So one day, in search of possible answers, scanning the bookshelf, I came across it again – a hundred times I'd started it and never once did I finish it - Hegel's "Phenomenology of Spirit". In principle, and why not, if as the thesis I take an unopened fifth of Martell VSOP and as the antithesis something absolutely antithetical to it, for example home-made kvass (a muddy whitish home-brewed fermented beverage with a sour taste) then I might get some kind of synthesis out of this. The synthesis was, pressed against the empty bottle, a piece of paper with the sweeping inscription: Dialectics, meh! and my own body, snoring in a chair. I woke up from a cold wind blowing in from the open window, the pages were dispersed across the room, and by the window two people were engaged in an animated conversation. The combination of kvas with cognac, which I assigned the nickname "Alchohegel" hit me with full force, and with a cry of: "What the?! What's-going-on!?" I tried to get up and grab the stiff high collar of one of the strangers. I failed in this, and subsequently lost my balance, stumbled and cracked my head on the corner of the table. I lost it, and with a cry of: "You son-of-a-bitch!" - I grabbed the bottle by the neck and smashed it on the edge of the table. In Russia, this weapon is called elegantly a "rosette", perhaps because the jagged edges of the bottle look like petals, and maybe because after it strikes the human body, a ragged scarlet wound shaped like a flower quickly emerges, but in any case for the uninvited guest, this is just the thing.

The man turned, and despite the fact that I was dead drunk, I could not fail to recognize his handlebar moustache, the waxed ends of which seemed to aspire toward the sun. The "son-of-a-bitch" was Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez himself.

That the second man, with a puffy, homely face, big nose, thick-lipped, with tired eyes, without turning his head, said: "Well, it finally woke up."

"And your portrait" was also somehow vaguely familiar to me. Is it really Goya?" I muttered my tongue thick and fuzzy.

I had to pull myself together right away, the "Alchohegel" had a strikingly bullish effect, but instead of shoving my foggy head under cold water, I sat in a chair, my legs crossed, and fastened my bleary gaze upon Francisco. My thoughts were like: "And actually who are they to show up at such a time? I'm here to rest. Who are these guys bursting in to bother me at all?" - these thoughts pressed on my brain activating an "explosive mixture" known as the "big Russian scandal." It differs from all other kinds of scenes, and is characterized by histrionics, intense cussing, and unpredictable endings.

"Oh, well, you're not completely plastered if you can recognize us, so we can talk calmly," Goya addressed me and then Velazquez.

"And I, perhaps, don't want to talk at all," I fired up, "I don't want to talk, understand?!" After this, I tried to turn away defiantly.

"Look, Diego, it does not want to talk."

"Yes, I do not want to, and who are you to make me want to?" I rolled my eyes and strained my neck.

"Well, then up your ass," said Francisco, and I understood he was about to leave.

"Wait," Velasquez stopped him and asked me: "Alexander, why are you behaving in such a manner?"

"Well, it's because you show up, and don't explain anything, but I'm also a human being and don't understand what's going on, and it sometimes even irritates me ..."

"Listen to him! What a skunk! All his life he's been fussed over, while he, you see, requires explanations," Goya's face became even more bloated and his ugly lips glistened with moisture.

Meanwhile, I sobered up enough to realize that they had not simply shown up just like that, and that I was the one to benefit the most from this conversation, but the booze-fueled furor was so strong that it was not easy to put the brakes on. Nevertheless, I managed to utter: "Sorry, if I've offended you, I'm a little slow on the uptake right now, but I'll do my best to listen to you carefully."

Then, as they told their story, I gradually sobered up, and I felt ashamed of my behavior, because as it turned out they were there to talk about one of my texts.

"You need not just do it, but the spread of your thought must be maximal you must say and do all these things we didn`t say at the time for various reasons."

"But you, I raised my hand, fingers splayed like a slingshot to indicate both men at once, you just said, your pictures ... "

"The time has come when **you** have to re-melt the images into words. At various times, these thoughts had come to me, and Diego, and to many others, but only you could give them some kind of structure, or in other words someone had thought nuclei, another person – thought gunpowder, but only you can load it all into one gun. The charge is loaded, and now you stand with a light, and you're thinking about it: to light the fuse or not, and you wonder, will it shoot or will it misfire? But you're not giving it much thought, you just light it."

"Nevertheless, I still doubt it. In order to apply structure, I must be a philosopher, but I'm not a philosopher, I'm an artist, an ARTIST," a huge wave, a tsunami of ire flooded over my head, "if you still haven't noticed."

"An artist with the gift of speech," calmly replied Diego. "But don't worry, your Shapecoloring Sociums won't go away. No one's going to take them away from you, **but now** your idea of Kratos and Melos is more important. And don't worry about philosophers, they're like bees flocking to honey when it comes to fresh idea. Bernard and Isaac are right, we're like dwarfs sitting on the shoulders of giants, so we can see better and further than they, and you, instead of sitting, like a squirrel jumped around all over these shoulders, poking your snout all over, snatching nuts. No doubt, well done, but these are nuts of knowledge, they are for everyone, but you hide them."

"I don't know, I'm not sure, but is this a MUST-DO?"

 "This is a must-do," calmly replied Velasquez."

 "Well, do I have at least one month to prepare?"

They looked at each other, and Francisco shook his head: "You have three days."

I wanted to protest, say that in that length of time I couldn't complete anything, but just then the Alchohegel entered a reactive phase, and I bolted, I mean I really ran, although I was vainly hoping to convey to the toilet what was roiling around up to then in my stomach.

In the evening of the third day I took a cup of strong coffee and a pack of sheets covered in writing out onto the balcony, but instead of a summer evening I found myself in the space. Although the word space is very conditional. There was not stage, and the distance from me to the audience was impossible to determine. Everything was plunged into an almost greenish black, but I immediately saw Velazquez and Goya, seated at opposite ends of a spacious hall. I wanted to apologize for my behavior, but I realized that this was not appropriate, and what everyone was waiting for was for me to get to the point of what this was all about.

"Before I turn to the issue that's on everybody's mind I want to say that I will not take up your time spreading that hopeless, bleak crapola known as alternative history – that would be like that story that goes what if Hitler had won the Second World War, because the main "what if" sounds like this: if my aunt had been a man, she'd have been my uncle, and as for history, there can be no "what ifs", because history does not know the subjunctive mood and you can't expect it to be open to 'moodiness' now. I don't plan on repairing history, as do the proponents and developers of the new chronology who "mended" it so much that as a result of their activity, we got the "knowledge" that the Etruscans, Russians and Prussians are all a single nation, and that Diocletian, the emperor Constantine and Ivan the Terrible are one and the same person, and meanwhile, Homer is a medieval poet.

So, I will not concern myself with such rubbish, but you cannot ignore the fact that the world today is rife with texts, television programs, computer simulations on just such topics, and all this means is that as far as history goes, something is off, and humankind has a burning desire to fix it. The most of the audience were gazing at the multicolored, clots of lights which filled the hall with their multitude of intensities. I remembered the words of Velazquez: "And remember, when you speak, do not think about us, no windage compensation, I mean the time in which we lived; you must not speak of the past, nor even of the present. You must shout to the future. Talk to us as if you're talking to a friend from the neighborhood. The clots of light out there were not only distracting, they changed the space, here bending upwards, there twisting and elsewhere looping, and where the loop curved it became like a mirror and this in turn multiplied the flashes. In some places, it seemed to be thick, like a paste, and in other places it was infused with bright steam. After a few moments everything went out again, dissolved into darkness, and I continued: "But so far nothing has come of it, and, of course, nothing will. Why not? Because the problem is not the events themselves, but in the method used to describe them. We're used to thinking that there are a plurality of histories: the history of art, science, literature, philosophy, history of sports, and military affairs, but in actuality, now and always there is only one history, namely the history of power."

"I do not quite understand," said Gauguin from the middle of the room, making a sweeping gesture with his arm.

"But it's all quite simple, Paul, the starting point of any event is the ruler, and in the history, that's who plays the main role, he is the measure of all things. Take any person living in any period of history. What do we begin with in our remembrances of him? That's right, when he lived. And so, what was the era? It was defined by who was ruling then."

"But can it not be changed?"

"At the moment no, because humankind does not have and has never had another way to perceive history. We cannot and could never choose anything other than power or, in Greek κράτος. Who controls the past also commands the future, and it turns out that this has been a monopoly, and still is one, and if we do nothing to change it, then, it will remain in the hands of Kratos. You are all, of course, full of questions: Why is it that the blood continues to be spilled? Military conflicts, massacres, new dictators - why is it that all this is repeated over and over again? - This is because this is the matrix of humanity, the galley from which the black centuries are printed, over and over again. The font, font size - these can be changed, but not the content. And don't expect the press that produced the page with description of dismemberment from "American Psycho" suddenly for no rhyme or reason to start printing the little prince and the fox conversation, or Alyosha Karamazov's musings about God. What are politics, really? - The art of evil in the name of good, and the politicians are either those who, under the guise of good, perpetrate evil, or those who perpetrate evil without any pretext at all. Politics is **always evil,** and all the other conversations around it is only an attempt to explain its validity, it's quantity and length. And here's the paradox: The more educated we are, the more we with greater and greater pleasure neck-deep in the blood of our ancestors crawl through those very centuries that we proudly refer to as human history. Moreover, we "stain" our children with this blood, because we ourselves have formed a society where ignorance of the history throws you off to the side of the road, and isn't the phrase "if you don't study history you will not achieve anything in life" nothing other than the ties of blood? We are ready to take a pragmatic approach to everything except history, although that's precisely the first approach we need to take. What do I mean? I will explain, taking as an example, Napoleon Bonaparte: Let us briefly recall his story: At Toulon he shot supporters of the monarchy with artillery, and then did likewise in Paris at the church of St. Roch, so that in a few years he could declare himself emperor, and then fill the Pont d'Arcole with corpses, which in the end just the same remained part of the territory of Italy, and then he commenced on a senseless military campaign near Cairo and Alexandria, then and a no less futile battle at Marengo, and let's not forget the burning of Moscow, which, of course stayed in Russia, nor his army that froze during its retreat along Russia's winter roads. Oh yeah, I forgot the bloody fields of Austerlitz and Jena, even Preussisch Eylau, which even his Marshal Ney called a stupid and useless slaughter, and the massacre in Spain, where the hooves of the horses slipped on the spilt human blood. But such "trifles" as the Battle of Friedland I don't think are worth recalling - only some twenty-six thousand dead on both sides. Then let`s draw up the final balance: liabilities - millions of dead and maimed people, and what about assets? Several already no longer relevant dotted lines on old maps and an awesome three-cornered hat, about which a few historical anecdotes are making the rounds. "But how dare you say such things! History is the witness of the past, the light of truth, the living memory, the teacher of life, the messenger of antiquity. History is the teacher of life." - When I hear stuff like this, I understand that these are not aphorisms, but spells. And Kratos is nothing but a terrible bloody religion, and historians are the acolytes in this bloody cult. For thousands of years historians are engaged in only one thing: they clamp our heads in a vise composed of so-called facts so that we can't even look around and realize that theirs is not the only way to look at things. What do we need history as it's presented nowadays if even Churchill acknowledged that the main lesson of history is that mankind is not teachable. And if after the First World War, mankind has not reached any conclusions, then it won't reach them anytime later on, either, if only...," I hesitated, "well, let's talk more about this later." So, fresh off of licking its economic and demographic wounds, it rushed into the bloody arms of World War II. 'Hey, wait a minute,' someone will protest, saying 'we've have no global conflicts in almost 70 years." But it's not we who deserve any accolades for this. It's like alcoholism - a person can stop drinking if he realizes that this is what is bringing him down, that because of his libations he may lose his family, or he may simply be given a diagnosis, and he understands that if goes on drinking, he'll die. Universally, these are all exactly the same. With the invention of nuclear weapons it was clear to mankind: to be in a big fight means we all die. That's all there is to it, and by and large humanity feels no remorse over what it has perpetrated, but it does have a global sense of self-preservation. And if we take the second half of the twentieth century, Mao Zedong, Kim Il Sung, the cannibal Bokassa, Pol Pot, Idi Amin and Pinochet, and to this list we can even add on all the rash of local conflicts, caused unbearable itching over parts of the planetary body, the bloody harvest was probably lower than in the first, but certainly higher than in all previous centuries for the same reporting period.

And here and now, when all go on about how society is more open than ever before, it's time to verify how real this openness is in practice, to climb the bloody scaffold called history and change its structure according to the benefits brought for humanity, annexing part of the historic space in favor of Melos. I'll explain what I mean now. I don't think that I reinvent the wheel if I say that humanity in general and each individual in particular has two spaces: physical and metaphysical. The difference is that the physical space is given to us at the start, while the metaphysical goes on day after day."

"By whom? Who makes it going on?" the face of a thirty-year-old man with a well-groomed beard, mustache and hair, layered as if several waves had overlapped from different sides and swallowed the upper part of his oblong head was exactly the same as in the early self-portrait. The only thing that wasn't transferred into the lithography was the fresh, almost youthful blush on his cheeks.

"There was a time it was you made it going on," I looked at Escher, and corrected myself, "all of you, and now, for example, it is I."

"So you think any work of art than something like the discovery of new lands?" Gauguin asked.

"Yes, Paul, some of them can be presented that way, others were beat back nothingness, in the same way Amsterdam through strenuous, backbreaking effort retook their land from the sea using dams, there are others, hidden for centuries, like Pompeian frescoes were hidden under the ashes and ancient Russian icons - under lacquered black and candle soot, and in taking possession of them, humanity restores for itself vast expanses of beauty and meaning. Every work of art is a territory which, by annexing, people gradually build their internal empires. And as is the snow and rain, sun and wind, heat and cold, so it is that for man are love and hate, fear and courage – the feelings that act on this empire. And as winter gives way to summer, so it is that in our inner empires joy and sadness give way to each other, so no matter how big the universe of Hegel was, it will always be remain a vast desert of ice, where on a frost-bitten plank the unfeeling world spirit will move the frozen figures of nations. All this is simplified, a model, but the model is a very good answer to a question we are not used to answering: what do we need art for, actually? - We need it to build our own internal empires. It's this we need it for, or I would say it is absolutely essential. Why, for example, do we need Goya's bull herders from the house of the deaf when, after all, it's impossible to love them? Yes, it impossible, but to have them in our inner world is essential, just as we need railings on the bridge, so as not to fall and not to drown in the murky, stinking waters of hatred, to not be overwhelmed by the foam of mindless rage. It's absolutely clear to me: why Mozart's Fortieth Symphony is needed, and that's to add to the inner world the community of the fresh, dynamic sounds. Why do I need the exquisitely small, like a cup of sake, three-line poems of Basho? In order to more clearly feel how the seconds of my life fade away. Why do I need the old man with the disgusting nose in the picture by Domenico Ghirlandaio? - For the sake of contemplating that true love living in the eyes of the child sitting on his lap. Why do I need the gold of the mosaics of the St. Sophia Cathedral or St. Mark's Basilica in Venice? - Because, this gold is not subject to any inflation. True, one can't put it in a pocket or in a safe-deposit box, but pockets eventually are full of holes, and banks go bankrupt, while my inner world not only remains whole, but thanks to these frescoes is expanding in size and becoming ever-richer. And I can tell why any other worthy canvas or sculpture is essential. Why it is something that I, personally, need!? But tell me, **why** would my inner world need Phalaris, who roasted the "undesirable elements" inside a giant bronze bull, or the historical Dracula, Vlad Tepes, who nailed the caps of emissaries to their heads, or my compatriot, Ivan the Terrible, who did not spare his own son, and who sent out his henchmen - the Oprichniki on bloody raids against his own cities, and in his spare time amused himself by personally torturing his opponents? And now if we really do our best and rack our brains, we can extend this list considerably, but again I ask myself the question **WHY?** Why do I need all of them if just explained, that history doesn't teach us anything? Why do I need this knowledge? I'm not a maniac, and a description of the smell of roasted human flesh doesn`t make me feel ecstatic, and the view of numerous dismembered bodies does not awaken desire in me. Even in terms of pure compositions, the Nanjing Massacre cannot be combined with Bach's "airy" Suite No. 3, nor can Incident 228 be merged with Rodin's kiss.

Each of us has his own metaphysical boundaries, and these boundaries are vastly expanded by acquiring the magnificent temporal boundlessness of a Tchaikovsky concerto when we listen to music, gaining a chilly New York park, replete with thoughts from Salinger's hero, when we read a book and getting da Vinci's Sfumato when we see the picture. The main problem is that in the process of forming our inner world, someone or the other is always trying to get in there, someone who knows what we need to do and what not, what is right and what is wrong, what is bad and what is good for us… GOOD IS TO OBEY! - If our inner world develops freely from the very beginning, than there wouldn't be any questions, and we would herd all these Ashurbanipals, Heliogabaluses and Hannibals into a separate internal mental reservation, and be done with it, but if from the fifth to eleventh grade in school and then in college or university you are continually force-fed history, all these so-called historical figures have already proliferated in the mind, and it is impossible to eradicate them from there. Our memory does not allow us to do this, and to forbid ourselves to think about them, well this is like not thinking about white monkeys[[1]](#footnote-1). Now it is quite impossible to avoid Kratos. He pursues us from birth, remember: childhood, fairy tales, and in the fairy tales, once upon a time there lived a tsar, and it does not matter what happens next. The main thing is that **the tsar lived and was,** while in the former terrible real-life "fairy tale" called the Soviet Union in each city there was a poster with the inscription "Lenin lived, Lenin lives, Lenin will live." When Kratos enters the territory of the printed word, the victims begin to multiply exponentially. After the study guide for high villainy, which, rather than "The Prince" should actually be called a degenerate, ghoul, thug, bastard, unscrupulous scum, any, even the most monstrous carnage can be elegantly called Machiavellianism. How many innocent victims perished at the hands of beasts inspired by "Mein Kampf"? We've lost count. Kratos, like a virus, infects even those who are "ex officio" obliged to observe a purity of the mind. Plato, who as soon as descended from philosophy into politics, started to promote such crap as private property is not needed, artists are not necessary, parents don't have to know their children, that even the tyrant of Syracuse, Dionysius, recognized this crapola as nonsense and sold him into slavery. And how many artists were bludgeoned by propaganda, how many talents atrophied were overfed with commissions from the powers-that-be? How many paintings were transformed into a cemetery of dried paint with the muzzles of murderers who were called emperors? Is, in fact, the main triumph of the Impressionists the fact that they invented the artistic techniques that allow us to more accurately portray the mobility and volatility of the surrounding world? - NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO !!!!!! I yelled so loudly that I startled not only the gray-bearded Claude, but, so it seemed to me, the ready-for-anything Cellini. Their greatest achievement is that although their lot included not only war and an incredible seething pool of political shit, they chose and the main thing was that they painted colors, the sea, friends and girlfriends, ballet classes, Parisian cafes. After they got together, it was as if we would never see how in the realm of high art state-sanctioned derzhimordas[[2]](#footnote-2) appear. And now, as I observe all kinds of manifestations of political activism in art it does not matter if they are for or against the government, and this truly perplexes me: how, HOW? could they so fruitlessly fuck up that great disregard of Kratos, which the Impressionists arranged for it.

 "And what is power to you," suddenly, like hit the dusty bag on the head from the corner, Picasso asked me.

"Well, certainly not yours, Pablo, the dictatorship of the artists, or, rather one artist."

"So what's the point?"

 "At this particular point in time, historical space is entirely dominated by Kratos ..."

"Sasha, stop already with these asides," from his seat Velasquez did not even cry, rather he almost bellowed.

"Alright then, I see power as that old fart in that joke who shows up at the travel agency and stands around trying to decide where to go, and then asks: "Tell me is the only globe you have here?" In the same vein, I'm flipping through the history of political doctrines, and I ask, don't you have any other political system, you know, for me personally, isn't there another globe out there? Oh, I see. Okay then, we'll have to choose from what is. Lincoln said, I do not want to be either a slave or a slave owner, which is all well and good, but it seems to me a more accurate maxim is: I do not want to rule or be ruled over. Since this is not possible, then provided everybody must have the equal basic right to defense, education, health care, the best power is the one that eliminates the fewest of my freedoms."

"Excuse me, but what you're saying is cold and harsh. What about love for your native land?" asked a bearded man with a large forehead that I did not recognize at the time, but after reading one of the collections of articles on Russian artists I stumbled upon his portrait: this was Vasily Vereshchagin.

"You, as I understand it, are talking about patriotism, but what exactly is patriotism?" The text in my hand on the top page suddenly melded into waves, and from the watery alphabet a couple of whirlpools formed, but in a fraction of a second, the letters again lined up in even rows. "Well, Shaw believed that 'patriotism is a pernicious, psychopathic form of idiocy,' Russell believed that 'patriotism is the willingness to kill and be killed for trivial reasons'" According to Wilde, 'patriotism is a great fury,' and Saltykov-Shchedrin wrote that if they 'start talking about patriotism, know this: somewhere something was stolen.'"

I caught a cool look from Velazquez and recalled his words: "You have to shout into the future."

"Patriotism is **always** the manipulation of the citizen by the state. There is no consensus, a single law of patriotism, but there will always be a scoundrel, who will interpret it for you to their own ends. That is, **there is no law, but there is the performer,** and this performer should be you ... yes, yes, I'm talking about YOU, in the event that you are susceptible to political propaganda. If we transfer the concept of patriotism to the economic sphere, it is as if you sign a contract and they want you to charge an amount several times higher than that prescribed in the document and to the question "Why?" they with a broad, phony smile answer you: "What do you mean why? - Because you are a patriotic citizen! ". What to do with a salesman like that? - That's right! So why should you act any differently with an overly-propagandistic government? And don't try to tell me that economics and politics are two different things. I mean, show me politics that don't involve economics! And politics without money, is there such a thing? I've never come across it.

And in essence, what is the state? Or not even that, what essentially is any enterprise? - This is just the paper that debts to its owners are written on. If a company ceases to exist, then after the payment of taxes, legal costs and other legal matters, all property will be divided between the founders in accordance with their shares and from any, even the largest companies will remain only paper containing the charter and the accounting documents. In the same way, the state is just a form of civil contract, certified by the "paper" of the constitution, and whether or not this is just and right is a matter of judging the ratio of rights and obligations in this State. Roughly speaking, to live in the state, to slave for eighteen hours a day for a bowl of rice, and always aware that at any moment you might be killed an example just because you wear glasses, as in Cambodia – in my opinion, this is a piss-poor civil contract, and therefore a lousy State. The better the contract, the more space and time in it will be given to self-realization, decent wages, social security, and privacy. The STATE is none other than the **debt owed - to its citizens** and what it will provide its citizens - lower prices, subsidies, tax incentives, or bludgeons and tear gas - this depends on the level of its legitimacy. Based on the foregoing, we can conclude that a democratic institution is shown to be the least worst of the existing options. But given democracy, what is the scenario that I believe is the most appropriate? - Governance by sys-admins. Once I signed a contract with a large company for the production of video presentation. Before shooting, I and the marketing director went around the building to select the most favorable places for the interview, decide on the lighting equipment, and in one cubbyhole, I saw an absolutely unpresentable sleeping man in a T-shirt with the inscription on the back:

"ADMIN inv.№63456567 access: ROOT

IN CASE OF FIRE FIRST IN LINE

Responsible \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ signature."

and a mug, in which you can easily drown two bears and four rhinos, with the inscription "sysadmin drinks, but not chocolate".

"Who is this?" I asked in surprise.

"The system administrator."

"What's up with him, and why is he sleeping?"

"Because he's good."

"Say what!?"

"You know," my companion began to explain, "if the sysadmin is always running around, fixing whatever, rummaging around underfoot, fooling around with wiring and throwing around installation disks and flash drives with drivers, then he's a bad worker, and his work isn't good and the system is fucked up, too. But if the system administrator is someone who nobody sees, but everyone’s systems are always operating smoothly, that's a different story, and we pay him a higher salary, and we don't give a rat's ass what he does: with his time: He can play tank battle, sleep or watch porn - what matters is that he keeps the computers up and running and the system humming so that everyone from the interns to the general director is happy.

"So if a system like this was transposed to the scale of the state, then this would be, and I emphasize that it`s true, at least right now it is, a system, under which a person receives the maximum amount of benefits with a minimum loss of freedom. If we take the practice of public administration, then for me the standard is a group of professionals that is the most open to communicating with the public with a minimum of self-promotion and new laws.

Everything is simple with communications: a government official, like a system administrator should always be in place, ready to show up and remove the legislative or executive system failure, but see how there he sits, leaning back a little in his chair, or crudely scratching his crotch, while yawning without covering the mouth, but it doesn`t really matter. Regarding a limit on new laws, this is not my idea, even Lao Tzu said that the more laws and decrees then the more robberies and looting. Confucius also asked Shi Huang not to change anything, and he, after a little reflection, ordered the burning of all of Confucius's books, and the burying alive of four hundred and sixty prominent Confucians, and with a calm heart proceeded to order the construction of the Great Wall. Thousands of years have passed, but the principles have remained. For example, in his treatise, on civil disobedience Thoreau develops the idea that 'That government is best which governs least' and when people are ready for it, then that is exactly the kind of government that will exist. But because people **are not yet ready,** we citizens should at least make sure that the governing powers should not become a rabid printer that prints one law after another. If the political system is functioning normally, new laws are not needed, and if not, then new laws will still not result in anything good.

What is power? Power is medicine. Any medication is transformed into poison given a high enough concentration in the body, and so if the body of the state when it exceeds a certain therapeutic level. And almost any poison in small concentrations can be used as medicine. Look at any totalitarian regime, where the concentration of Kratos exceeds all conceivable limits. Most citizens in such a state will certainly be poisoned and as a result, will begin to disseminate death or wage warfare against foreign enemies, or arrange massacres within its own borders. Nazi Germany and Stalin's Soviet Union are vivid examples of how the two mustached maniacs tried to get inside every room, insert themselves in every family, in every thought, wherever, poisoning everything with their respective powers, everything around them. At the other extreme is anarchy. Relinquishing power is like saying: I am perfect, so I will never be ill, and thus have no need of medicine. In this scenario, the political body will die or infested with bacilli from internal crime or from the external damage inflicted by external enemies, who, unlike the latter, possess in their organism antibiotic that is governmental authority. Therefore, in principle there it can be no long-term functioning anarchic state.

But in my opinion, the most dangerous societal state is when the ruling authority that is the required medicine is converted to the desired drug, **and everyone,** not just politically engaged members of society fall prey to this infection. Foucault's idea that all ruling authorities throughout time crawl from all the cracks, it's all self-fulfilling, true, but in addition to that there are different aggregate states, and correspondingly, methods of interaction with the public. There is also a concentration of Kratos, which currently exceeds all acceptable norms and limits. No, of course I don't have device like a 'kratos-meter' that can measure the concentration of Kratos in a particular social environment, and so we'll use logic. Let's start from the beginning: Where are we now? What is our historical residence? It was the Renaissance, the Enlightenment, but now? Probably, the time in which we live can be called the era of communication. This era is the result of the most intensive development of the mass media and communication sin human history. But what is the mass media, and not in terms of technology, or in terms of the logic of use, but in essence? If we continue the theme of the internal empire, the Internet and all its possibilities, TV, books, art exhibitions, theater, cinema, radio, newspapers - these are bridges along which information traverses to our inner world. We cannot live without them either mentally or physically, as cut off from communication a city cannot survive for long, and in the same vein, in an extended information blockade, our inner world won`t be able to live for long, either. In addition, we are so densely surrounded by the noise generated by information sources that it will get to us even against our will.

Every form of mass media has its mechanism and rate of spread, but I'm not talking about that right now,[[3]](#footnote-3)1 but about the fact that whoever controls communication, controls the situation. But in our "free world" who is it that's behind the controls? Calm down, I'm not going to pollute your brain with more conspiracy dross, but to understand this we need concrete examples. I don't want to talk about media such as the zombie box, boob tube, bullshit box, tele-trash-chute, idiot-box and life-sucker. The very idea of sitting and watching it is of no interest to me, especially since it is not original, this notion. As I recall it was proposed by a literary character, namely the python Kaa to the Bandar-log. But with the Internet, now that's a different story, and much more interesting. How many times a day do we check out the news on the Web? Take the most visited news portals and just see: what percentage of the total volume of news actually concerns politics, political analysis, world events, the politics of "yesterday, today and tomorrow", and how much is allocated to cultural events (by culture I mean concerts, for example, Pierre Boulez, and not about how one more a pop bad-voiced mediocrity was doped up to the eyeballs and barfed.

Moreover, news of Kratos is crushed, disseminated, and then grows into new forms social networks, blogs, forums and chat rooms on the ground mutual hatred and the desire to display off their, as a rule, pathetic little minds. In this regard, I simply cannot understand why a person without a special higher education, holding forth about, say, quantum gravity or string theory suddenly looks lost and sort of stupid, but the person ranting about world politics, and not knowing the difference between minarchism and monarchism, or parliamentarism and totalitarianism judging by the enthusiastic comments, may look like a world expert. One hundred and fifty years ago, Wagner developed the concept of Gesamtkunstwerk – of a certain great universal work of art that would include all forms of art, that is not the creation of one man alone, rather it is an essential universal endeavor of the people of the future. But Internet didn`t become a Gesamt**kunst**werk, but it turned out a great Gesamt**politik**werk, a kind of omni-invasive, omni-penetrating Kratos, and it's of no matter if you're interested in the politics or not. And if you're wondering what kind of shoes, clothes or jewelry the wife of the Prime Minister is wearing, this is Kratos, what kind of dog the President has, or what suit his spokesman is wearing, what beer he drinks, what's his ride, or what kind of sports is this or that politician into – that's Kratos. In the feature film – that's Kratos, the documentary – again Kratos, even in the most stupid television series political jokes are passed over with enviable consistency. The performing arts have spawn numerous political theaters where it is of no importance that classical plays are refashioned by contemporary political events, it even happens that politicians themselves show up on stage. Politicians play music, paint and exhibit pictures, write books. The mayor of Toronto, who drinks while driving, smokes crack and got into a brawl at the City Hall is dangerous in the long run and not because of his behavior, but because he and politicians like him overtake the institution of jesters. And so a year without a dozen or two sexual-political scandals and revelations – it's like nothing has happened. And after particularly "masterful" performances, even the Oval Office was renamed by the masses the "oral office." All this would be funny if it wasn't so scary. Kratos is EVERYWHERE! But why is there so much of him, what such a concentration on a byte of information? - It's elementary, in ancient civilizations the Emperor was worshipped as God and so as to demonstrate his divinity: they built the giant pyramids in Egypt, the underground castle with terracotta warriors and lakes with mercury in China, in Rome statues of certain emperors would stand in the pantheon. In our era - the era of communication the pyramids and mausoleums are built too but not of stone, and of information. Politicians want to appear to us as the earthly personification of Kratos, as some all-powerful super-beings that we, the citizens, should revere, take an interest in their lives, follow their activities ... AND OBEY. If before they had to throw a pinch of incense into the censer in front of the Roman emperor, thus recognizing in him the divine essence, it is now enough to simply Facebook "like" him or retweet him. Please, take a moment and calmly look at the situation from this point of view. Did you take a look? Well, what do you think? It doesn't thrill me, either. What's to be done? In the short term, as I said earlier we need to minimize excessive politicians` self-promotion. I propose introducing a quota on appearances in the mass media of communications for politicians. Tell me: Can you picture the state as a huge plane, and the heads of state are like the pilots? - Why not? Then I have - one more question: tell me what is more important, which buttons they push, who is the air traffic controller they talk to, and what stewardess they fuck, or is it ensuring you have a smooth flight without air pockets and turbulence, and even more so without disaster. I think the answer is obvious. A good pilot is invisible, he carries businessmen that are richer than him, the professors that are smarter, artists that are more talented, athletes who are stronger. Flying in this plane are citizens who pay taxes to ensure with their money the technical soundness of the aircraft, and also that he is paid a higher salary. So why in any public transport, be it a plane, bus, train, whoever is doing the "driving" is separated from the passengers by a special partition where he can do his job in peace? Why the captain steers the ship, rather than running to the passengers, talking about nice the sailing is going to go next time, and the president of the state acts in such a manner when it's time for the election campaign, in the processes spending money and time. For what reason generally politics appears in the information space? This is either a reaction to a recent event, that is, pressing the flesh to ensuring high polling numbers, or to promise something, or throw some dirt on the opponent. When it comes to scenes, we have enough of those, and instead of blah-blah about the bright future, let them publish **authentic** reports on financial and economic activity, especially as experience shows that this bares their political ass more than any videotaped orgy.

But a restriction on the appearance of politicians in the information field is not enough. All TV shows, printed materials need to be marked with a special symbol. Just like there are product labels informing about the content of GMOs, information that contains politics needs to be labeled. If citizens have a right to know what they eat, then why don't they have the right to know what they read or watch? And in the current situation, information is like an opaque package without labels that you open first, consume, and only then do you realize what kind of garbage you have just shoved into your head. But there are simply temporary measures, these are only patches on the fabric of our world that don't change anything in substance. And, in fact, can we change anything? - We can! Now is the time, we not only can do it, but I believe we must do it, because never before has humanity been so interested in the diverse manifestations of freedom, and never before have we compiled such a body of knowledge accessible to the public. Freedom! Freedom? Can we have a concrete conversation about freedom? Can we gauge it? We can, if we look at it as if it were a stock on the market. Take any country, say ... well, let's take Argentina. When the Argentines defeated the Spanish colonialists and adopted the constitution, and "freedom shares" was extremely high, and when the military junta organized terror throughout the state, the freedom stock fell to historic lows. **Freedom is a variable value,** and right now we have to separate freedom from patriotism, stop dying and murdering for it, and finally start reaping decent dividends. Freedom is like a coconut. Its shell is patriotism, and the milk and flesh are the benefits that we should freely and easily consume. Instead, over the centuries, we either try to gnaw this nut and rip up our mouths or try to break it open by cracking it on the heads of our neighbors on the planet. The only difference is that a democratic society lets us gnaw on the nut arbitrarily while a totalitarian forces up to bite into it in exactly the right place and with a predetermined amount of force. But no matter what the political system, the one who knows how to handle the "shell" called patriotism can sit with a straw and sip excellent milk of benefits, and the vast majority of people gnaw it all their life and get nothing except pain of useless efforts and inedible fibers.

"As I understand it, as regards this you have something to offer?"

"My proposal, Francisco, is actually very simple: replace the matrix, on which humanity is printed. You think that I'm going assume the pose of a Byronic hero and reveal to you **a new truth, which** in a flash will transform humanity. **Nothing of the sort!** The matrix on which will be printed the full history of mankind cannot be created by one person. Moreover, it should be a proto-idea which one way or another would touch upon each person throughout human history. How to launch such an idea? We must act in apophatic fashion, remove that **which does not** respond to our requirements and what we need will remain. In the first stage we throw out science which now seems to be the most obvious candidate for this role. Why? Turn around and look back, when was it that science as we know it appeared? For how many centuries, how many people and how many people in general have made without it? And let me say that chemical, biological, nuclear weapons, heavy synthetic drugs, and other such "modern joys" were not invented by composers, nor actors, and certainly not painters of watercolors. Besides, let's be honest, in the modern world there is virtually no such thing as independent science. To create, all I need is a ballpoint pen and paper or a few tubes of paint and a piece of coarse cloth, but a scientist requires expensive equipment and tools to create anything, along with high-tech laboratories, supplies which are provided to him either by the state, that is Kratos in its pure form, or large corporations that can afford it. Any scientific discovery is an achievement of verified results, and most of the time, how these results will be implemented the scientists don`t decide. Nowadays, a scientist is in most cases mercenary, which, depending on the qualification and what is most in demand, today will work creating medicines, and tomorrow - designing and producing weapons of mass destruction. We don't have to go far for an example: just recall Fritz Haber, who in the 1915 not only developed chemical weapons using chlorine, but also oversaw their use on the front, and three years later won the Nobel Prize for synthesizing ammonia, or Oppenheimer, who in 1938 engaged in calculations of a neutron star model, and a few years later quietly headed the Manhattan Project. But the problem is, pardon the pun, is that from the point of view of scientific thinking this is generally not a problem. In any event, taking into account such dualities, teaching the history of mankind through the prism of science is not only dangerous, it's almost suicidal.

In general, the apophatic principle is clear, and further, if you wish, you can try to do the math without me, but I think in the end we'll have the same result. In the end, there are still three ideas: power, God, art. In human history, there is no nation that can exist without any power, without concerning itself with who is the Creator of the world and without creating at least some kind of art - song, dance, poetry, visual arts. By rights, we must choose only among these three ideas and only they have been, are and will be an armature that supports and continues to support the design of humanity."

"Well, you identified the source, but how to choose ... what criteria to use... in short, explain your mental structure," the question was asked quietly, but Escher gestured with his hands as if he was holding a big cat's cradle and as if he was trying to construct some complex figure.

 "No there are no structures, tricks, you just have to choose the least **dangerous** option for mankind. From this side, and indeed from any other, Kratos himself has been completely discredited. Results of the personal searches for truth of the people of Melos are Buanarotti's *Creation of Adam*, Rodin's *Burghers of Calais*, Paganini's *Caprice*, the people of Kratos - Verdun, Auschwitz and Hiroshima. Hereinafter, by Melos I mean some melodic, but in a broader sense creative beginning, any manifestation of art in the world. This term is not entirely successful, but if the word 'kratos' is Greek, the contrasting word must also be Greek. I just want you to understand, the mediocrity of the artist is manifested in a disgustingly painted wall or in a disfigured piece of marble, but the mediocrity of the ruler is manifested in a fratricidal war or genocide. The next idea is the idea of God. As soon as it enters our real life, it begins to oxidize, corrode, and sometimes takes quite inhumane forms – religious wars, religious genocide, the Inquisition. Every nation, every country has its own skeletons in the closet, which emerged because of their religious beliefs, which cannot be forgotten, but we don't have to take them into the future. All that remains of these three is art. When was war declared, or a massacre instigated over a painting, or for the right to perform a symphony? - I can't remember a single instance of this. The history of art least bloody part of the history of the world, so it should become of the very matrix, on which new generations of people will be printed.

"So you're proposing to lead artists to power?" Maurice suddenly spread his hands wide, as if breaking apart the invisible cradle of yarn.

"Absolutely not! Moreover, any country would benefit from a law that prohibits those who have even a drop of artistic talent from engaging in politics. The logic of Kratos and the logic of Melos not only different, they are antithetical. Those of Melos regard everybody as if they were viewers, and I don't mean viewers as in at the art gallery but in a broader sense, the reader for the writer, the listener for the composer. The viewer is the designation of a party to the dialogue. The people of Kratos regard everybody  as the electorate, and this explains everything. The aim of the artist is to expand the inner empire of man, while the aim of the politician is to convince the man to voluntarily give his life (whether in war or in office) for an alien empire. That is, roughly speaking, for the artist a person is a viewer, that is, the ends, but for the politician, the person is a voter, the electorate, that is, the means. Of course, in politics there have also been people like William Wilberforce, but think about it, for every Wilberforce how many bastards of all kinds, from petty corrupt officials to openly murderous tyrants have there been. And when an artist begins to look at a person as a representative of the electorate, that is, as a means, he automatically ceases to be an artist."

"Well, what do you suggest then? And what to do with governmental authority? And ... "Escher gestured around the room," and that's all? "

"My proposal is simple, when I uttered the word "annex," I got a little worked up. I propose that Kratos, that is the state **voluntarily hands** us, the people of Melos - the creators and the views (again and again I want to make it clear that there is no hierarchy here, rather a living dialogue) an eternal right to use part of history What? On what basis? The social contract implies that we in the name of the civil government abandon part of our freedoms, but nowhere does it say that we should abandon to the state our right to history. When someone talks about the end of history, I want to cut him off with the cry "come on!" history isn't beer and snacks. There is not end to it, it's just that humanity, like a hermit crab, has outgrown his shell, and is suffocating in the bloody stinking sink of Kratos, and we must resettle in the new, clean, bright house of Melos. Yes, yes, as I understand you have questions: What is it going to be like? And if this idea is good, how it can be implemented? But these questions arise from a single global issue: WHERE? Where is **our** place in this process? We must answer this before we can see what to do next and what the result will be."

"But can you be more specific?" quietly but clearly said Goya from his seat.

"I can. The historic choose between the monarchy and the republic is similar to the choice between the foot and the hand, and the choice between the Democrats and Republicans is like the choice between the fingers of one hand. Gödel's second theorem, which however you slice it, lays it out clear, says that the logical completeness (or incompleteness) of any system of axioms cannot be proved within the system. At the moment, we are inside the system known as Kratos. Has humanity moved out from under this system? No. Is it really possible to do it? Yes. How? Instead of having to choose between Kratos and Kratos, I propose a historic choice between Kratos and Melos."

"Excuse me for interrupting, but is there any fundamental difference between your idea and everything that has existed heretofore in politics..." Escher rolled his arms around, as if he was holding beach ball between his hands, "not only as regards political thinking, but also how it plays out in reality, so to speak. Do you understand what I'm talking about?"

"I understand, and here's my response: yes there is a difference, and it is not quantitative, but qualitative - any political idea or project is like a plan for a new house, or a plan from a politician for rebuilding an old house. The problem is that it doesn't matter if the house is socialist, monarchical, democratic. For the implementation of this project, he needs your rights, freedoms and also the material resources of the entire state. If the majority of citizens agree in principle with the project set before them, then either the old political system is scrapped to make way for the new one meaning a revolution or else society adopts a plan for the reconstruction of the "political house," that is, a set of reforms is enacted. And in fact, in both cases the main question is how much freedom and benefits are the citizens willing to donate to the project? After all, Melos did not need any rights or freedoms, nor, for the most part, did he require any material resources. In fact, he didn't even need the whole, rather just a part of human history."

"So you propose a certain mysterious project for a bright future, an era of Melos, and you have not shown us any blueprints, but the price that you propose is the lowest in history," Goya said in a quiet, thoughtful voice.

"In fact, in a sense what I'm proposing is not a bright future, rather simply a different future: do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Me, you, up to this point this choice has not been presented to anyone, but if we try, we can see to it that our children are given this option. I did not dealing out cards, but what I'm offering is a new deck - one that isn't splattered with blood, isn't marked with patriotism and other political technologies and the game, the croupier, and the stakes - all this is theirs to choose."

"But why are you always talking about the future?"

"Because that is the answer to "where?" Our generation - the exact age is not what matters - 34, 79, or 22 - we are no longer capable of carrying out a transition like this. But this is no reason to falter, rather, it pushes us to give it our all."

"Details?"

"Alright, it's all simple, as I said, we are infected with Kratos, his understanding, his logic. Moreover, the more active a person, the more educated, the more thoughtful, the more he wants to change the world, then the greater his infection. The main danger of this virus is that the more we develop ourselves, the more the infection accumulates in the body, and none of our quests, from a conception of a new Middle Ages to a noocracy and meritocracy, lead to anything, since Kratos is everywhere and all-enveloping. Kratos cannot be eradicated, and therefore it`s incurable."

"And so are you saying that you have found an antidote for Kratos?"

"I`ve already told you that now Kratos is incurable, but if we accept the logic of Moses, then we can change everything."

"Moses?"

"Yes, Moses, but please, don`t think that I am calling myself another Moses, I'm talking about a man who knows for sure and courageously accepts the fact that he will never see the promised land, but what he does see is the younger generation which, freed from the idea of Egyptian slavery, and in our case from the idea of bondage of Kratos, will enter that land. And if, for this, Moses led his people through the desert for forty years so that only those who were born outside of Egypt could enter that land, then we who are living today do not need to wander through the desert, for we can raise a generation that is free from the pervasive mindset of Kratos.

Previously, people had either to fight and perish for the shining future, or lead a wretched existence so as to pave the way for the happy generations to follow, as in socialist countries, where the powers that be made it clear that we now are in a transition period, which is why we must all suck it up, but our children will live under communism; and then the children were born, and they grew up, but nothing ever changed and communism never did come to be. And so I propose a transition that does not require a "voluntary" sacrifice of our rights and the loss of self-esteem."

"Wait, wait," interrupted Goya, "that is, you're proposing some new kind of material for the construction of social relations, and even an estimate, but you're not showing us the actual plans for the construction project. Why not? Maybe they don't exist?"

"Yes, Francisco, let's assume that they don't."

"DON`T LIE," suddenly he shouted from his seat, "what we have seen... what we saw in your house... incomprehensible graphics, some kind of explanation, something like schematics... in general, YOU DO HAVE A PLAN, and for some reason I think that it's - how to say? - it came to you before you came up with this idea of Kratos and Melos."

"As I said, we will assume that there is no plan; this doesn't mean that it does not actually exist, let's just say that it's doesn't exist in the moral sense..."

"What do you mean, 'it is, but isn't'?" shouted Gauguin from his seat.

"That`s exactly what it means, Paul. Don't you see? The more magnificent and shining that edifice is on paper, then the more lives are spent on working toward its construction. And as practice shows us, it always happens that some "inexplicable and unforeseen" forces emerge in the form of revolutionary terror and political repression. The larger the political idea, the more you have to pay for it, and as you know, the "currency" you pay in is your life, with 100% prepayment. And since my plan really is unusual, but good, tightly packed in a mental shell and, I would even say, sometimes bewitching in its basic idea, it's possible that someone might like it so much that he'll adopt it as an action plan. But since right now I, along with everyone else, exist in the realm of Kratos, then the implementation of the plan will inevitable be paid for with human corpses. Therefore, if before now I wavered, then now I am absolutely certain now I must annihilate it."

"100% prepayment? What do you suggest, installments?"

"That's right, we must not throw our lives into the furnace of dubious ideas, but spend them on enabling the next generation to draw up their own plan for the future. We believe that we are more experienced, we know more about life, we are smarter than our children. Perhaps within the formal system called Kratos this is so, but we have never had a choice, wherever we are, no matter what we do, we're always up against the mental borders of Kratos. Throughout the 20th century, humankind has raved that if not us, then our children will get to resettle somewhere on Mars, and everything going to be just great for them there....IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN! This is because it's not about the technology, it's about the mentality and this hasn't changed. So before we splash the other planets with blood, maybe we need to learn to live on our own planet, or at least give a chance to live in a different way to our children."

"Well, in any case, you've made it clear to us what was out of our reach, which is so evident to you, and I hope that your generation will understand what it is that the generation after you can use.... In short, Alexander, you're persuasive, and have convinced us of your theory. But what will it look like in practice? How can this road, this springboard to this potential 'superselection be built?' "

"I'll tell you how, Paul, but a word of warning that this is just an outline of it, a working prototype, and the details need to be filled in by others: philosophers, futurologists, sociologists, economists, lawyers and politicians who have developed a high enough level of knowledge and experience of socialization. This is what Francisco was talking about, these specialists like "human worker bees" from science and culture join and flesh it out."

"Flesh it out," muttered Goya," if not immediately, then later. Go on."

"The entire process can be divided into two stages: the creation and the fruition. For even a small percentage of the future generation to look at the world with the clear vision of Melos, with the least amount of interference from Kratos, we must create the conditions for this vision. For this, we must write the first genuinely global history of Melos, and I'm not talking about a world history of art a la Gombrich, Benois and others. I'm talking about the history of Melos."

"But what's the difference?"

"The logic of its construction, in the order of its priorities. Who, in the history of Kratos, is regarded as 'great'? Those who have been the most aggressive and the most successful at waging warfare, who have pillaged their neighbor's lands, who have killed the most people, and stolen their wealth. But you, who have given the world beauty, enter into the annals of history with names such as 'cross-eyed,' or Guercino, 'wine cask,' or Botticelli, or else impersonally, such as Paolo of Verona, Pietro of Perugia or just El Greco – 'The Greek'. Sometimes you are 'minimized,' like Donatello, or little Giogio, i.e. Giorgione. In contrast, Shapur II, Tamerlane, Karl I, Mehmed II, Mao Zedong - all are great! Great? Well, if measured in the quantity of cadavers generated under their rule, then, sure, they're really great, but maybe it's time for us to move on to other units of measurement for history.

"But this is what they called us in our lifetimes," said Caravaggio.

"That's right! So maybe it's time to change everything and put the creator, as opposed to the ruler, on the cutting edge of history!"

"But how? In the history of Kratos, as you call it, everything is clear: there is a ruler, his court, his army, the people, in short, an established hierarchy. And in art everything is so subtle, so changeable - how to systematize us... I don't know how to explain it right ..."

"You don't need to explain anything, I understand you. You think that if there is no clear hierarchy, it means that there isn't any system and method, and this means that it just won't work out. And yes, until recently humankind couldn't step outside of hierarchical thinking, or, more precisely, there was no collective experience of thinking outside of the hierarchy. But there have been exceptions, special cases, and enough of them to lead us to a solution."

"Such as?"

"In a moment, first tell me: What is the main objective in any history textbook?"

"Well, obviously, to trace the evolution of mankind through the ages."

"NO! All history books, no matter what the country, no matter what era, exist only to convey to the reader a 'pseudo-truth': without the hierarchy, chaos ensues. But the world around us is not hierarchical everywhere. The world is diverse. DIVERSITY is life itself, and only the history of Kratos tells us 'no' - we, the people, must have either the rigid hierarchy, or we can have death. Look around you: it isn't just that the world doesn't fit this scheme, it simply falls outside of a strict hierarchical logic. Wherever you look: in physics - we have quantum mechanics and Everett's many-worlds interpretation, and in astronomy – such non-hierarchical systems as the Orion Trapezium Cluster, in computer science - some artificial neural networks, and in biology – natural-non-hierarchical (network, quasi-market) structures is generally one of the most avant-garde directions scholars are moving in, with hundreds of scientific papers worldwide. And just think about it, even the periodic system of chemical elements is essentially non-hierarchical: matter is formed by definite laws, but cesium is not subject to hydrogen. Moreover, some modern scholars represent it not as an immutable table, but as tracks, galaxies and even a three-dimensional flower. In management holarchies[[4]](#footnote-4), hirams[[5]](#footnote-5), Meuleman`idea about metagovernors and DeCarlo's idea of quantum management overcome the rigid borders of the hierarchy.

The logic of hierarchical thinking is similar to the way they took the first daguerreotypes. The exposure was long, and to get sharp images, a special clamp had to be used to hold the head in place - a kopfgalter. It wasn't visible on the resulting image, but there was absolutely no way to turn the head during the shooting process. For the first daguerreotypes this may have been the only option, but now, almost every cell phone gives its owner the power to snap images, anytime, from any angle, anywhere. It's the same with human knowledge: either there wasn't enough of it, or else it wasn`t systematized before, and it seemed to people that hierarchical thinking was the only true option. But now, we not only understand how very rich the world is in its diversity, we can also make use of this diversity. In short, maybe there is someone who likes to sit for a photo shoot with his head in a vise, meaning he likes strictly hierarchical thinking, and if so, good luck to him, but the problem is they employ them on us, brandishing all kinds of historical waste paper, they conjure and call out like in some strange ritual: "The hierarchy! Only the hierarchy! Nothing except the hierarchy!"

"I don't understand, that is, what you're proposing is to not make mention of any of those who rule over us?"

"No, what I'm proposing is a proper redistribution of the roles. Continuing the analogy with photographic equipment, we now have cameras that, after taking the photo, we can then adjust the focus of the image. And we no matter in what way turning the focus ring of our consciousness, but in the end again focus on the history of Kratos. Protohistory has always been about rulers, that is about Kratos. And the people they ruled and their activity - fighting, trading, plowing - this all is secondary in the history books. But as always, there were also those for whom the internal Empire is more important than the external, and they, in contrast to the history written in blood and pain, create a history written in beauty, but in this world such people don't have their own space in the past, separated from the force of Kratos, and therefore they won`t have it in future, either. That is, there is no choice: First you must choose Kratos, and then within Kratos you can choose Melos, and this applies to the artists as well as the spectators. But what if a man has the opportunity to select his "focus" from the time he is a child?

Then I noticed Bosch, who was so tensed up that the veins on his senile neck began to resemble a craggy landscape. He was trying desperately to understand what I was talking about.

"Hieronymus, this isn't difficult. It's, well, it's like Diego's Las Meninas. Using the logic of Kratos, where should the king and queen be standing? In the foreground? But they're only a murky reflection in the mirror. Or Goya's Charles IV of Spain and His Family two hundred years have passed since its creation, the focus has shifted and now we understand that Francisco did not create a formal portrait of the royal family, rather it is a personification of that power - the terrible contingent of monsters in overdressed costumes, ribbons and medals. I call this the principle of historical refocus, where one and the same event, one and the same era, source data, so-called historical facts, once we apply a new focus to our consciousness, provide us with a completely new picture of the world. And now let's you and I try to find this new focus. Take something that everyone knows about, say the reign of Octavian Augustus. Let's just refocus and what emerges in the foreground is Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and midshot - Gaius Maecenas, and now, in the background there we see Augustus himself with his wars, intrigues, summary executions, and looting. Or Lorenzo de Medici, let they call him Magnificent, but next to Buonarroti, Vinci and Botticelli his role is well-played, but at the same time, secondary. Who is he without them? A harsh, successful manager, who with his council of seventy essentially crushed the idea of the Florentine Republic.

I fully understand that in writing such a work as a world history of Melos there are some difficulties, one of which is that humanity has many works of art, and no one knows who created them - their names have not been preserved in history. And so what I want to say to humankind, to my fellow-dwellers on this planet, fellow humans, citizen-earthlings, we bestow names upon the parasites and viruses that kill us, we give names to the hurricanes that demolish our homes, we have names for the lands on other planets which neither we, nor our grandchildren will ever visit, and so it is with asteroids – cold, soulless rocks, that offer us nothing save potential death to our planet. But those who have left behind for us masterpieces, who have lived and toiled for us, so that we have something that moves us, that we share and understand, we call them 'unknown artist, XXX period'. What can I say? IT'S A REAL FUCKING SHAME! In the Russian language we have a word, stydobischa, that means an extreme form of shame, and what's happening with the unknown artist - this epitomizes stydobischa, and what's worse is that it's not even one nation's stydobischa, it's all of humanity's. Before now, we lived in the time of Kratos, a time of forgetting and ignoring, and so, maybe the time has come for us to bequeath names! What? That's not what's done in history? In the history of Kratos the history of blood, of pain, hypocrisy and betrayal, of course not, but in the history of Melos - the history of beauty, self-sacrifice and devotion to the people, this is not only permissible, it's even necessary! Let these be allegorical names, but all the same names. By doing so, by linking the creation with the author, we move beyond words, and in reality we prove to ourselves (and this, believe me, is no small matter!) that no one is forgotten and nothing is forgotten. A Monument to the Unknown Soldier is possible, to the Unknown Artist - it is not. A name brings with it affinity, a name humanizes, in human society the name brings with it life itself. Have you ever seen a man without a name, who has never had a name, who is a nameless nobody? I've never seen someone like this, but were he to exist, just imagine how he would manage in our world where everything and everyone has some kind of name. Nameless, he is doomed to the life of an outcast. In the same way, the terrain of human history is inhabited by hundreds of these outcasts, and I think our mission is to acknowledge this wrong on our part, and to restore historical justice.

However, it's not enough simply to write this treatise. We can, but what we need for the successful implementation is an alternative control system. What do I mean? Right now, we live under the dictatorship of the IQ test. It is assumed that a high or low result on an IQ test reveals to the world how intellectually developed someone is, and this result largely dictates his subsequent studies, career, and life in general in our society. But I believe that what matters is not the amount knowledge and experience a man has accumulated, but how he processes all this, multiplies it, and transmits it back to the outside world. That is, the intelligence quotient, per se, is not important, rather, it's the output quotient and thus, what we should be calculating is axiology, novelty, creativity, and so on. What do I care that someone, somewhere, knows how to solve intellectual puzzles? If he brings nothing to my world, well then, I have no interest in him. Marilyn vos Savant has the highest recorded IQ. So what? How has she enriched the planet? With "literary masterpieces" like Brain Building: Exercising Yourself Smarter or: Growing Up: A Classic American Childhood.

On the other hand people who dropped out of school, college, university because of what I call output, and it doesn't matter if this is creative or, say, economic – actors, musicians, writers and poets, athletes, businessmen, use a search engine and look at them, successful, talented, those who live, create and don't give a fig about all these IQ tests. Incidentally, the most famous living scientist, Stephen Hawking, though not self-taught, said he has never cared what his IQ was, and that anyone who is concerned with such issues are simply losers. Besides, I don't understand how it can be that everyone everywhere is taking a stand against racism, and yet they subject people to tests like these that reek of racism and eugenics just like a public toilet stinks of shit and piss. However, this isn't all that surprising, since the most widely-used test was created by Hans Eysenck, the man who wrote the horoscopes for the upper echelons of the Reich, and prescribed electroshock and psychotropic drugs which cause choking to patients suffering from mental illnesses of varying degrees. He assumed that patients will recover faster so as to avoid such treatment. This is the man who authored Race, Intelligence and Education, which tried to demonstrate that blacks had an IQ that was on average 15 points lower than that of Caucasians.

The main difference between the intelligence quotient and the output quotient is the test of time validation.

We can't say what the IQ was of any particular scholar, musician, artist, philosopher, but we can certainly say what their output quotient was - there's no doubt about it. Scientific, theological, philosophical works, suites and cantatas, paintings and sculptures, novels and poems, ballets and operas - these are what make us real human beings. In the same vein, we can't measure the IQ of rulers of various countries in the past, but we can see their output quotient - CORPSES, CORPSES, AND YET AGAIN, CORPSES! What kind of output quotient did Adolf Hitler or Mao display? On the one hand, we see several dozen mediocre watercolors and a little red book of quotations, and on the other, a sea, an ocean of bodies. When you look at the world from the point of view of the output quotient, stripped of political myths and technologies, you start to see it as it really is. When we use the output quotient, everything will be more authentic, and the quality of education in this or that institution will be much easier to control since instead of complex algorithms, we can take into account the number of written works, the level of creativity of these works and their social relevance to their times, and then use this data to calculate the axiological value of each work. Then, right from day one of their offspring's schooling, any parent who is not happy with his grades and thinks something is amiss with the teacher's assessment can order an independent review and challenge the teacher and the school if, in fact, there are grounds for it. Second, the teacher will also know his place and won't regard himself as the ultimate authority, as is so often the case. Third, this will reduce the number of cases when certain players are given too much credit for something. Fourth, a person's output quotient must be factored in the admissions process to colleges and universities. If all works are in the public domain, the level and dynamics of an applicant's development will be much easier to assess. But most importantly, the above parameters make it easy to put together a program that can be used over the course of a student's studies to systematize the results, and the student will also clearly see the general rise or decline in his activities, any shift in interests that occur over time, and many other factors that help him to understand what's really going on with him over the years. I understand that there are some risks associated with this kind of transparency, but I think they are much lower than in the current system of classical education. And finally, someone may well ask: So what's your IQ? The answer is: I have invented and introduced into the visual arts the concept of art idealism and its practical implementation - abstract idealism, and I create a few dozen paintings a year within this concept, and a new organization of space - Shapecoloring Sociums. For theatrical art I invented and developed the principle of the multi-mise-en-scene. In addition, each year I create at least one large photo series and about every three years I complete a new novel. So what do you think? Do I really have time to subject myself to this garbage that's supposed to be a measure of my intelligence? Especially, forgive me for the banality, but measuring intelligence is something like measuring the size of a man's penis - no matter what way you stretch or twist it, or apply a ruler in the end the only one who can tell you anything of relevance is a woman. And it might be pretty big, but if you don't know how to use it, then anyway you'll spend your life masturbating in splendid isolation. These are, in the words of the unforgettable Ostap-Suleyman-Berta-Maria-Bender-Bey to Shura Balaganov[[6]](#footnote-6), the harsh laws of life.

This, in a nutshell, is what matters when it comes to creation. Now, about the implementation. Tell me, is the world cruel? Is the world depraved? Is it psychopathic? YES, YES, YES! But who corrupted it, who drove it over the edge, who flooded it in blood? Who serves as the example, as the catalyst to what is going on? Ah! Our kids are cruel because they play Prototype and Hitmen. Not a bit! Children are cruel because they read in their history books about scumbags like Genghis Khan and Caracalla. They are dissolute because they look at porn. Hey now, stop being such a hypocrite, if they are dissolute, then it's only because they read about Cleopatra, the “woman with a thousand mouths” or “the great swallower,” who was famous not only for her endless succession of lovers, but also for her biomechanical vibrator - a hollow gourd filled with live bees, or about Elagabalus, who arrived at the feasts in a chariot drawn by naked whores, or about the special chair of King Edward II, designed for sex with two women at once - in my opinion you won't find anything like this in today's pornography. Children are traumatized from watching Dexter and Silence of the Lambs. - Nope, nothing of the kind. They're traumatized because from a very early age at history lessons they study such psychopaths as Caligula, Nero, Commodus, Charles VI and Joanna the Mad. And they don't just read about them, they study them, and are tested over the material, and even write essays. Understand this: There is no way for you to stay on the moral high ground by simply controlling where erotic magazines are sold and what the children watch and play with, while at the same time forcing these same children every day to plunge into an endless stream of trash called history. We don't have to be like the Pharisees who strain out gnats and swallow the camel. We have a knife stuck in our back, but we're trying to pull a splinter of our heel.

"Alexander, could you be more specific about how this could be implemented?"

"If you want the details, Diego, here you go: Until, say, sixth grade, don't teach any history, and then give the kids a choice. For those who want to devote their lives to the army or the police, or who seek a career in politics, in short, who want to live and think in a hierarchical framework, then proceed as usual, give them the same old textbooks with the history of Kratos, and use the same old system of education. But those who believe that the hierarchy is not the only way of existence on this planet need to be taught the history of Melos, as mentioned above. When conducting experiments on the creation of networks and hierarchies among students at school, the eminent Russian scientist Alexander Oleskin came to the conclusion that a hierarchical organization is better for a team solving a creative task if speed is of the essence, but that network organization leads to more interesting non-standard solutions for problems. Of course, sometimes speed is important, but other times, a novel solution matters more. Most of all, what matters is giving people a choice, even if they're only kids. Writing lessons on a world history of Melos is complicated, but definitely doable, but legitimizing the history of Melos and implementing studies on it is a much more daunting task. How to get to the point where there is not only a choice between the history of Melos and Kratos, but also equal opportunities to people who have graduated from school specializing in the history of Melos? How to ensure they are not tossed out onto the shoulder of the road to success? Believe me, they don't need any handouts. All they need are equal rights when it comes to educational opportunities. And they'll be more creative and motivated when it comes to the output quotient."

"Why do you think that they'll be like that? Why do you believe that when they move beyond their studies and enter the real world they'll be more creative and motivated? Why do you think they'll end up happy? And most importantly, why do you think what they offer the world is of practical use? Maybe my questions are a little crude and too blunt, even, but how can you say there's a practical value when, after all, there are not practical results?"

"Of course there are, Francisco. There are ideas that, when implemented, will immediately begin to change the structure of how we understand the world."

"Can you provide some examples?"

"The fact of the matter is that there are a number of examples, like Doug DeCarlo's ideas about the quantum mindset and Meuleman`s metagovernors."

"Well, what's their significance?"

"Doug DeCarlo said that, as regards project management, there are two models: one is Newtonian, and the other is quantum. The boss has a Newtonian mindset, and indeed this means a strictly hierarchical mental model evolves into a linear project, where the movement follows the principle of a waterfall: a rapid development followed by an inevitable fall. Management's strategy is to "delay" as long as possible and "hold back" the anticipated fall. DeCarlo calls this behavior on the part of the boss "Newtonian neurosis." "Newtonian neurosis" leads to fruitless attempts to change the world in accordance with your plans, which in itself is a fiction. Who can think about changing reality in response to fiction? - People suffering from Newtonian neurosis can. An alternative to this situation is quantum management, where the ultimate goal of the project might well be achievable, but difficult to guess in advance how we can attain it. Therefore, flexibility is more important than predictability. And because the results are unpredictable, a paradigm shift in our thinking allows us to apply the principles of quantum mechanics in project management. When we're facing tight deadlines, constant change, strong uncertainty and serious complexity, traditional approaches are a real hindrance, so that's when it's wiser to turn to quantum project management. So Doug DeCarlo offers a choice, which did not exist before, but Meuleman went even further. What he's proposing is that, if in addition to the rigid hierarchy, there are other types of social structures, then when it comes to government at the state and local levels, specialists, meta-governors can be employed, who will combine elements of different types of structures, and ensure a transition from one to another over time, and the stability of a chosen mixed management style. That is, in a crisis, a command and control management style is fine, because time is of the essence, and that's when tough decisions have to be made with no time to lose, but once the crisis is over, cooperation between partners in the form of a network is better, and in transitional periods, market relations are preferred. What can I say? Bravo! This way of thinking is simply amazing, but there are two questions: First, in contrast to a real-life Hiram, a company that employ holacratic management, projects that have been implemented using a quantum management system, the idea of meta-governors, as I understand it, does not yet have a working model, but when it appears (and I have no doubt that it will appear!) then this leads to the second and main question: WHERE can we find these meta-governors? For this and similar projects there is a future, but where will the meta-governors come from? It's my opinion that we don't have to find them, we have to cultivate them! And if we use such tools as the output quotient, then this task is definitely feasible.

And just for you, Francisco, I have another large-scale example. Real life asks us a question: Why is it that from eighty to ninety percent of restaurants go under within the first two years? You can find tons of economic intelligence on this in the public domain, but in reality the answer is simple and banal – THEY'RE BORING! Japanese restaurants, and Italian, Chinese - "been there, done that", fast food, buffets - cheap and stupid, a cemetery restaurant with a deliberately boorish staff, or a restaurant with a "toilet" theme might be creative, but in fact, vulgar and rough, molecular cuisine - unsatisfying, expensive and gets old real fast, while at the same time everywhere -restaurant concepts, a conceptual approach to food and the customer ... in general, there are concepts all around, but as Gogol said, "Ladies and gentlemen, to live in this world is boring!" and indeed, things really are predictable, and not only results, but the mindset of restaurateurs is predictable, resembling a bad detective story, where by the tenth page you already know "whodunit". If today someone opens an underwater restaurant, then you can be sure that soon someone will open a restaurant somewhere in the middle of the desert. If someone opens a restaurant at the top of a volcano, you can be sure that in no time someone will open an ice restaurant. But if there is a prohibitively high percentage of bankruptcies of restaurants in the world, then it means that people vote with their money in such a way. Why so? Perhaps, like me, everyone's simply tired of it all. But is there really a way to change this? It`s possible, if hundreds of frail and lifeless concepts are squared off against a single powerful new restaurant doctrine. This should not be simply a new one-shot idea, it should be a new understanding, if you will, a new logic and philosophy of food. What? You're asking where is the logic of this new philosophy going to come from? You just need to know where to look for. We see traditional food, mixed, home-style, vegetarian, molecular cuisine – what do these words mean? The principle of food preparation? NO! These are linguistic fences that won't allow our thoughts soar, to see what's out there, to see if there is any "culinary life" to be found. A new doctrine makes it clear that yes, there is life! And this life is rich and diverse. And if we were to get just one look beyond this "fence" constructed of concepts, we can see that the cuisine might be à la suprematism, neoplasticism, tachisme, unism, drip painting, even proto-cubism and each of them not only has its own "food logic," but also, just as importantly, its aesthetics. Take, for example, the cuisine à la suprematism. The supremacists wanted to change and harmonize the world by their compositions of the simplest geometric forms. Well, what can I say? The world was out of reach, but cuisine - that's another story. Can you please answer one simple question What exactly is pizza? Is it Italian cuisine? NO! Pizza is a chart that shows you how much pizza you have left. That's a joke. Pizza, first and foremost, is round. What is falafel - a chick pea dish? - First, it's a ball! A turnover is primarily a triangle first, and a pastry second. This is a basic, elemental, rough level, but we are beginning to get somewhere with this, so let's ask: What exactly is a table? A table is a single plane on which you can build a Suprematist composition from dishes ... "

"Wait, wait, Alexander, I don't understand," Bosch said impulsively while waving his left hand as if he had an invisible hoop encircling his wrist, "that is, the dishes should be of different geometric shapes, too, right?"

"Right."

"So far, I get it. But if, for example, we're talking about herring fillets or a baked piece of meat, we can use a knife to give it a variety of forms, but wine takes the form of the vessel into which it is poured. So then what? Freeze it, and then gnaw at it?"

"Of course, the liquid takes the shape of the vessel into which it is poured, so the vessels have to be created within the framework of the Suprematist conception. And not only the vessels. At the moment I have (I counted them yesterday) 932 ideas for Suprematist innovations, from saucers and plates to special shapes for the production of Suprematist gingerbread. And that's not counting the design ideas for the restaurant, the outfits for the staff... and even the customer loyalty cards. Thus, what do we have as a result? - YOU are a diner at a Suprematist restaurant. For example, spread out on a large rectangular dish, the veal medallions are the simplest shape, which together with blackberry sauce and baked potatoes chopped in the form of a rectangle is a composition designed by the cook. The plate, in turn, is part of the composition, which has been constructed by the waiter on the plane of your table. The Suprematist tables and chairs, in turn, are part of the restaurant's Suprematist composition. The waiters dressed in Suprematist attire spread the food out, forming new compositions on planes of the tables in accordance the diners` orders. It's like a universe where you are part of it, while also being an observer. You have an opportunity to see everything: From the movement of Suprematist atoms to the movement of Suprematist galaxies. And if earlier pure Suprematism was based solely on shape and color, the Suprematist kitchen adds not only a multi-dimensional volume and movement to it, but also taste, smell, and tactile sensations, which make it a million times over Suprematist. A Suprematist Composition is a principle that brings a new level but does not negate the achievements of the old doctrine of food. The menu is not drawn up by product type: meat, fish, and not by the way it is prepared: hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, but, depending on the geometrical shape and composition, opens a new space for the chefs` creativity, and provides the diner with a wider choice. Of course, a good old steak cooked medium well is still the same, but if a person, without losing the sensation, wants to expand the boundaries of taste in a single composition, he can experience, for example, a delicate mousse, which with the help of molecular cuisine tastes like Borodinsky bread. Compositions of fried artichokes are enhanced by a little mint caviar, and tiger prawns can be paired with arugula spaghetti. A composition is a principle which helps to satisfy the needs of people with pre-formed tastes that don't want to change anything, and also people who are constantly looking for new taste experiences. If a person orders a classic cheese cake, then he can have it, or if he wants the most delicate dodecahedrons printed from powdered sugar on a 3D-printer he can have them, too. At the same time, pay attention to one important point: some people in restaurants are annoyed by the pathos of marble, gilt and bentwood chairs, while on the contrary, a high-tech design with its almost lab-sterile and deliberate futuristic style put others out of temper. In developing the restaurant concept, the biggest selling point is what the customer wants, and so there aren't many who consider what it is that can make him uncomfortable. But if all of the space in the restaurant is subjugated to simple geometric shapes, then... UNDERSTAND, no one is nourished by hatred toward a parallelepiped, nor will anyone experience a fear of cones, or a sense discomfort in the proximity of balls. I know of no one who can say 'I don't like circles In general, all circles.' After all, even if he is, "shell-shocked" by school memories and isn't fond of a circle drawn on paper, well, I think he'll be at least sympathetic to a round petit four with a piece of frozen chocolate wind.

And another important point: Walk into any bookstore and there's a huge range of books on the culinary arts, but if you look closely, what do you see? Another re-release of Mastering the Art of French Cooking by Julia Child, gastronomic encyclopedias, written in the bland, boring and most of all TASTELESS language, books by stars who cook and books by chefs who are trying to teach us how to cook restaurant food at home. All of this is secondary, boring, and in the latter case, almost mean. Making a decent restaurant meal at home using recipes from a book is like sewing a dress at home from the latest Yamamoto collection after seeing a documentary about him, or else a dress on a model on the catwalk. A restaurant is a team and technology, and at home you have neither one nor the other. On top of this, haute cuisine always contains some sort of mystery and opens up the option of engaging in guesswork, and if this feeling disappears, then the restaurant becomes uninteresting for visitors. If a magician reveals what's behind his tricks, he'll be left without an audience, and a good restaurateur is always a magician of gastronomy, and so no matter how much Ramsay and Oliver tell you they'll reveal the secrets of creating this or that culinary masterpiece, don't be deceived: they will never, ever reveal what really matters. Myself, I see cooking as analogous with fashion: a dish from a good restaurateur is like high fashion, a good home-cooked meal from natural products is like ready-to-wear, and fast food, and processed food is like clothing from the mass market clothing. Yes, at home it's impossible to attain haute cuisine, but a decent, tasty meal is within your reach. And the recipes and compositional principles of Suprematist cuisine, Suprematist crockery, cutlery, tablecloths, napkins, and even napkin rings can diversify and expand your gustatory experience, because depending on the composition of your table that you select, as well as the composition of the individual dishes, you can plan your Suprematist date, Suprematist dinner party, or even a Suprematist dinner with your parents. This is brief, and only touches on the possibilities of Suprematist cuisine, and as I already said, it is only one part of the new food doctrine. For example, a cuisine à la neoplasticism is characterized by dividing and harmonizing flavors, and in a neoplastic system color is not color, and, for example, in simultaneous... although, no, I won't reveal the secrets of this cuisine yet, because it's better to try a dish just once than it is to read about it a hundred times. And everything I've been talking about: the meta-governors, quantum thinking and the new food doctrine - these are only prototypes, outlines of that thinking, which will be completely normal to the people of Melos. I have given these examples to show that the logic of Melos is not the logic of dweebs and bores. It has a practical application, and people who are accustomed to thinking in this way, if they are given equal rights and opportunities that are guaranteed by the Constitution of any developed country will be able to solve many problems and make a lot changes.

So, let's sum it up: to change the world for the better, or at least initiate change, we don't need tanks, nuclear bombs, millions of corpses.

What can we start with right now?

- mark all political and historical TV programs;

- create a series of textbooks on the world history of Melos;

- initiate the teaching of the history of Melos in schools on a par with traditional history;

- ensure the same rights to admission to colleges and universities, as well as the same employment opportunities for those who have studied the history of Melos;

- historical popular science, magazines, programs on historical themes should be sold either in non-transparent packaging or in specialty stores where entrance is strictly forbidden to minors. Children should be shielded from the ancient carpet of Kratos, saturated with blood and stinking of death. Let whoever wants to search for facts about anthropoid blood-sucking parasites delve into it, but I hope, that we will start to spread out the clean, lace tablecloth of Melos, or we'll at least clear the field so that our children can spread out this tablecloth.

In my opinion, these measures aren't too high a price for a progressive society that gets at least a shot at a real CHOICE, not a sham. A multi-choice, super-choice. All utopians everywhere set before humanity a certain overarching goal and propose for us all to solve together. I propose we build a framework for attaining super tasks, and the next generation will have such super tasks in abundance. I ask you once more for a moment's digression to try to make sense of it. Yes, all that I have said is strange, but strange does not mean that it`s crazy, I've simply added some categories that we never thought of before, but there's no cause for concern, just a new way of thinking. I'm not a utopian dreamer, I am a realist and understand it won`t work perfectly - it's possible that some aspects of my theory aren't realizable, but the important thing is that this mindset and way of thinking, super-choice thinking is real. It's almost like a jig-saw puzzle. If some of the puzzle pieces are lost, is it easier to just toss out the puzzle, or should we hunt for the lost pieces? In physics, in order to find one such puzzle, namely the Higgs boson, they had to build the Hadron Collider. Maybe you found it difficult today to understand the overall logic, to see the complete picture of the theory of Melos, because you, like me, have lived all your life with the logic of Kratos, but over time, you will definitely understand it. It's like a stereogram: first you see some strange patterns, but once you discern what is behind them, then you can see all other stereograms clearly and easily. Or like riding a bike - once you've set off, you'll never "unlearn" how to do it. However, I don`t say that this is the only true direction for your thinking. All I'm saying is that it has a right to exist, and you have the right to know about it."

"Alexander," a breakdown of Goya's smile would reveal five percent benevolence, and the rest – cold calculation mixed with sarcasm, "and what do you, personally, get out of all of this? Only, please, let's skip the story about total altruism and your selfless desire to help humankind, although I'm not saying there is none of that in your motivations ... "

"Francisco, you must understand, I don`t pursue the goals, but the goals pursue me! I seek freedom from all this, but the more I engaged in it, the greater the mass of material, and the greater the time required to manage it. This topic has long consumed me, pushed me from the territory of Melos. But now that's it, if someone is interested, I'll hand over all of the material, I'll share ideas and methods, all the more so as my every answer generates dozens of questions. And if everyone turns away, pretends that nothing has happened and then again chooses blood, well then, so be it, you can't force love. While working on this subject, I sank deeper and deeper into the filthy abyss of Kratos, channeling through my pyche millions of deaths, thousands of dirty tricks, bribery and betrayal. The more I studied it, the worse I felt. But now I'm finally going back to where I feel good, to the territory of pure art, to paint, to create Shapecoloring Sociums, write books, to put on plays using the logic of multi-mise-en-scène - that is to live. Dixi."

1. The author refers to an eastern parable, in which the young man asked the sage how he could achieve immortality. The sage said that he should not think about white monkeys. And since then young man could not help but think about white monkeys. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Derzhimorda - a collective image in art, an official who blindly executes all the orders of the cruel authorities, a character in Gogol`s Inspector General. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. 1 And a lot has been written about this, for example, McLuhan's notion of hot and cold communications. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Holarchy is a system composed of interacting holons, where a holon is both a part and a whole. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Hirama is High Intensity Research and Management Association. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Ostap-Suleyman-Berta-Maria-Bender-Bey and Shura Balaganov are main characters of the famous satirical novel The Little Golden Calf by Soviet authors Ilf and Petrov. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)