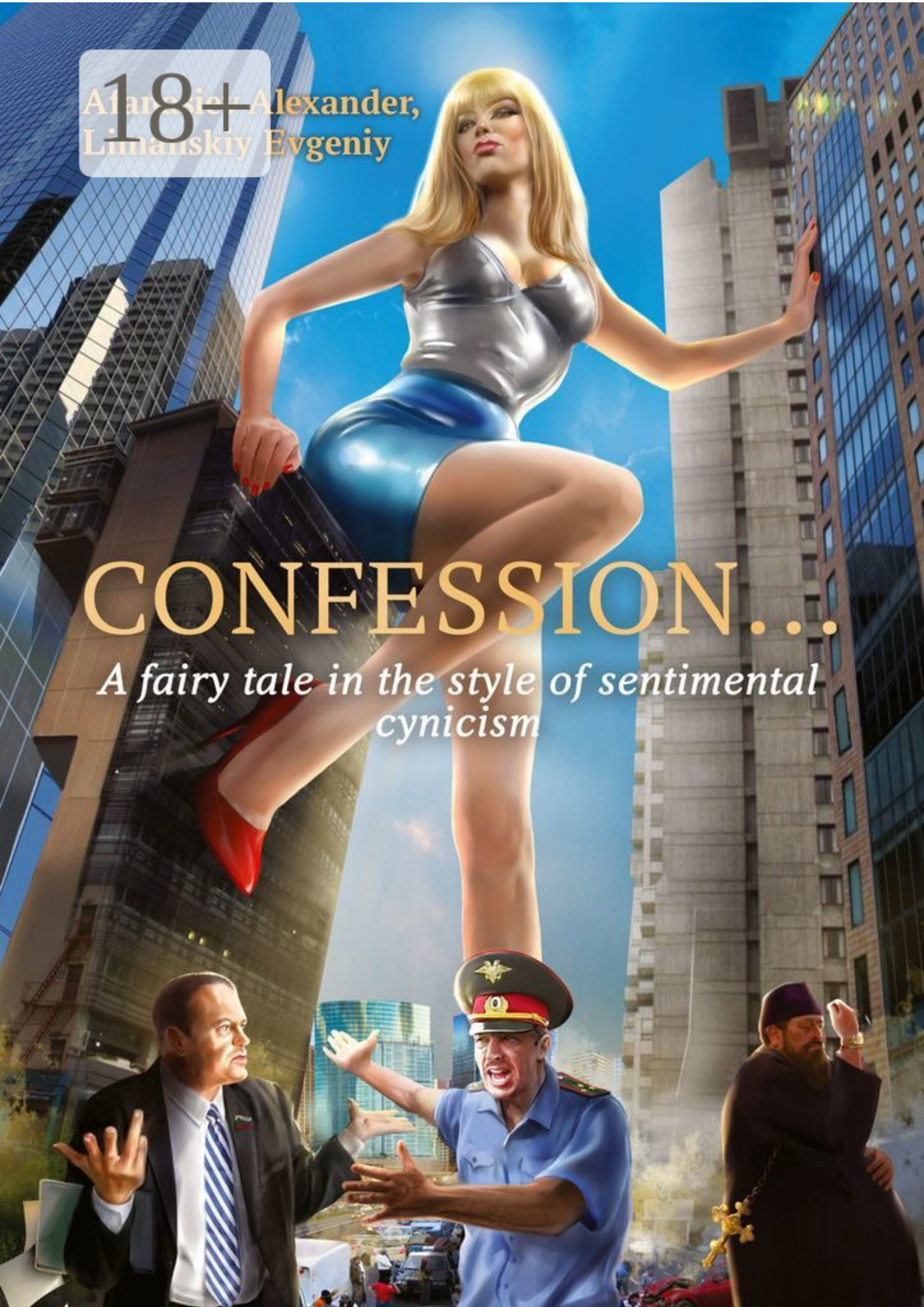


18+ Alexander,
Limanskiy Evgeniy

CONFESSION...

*A fairy tale in the style of sentimental
cynicism*



Evgeniy Limanskiy

**Confession... A fairy tale in the
style of sentimental cynicism**

«Издательские решения»

Limanskiy E.

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When I voice my new global idea, I always doubt that I am saying banal things that are known to everyone. Well, really, the topic of corrupt bureaucracy and prostitution is probably the most well-worn and hackneyed topic in any talk show and any stand-up. That is, everyone knows this, but keeps silence and try to adapt to the surrounding reality by virtue of their abilities, and they only voice it as banal and trite jokes. But I will still try to invent the wheel and open my own Terra Incognita.

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Confession...

A fairy tale in the style of sentimental cynicism

Evgeniy Limanskiy
Alexander Afanasiev

...No, no, not quite because, – Porphyry replied, – The thing is that in their article all people are somehow divided into “ordinary” and “unusual”.

...that there are some such persons in the world who can... that is, not that they can, and have every right to commit all sorts of atrocities and crimes, and that for them as if the law is not written...

F. M. Dostoevsky, “Crime and Punishment”

One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest

Ken Kesey, Miloš Forman, Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher.

Country, in which traffic officer can earn with the help of bribes on the road 100 times more than by his main job, and an elementary school teacher, by her main job, earns 10 times less than working part-time as a prostitute....

Unfinished folksy wisdom.

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Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have a prepared ending to this epigraph, but I suggest you finish this sentence yourself. It may be easier for you to do so if you read this text.

CONFESSION...

A fairy tale in the style of sentimental cynicism.

Preface from Alex

What I want to tell you happened ten years ago and today, probably, does not matter for those who participated in these happenings especially since I will try to minimize the recognizability of the main characters. Over the prescription of the years, perhaps they even will not remember these events because of insignificance in their lives. But this story is interesting in that it tells, in my opinion, about a certain phenomenon worthy of being fixed in some way. These events are sometimes painted in dramatic and even tragic tones, but have a happy ending, at least for the heroine of my narrative. This story, in my opinion, also may be of interest for creating a cross-section of the modern Russian society, in a certain aspect, of course. Due to the breadth of interests and the opportunity to be present in various social strata, the main heroine created a certain club that unites people who, under ordinary life circumstances, should never meet.

As Irada Zeynalova usually said:

– We are interested not only what happened, but how and why it happened.

To some extent, this story can be called the story of “Cinderella” and “Dowerless Bride” in one face in Russia in the first quarter of the twenty-first century with all its problems, horrors and specifics. The heroine found her prince. And the prince was lucky even more. In addition to elite dogs and a chic house on Rublyovka, he, being a widower and already overripe, acquired for himself also a young elite wife with a beautiful exterior.

Yes, the lucky guy with this marriage outdo to many, even began to claim the championship with Jupiter himself. By chance, I was lucky to meet fifteen years ago and spend a few hours in the company of the future Europe at the sports ground in Luzhniki stadium. I, just like everyone else, was fascinated by her beauty, simplicity and charm, and this event was forever imprinted in my memory. But, having collected all my objectivity into a fist, because I consider myself as an objective person, regardless of the circumstances, I want to say, nevertheless, that “ours”, although she was not an Olympic champion, but has so many talents that she can compete on any Level. By this rather familiar “ours” I want to indicate my direct involvement in the club created by the main heroine of my narrative.

And in this connection, I have another rhetorical question, if it is allowed to the Bull, what is allowed to Jupiter. That is, I want to understand whether the Bull is the final point in the history of Eva, or whether he is also one of the stages in the fate of my heroine, just like me and hundreds of other men. By the way, here is a nickname for one of my heroes is found, the “Bull”. He will appear near the end of this story. Our Bull, of course, is a millionaire, but also only. In general, I think, after all, not Jupiter.

The question arises, why do I need all this, and frankly speaking really what for?

The fact is that by the will of fate I have witnessed and participated in events that unambiguously went beyond the ordinary life of an ordinary person. I actually think that the case that we are considering is indeed phenomenal and, I would even say, a textbook one from the point of view of purposeful promotion of an individual up the social ladder. That is why it is worthy to subject it to a more thorough analysis to study the technology of achieving success. After that, it can be fully used as a guide to action for girls who have decided to conquer the world. God save, I do not call anyone to follow the example of my heroine, but these notes can really serve as a training tool for all who aim at forward movement up. I myself really want to fully understand the secret and technology of success in this particular case.

In addition to the technology of success, there is one more question, to which, I think, there is no answer at all. How can a person, daily floundering deep in shit for several years, kept the purity and morality of the soul and have no one more or less noticeable bat in the belfry? On the contrary, she managed to preserve all the best human qualities: mercy, honesty, disinterestedness, generally the ability to feel, at last. She as Botticelli’s Venus rises daily, but not from sea foam, but from the most that neither is dirt and manages to remain pure and immaculate at the same time. This is directly some

mysticism and Dostoevskina (Dostoevsky scale) turn out, right as a la Sonyechka Marmeladov of the 21st century. The only reasonable explanation that I find is the presence of such inner strength of mind, which, it seems to me; this fragile girl has enough for ten strong men.

There are also two additional, but no less, in my opinion, significant reasons. The first reason, quite mercantile, is that, the person in question is really worthy to be imprinted in history. I, as a person close to her, want to be her first biographer, regardless of whether these notes will be known in the near future or some archivist will discover them in many years. In that they remain in history, as also heroine of these notes, I have no doubt. Manuscripts, as you know, do not burn. In addition, directly on the basis of the first condition, I want my notes to have the right to life and primacy, because they are the most truthful narrative of the short but intense biography of my heroine. Here nothing particularly supernatural as if is happening. She simply lives, does acts, sometimes wrong, but at the same time she persistently and steadily moves towards her goal. That is why a later and deeper analysis of this miracle and phenomenon will be needed. The great is seen more clearly from a distance. And this is the second reason. Everything that no doubt will be written about her later will be already sleek, combed and wrapped in a beautiful package. But I just reproduce what I have witnessed or received first-hand.

And another note, I think, at times this text will be very similar to pornography, just cannot do without this. Therefore, in order to minimize the similarity, I think I will sometimes replace specific words with more neutral and not related to the sphere of intimate relations. For example, instead of the word penis you can use the word doll, remember as in the last movie about Bridget Jones, and instead of the word orgasm the similar word explosion. And to further avoid the resemblance, I will, perhaps, sometimes replace the odious word sex when it is too much. With this word it is quite the easiest. Our heroine usually used to define the word "sex", a synonym invented by her, very accurately characterizing what she herself could create in this area of human relations. The word is "magic." So we'll just follow the original source.

Perhaps, one more half-joking remark, since I am engaged in sociological research at my own expense, then I can pretend to an objective evaluation of my work (possibly posthumously) from the point of view of sociology as a science. Therefore, in addition to the main title of this text, I add one else and more detailed:

Amateur prostitution as a typical social phenomenon in Russia in the first quarter of the 21st century and as a means of reaching the highest level of the pyramid of human needs that is self-realization (a special case).

Thesis for a candidate's degree in sociology.

Scientific specialty 22.00.08

Well, something like this.

So, we proceed and start, perhaps, with purely theoretical reasoning, as far as vertical displacements in the social environment are possible, and, if possible, to whom they are available.

Long ago, in the early seventies of the last century, when I was still in high school, I was fond of books on politics, preparing myself for international economic activity. I, like many, adored the books of international columnist Valentine Zorin. His books were like a window into an alien world, into which we, simple Soviet people, could watch the life there behind the iron curtain. Of course, the information presented in these books was hundreds of times checked and re-checked for political correctness, but against the backdrop of socialist realism and slogans like "Five Year Plan in Four Years!" his books were a revelation. In one of his books, it seems "Misters billions" I found classification of American society. Of course, it was not his classification, but rather, it was borrowed from some American publicist, or forgive me my ignorance, maybe it is a classic and everyone knows it. Anyway, at that moment, for a Soviet schoolboy who knew firmly that there were only two classes that have the right to life, workers and peasants, well and a small layer of the intelligentsia was permissible, that the other classes and gradations of society existed, was a complete revelation. According to Zorin, there were three classes in the US: the Low, the Middle and the

Top. Each of the classes in turn is divided into subclasses with the similar names, I e, for example, there are Low-Low, Low-Middle and Low-Top subclass and the same, in Middle and Top classes. If with the Low and the Middle classes everything seems to be clear, at least, I with my high school education immediately determined that my family is likely to belong to the Middle-Middle subclass. Accordingly, as it seemed to me then, there was no Top class in the Soviet Union at all, although a bit later, when I was still living in the USSR, I realized that there was a Top class in our country also. Otherwise, where, then, we should refer the entire political, economic and artistic (creative) elite of society on the one hand and the Underground guilds and Thieves in Law on the other hand. They formed our very diverse Top class.

When I was in the first year of university, my classmate Kiev Jew Yasha Brotsman invited my friend Andrey Panin after a winter session to stay with him in Kiev. The thing was that Andrey's mother, a teacher of mathematics at our University at the time helped Yasha to enter the University. And then she supervised him almost the entire period of study, because to protect Yasha constantly it was much necessary. The fact is that Yasha, despite his Jewish origin, was slacker and was constantly on the verge of expulsion from University.

Well, and Andrey of the friendliest motives decided to take me with him. Yasha, after a short hesitation and, apparently, negotiations with his parents, agreed. So, we flew to the glorious city of Kiev for the winter holidays. Yes, I will tell you, dear sirs, I did not have such a grandiose vacation neither before nor after. The fact is that in Kiev, just on the eve for a reason; that I still have not understood, Kegelbahn or as we call it now Bowling on 4 tracks was opened. Now it is difficult for anyone to surprise with this, for example, I go to bowling, very rarely, if my friends drag me in. But then, in the mid-seventies of last century, it was the highest delight and indescribable pleasure. By the way, this very Bowling alley was not officially opened yet, and the only we played this bowling. Yasha invited his local friend Marek and we together with Andrei spent whole days, as we joked between us, were fighting against the Jews in this very bowling alley. The theme was topical, because at that time with variable success there was a permanent Arab-Israeli war, and we certainly were for the Arabs. Once, when the game was in full swing, the members of the Supreme Council of Ukraine were brought for viewing Bowling alley, and we, with the air of connoisseurs, explained to them the basics of this bourgeois game. A responsible Jew from bowling explained to the deputies that we were experienced experts on the game of bowling from Moscow, and we behaved accordingly, especially since in four days of continuous play we actually became such.

In addition to bowling, we watched the play in Russian Drama Theater with the incomparable Ada Rogovtsev, naturally in the first row, visited the concert of Sofia Rotaru, again on the first row. All the rest time we studied the Kiev restaurants. On rare evenings at Yasha's family home, we got drunk Muscat champagne Abrau-Durso.

– Yashenka, run down to the shop, bring the champagne, our beloved one, – usually said Yasha's papa Abram Samuilovich before dinner. And Yashka, one foot here, the other there, in three minutes was coming back with 3—4 bottles. Well it was short way to go down to the shop from the second floor to the first in their two-story house.

Before that I did not even know the name of Muscat champagne and I tried it for the first time then and I adore it until now, however, now, mainly in Italian performance. And the secret of providing of this entire VIP rest was that Abram Samuilovich had a private wine shop in the Podol area. That is, just only imagine, in the middle of the seventies, in the midst of socialism, a private wine shop. First, how? Secondly, can you imagine else what a gold mine it was?!

Then Yasha and I crossed closely once more at military training after the fourth year of the university. I, as person with artistic abilities, was sent to the headquarters to draw visual agitation, and Yashka simply bought for himself a place for a clerk at the headquarters. Our comrades trained to dig trenches and shoot from the tank, and we in the breaks from exhausting labor of “rear rats” reminisced with a bottle of port wine that wonderful vacation at the first-year study.

A few years later, in the early eighties, their entire family successfully immigrated to the United States of America, and, as I heard, they even very much there thrive. Apparently, Yasha's father was able to take out those considerable assets that they had. Let me remind you that the dollar in those days cost sixty kopecks at the official rate and three rubles at an unofficial rate, that is, they had a lot of these dollars. How he managed to do it, a mystery covered in gloom, but on this account in those years among the people the fable was prevalent that it was relatively simple to do. Let us say you have a million dollars. You invite to your home or other place where you keep these dollars two representatives of the American Embassy and with the registration of the relevant act, you simply burn these very dollars. Then, if you have a visa for permanent residence safely depart to sunny America. And there the Ministry of Finance or the Federal Reserve Bank, or who is authorized there, give you another million new crunchy dollars on the basis of the act of burning.

Actually, with all this, I just wanted to say that, even on my unenlightened opinion of the Soviet schoolboy and then of the student of the 70th of last century, the Top class in the USSR, after all, was.

I remember that I was struck by the gradation in the Top class. The Top-Low subclass includes all millionaires. You earned a million dollars and you are already in the elite of society. Further rudely Top-Middle subclass, I do not exactly remember, but let us say it started from 100 million dollars of personal capital, well, and to one billion. However, the most interesting thing is that becoming a billionaire does not mean getting into the Top-Top subclass. The Top-Top subclass according to Zorin includes the families of the Rockefellers and Kennedy, but the upstart Howard Hughes is a representative only of the Top-Middle class, despite all his billions. That is, the Top-Top class includes the families with centuries-old traditions of billionaires, at this level there is already a complete fusion of capital and power. The Kennedy clan is, in this sense, a textbook example.

Zorin also argued that if movement within the class is still possible, then moving between classes, and even more moving up, is more an exception, and quite rare and deserves a separate study in each case. Zorin gives an example of the talented student Henry Kissinger, whom the Rockefeller's collector remarked and provided him with a successful start, appointing him a Rockefeller scholarship, made a dizzying political career and ended up in the political elite of American society and the world.

To modern Russia, in my opinion, this classification according to Zorin can be attributed in full, well, maybe with some reservations, for example, regarding the Top class. Of course, the Top class is now in the process of formation and the merging of the power and capital is only still taking place, and there is no possibility to speak about any traditions in this area. In my opinion, taking into account the depreciation of the dollar from the time of my youth to the Top-Low subclass, it is possible to include all those who have personal capital from 5 to 100 million dollars (of course, we are talking about the ruble equivalent). Accordingly, to the Top-Middle subclass we include all those who own from 100 million Up to 1 billion.

It is not very clear what to do with the Top-Top subclass. On the one hand, there is still no such subclass in the classical sense, because there are no traditions, but on the other, what to do with those who have a billion or more dollars. My suggestion is to simplify and to include all these people to the Top-Top subclass. As a commentary to the existing status quo, it can also be added that, in my persistent conviction, at least 80 percent of the origin of the present Top class is directly related to crime or violation of the law to a greater or lesser extent. The remaining 20% owe their origin to talent, diligence and banal luck.

When I reread the previous paragraph, after a while, I realized that it was a rather amateurish way of looking at things, and everything is actually very clear with the Top-Top subclass in Russia, and is as follows. It was in the US it took several centuries for a Top-Top subclass born and has formed, but in Russia this subclass was formed in about 10—15 years starting from 1987—88 years. Because it was formed very simply. The most energetic and active representatives of the highest bureaucracy simply divided the wealth of the country among themselves, and by the end of the specified period

the freshly baked Top-Top subclass simply just was born. It is clear that bureaucrats shared the country's wealth by the billions, and so these senior bureaucrats have become after all our new Top-Top subclass. Of course, in the process of sharing of billions someone was trampled. But those who survived the sharing just got a billion or more dollars and took the highest point in the socio-economic structure of the society. Next a smaller division of wealth was. Regional bureaucrats held a similar local dividing of that is not useful Moscow officials, and respectively formed a Top-Middle subclass. But the previous paragraph should remain as an example of inexperienced and superficial look at the issue.

As a general measure of the gradation of classes and subclasses, of course, money or income level is. With the first two classes, everything is clear. The income of Low class is accordingly for subclasses approximately 0—10, 10—30 and 30—50 thousand rubles of per person per month. The Middle class is respectively 50—100, 100—500 and 500—1500 thousand rubles. With the Top class it is a little more difficult, because I don't fully know the information about this class, but nevertheless it is, for example, 1500—5000, 5000—25 000 and more than 25 000 thousand rubles a month.

Just as in the US, vertical upward movement is a rather limited phenomenon. The majority of the population happily spend their lives at the level at which they were given the happiness to be born. Of course, each of us dreams of a better life, but natural laziness and the resistance of the environment jammed these dreams in the bud. Sooner or later in 90% of cases individual calms down and safely exists at the level at which the force of counteraction of the external environment becomes stronger than the inner aspiration to a better life.

In addition to the upward movement, there is also a downward movement, and classic examples are alcoholism or drugs that deprive a person of human image and are a powerful press that moves a person to the lowest layers of society. In addition, of course, all cases associated with crime; as a result, a person either loses all his movable and immovable, or simply loses the status of a free man and, at least, deprives himself of the opportunity to move up. But this is enough about the downward movement, because, the most interesting is it moving up, and each case of such movement is a unique phenomenon and it is the more unique, the more layers of society the individual managed to overcome as a result.

If we consider different ways and possibilities of moving between classes, I personally I am most interested in talent, as the basis for vertical displacement. Undoubtedly, each case of such displacement deserves a separate consideration. By the word talent, I mean any human abilities developed much more than of ordinary people, and is the main driver in the development of a particular individual.

I have such an example and would like to consider it in more detail, first of all to understand for myself what the secret of success of an ordinary girl who emerged from the Low-Low, and by the age of 24 reached the Top-Low subclass, I recall, by my classification this is level from 5 million dollars.

Before going directly to the main narrative, I would like to draw some parallels between this narrative and some historical and not very heroes. And the first parallel, as it does not seem ridiculous (strange), I will call the story of the famous naturalist Seton Thompson "The Slum Cat". I read this sincere and touching story in my childhood, and it impressed me so much that I still consider it to be a model of truthful narrative and example of author's real love to his hero. And although this is just a story of a homeless she cat, but first, my story has similar points with the history of this remarkable cat in terms of meteoric rise of her image and status (both the cat and my main heroine), and, most importantly, in her ability to confidently settle in and get comfortable in this new status. And secondly, God grant me to portray the story of my heroine so truthfully and with such love, as the famous naturalist managed to do.

But jokes aside and now I would like very briefly to consider some really historical characters that had fate similar to the short biography of our heroine.

But before this, we will borrow from Wikipedia two definitions that apply to all the characters listed below.

Hetaera (from Greek ἑταῖρα – friend, companion) – in Ancient Greece, a woman leading a free, independent way of life, a public woman, a courtesan. Originally mainly from slaves, later also free women. Famous Hetaeras were, as a rule, well educated.

Courtesans are not just prostitutes; they are such women who are capable of captivating a man not only with beauty, but also with their minds. Courtesans had power when all other women could not even dream about it. The key concept in the definition of the courtesan is that not men already choose her, but she chooses herself.

Aspasia, 5th century BC.

Extraordinarily beautiful, with an ideal figure with the best education at that time, perfectly mastered musical instruments and danced beautifully. She was a famous Hetaera and owned one of the largest houses in Athens, in which it contained an elite brothel for especially respected citizens. There, she got acquainted the famous statesman, commander and founder of democracy Pericles. In collaboration with her, Pericles founded a philosophical school, wrote a number of philosophical and social treatises. Thanks to the active participation of Aspasia in Athens of that time, science, culture and crafts developed vigorously.

Epithets: clever, extraordinarily beautiful, the standard of sexuality, educated, determined, charming.

Thais Athens, 4th century BC.

She was a temple prostitute, dedicated to the goddess Athena, revolved among the elite of ancient Greek society and once made close acquaintance with Alexander the Great and his friend and adviser Ptolemy. She managed to charm both of them and, as a result of close relations, secured the favor and support of the first and became the wife and faithful companion of the second, future ruler of Egypt. Being the wife and co-ruler, she made a huge contribution to the development of statehood and culture of ancient Egypt.

Epithets, which the history titled her: outstanding beauty, sexual talent, charm and sharp mind, vengeful, daring, impregnable. By the way, she was in sexual relations with Alexander the Great not for gold and wealth, on the contrary, she prophesied to Alexander that the possession her would bring him conquest of the whole world and eternal glory in the ages.

Frina, 4th century BC.

This Greek Hetaera was famous for her beauty. In addition to prostitution, she earned as a model. From her ancient creators sculpted and drew the very Aphrodite. For this she nearly paid her life. She was accused of blasphemy for the creation of the statue of Aphrodite herself in her image and likeness. But, in the controversy of the dispute, Frina's lawyer pulled off her clothes, and this was the best proof of her innocence.

Epithets: extraordinary beauty, perfect body, femininity, charm, shyness, sincerity.

Cleopatra VII Philopator, 1st century BC.

The last queen of Hellenistic Egypt from the Macedonian Ptolemaic dynasty (Lagids) is the direct descendant of Thais Athens. As it was customary to say in the days of my youth “working dynasty”, for the sake of accuracy we only add the word “sexual”.

The amazing, refined beauty of this woman was combined with the rare convincing speeches, with a huge charm that was showed in every word, in every movement. The very sounds of her voice caressed and delighted the hearing, and the tongue was exactly a multi-stringed instrument, easily tuned to any harmony. Well educated, she spoke practically in all languages of the Roman Empire. In contrast to other famous courtesans, Cleopatra did not need to achieve the power. She inherited it. But to retain this very power was the task is no less difficult than to get it. A fortunate opportunity

first arose before her first in the form of Caesar, and then Marc Anthony and Cleopatra did not miss both these cases, and used them wisely for her own good and for the prosperity of Egypt.

Cleopatra had a rampant temperament. According to various historical sources, she is attributed from several thousand to several tens of thousands of lovers. It is also known that the queen's lovers paid their lives for the night with her.

Epithets: a fatal beauty, a sexual diva, a scandalous mistress, resolute, intelligent, superbly educated.

Roksolana, 1502—1558 years, the Ottoman Empire.

The legendary Roksolana is one of the most famous and at the same time the most mysterious women in the Ukrainian history of the late middle Ages. Her path from an unfortunate captive to one of the most influential rulers in the world amazes not only with her drama, but also with dizzying vicissitudes worthy of an adventurous novel. Roksolana was the first and only woman in the history of the Ottoman Empire, who received an official title. Ukrainian girl managed to become the Sultana of Haseki, which meant that she was the co-ruler of the Brilliant Port, and Sultan Suleiman shared his power with her. European ambassadors were speechless when Roksolana with an open face was sitting on the throne next to her husband. She did not at all resemble a submissive eastern woman, reminding, rather, the ancient Egyptian Cleopatra. Numerous transformations in the Turkish capital were connected with the name of Roksolana. She tried, as far as possible, to engage in enlightenment, devoted much time to charity. During the time that Roksolana was in power in the Ottoman Empire, she did her best to prevent the predatory raids of the Crimean Tatars in her homeland – Ukraine.

Epithets: the legendary beauty, resolute, intelligent, perfectly educated, owned several languages. This is what her husband Sultan Suleiman wrote to her: “My dear goddess, my amazing beauty, you are the Lady of my heart, my brightest moon, companion of my deepest desires, my only, you are dearest to me than all the beauties of the world!”

Nell Gwyn, 1650 – 1687, Great Britain.

A native of the London suburbs devoted her life to theater and prostitution, which eventually earned her money, fame, recognition, and her son from King Charles II of England – the title of duke. Young Nell Gwyn appeared in the theater, trading oranges, and, being red-haired, noisy and sharp on the tongue, was quickly remembered by the public as a “girl with oranges.” Gwyn was uneducated, but getting a chance for small roles, she showed incredible discipline and zeal, having achieved as a result to the main roles. There, on the stage, King of England noticed her and made Nelly Gwyn one of his mistresses.

Mata Hari, 1876—1917, France.

This courtesan earned her living by performing exotic dances. At the time the whole Paris admired of her. Lovers of the actress were many high-ranking officials of France and Germany. According to the legend during the First World War, Mata Hari was a spy, cooperating with both the warring parties. It is not known whether she was able to extract from her patrons really valuable information. Nevertheless, in 1917 the French shot Mata Hari for her espionage in favor of Germany. She herself became a legend, embodying the images of a femme fatale and a fearless intelligence agent.

Each of the outstanding women described here has her own characteristics and its own destiny, each of them was talented in her own way, but they all have one thing in common, they have achieved success on the basis of sex. And they were successful, having managed to charm one or even several great men. The definition “Sexual talent” was used only for one of them Thais Athens, but undoubtedly, all of them possessed this talent. It is clear, however, that in order to leave its mark in history, one sexual talent is not enough. Therefore, each of these women was known for other achievements in culture, art, government and was worthy to leave its mark in the centuries.

Of course, the millionaire from the Rublevsky highway is not Alexander the Great and not the King of England, and even more so, as noted earlier, not Jupiter. But, given that we know about

him from the Internet, namely, that he is a very active person, an intelligent and great organizer and manipulator, and in addition, also a Casanova of Rublevsky scale, the conquest of such a springboard for further development is comparable to some biographical moments presented here historical characters. For me personally of all these heroines Nell Gwyn is the more engaging. Apparently, simply because between the fate of this English actress and the fate of our heroine, you can draw the closest parallel. However, as a brief announcement of my narration the fates of all these outstanding Ladies are very much even suitable.

I presume that reading this brief historical reference, many with skepticism will dismiss, they say, everything is clear, we are talking about whore who was lucky to jump out successfully to marry or to acquire a rich patron. But I encourage the skeptics and all-knowing not to rush to the hasty conclusions, but to consider not only the final result, but also her rapid but thorny path to this result from the very bottom. Suffice it to say that at the time of the end of this story and just before entering the Top-Low subclass, the girl was already able to secure a sufficiently firmly in the Middle-Middle class, that is, moved from one class to another. I can also admit that elements of luck or, better to say, happy occurrences, undoubtedly were present in Eva's life, and this was exactly she, or rather she was given four chances by destiny, and she skillfully and correctly disposed of all four.

As Chinese scholar, Tan Zhen wrote in the 17th century:

“The chance is given to us only once a day, a month, a year, ten years, a hundred years. That is why we need to be prepared not to miss it. Even if this case opens up to us while eating, we must immediately throw our chopsticks and run out from behind the table. It can happen that when we finish the meal, the chance will already elude us...”

The case is a meeting of a person with his destiny, and the moment, in which it is decided whether to be the victory or the defeat...”

* – Tough negotiations. V. Kozlov.

And here is one more wise Chinese proverb:

“Young successful European asked the old Chinese man sitting on the bank of the great river:

– Tell me, old man, what is better in this life, hard or soft?”

The old man chatted in the toothless mouth with his tongue, knocked on the gums and said:

– Look, there were 32 hard teeth. All knocked out or dropped out. But the tongue is dangling and dangling.”

* – The same place.

This I exactly here is to what. Stiffness and hardness are necessary and important, especially when you are 100% sure of success, I e, at a very important and crucial moment. But it is much more often and more useful to be able to be flexible and be able to act according to circumstances.

Here, perhaps, it is worth moving from emotional terms such as case or chance to a more scientific as opportunity.

Of course, the basis of promotion on the ground of sex in the first place is sexy talent, and it is as rare as any other is. Somehow to the subject or not to the subject, but I remembered a small episode from a poignant novel of Boris Vasiliev, “Do not shoot in white swans”. And the episode is like this. When Yegor, the protagonist of the story, was returning from the war, then on a small rail way station when, transplanting from a train to a train, he met a wonderful girl. Yegor in a drunken frenzy spent with her crazy night, and as result, he lost his very simple trophies, which brought from Germany, a razor for himself and something for the family. In comparison with the huge suitcases that some other liberators carried, this set looked scanty and pathetic, but the pretty girl did not disdain even this simple property. But the main idea of this episode, as I recall, was that Yegor still would have given the girl all this property without regret for this only night, and most importantly, the girl remained the brightest spot in his further difficult and righteous life. By that I mean that in the life of every man who has more or less extensive sexual experience, there was or is such a woman for all time. The question is what price a man is willing to pay to achieve this woman and having achieved, to keep.

While this it is not a fact that a woman has a real sexual talent. In my life I met such a woman in the area of the 500th serial number, but I believe and undertake to assert that this number has nothing to do with reality. Women like Eva, and this was exactly her, can be met at least one in ten thousand, that is, approximately in the same ratio truly talented People meet, regardless in what field this talent, or as millionaires even from the Top-Low subclass.

Sexual talent.

I tried to find or formulate myself what sexual talent is. But before giving this definition, I want to first find and define the concept of sexual compatibility. From what I was able to find and then generalize and formulate, it turns out that:

Sexual compatibility is the achievement of the highest sexual pleasure on the basis of the complete coincidence of the physical, sexual, sensual and intellectual abilities of the partners.

Proceeding from this, the definition of sexual talent means the following and consists of two parts:

The ability to deliver the highest sexual pleasure to any partner, regardless of his physical, sexual, sensual and intellectual abilities, and vice versa, the ability to get sexual satisfaction from any partner, regardless of his physical, sexual, sensual and intellectual abilities. That is, returning to the definition of sexual compatibility, you can define sexual talent as universal compatibility with almost any partner.

But to limit this definition to only physiological sensations would be wrong. Therefore, sexual talent is the ability to influence the partner through sexual impression.

And one more thing, paraphrasing an excerpt from the definition of talent in general, we can say that the best way to develop sexual talent is systematic, regular training. It turns talent into a real creative force.

But sex, as they say is sex, but for an outstanding Hetaera, and this word seems to me the most appropriate in this narrative, only sex is not enough, she needs a set of other important human qualities and abilities. Therefore, for the sake of completeness, we should devote a little time to other qualities and abilities of our heroine.

I sort my work have to engage in marketing research of goods and services and to use for this, like many of my colleagues, the universal tools: The Pyramid of Needs and a Matrix of Opportunities and Threats. Working with them, I have thought it was not only marketing concepts but also social and can be applied to sociological research. This is a great tool for the assessment of human personality. The pyramid very well defines a person in terms of the level to which he claims, and the Matrix not less exactly gives a categorical answer, whether he in principle has an opportunity to claim this level.

I will allow myself to recall the essence of these marketing concepts; the first is Pyramid of the human needs of Maslow:



The essence of this pyramid lies in the fact that a person gradually moves upwards from satisfying elementary physiological needs like hunger, thirst, as well as oxygen, sleep and sex to higher concepts such as safety and comfort, and further as the position in society grows, love, respect. The peak of human needs is self-realization or creativity in any of its manifestations. As I said, Maslow's pyramid is not a narrowly used tool for marketing research, but a universal tool for determining the level of each person as an individual. Look carefully at the definition of each level, and you will understand what you are worth in this life. If you have managed to fulfill youthful boundless dreams or you are stuck at the base of the pyramid. The pyramid reflects not only the qualitative composition of human needs, but also reflects its quantitative composition. The bulk of the population due to social and economic conditions is at the base of the pyramid, and due to the inability to overcome these circumstances for various reasons, simply unable to move to a higher step. To each next level only the best representatives of the previous manages to reach. It seems to me that the real ratio of each successive level to the previous one in terms of number refers, as 1 to 10. On this basis, it is not difficult to calculate that one out of ten thousand is entitled to self-realization in any of its manifestations. Have noticed, all the time this number 10 000 emerges. Of course, it only makes sense to talk about self-realization, which is somehow fixed in history.

At the beginning of this chapter, the US Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was mentioned. His merit and world fame, of course, is not that he was able to move from the middle class to the higher one. This is just a side effect of his career. The main thing is that thanks to his diplomatic talent, he could stand at the helm of the foreign policy of a great country and did it much more successfully than all the predecessors and followers. That is, it is a classic example of reaching the peak of human needs.

To the credit of my heroine, it should be noted that her rapid rise along the social ladder was also not an end in itself, but only a means of reaching the apex of the pyramid of human needs, namely self-realization.

15 cents from Eugene.

Perhaps it is worth mentioning that many real artists and creators violated the classical and consistent scheme of achieving the steps in the Maslow pyramid and from the stage of satisfaction

of the most basic needs, or, even bypassing this stage, immediately reached the stage of self-realization. Moreover, it is the masterpieces created in this way, if you follow the logic of Schopenhauer in his "Aphorisms of worldly wisdom" are the most that neither is brilliant, because are most often can truly be appreciated by descendants after the death of the author. It is these creations and their authors that gradually displace from the Pantheon of world Glory those authors and those creations that received recognition during their lifetime. But we are still going to consider the classic scheme to overcome all stages of meeting the needs. Moreover, areas that will be addressed in this narrative, such as the vocal art, rather refers to the spiritual realm, or such as the art of sex, which is not clear at all where to carry, but in any case, to the intangible sphere. Therefore, these talents can most deeply have been appreciated only by contemporaries and in history can be preserved only already, as myths and legends. More precisely with the advent of recording equipment, the vocal art has already got the opportunity to be saved in history. Only the art of sex still can be evaluated and saved in history only due to subjective opinions of sexual partners. And here there are two options for evaluation. Or it is the opinion of an indisputable and recognized authority in the field of sex, such as, for example, Genghis Khan, Don Juan, Casanova, Lord Byron or Jack Nicholson. Or it can be a coincidence of estimates of a set of ordinary men who had the opportunity to have sex with the assessed female sexual talent.

But we have digressed.

It seems to me that here it would be appropriate to recall the ingenious formula of Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky. It turns out that briefly the movement from lower needs to higher ones is described as follows:

"What I am, trembling creature, or have the right."

If on the scale of needs "Trembling Creature" is taken as zero, and "Have the Right" as a maximum with the right and the possibility of self-realization, then the steps of the Maslow Pyramid are the gradation on this scale. Each person chooses which stage of the pyramid to stop at, where he is most comfortable. Comfort means, in this case, the minimum amount of effort and ability required to reach a certain level.

If we combine Feodor Mikhailovich's formula, the Scale of needs and the Matrix of Maslow, then a universal test is obtained, according to which each person can determine what he is like at the moment, as well as what he was some time ago, and most importantly, what will happen to him through Some time. With this test it is necessary to acquaint children at the earliest age and so that knowledge is settled in their mind like the multiplication table. At the end of secondary school, that is, on the verge of adult life, a person must firmly understand to what level he seeks. Moreover, here it is not scary be wrong in a bigger side, big ambitions did not harm anyone at the beginning.

Of course, using Fyodor Mikhailovich's formula, I am a little cunning, because They (obsolete respectful "he") originally had something completely different in mind. But we in our case reject the cruel criminal component of the true meaning of the formula and the notion of "Have the Right" and keep, with reference to this situation, only its positive part, namely, the right to self-realization, that is, the right to creativity.

On the other hand, there will be plenty of opportunities to touch precisely the criminal component in this narrative. Perhaps, not with reference to the main heroine, but to those who surround her. Therefore, if a chance appears we will talk about this side too.

From the Maslow pyramid, we smoothly pass to the second marketing concept "Matrix of Opportunities and Threats".

<i>Opportunities</i>	<i>Threats</i>
<i>Strengths</i>	<i>Weaknesses</i>

If the pyramid for each person is a grid of coordinates with the point indicated on it, to which the person seeks, then the matrix is just that with the help of what he can understand whether the specified point is available for him or not. Try to fill this matrix honestly for yourself, and I assure you, it will immediately become clear to you exactly on what level of the Pyramid you can claim. Of course, no one does this, but it is a pity. Or, for example, imagine an employee of some Supreme Personnel Department, to which a person comes to take his place in life, implying that he pretends for example, for the third level of meeting the needs in the Maslow pyramid. Herewith the applicant fills in the questionnaire as honestly as possible, from which the employee of the Supreme Personnel Department makes up for him this very Matrix. Then he compares the Matrix with the Pyramid and categorically declares:

– Uh, my friend, so high you aim at, to the third level, but with your Matrix, you do not even reach until the second.

Returning to our heroine, I want to say that she was born with the knowledge of these concepts, or as they say, absorbed them with the mother's milk, because all her actions are due to the knowledge of the Matrix and the Pyramid at the level of instinct.

In order to analyze in detail the way to the success of our ward, I made for her a Matrix of Opportunities and Threats. In the most general form, her Matrix looks like this (p. 22).

As her biography studying, we will try to reveal all her Strength sides in order to understand that she really deserves at least the Top-Low subclass and the top of the Maslow Pyramid in the form of Self-Realization. In the Weak sides column, I first wanted to write “not found,” but then I searched again in and found one. The only weak side that I found is her inability or unwillingness to admit her mistakes and misconceptions. However, from the point of view of achieving the final result, I am not even sure that this is a weak side.

There is another issue about low self-esteem. But this question is really still not clear to me now, and we will try to deal with it closer to the end of the story.

In general, if we summarize all the strengths of our heroine, we can conclude that this is simply a phenomenal combination of rationality and naturalness of execution. She simply acts according to the program, but it creates a complete illusion that at the moment all this is done for you and only for you.

Opportunities: Teacher of music Pimp Parliament member (Deputy) Millionaire	Threats: Venereal and other diseases Meeting with scams and cattle Mom and friends can learn everything
Strong sides: Sexual talent Outer beauty Soulful beauty Artistic, musical and vocal talents Strength of mind Sociability Flexibility Inquisitiveness Activeness Colossal energy and efficiency The worldly mind	Weak sides: Inability to recognize own mistakes and misconceptions. <i>Maybe another one, but it needs to be dealt with, and resolved towards the end of the narrative.</i> <i>Low self-esteem.</i>

Chronologically, as well as of the main essence of what is happening, I would single out four main stages in the short biography of Eva:

Childhood and adolescence.

Infantry.

Hetaera

Harvesting.

While just in case.

Another entertaining fact about Eva, I accidentally knew out when I found out the date of her birthday. In my youth I read the research of Academician Yevgeny Viktorovich Tarle about Bonaparte Napoleon. Among other things, I remember the dates of the birth and death of the Great Emperor 15.08.1769—05.05.1821. Eva was also born on August 15. The devil knows, maybe the stars of her and Emperor stand in the same sequence and in the same sequence affect their fate.

If you combine all the individual facts of the biography of Eva, you can call it even tragic. Men who came across her on life's path were characterized by a pathological violation of the psyche and morality. The strangest thing is that after going through all this, she was able to maintain moral purity and composure.

Another talent of Eva is the amazing ability to make your life comfortable, even if it's not life, but only moments. She without any effort and even sincerely does so that it makes you feel good, only because she is just nearby. Everything for you, any your desire instantly becomes important to her. You are the main, you are beloved, and you are the only one. For all this, you need only one small condition; you should be interesting to her.

Each representative of amateur flirting uses it to achieve one specific goal, corresponding to the certain needs level of the Maslow pyramid. Eva used flirting consistently to achieve each level of needs

right up to the highest-level Self-realization. In addition, flirting from the point of view of Eva is a tool for studying and subsequently applying for her own purposes male psychology, ethics and morality.

Our narration also touches upon such an immense question of permissiveness. What and who is allowed in this life. This question is possible for consideration within the framework of this text. However, at the preface I do not have any thoughts yet, how it can be used. Now I just add a lengthy quote from “Crime and Punishment” which Dostoevsky put in the mouth of Porphyry Petrovich and Rodion Raskolnikov himself, and then we will see what we can do with this:

– Yes, and you insist, that an act of enforcement crimes is accompanied by always disease. Very, very original, but... I, actually, not this part of your article interested, and some thought, missed at the end of the article, but which you, unfortunately, spend only a hint, unclearly... In a word, if you remember, there is some hint that there are some such persons in the world who can... that is, not that they can, and have every right to commit all sorts of atrocities and crimes, and that for them as if the law is not written...

– No, no, not quite because, – Porphyry replied, – The thing is that in their (respectful “his”) article all people are somehow divided into “ordinary” and “unusual”. Ordinary people should live in obedience and have no right to cross the law, because they are, you see, ordinary. And unusual have the right to do any crimes and in every possible way to transgress the law, actually because they unusual. So, you mean, if I am not mistaken?

...As for my division of people into ordinary and unusual, I agree that it is somewhat arbitrary, but I do not insist on exact figures. I only believe my main idea. It consists precisely in the fact that people, according to the law of nature, are divided into two categories: the lowest (ordinary), that is, so to speak, on the material that serves only for the birth of their own kind, and actually on people, that is, having the gift or talent to say a new word in their environment. Differences there are of course endless, but the characteristics of both discharges rather abrupt: the first category, that is, the material, generally speaking, people are by nature conservative, staid, live in obedience and like being obedient. I think they ought to be obedient, because that is their appointment, and there is absolutely nothing humiliating for them in it. The second category all transgress the law, are destroyers or inclined to, according to their abilities. The crimes of these people are, of course, relative and many-sided; for the most part, they demand, in a wide variety of statements, the destruction of the present for the better. But if he needs, for his idea, to step at least over a corpse, through blood, then he inside himself, in conscience, can, in my opinion, give himself permission to step over blood, – looking, however, in theory and in size of it, – notice it. In this sense only I also speak in my article about their right to a crime.

Product placement 1. Hennessy. Symbol of wealth, prosperity and success

Stop; let us have a brake for a moment, because I have a desire to develop the subject of Hennessy. I would divide this topic into three. First, maybe not as often as I would like, but I like and drink this cognac, from time to time VS, and less VSOP. And from this point of view my conscience will be clean when we would come to the third question. The choice of last partner in my life have been well thought out and the only correct, and is not a subject to appeal. However, hand on heart, I do not think of myself as so great connoisseur of cognac, to distinguish with closing eyes Hennessy from Camus or Courvoisier. Moreover, I was not lazy and looked in Internet on cognac ratings in all over the World, and it turns out that Hennessy is not always located in the first place. However, here then comes the second question. Despite all the possible ratings in favor of other brands in the World Hennessy was and remains in Russia at the beginning of the twenty-first century the number one drink. I even think that in Russian mentality, Hennessy is not only the main and the best drink, but it is already a symbol. It has become the symbol of wealth, prosperity and success, same undeniable as crimson jackets were at the dawn of second coming capitalism, and then, when capitalism in Russia has strengthened slightly, already Mercedes 600 became. Moreover, as a symbol of something highest in terms of versatility and democracy Hennessy is much more convenient and affordable than the Mercedes 600. Unlike Mercedes, which could be used by only very elected persons, Hennessy, having all the features of high-end product, however is available to millions. Well, really, almost any person at least once in life can afford to try Hennessy VS and even Hennessy VSOP. You just only need to accumulate 2200 or 3600 rubles accordingly, and you can feel yourself as a representative of high society. And it does not matter that really elite drink is Hennessy X.O and above. For most people, the word and the notion of Hennessy itself is already a pass to the elite world.

I have imagined such a surreal picture, when a group of homeless people, basking by the fire at the backyard behind garages and drinking a bottle of elite beverage and conduct secular dainty conversation. And this picture is not so surreal, at least if you compare it with the opportunity to see the same tramp while driving Mercedes 600. So I think that my subjective choice in favor of Hennessy cognac, in my suicidal plan coincided to one of the main alcohol trends in modern Russia. The key words here are “my own” and “subjective”. Because we come to the third question, and so I stop theorizing and I suggest you, Eugene, as my former and possibly future business partner, to organize a joint business related to publication of our book.

After writing this, I realized that I do not exist in your life any more. However, I suggest you a partnership. Aren't you afraid to do business with the dead? Pardon, I am just joking.

Proposal is the following. I am not in vain several times insisted in previous text on my “own choice” and “subjectivity”. The fact is that I voluntarily and naturally (and not by prior arrangement) created in my text effect of “Product placement”. If someone does not know, Product placement is a hidden form of advertising when a particular product appears in movie or in book, and in the course of the narrative this product is given some attention. The ultimate goal of the insertion description the definite product in the narrative is to draw the attention of the viewer or reader on this very product. Therefore, I have created my own quite concrete Product placement, and, I think, it is rather powerful. Powerful so that, provided that the text will ever be available to a wider audience than you and me, and even a common inhabitant, who read it, he just will have to wish to taste Hennessy VS, not to mention the Hennessy VSOP. He will have to taste it even only to understand, what it is to die with pleasure. You know, Eugene, I think, it is a pun or even an oxymoron – “To die with pleasure”, and even better way – “Even to die with pleasure!” And it is already chic slogan. I hope you already catch what I mean. You need while without any literary frills now (the more you as also me, not very capable on it) to make

a translation of this text into English. To make it so that general meaning become clear, and send to the headquarters of the Hennessy marketing Department. I very much hope that Hennessy staff is versed in marketing so much to understand that the text (not just this specifically, but generally all entire text) is just a gift of fate. Because it is pure and sincere Product placement, not ordered and prepaid, but resulting in a natural way. I believe you know what I mean. Nevertheless, I will try to explain. You remember, perhaps, that I love the actor Tom Hanks; he is a super positive hero with great charm. You also remember the movie "Cast Away" with Tom Hanks in the lead role. It is thanks to Tom Hanks film turned out so interesting, exciting, but at the same time, very touching and I would even say soulful. However, what an obvious Product placement with volleyball ball Wilson is there. A more powerful impact on the consumer is difficult to come up with. I imagine very clearly, as after watching this movie, the average family visiting a sports store, and child's shy hand reaches for the ball Wilson, and the parents of the child, also watched this movie, just cannot say no and buying him the ball. I think Wilson has statistics on how much their sales jumped after the movie came out. Here it is a classic embodiment of the winged phrase "the Magic power of art"!

So, paying tribute to this undoubtedly brilliant marketing move with the Wilson ball, I nevertheless undertake to argue that our Product placement is much more powerful. Because I do not doubt for a minute, that the reader, having reached this place in the book, is simply obliged to slam it, to get from the stash the treasured bottle of cognac stored for some very solemn occasion. Anticipating the expected pleasure, he swallows his saliva, slowly uncorks the bottle, still slowly and solemnly pours the amber liquid into a crystal glass (also taken for this occasion from an old crystal set stored in the sideboard). Slowly, he sits in his favorite chair, staring through the filled glass to the light bulb of the floor lamp, and finally, as if something deciding he mentally wished himself and his family success and prosperity in life, slowly begins to savor the drink. After a few minutes of leisurely savoring, he suddenly begins to realize that this is the best alcohol that he had to try in life and it, at least, exceeds all his expectations.

But if accidentally the cherished bottle by some strange coincidence is not in his house, he will take out of the stash three thousand rubles, hastily dressed and run to the nearest supermarket to be in time to buy it before the end of the sale of alcohol. He then, carefully clutching a treasured bottle in hand, fast step, get home. And then the mystery follows, which I have already described, with the awareness of divinity and uniqueness of the drink.

I wrote this, and I myself began to drool, so heartfelt, as I think, I managed to do. So, I slowly open the bottle in front of me; carefully pour a full glass to the brim. With the elements of posturing and hussariness, raising the glass with two fingers and with my elbow aside I slowly bring it to my lips. At this place I temporarily say goodbye to you until the end of the sacrament of partaking the best drink in the world.

So we have a lively and natural Product placement. It seems to me; the Hennessy management can appreciate our creativity and will help us to publish this text. Of course, I will leave you some money for the publication of the book, but I suspect that it will not be enough. So actually, you have a simple task, to translate this letter and Preface and send to the Hennessy Trade House and they would decide whether they are interested in it...

Ode to Death

To somehow understand and clear up my mental condition and creativity, I periodically talk with a familiar psychotherapist. She is an interesting woman with categorical thinking, at least with this style of communication. I am interested to communicate with her, moreover, during these conversations with her, I get involved so much that I start to get nervous and get excited. She assures me that something is coming out of my creativity. Sure, I am pleased to hear that, like any author, but I do not believe her. At least because from my life experience you cannot just unexpectedly start to do something well, and even more so, create something outstanding. However, one thing of course is true; she can see the main and summarize it for you. In my case this is that there is an entertaining text (we use this epithet in order not completely belittle the results of my work, by the way, it is also her merit) but it lacks of the very smallest, the main idea. And without the idea, the most talented text becomes just chatter. Before that, it seemed to me that the main idea I just had. My main character is an outstanding person and worthy that to tell people about her and at the same time to prove her uniqueness. However, it turns out that so far I have not been convincing enough that the main idea just automatically arises from reading the text. Well, I will try to prove it through a super idea.

To give myself confidence in what I am saying, I will give you a small example that I came across, listening to the radio presentation by the venerable musician and rock theorist of the best hits in the female performance in the whole history. Moreover, I apologize in advance, if to some snob from the culture this example will seem too simple and uncomplicated, and as frivolous for subsequent global conclusions. I proceed from my cultural level. In the first place of this hit parade there was the legendary hit Janice Joplin "Piece of My Heart". I agree 100%, but this hit does not bother me enough to be covered with goose bumps. However, the hit of Suzy Quatro in a duet with Chris Norman "Stumblin' In", which was in third place, first time hooked me more than forty years ago, and still I listen it with delight and ecstasy and always at the top of loudness. What follows from this? The understanding of the masterpiece manifests not at the notional but on the sensory level. Moreover, it is just highest emotions that are the criterion in choosing the best. That is, the best is determined not by the aggregate and quantity of complex passages or by the breadth of the vocal range, which undoubtedly also matters, but whether your body would be covered with goose bumps from the appearance of harmony between your inner tuning fork and the external, in this case, musical impact. It is an infinite set of such sensual preferences in the aggregate, that creates the phenomenon of a masterpiece. The hit that conquered me in my youth is not the first, but it is in the top. That is, my sensual choice corresponds to global recognition and preference. But whether it is the first or third place, it does not matter. In any case, it is in the top. Means, I am able to distinguish on the sensory level something outstanding from mediocrity, and not by reasoning and inferences, but namely at the sensory level.

From this musical excursus, we will proceed immediately to the proof of the correctness of my choice in case and personality described by me. This proof I would call "Ode to Death." When the whole story ended and I found myself in the post state in which I found myself, I understood the main and very simple thing. I am not already so interested in anything in this life. How would it be more convincing to say? I have not seen London Tower and Taj Mahal, I did not hear in live Paganini and Horowitz, perhaps I did not try some masterpieces of culinary or winemaking art. Even drugs I have not tried so much to fall into the drug mist irrevocably. I have not seen, or heard, or felt yet much of something in this life that it was supposed to "demolish my roof" and make me a complete apologist for this someone or something. Sorry, I confess there is a small remark. When I was already in these post-conditions, I heard from Vladimir Pozner in his broadcast a short story about how he visited Cape Horn. And the miracle happened, I was hooked. Suddenly I passionately wanted to see this beauty, feel the powerful breath of the ocean, see the frolicking penguins and breathe in the sea breeze. This

desire, however, quickly passed, but it was. And this means two things at once, first, of course, the magic power of the word, in this case of a famous journalist, and secondly, the fact that I have not yet died (in all senses). But, continuing the interrupted thought, I want to say that I experienced the highest pleasure and happiness in this life. Pleasure is so highest that the sense of its exclusivity cannot be exceeded already by anything in this world. It is sex. The first thing I hear in response, do not confuse the sour with the fresh, and the second, do not try to discover America again. But I did it, I mean I discovered America again, because, I am not talking about sex in general, namely, about sex with my heroine. And I say this because I have an experiment with about six hundred sex cases and I can say that this is one of the highest achievements in this field. Again, I foresee an objection in the form of the fact that for a particular male, the experience in six hundred sexual cases is a lot, but from the point of view of global conclusions is negligible. But let us return to the example with the hits in female rock, which I spoke at the very beginning, and at once in two aspects. Aspect the first. At the age of nineteen, when I first heard the song of Suzy Quatro, I was not an advanced music lover, and I heard and understood not much in rock, but that did not stop me to get to the point with my inner tuning fork and feeling. Aspect the second. With my conclusion, I do not claim the truth in the last resort and do not define my heroine as an absolute maximum. I just want to say that she is in sex, as well as Suzy Quatro in rock, is in the top. It is objectivity, and then subjectivity begins. It turns out that objectivity is a combination or coincidence of many subjectivities. Incidentally here again we turn to the classic example of Cleopatra, as an undeniable example of sexual talent. The first confirmation is the abundance of fans and applicants, on the principle of “the people’s path to it (in this case to the body) will never overgrow”. And the second is the amount of payment for the opportunity to come into contact with sexual talent, human life is neither more nor less.

In spite of my claim to objectivity, I am only a man with my own subjective conjectures. Moreover, even in my experiment, I find an example that I put above my heroine because of some objective sexual parameters. And I am grateful to this girl; we will call her Carina, who was able to sober up my insanity for a while. However, here the subjective presence or absence of goosebumps or their intensity comes into force, as in the case of Janis Joplin and Suzy Quatro.

I have also understood that you could live all the lifetime, but not to feel the goose bumps, that is, such a dull, monotonous life without the goosebumps. Quite simple examples, I tried lime the first time not so long approximately ten years ago, and now I use them only, since then to eat lemons for me, it’s like chewing paper. But if I had not tried it, so I continued thinking that tea should be drunk with lemon. Or one more example, it seems on Bali, I do not remember exactly, I tasted coffee, passed through civet cat, and after that a few days I could not drink just coffee, it seemed to me a tasteless slop. Then, however, I got used again, but I had felt the highest taste.

And here we actually go directly to Ode to Death.

Not so long ago and already in the post period, I suddenly clearly realized that I was not at all afraid of death, that was I was ready to die at any moment and, moreover, it would be interesting to me. No, the word “interesting” here is not exactly appropriate. I will digress for a minute, and while I think about what the word approaches more than “interesting”.

I, in my time, having picked up fragmentary data on some religious currents and theories of the Universe, had begot my own theory. Again, I apologize for my ignorance, that I might ascribe somebody’s theory to myself. On earth, there are, apparently, especially for us, the people, a vivid example of my theory. These are caterpillars and butterflies. For completeness, you also need an undeniable acceptance of the postulate of the existence of the soul. In general, by the will of someone Higher, we, people, are just caterpillars. We live in this world, overwhelmed by caterpillar’s passions and wishes. But sooner or later, there comes a time when the caterpillar fully fulfills its function and dies. As a result, a butterfly is born, that is, a soul that will exist in another dimension and with absolutely other goals. However, the cunning and paradox lies in the fact that this very soul develops in the caterpillar, and soul perfection depends entirely on the caterpillar in which it develops.

In passing, I will say that I (I do not know which word to pick up, I will say softer) do not completely share our usual tragic grief in the case of a close person's withdrawal. I will say, perhaps, a blasphemous thing, but we are grieving about our own plans and interests, which are violated by the withdrawal of a loved one. In this sense, Buddhism is closer to me. There, as far as I know, people rejoice at the death of a loved one. Perhaps Buddhists are much closer to understanding the truth of the origin and purpose of the soul.

I suppose that my last words many people will seem cynical and cruel. But, gentlemen, if we exclude Romeo and Juliet, just remember your thoughts at the coffin of the last close to you person you had to say a last farewell, and perhaps you will not be so categorical in relation to these my thoughts.

The main sign of the maturity of the soul is, in my opinion, that the person experienced something in life anything in higher understanding: happiness, joy, creativity, achievement, creation. Think about those who left us impermissibly early. This means only one, for some reason, their soul has already reached perfection.

Stop, no, it is not, it is also fake and amateurish. It is these cases and those when after the departure of a person from life there is a feeling that he did not have time to say or do something important, can and should be considered as tragic.

However, coming from this it should that deeply unhappy, mediocre and lazy people, rogues and scoundrels must live forever. However, fortunately, this is not so. Apparently, the achievements in laziness, mediocrity, meanness, the creation of evil and the realization of oneself unhappy also are the occasion for the birth of a butterfly, or the soul. It is difficult to imagine why such souls are needed, but, apparently, for some reason they are needed.

I confess, this last piece gave me no peace because it did not correspond to the logical and coherent, in my opinion, all the previous text. Simply put, the souls of every kind of moral monsters do not need and may not be necessary for any higher purpose.

However, here it is easier just to use a known and logical theory of reincarnation. In other words, ugly souls, as the lagging pupils will again and again go through the process of "re-education" until they finally become perfect.

By the way, it seems to me, based on all the above, it is legitimate to rename the gloomy and odious word "death" into a joyful and bright "birth of the soul".

To slightly defuse this lofty style, perhaps, I will add with reference to the words of Socrates by the movie "The very Munchausen":

– If you get good wife, you will be happy, if bad, you will become philosopher.

Of course, in my case, a bad wife does not matter. However, after a cloudless and top happiness I fell into the abyss of misfortune. But there is a plus in this, I become a philosopher.

PS. I, of course, showed this opus to my psychologist, and she, as usual, praised it. However, with her usual shrewdness, and most importantly with obligatory elementary education (apparently, unlike me) she noticed, as if by chance:

– YOU turn out to be a mediocre pupil, Alex. In the developmental chain of the caterpillar-butterfly, there is actually one more stage, the pupa, and it is no less important, if even not the main one in the process, than the other two.

In fact, we are on "you" with her, including the rules of psychological conversation. But, given the importance of the moment on the one hand, and the undoubted irony, and the stupidity of the situation in which I found myself with my lofty reasoning and gaps in secondary education, it is this ironic appeal of "YOU" seems to me the most appropriate.

Ah, I am an old jackass; I forgot elementary zoology for the 7th grade. Well, of course, pupa, how I could forget. Now everything has finally fallen into place. It is so simple. It is at this stage that I am now. My caterpillar died in all senses, except perhaps physical existence. It happened at the very moment when the cup of my boundless happiness was overflowing. That is how, probably, life

should end in all senses suddenly and irrevocably at the very peak. Quite so a fighting fighter breaks into a tailspin from the highest point at the very moment when the force of gravity becomes stronger than the power of any super powerful engine.

– Linger, still linger, beautiful illusions, – Wolfgang von Goethe exclaimed, apparently, when also understood this.

And it was this unknown force that led Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin to the Black River on the very take-off. Apparently, his caterpillar has fully fulfilled its function in this world. However, Alexander Sergeevich is a unique phenomenon; his pupa lasted only about two days from the time of the duel to death, because the soul of his caterpillar was already perfect.

Following the logic of these two outstanding historical examples, all people go through all these three necessary stages. The brightest reason for the onset of the pupal stage is the highest achievement in the spiritual sphere, that is, creativity in any of its manifestations, the next is the peak in the sphere of feelings (my case), well, further downward, until reaching a limit in milk or sugar consumption, which I mentioned earlier. That is about I thought, after all, I am on the second sensual, and not at the creative level, and my pupa is given a chance to move to the highest level. Therefore, I will try to justify the high trust shown to me. Then the issue is for the small, if at least anybody will react otherwise than indifferently when reading this text. And it does not matter at all whether my pupa will still be alive in the physical sense at that moment.

15 cents from Eugene.

About the perfection and maturity of the soul, I agree with Alex completely and think this question is important and irrefutable. But, nevertheless, here I want, if not argue with him, then although would contribute some refinements. Because there is something, in my opinion, even more important than the maturity and perfection of the definite soul. This is the second and, again, in my opinion, more significant side of this immense issue. This question is so immense that it seems to me that it can be a separate topic in a separate book (research). So now, we will touch on this issue slightly and as thesis. And this second aspect is in the following. The fact is that the caterpillar in addition to growing and nurturing a butterfly inside itself fulfills another very important function. It is the improvement of the environment. That is the environment at the entrance of a new caterpillar and at its exit in the form of a pupa are two different environments. At that, as you can see, the new environment at the output of the caterpillar should be more perfect. But why? Because the caterpillar, developing and improving its butterfly at the same time improves the surrounding world. What for? Yes, to all the following caterpillars would come to an increasingly perfect world, and the development of new butterflies would be more effective and at a higher level. That is such a self-regulating interconnected system.

In addition and in order it would be clear regarding the importance of each caterpillar for the perfection of the environment, I will explain with one example. Try to remove some caterpillar from the history of the world around us, and you will understand everything at once. And in order this understanding to be “weighty, rough, visible,” we will take not just a caterpillar, but a caterpillar of an outstanding personality, which Alex has already mentioned. Imagine the world around us, but only without Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin. It, this world, will immediately shrink and dull. I even imagine how it can physically look, that is, as, for example; we see how the bulb dims in a thunderstorm in the country cottage when the voltage drops. Together with the world around us, we will also cringe and fade, and our future butterflies immediately will lose a lot.

That is, the system turns out to be really closed and interconnected. Each caterpillar contributes to the improvement of the environment, and the environment helps to bring up new perfect butterflies.

In addition, one more thing, butterfly, when it comes time to part, must thank the caterpillar. I am well imagining how this will happen for my caterpillar. To do this, there is a special room for farewell next to the entrance to the tunnel leading to eternity (other world). For myself, I have already come up with a program of this farewell. The program has five points, and each of them is mandatory:

- A Glass of Hennessy X. O.

- *Spoonful of Beluga caviar with a slide.*
- *The first Chapter of “Eugene Onegin” performed by Sergei Yursky alive.*
- *The song Stumblin’ In performed by Susie Quatro and Chris Norman necessarily from their first performance 1978.*
- *Repetition of sex July 27, 20....*

Ode to Black Caviar and the Laws of ASIwP

Let me tell you what I know about black caviar. For me, caviar is comparable to sex and even for two reasons. The first is that there was a lot of sex and caviar in my life. Second, and probably the main, that I understand a little about both. To make it clear what it means “I understand a little”, I will try to explain it on the example of black caviar. For example, in relation to black caviar, the technologist at the factory for the production of black caviar with thirty years of experience is ideally versed in it. He probably does not even need to taste it. He may with one look and smell from a distance of three meters to tell what the quality of this caviar. Of course, so I cannot, but I am not a professional, but only an advanced Amateur, or as in modern language User.

There are many such examples in any field. In each area, there are experts who will clearly define the main features that characterize the highest level. I play a little badminton (in sports hall, of course), i.e. I am not an expert here, but I am able to assess the highest level. This is, for example, when the world champion, standing on one side of the site methodically sends the shuttlecocks one by one through the net into the tube for the shuttlecocks with a probability of hitting 99%. Tube is with a diameter of 6 cm and stands vertically in the middle of the opposite ground at a distance of 6—7 meters.

If we talk about sex, it is impossible to surprise anyone here, and in the life of any normal person sex is a lot. Another thing is that by a strange coincidence, caviar in my life was also a lot, and because of this, I consider myself an expert and connoisseur in this field. Besides, I, and apparently not the only one, believe black caviar, as well as sex is one of the highest pleasures in life. Please note, we are talking not about ordinary black caviar and not about ordinary sex, but about one and about another of the highest quality.

A little remark, to read further makes sense if the words “bad sex” and “bad black caviar” do not cause you bewilderment and rejection.

The one and another, occupying, one of the top steps in gradation existing enjoyments can be bad, middle and of highest quality. About caviar in this sense, it is more difficult to talk about than about sex, because it is possible to talk about the quality of black caviar, probably, only in a rather limited audience. I suddenly thought, what if we gather in one place all the people on the criterion of experts in black caviar to discuss its merits. It will be a strange mixture of the personable kind of men in tuxedos, mostly elderly and signs of well-being and wealth in all their appearance and young beautiful, I would even say, unacceptably beautiful girls and women in wonderful evening gowns on the one hand, and the other... On the other hand, this public will be represented by men with weathered tanned faces and often with drunk faces in fishing clothes or just in some rags. The first part of the public is millionaires or just rich famous people: politicians, businessmen, top managers, highly paid actors and athletes, as well as those who can first of all share with them the happiness of enjoying the taste of black caviar: it is their wives, mistresses and girlfriends, sometimes disposable. Although no, disposable girlfriends we exclude, for one time you can get a pleasure from black caviar, but it is impossible to become an expert and connoisseur. The second part of the audience is poachers of different types which are interspersed with a small number of people in the uniform of water militia (not police, I mean the past). All these people could really argue about the quality and taste of black caviar.

...Buying black caviar for the New Year is quite a separate and entertaining story and it is reasonable to give a few words on it. For some time, I began to pay attention to the fact that the

Internet is literally littered with offers of selling the caviar. It looks like the caviar is the most popular and demanded product today. However, I do not risk trusting in this important issue to the Internet. First, it is because of my age and already some conservatism. Second, and perhaps most important, it is absolutely unacceptable to entrust the solution of such an important issue to a system that cannot convey neither taste nor smell of the product. Although, in accordance with the trends of modern time I, of course, use the Internet when buying goods, products and services. But at the same time in my, as, indeed, many other people, online shopping practice there were a couple of cases when in fact I received by the Internet delivery absolutely not what I wanted. At the same time, I do not even take cases of outright fraud, which are present in abundance on the Internet just want to say that for the choice of the product by its image and even by the most high-quality image, and even more so edible product of eyesight, as the only sense organ, it is not enough. In order to fully understand what you are buying, and not to make a mistake, all the sense organs should be involved. Even if you buy simple sneakers for five hundred rubles, you need at least to feel how they fit on the foot, and even more so if we are talking about a product that costs as minimum a dollar per gram. In addition, two more points. Oddly enough, the Internet caviar prices are not the lowest, and besides on the Internet the purchase procedure is a trivial process: order-delivery-payment. And buying caviar in the wholesale market turns into a sacrament and a solemn procedure of pre-NYE YEAR preparation.

Yes, about the last ten years I have been buying black caviar for the New Year in one the same place, from well-known already to me owner of the fish pavilion in the wholesale market. I have here several undeniable bonuses and advantages. First, despite the fact that I buy caviar there a maximum two times a year, I have long been listed as his VIP client, and have the appropriate privileged attitude in full, which undoubtedly flatters my ego. In addition, I understand that the seller sees in me if not a professional, then, in any case, an advanced user, and accordingly respects this my status. Therefore, every buying process becomes, in some sort, the little match of professionals. Seeing me in the General queue (for the New Year the queue for delicacies is obvious), the owner delicately takes me aside, and making sure that the black caviar and this time included in my food basket, leads me further into a small niche behind the fridge, where there is a small table for testing the product. And here the most important mystery begins. It is clear that the purchase procedure includes a mandatory test of my professionalism, a kind of annual certification as a connoisseur of black caviar. As with the wave of a magic wand from somewhere in the bowels of the pavilion first half-kilo jar appears, of course, of the standard state sample. Meanwhile the owner without fail informs me place of origin. All the main places of origin of caviar are known. As a rule, caviar by origin can be Astrakhan, Dagestan, Azerbaijani, Kazakh, Turkmen, Khazar and Iranian. However, sometimes there are more exotic variants, such as Israeli, Ukrainian or Siberian. The only one of possible I have not yet met Chinese caviar, although I know for sure that it exists. About Israel and Khazar caviar I will notice separately. When I first saw Israeli caviar, of course, I was very surprised and checked on the Internet. It turns out that Israel is now one of the first places in the world for the production of black caviar. Sturgeon there respectively bred in ponds and, apparently, more than fifteen years, because just this period is necessary for the female sturgeon to reach sexual maturity. My fellow, a lawyer in the specialty, living in Israel, then confirmed this information by. A few more words about the Khazar caviar. This name does not exist in nature, and we use it here for reasons of tolerance and political correctness. Because it is not necessary to offend the whole Nation, if on its territory and its representatives carried out (I hope very much that I can talk about it in the past time) one of the most heinous environmental barbarities in history. Perhaps we will dwell on this issue a little later in the paragraph about the Volga hydroelectric power station named after the XXII Congress of the CPSU.

The procedure of caviar testing begins. The seller carefully removes the fixing gum, opens the jar so as not to disturb the shape of the layer of caviar rising above the edges of the jar, and with the help of a plastic spatula a few eggs are caught by an experienced hand. Exactly one gram, that is, respectively, on the dollar. Also, slowly and carefully he passes the spatula with eggs to me. I also

solemnly and slowly accept from his hands a spatula and wise these several eggs in my mouth. It is clear that this is the first jar that the seller presents to me for expert evaluation, of the worst and cheapest. Although, the fact is not one hundred percent exact because this test is not only caviar, but also me, as an expert. In any case, regardless of my real opinion about this first sample, I, after a minute savoring and for the testing procedure to continue, just have to curl my lips and reproachfully look at the seller.

– You mock me, my dear, – my eyes and twisted lips express. To speak it is not necessary, everything is so clear, – Why do you propose me some shit? Give me the real product.

He carefully closes and seals the first jar and pulls out, and opens the next. It already costs one or two thousand rubles more. However, it can cost the same, but another manufacturer. One by one, I test 4—5 five cans. Accordingly, during the testing I have eaten caviar for four or five dollars. The testing procedure is over, the most important moment of truth and the final choice comes. Accordingly, I make this choice. The easiest way to choose the most expensive jar, exactly you would not be mistaken, the difference from the lower price will be up to five thousand in increasing. More often, I do just this way, but sometimes I stop at the intermediate version, relying entirely on my taste buds and sense of smell. Finally, the choice is made and the jar is postponed. After that, a few more fish and crab delicacies are sent to the shopping cart, and then the total calculation is made. When I hear the final amount, my eyes indignantly rounded, it is also included in the bidding procedure. The seller, following the law of the transaction, adds to the food basket as a bonus another delicacy, of those that I wanted to buy, but for some reason did not dare. After all this the final bargain already comes, as a result of which I try to recapture another three to four thousand rubles, that is about ten to fifteen percent, but we usually agree on half of the requested discounts and satisfied with ourselves we part with the best congratulations and wishes for at least six months. These greetings and best wishes are very simple and concise, and include the following:

– My friend, we have not met exactly a year, but as we can see, in our status for this year, nothing has changed for the worse. Therefore, I wish both of us to meet here in one more year and on the same occasion.

That is, in this case, the very caviar itself is the determinant of a certain prosperous life status and success.

If I am allowed to express my opinion, I would like to say the following. Despite all the barbarity of catching sturgeon, the damage caused by poaching then is not comparable in scale with the damage caused to the environment and in particular to sturgeons by construction of the Volga HPP, as it was then named after the XXII Congress of the CPSU. On this example, very well it is visible that in our country in General it is accepted to blame with a sick head on healthy. For centuries sturgeons caught in the Volga and nothing, ecology was not broken. And when as a result of construction of hydroelectric power station, the sturgeon population began to rapidly decrease, they quickly found who was guilty of this – the poachers.

Here, however, there is one remark, because it was the turn of my promised earlier the story about the Khazar caviar.

Here, my opinion is quite the opposite and concerns the large-scale and most importantly sanctioned and legalized barbaric poaching by the state. I immediately make a reservation, in order not to be accused of libel that I tell not about today, but about the Soviet times, and at the same time, I hope that today at least something has changed for the better. At the same time, I simply state what everyone knows, at least, in the Volga region. It all began with the fact that The Khazar Khanate, which historically had no access to the Volga River, suddenly and unexpectedly, got 12 kilometers of the coastline of the great river. I was never able to find on the Internet who of our leaders made

this generous gift to Khazars. In any case, it is either Sergeevich or Ilyich. However, based on my own memories, as well as on the obvious corruption and criminal component of the donation process, it was still Ilyich. Yes, judging by the sophistication of the deal, of course, Ilyich, perhaps, Sergeevich is too simple for that. This decision is in its Jesuit essence comparable to the most famous vile acts in human history, and in the history of the destruction of ecology, it can claim one of the first places. You can ask why. Yes, just because by the granting to this very Khanate the access to the Volga River was immediately death sentence imposed to the entire population of sturgeon. That is such a tragedy of far from being local importance. The basis of this death verdict was the fact that the Khanate was granted not just access to the river, but the entire river from shore to the opposite shore for 12 kilometers length. That is, the Khazars had already became the full masters of these twelve kilometers, and they already could do there all that they wanted. We must pay tribute to the then leadership of the Khanate; they behaved like the most outright timeservers. The most barbarian poaching lawlessness of the regional authorities began on this site of the river. In addition, in order all the other inhabitants remained silent, seeing this lawlessness, they also tacitly were allowed to engage in poaching. That is poaching in all kinds on these twelve kilometers was not halted in any way. The only thing that was strictly controlled, it was unauthorized and illegal transportation of caviar outside the Khanate. It was the exclusive privilege of the authorities. Although, in passing, I note that to provide absolute control over the movement of the caviar in the boundless Khazars steppes task is in principle impossible.

15 cents from Eugene.

Here, perhaps, we should pay attention to one principle on which there is a higher bureaucracy. Alex noted this principle in the text about lawlessness in the Khazar Khanate. This is when the authorities steal, but at the same time turn a blind eye to the fact that everyone else, following power's example, also start stealing. Of course, the scale of theft in the first and in the second case are incommensurable. However, the fact is that both the power in the person of officials, and the people are engaged in the same, steal from themselves. I would call this principle the Principle of distribution of guilt. This is the basic principle on which our state exists. It turns out that the bureaucrat who stole a million dollars and the hard worker who sneaked off a hundred dollars in production are tied by the same principle. And it turns out that the hard worker has no reason to grumble at his share and accuse the powers that be in the acquisitiveness. Because he also has a finger in the pie.

All the tackles of Volgograd and Astrakhan poachers, of which I spoke above, just childish pranks compared to what was going on in this twelve-kilometer-long section of the river. If the Volga hydroelectric power station just blocked the sturgeons the opportunity to reproduce, the Khazars had already begun to wage the total war of annihilation with the sturgeon population on the subordinate territories. Huge bottom fishing nets blocked the Volga River from one Bank to the opposite, and fishes already in principle could not pass through this site up on the river, and simply were caught completely. As a result, while the general catastrophic decline of sturgeon population, above this section of river the sturgeon, in the river did not remain at all except for a small sterlet. Here, by the way, I can sympathize with the Volgograd poachers. Because we survived to the point that as a poacher's delicacy in the Hero city it is already sold sterlet caviar. Idiocy triumphs! In the history of the Great River, this has never happened. A little more and we will begin to produce the caviar from the aquarium guppies.

It is clear that such lawlessness was possible only because of close and mutually advantageous cooperation of the Khazar governors with the highest echelon of the power and most likely in their General interests. In those days there was a high-profile criminal case connected with illegal sale of black caviar abroad under the guise of sardines in tomato sauce. It seems, someone from the Ministers and leadership of the trade network "Ocean" were convicted. However, all these are pawns in a big game. It seems to me that lawlessness in the Khazar Khanate is one of the links in this great Scam. And the scale of the Scam shows one thing, it was organized at the very top.

Still a small remark on the same subject. In the nineties, my wife and I in pedagogic purposes sent 10 thousand rubles (those cheap) on behalf of and with the participation of our son to the Fund for the protection of wild animals on rescue of the Amur leopard, and then for fifteen years we were receiving letters of thanks from the Fund. Each time we received these letters, we all felt part of a great cause. I think the Fund spent a lot more money on these letters than ten thousand. Well, but that is not what I am speaking about now. I have another question, why we so selflessly try to save Far Eastern tigers and leopards, but at the same time conduct systematic deliberate war of extermination, a relict species, a contemporary of the dinosaurs.

By the way, I thought, that it was very easy to calculate the economic benefit or damage from the construction of HPP against the background of Khazar lawlessness and the simultaneous destruction of the population of sturgeons. The amount of electricity generated by the HPP during its existence is known. The question is easy, it is necessary to calculate how much profit was lost from the possible production and sale of caviar during the existence of the HPP. Let only the ichthyologists will determine the size of the population of sturgeon in the year of start of hydroelectric power station operation and possible volume of annual production of sturgeon and sale of black caviar, including abroad, for all these years. The price of caviar, let me remind you, is known, about one dollar per gram.

While ichthyologists have not counted, I will calculate by myself, roughly on my fingers. I found a figure on the Internet that in one of the last years 44 tons of black caviar were produced in Russia. This is ridiculously small and means only one thing, that in 1960 it could be produced, for example, 500 tons, or 1000 tons. If we believe Wikipedia only in the past fifteen years, the population of sturgeon has decreased by 38.5 times in the Caspian basin. We can therefore assume that in sixty years the sturgeon population could be reduced by 100 times. That is, proceeding from the current production of 44 tons, in the fifties of the last century even 5000 tons of caviar could be produced without damage to the sturgeon population. However, let it be from the field of science fiction, and we stop at minimum 100 tons. Do you know how much it costs? Yes right, \$100 million. Now about HPP, according to the latest data it produces about 11 million kilowatt-hours of electricity per year. With the largest tariff per kilowatt-hour 0.1 dollars, per year it is 1.1 million dollars. That is, this most Volga HPP stole from us, over the years of its existence, a minimum of about six billion dollars in the form of a delicious product. But it is if a hundred tons of caviar a year, but if it is contrary to expectation a thousand tons, then respectively, sixty billion dollars. Maybe to break this hydroelectric power station to hell before it is too late. I think, for fifty years the population of sturgeon will restore. Of course, if the Khazars will not continue lawlessness on their twelve kilometers of the river.

When I calculated all this, I became both funny and scared. It is awful to realize the level of thinking of those who ruled us (we will speak in the past tense, so safer) and created this.

Now again about the hypocrisy of our morality, and on a state scale. The state, represented by specific leaders and officials, with their own hands buried in the ground sixty-billion dollars (or if still not in the ground, but in the pockets of these officials). Nevertheless, it continues to struggle with its own people for less than twenty million dollars a year. I think that just on this amount you can estimate the current illegal production of caviar. Moreover, perhaps the same amount is spent by the state on this very fight against poachers. Do you remember what hypocrisy in my definition is? When it is not pronounced aloud, what everyone knows. It is scary to think how much more we have that everyone knows, but does not say aloud.

Sorry, we seem to be distracted.

15 cents from Eugene.

Some time ago on television, it was showing the TV series "Caviar" about a high-profile criminal case where senior officials in the seventies of the last century exported abroad black caviar under the guise of sardines in tomato sauce. Alex mentions the same thing in his caviar story. First, about the TV series. The film turned out exciting and interesting, simply because the theme itself is winning,

shrouded in romance and mystery of the elite product. In addition, excellent direction and great game Pavel Maikov, performing a major role. I would even say that after many years in the shadows after the series "Brigade", in this film he literally shot. But...

You may think as you like, but when I looked through the TV series to the end, I had the feeling that I cracked an empty nut and that the authors stopped without saying the most important thing. Of course, young people who did not live at that time can get an impression that the series is the limit of revelation. But any sane and older person, who have their own memories and their own opinion about that time, how the series ended, it would not be enough. This is even more obvious to me, since I already caught what Alex was trying to say in his narrative. At the same time, I have quite understood the way of Alex's musings. He moved through his narration cautiously and step by step, based mostly on his fragmentary memories and reasoning. Probably, sapper moves so through a minefield, or a bather, carefully steps on the bottom, covered with sharp stones and seashells, afraid to make a wrong move.

Here I distract a little. Because by the example of Alex's text and my conclusion, which I made on his basis, and about which I will say a little later, I understood the difference between the verbs "looking for" and "found" and realized the true meaning of the word "Eureka". When I made my conclusion, I understood Archimedes, running naked down the street and shouting out this the most "Eureka!" I even tried this image on myself, so great was my excitement from the realization of a simple and obvious truth. In fact, I just analyzed everything in the TV series and in Alex's text and it all came together like a ready puzzle.

I have come to mind an interesting comparison: the movement to the truth is an endless and seemingly useless viewing and checking of the elements of the puzzle. But at the moment, when the last missing element is placed in the picture, the only and quite unambiguous (certain) truth is born. Here I cannot resist and I repeat after Tutankhamun and Nautilus Pompilius: the TRUTH is ALWAYS the ONLY ONE. And the example of the ready puzzle, by the way, proves it unambiguously. And all the rest is Hypocrisy and Lie. Moreover, just now we will consider these two concepts in a new and the somewhat unexpected even for myself angle. These two concepts form the basis of the formula describing the Principle of Any State Interaction with the People (ASIP):

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