen.

And the patron is not declarative: actual. No sponsors, no individual philanthropists! The state itself is the sponsor, the philanthropist, and the donator in one person! And all this is in the general context of caring for a person! Again: worries

not in words but in deeds! Cares are not patron in general», but substantive, or, as it has become fashionable to say: targeted! Not for TV, but for life... behind life and TV!

This State is not a state of anarchist souls, but the state of totalitarian type! Just do not immediately grab the heart and at the same time for the interpretation of «Voice of America»! It is necessary to listen not to the «Voice of America», but the voice of the mind, in the extreme case, of the heart! Do not make a scarecrow out of the term! Totalitarian state – it's from the verb «total»: common, universal. «Common» does not mean: «split equally for everyone», as well as «stripping everyone with the same brush», not to mention «strangling everyone»! The motto «Big Brother is watching you!» is not the quintessence of a truly totalitarian state. This is the quintessence of «fairy tales on the theme». More than that: this is slander! And the quintessence of the totalitarian state is the slogan «One for all, and all for one!»

Yes, of course, our people are different, and we still have to tinker with our comrades. Although the idea of a misinterpreted totalitarianism should be close to them... as it is... a priori. After all, each of them – both in the soul, and in manifestations – is the true dictator. Well, except that the canonical Jesus falls out of the friendly ranks. And all the others are «good fellows», everything is like a selection!

Okay: This is only in the song: «now we have a respite, tomorrow we will return to the fights». Unfortunately, in real... afterlife, the respite ends prematurely – and I will not return

to «battles» tomorrow, but right now. That's because «strike the iron»... without departing from the chair table, no matter until conditional: everything else should be unconditional! Victory of common sense is above all!

I bypass a look of colleagues. I have to admit: some are supporters only «at face value». Yes, go far: Jesus! I have no doubt, that the comrade has not yet said his last word. I have no doubt, that this last word he would like to say over my «repeated» grave: the guy is so convincing in his «sympathies»! Here to you – «love your enemy..."! Truly: here you are not there!

«Comrades, I will ask everyone for the second half!»

Someone familiar with the original source laughs. No doubt in details: Caesar. His company is even more movie buff Stalin. Both of them probably got acquainted with the original source in the retelling: from the authors credited to the balance of the Noosphere.

Time-scattered people again group around me. No, the table is a must! It is vital! It feels like I haven't yet succeeded to make everyone friends. For now everyone is on its own. Caesar is right: I am the only link. But this will not work. In the sense, that if it does not go, all the others will stand still. Noosphere and me – sorry, Your Majesty, for impudence! – need a strong, cohesive team, a team of like-minded people, it does not matter, that each of them «in the past life» was «the greatest».

«We proceed to the next question on the agenda: what will we

build? I am now – not about houses: with this everything is more or less clear. I am about the state. What should it be? So, where the slogan is «one for all – and all for one» or such, where «one is in the forest, the other is for firewood»? We will give the state to the will of the occasion or choose ourselves once again?

I have already said: the correct formulation of the question is, at least, half the battle! It seems, I hit the target once again: the people react instantly and in the right «key». I press residual doubts:

«Will we build a rich state or a state of the rich men? Recall the story: the state of the rich is a colossus with feet of clay, because it's weak: all power belongs to others, who do not want to share neither by force, nor by others!»

I have no doubt that colleagues stand for the need for a strong state. The reason is historical experience, no longer mine: them. All of them created the empire «in the past life». The method is unprincipled, at least, now. The exception is one again: Jesus. The guy persistently combines his hostility to the earthly kingdom with delight at the address of «My Father's House» due to historical experience also: he experienced the power of the state on my own skin. Hence there is such a negative. And then – I, as an additional factor!

Although... Well, he did not object to the title «King of Judea»! It is unlikely that the rank of the tribal leader was understood. And Jesus also hardly wanted to be the king of the operetta-puppet type! Surely, he dreamed of uniting the North

and the South under one scepter! And this is not speculation. At a minimum, I am not alone in the opinion: the «comrades ancient romans» shared it long before my birth!

So, all but Jesus, stand for the need for a strong state. But not everyone is the same, and «on the same platform». Caesar, for example, does not show enthusiasm. And I see it not only in his eyes: the whole «appearance» actively participates in the «non-manifestation». Although from Caesar I least expected the «soul of a beautiful rush». «When he was there,» Caesar littered with millions, despite the fact, that the legionary did not earn even thousands a year! The support of Crassus – the main «purse» of the empire – is also not necessary discounted. «Hand washes the hand» and so on.

It is urgent to seek allies. It does not matter, what kind of «bottling»: ideological disintegrating or those, who prefer power to gold. Although what to look for them: everything is in sight. The Buddha with Mohammed is the brightest representatives of the «clan of the disintegrated». True, unlike Muhammad, who built the kingdom not only of God, but also on earth, Prince Shakyamuni, before leaving for nirvana, did not show any inclination to engage in public affairs. But, at least, he did not interfere with showing them to others. Let him to give a voice for me here. No offense, be it said, but I didn't introduce him into the Supreme Council so that he would sleep at meetings, not to mention the sabotage of worldly life!

Karl Marx, as a representative of the «clan of non-possessors»

type of interest to me is brighter than the Buddha. He is a fighter, and not for nirvana! But, alas: Marx, although it has a voice, but cannot give it for me legally give: on voting. So, we must bet on other comrades.

In order of priority, I turn to the «coverage of the issue» of representatives of the second category. They are: Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Napoleon. Two of them: Genghis Khan and Tamerlane are with a decisive vote. True, when earthlings were men, though they preferred power to gold, they did not refuse the metal at all: they combined it. Lenin, Stalin and Mao are the brightest of all on the «line of refusal»: that's not Izzy, who did not care, called for the collection of treasures, even heavenly. Here, for whom power was everything: dad, mom, and spiritual food. «Satan ruled there was» – this is not about them! Joseph Vissarionovich, for example, was laid to the eternal rest in the damn tunic. Due to his rubbed elbows Satan could only bite his own elbows!

I glance with a look on Stalin. He grins understandingly.

«Colleague Chairman is absolutely right. You all, of course, have the right to argue that, he says, we are «poisoned by the poison of socialism». Both are from there: I am by upbringing, he is by birth. That's maybe, so. But, believe, colleagues, «poisoned. Here, one comrade once said: «To us the smoke of the Fatherland is sweet and pleasant». Let me rephrase the author – not rhyme, but from a pure heart: «To us «the poison of socialism» is sweet, and pleasant!»

Thanks, colleague Stalin: «the ice has broken», it seems! The soil has already been prepared – and the word is given... to me again.

«Do not be alarmed, citizens! Colleague Stalin had no intentions neither mislead you nor impose your views by force. Yes, and speech is not about the Soviet model of socialism.»

I see how Stalin actively «misunderstands» me with his eyes, but I am already «in the saddle»:

«We are talking now about socialism as a system, the best way ensuring the dominant role of the state and its social function.»

Beautifully identified! Even, Joseph Vissarionovich seems pleased. While the people are thinking, I'm going further, including in his doubts.

«As Chairman Mao once said...»

I make reverence towards the fragrant Mao.

«... „Let a hundred flowers bloom“. We are not against private property... in the form of personal property.»

I contradict the basics, but it's for the benefit only! I hope that the comrades «did not finish the academies»: I do not need «creative discussions»!

«That is, I want to say, that we do not mind wealth, provided by personal work.»

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