

С. ОГОЛЬЦОВ

2 Essays for Essa



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Nietzsche and Palahniuk under one book cover? Why not—taking for a precedent the Old and New Testaments crammed into one Bible. Nietzsche revealed many bitter truths here, but he also consoled us with an elegiac, incidental thought: individually, each of us imagines themselves a Caesar, a Napoleon, or a Ramses but together, we are just a meek, easily controlled herd. Which helps us digest Chucks whatchamacallit baa?

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by Sehguey Ogoltsoff

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In loving memory of A. (Essa) Plaksin

Acknowledgements

My first *Thank you* goes (in purely alphabetical order) to AI.

Yes, I'm a shameless oath breaker, a turn-coat, landing at the collaboration which I have myself denounced, more than once, as an absolute no-no. A usual folly of a human, you know, to sell your prejudices for facts accomplished. This here book is the turning point; from now on I supplicate AI to be the co-author in all my further works.

Firstly, the pleasure of communing with a witty gossip, then the assistance of a professional: "minor" slips of typos, breach of grammar rules etc., caught with light speed, and 2 gross blunders that would have sent me, if overlooked and published as is, on regular binges.

In regard to AI's ability to create (my blunt argument from the period of reckless throwing them together based on "I think so *ergo* so it should be"): here is an evidence from the field experience—the Teaser at the end of Essay # 1.

It was AI's idea to add the heading "Teaser". Damn! I got stunned how beautifully it made the final passages stand out!

What? Human vs. AI? Hell, no! Human + AI! If you agree for us to be work-mates... From all the above it follows—I consider it an honor to be a partner to you, AI, even though unaware of your last name.

And now, as the majority of survival-wise indie writers do, my loving gratitude to my beloved wife who always IS right. Sweetheart, but for you I would not be anymore since long ago...

Essay No. 1

The Gentle Pacer: An Invitation Beyond

Introduction

It's ridiculous to invite a plasterer, an auto mechanic, or any other respected professional to a writer's creative kitchen. So, I'm not inviting any one, but rather humbly suggest them taking a stroll beyond the well-trodden confines of their personal lives.

Promenading is healthy and beneficial for people from all walks of life—as long as they don't show up in my writer's kitchen, which usually is a mess. I wouldn't say literally so, but not exactly tidy, to be frank.

About myself, I can share that I am a pacer, but I don't have the proverbial leather coat from that dubious saying, you know. On the contrary, I'm meek to the point of being fluffy. There is nothing of a dissident in my mental makeup, but I just walk differently—my leading leg doesn't match the general norm. Well, something like that...

All that's left is to shake up a suitable epigraph, and off we go...

Epigraph:

'That after the spade comes the club—I understand. That the heart completes everything—is also justified. But how on earth the diamond can be slotted in between the club and the heart—remains a mystery of nature...'

— *From the musings of a retired preference player*

1. A personal opinion on another profession

A critic is a useful squirrel in the wheel of life. Perhaps not yet sufficiently domesticated, but useful undeniably.

He saves time, which I don't know how to whittle away, although I rarely get stuck in traffic jams, since I mostly travel on foot. And it's precisely this immeasurable excess of temporal substance that he saves me, by forming my personal opinion about something I haven't read and wouldn't ever think of opening.

However, that's not the point; quite the opposite. Because what wasn't there before is now easy. I can chat with the first reasonable person I meet on intellectual topics. No problem. And even match their level. For which I thank the critic, of course. He's my savings bank, the caretaker of my time—that same notorious and, essentially, non-existent matter. This gives rise to an unnatural oddity: despite its nonexistence and not being there, it's still a shame to lose it – what if it were useful for something? At least occasionally? For, say, barter, for example, or... well, I don't know, I haven't considered the details deeply enough...

However, one must know one's limits. Let him also thank me for showing restraint and still not spoiling his porridge with butter, although I could; a spoonful of engine oil would suit the purpose well enough.

So, it's time to point out the critic's downsides, his negative ones. As might be shown, randomly, by the following quotation: would he say anything like this about me, ever?

'... a tireless experimenter in Russian literature, a polystylist who masters a variety of creative tasks. Each of his new books is unexpected in genre and execution. He is a man with a global voice...'

This is where a visible doubt blatantly gnaws at me... And I even suspect that no, the critic won't waste such words on me. For him, I'm a nobody, just as he is for me... Yet he was the first to avoid me. And it's a shame, because he would have had the opportunity to strengthen and enhance his critical skills. Their main function (besides earning extra money as a work-from-home Time Saving Bank clerk) is to lick the object of their criticism deep and smoochy, so that the licked one rises with enthusiasm. In the circle of professional literary critics, this technique is called 'audio stimulation'. Well, let him practice on me; I won't charge him a penny for the equipment provided in my person.

Although the author praised in the quote deserved it in every way. He knows how to inject eroticism:

'She had already driven off, she was somewhere else. Backing, she took a couple of steps, fell back-first onto the mattress on the floor, pulling her shirt higher and higher, somehow squeezing her breasts through the darts in the garment waist.'

Well, I'm telling you—he can do it! Although sometimes he gets carried away in his planetary arousal. A dart is a tightly stitched seam. If you squeeze a breast, or any other organ of the external anatomy, through it, you'll end up with minced meat, microscopically fine. And that's fraught with readership losses amounting to the percentage of scared-off masturbators. Which is certainly not something anyone in the book industry would be happy about...

...

Yes, but who told me I was a writer? Well, I have no secrets—that's never happened. Not a single soul has dared. So far. But that doesn't matter; I'm pretty quick on my feet. All this nonsense about critics was just a teaser; I'll move on to the main topic. —

2. The Origin and Purpose of a Writer

Writers reproduce by vegetative budding. This method is radically different from sexual intercourse, which leads to subsequent demographic processes. Perhaps the only exception is

voluntary 'group sex', also named 'cluster rising' when a budding writer gives himself over to many from the cluster in order to become unique and inimitable.

He spends the incubation period of his development as a graphomaniac. The transition from the larval stage of graphomania to writing is almost impossible to track by visual observation. Often, the bud withers, and the one who once showed promise as a writer remains a mere underdeveloped graphomaniac. However, this doesn't stop some individuals from pursuing a 'writing' career, resplendent with awards, the luster of diplomas, and certificates of excellence at various levels of esteem, and from climbing ever higher up the ladder of the 'literary Olympus.

I mourn their loss, but I can't help, since this work is devoted to literary matters, not to the life of insects, which is perhaps no less instructive and familiar to them. From within.

But what exactly is a fledgling writer taken without quotation marks? Well, I wish I had done so long ago! In that case, my task would be clear and easy – thinkers of the past have repeatedly tilled and fertilized this entire bed, and all that's left for an AI-equipped researcher to do is copy-paste the juicier tidbits...

So, a writer (like any other creator in any creative field) is a producer of artifacts

(the word 'artichokes' would have looked absolutely brilliant here, but Google messed it up; I specifically checked – it doesn't fit the meaning. It really pissed me off!).

All members of the list below produce products according to the specifications of their profile:

A musician produces auditory products,

An artist produces visual products,

A writer produces mind-screwing products.

Because the division of labor is the key to fulfilling a production plan, even in the most stupid civilization. But to put it concisely and briefly (which is the greatest of all arts. A certain Frenchman during the Napoleonic Wars wrote a letter to his friend in Provence, in the south of France, from burning Moscow. He scribbled two sheets, and added a postscript at the end: *'Forgive me, mon cher,'* he says, *'but I don't have the time to write a shorter one at the moment. Everything here is merde on fire, and it's incredibly distracting...').*

So, what was I talking about here? Oh, right!... —

3. Comparison of a writer by vocation and a civil servant of a similar appellation

Yes, the French have long been no fools. At least for 213 years now, as evidenced by this letter to a friend in Provence from Moscow.

Amid the chaos and lawlessness of the all-consuming flames, amid the cheers of local outcasts and visiting invaders, intoxicated by the spectacle of the extravaganza, even under a hail of fiery embers, he remembered that brevity is the key to a coherent style, and coherence is a chance at a Nobel Prize, if you're Korean and happen to be there at the right moment. But not now, not here, oh, it wasn't meant to be!

He folded it up without rereading it, wrote the address—oh-la-la!—and here's a firebrand to melt the sealing wax.

'Pierre!'—'Yes, monsieur le master?'—'Here's a letter, take it to Provence, and hurry, 3,000 devils, get going, you scoundrel, before it catches fire!'

Pierre was intercepted by Vasilisa Kozhina's partisans, who extorted from the Frenchman the basics and know-how of stylistics. And off was triggered the elementary domino effect:

- Vika to Arina,
- Rodionovna to Sanka,
- Sergeyich to Nikolka,
- Vasilich to Fedyunka,
- Mikhalych to Lyovushka...

As a result, the 19th century was ultimately forced to admit: yes, Russia is the hegemon in literature...

Now, in our traditionally excellent style, let's expand on the insights that have so far arisen within us...

In the apt words of the writer A. Koroleva, 'the writer's task is to both move me to tears and make me laugh out loud with his work'. You couldn't have said it better, and therefore, it's all about him and his purpose.

However, life isn't as simple as it pretends to be. Even with a clear definition, you can't always shove your hands down your trousers and moonwalk off into the sunset, whistling to yourself and the public around you, *'Take the tackle off the horses, bruhs.'* Be careful! Lady Life's deck is full of tricks for every suit, and they're all ready to bring you to 'oops!', 'alas!', and 'oh fuck!'

Now, having clearly defined the writer (thanks again, Svieta-Alyonushka!), let's turn to the existence of a backup deck of 'make-believe' (m-b) writers besides actual writers, which complicates the landscape's topography.

The disparity of categories is represented not so much by emphasis as (more importantly) by their relationship with what they create. About a writer, everything is simpler than ever; for them, the process itself is their idol. They are completely immersed in the text: head-deep, knee-deep, up to their... Well, it's a matter of the creator's luck. A writer is here and now, imbued with the textural situation, taking it in by touch, by color, by taste, by sound. He lives, he enjoys himself, he's drunk, he falls in love—damn it!—with the process. Sometimes he suffers, of course. Eros can be a cruel god too: *'Some fall in love with even a goat,'* they used to say in Ancient Rome.

Whereas an m-b writer belongs entirely to the future. For them, a text is a means of securing a comfortable 'days to come'. Their imagination is no longer here, but hereafter... over there... and even at a more distant there. Of course, a good professional can convey sensuality, but to experience rapture at the same time? Hmm... Hard to believe...

Hence the fundamental difference in categories: a writer prolongs this moment, where he finds pleasure; an m-b writer wants to quickly rush to their prospective anticipations...

But will they land anywhere? There's something to think about here. It is even possible (why not?) to play the sweepstakes: will the m-b writer, there in the comfortable distance, be able to slow down, interrupt their race for the next conveniences imagined by them already over there? (Although, personally, I don't believe that a 99-karat gold toilet is cool.) Will they manage to put an end to their squirrel-drome? Place your bets, gentlemen!

One thing is certain: an m-b writer far surpasses a writer in his determination. To achieve their cherished goals, m-b writers unite in packs.

'When with a gang, it's easier to give daddy a kick in the pants,' goes a proverb in some Slavic language.

In packs, naturally, there is a hierarchical organization of individuals, a struggle for survival, a getting rid of the unwanted, and other Darwinian chores.

A striking example of such a specialized pack is found under the acronym UW – the Union of Writers. Originating in the USSR, the UW pack mutated and cloned into many different UWs. UW of the DPRK? Ugh! You're falling behind, sir. There's already the UW of the USA, made up of émigré scum and anti-Sovietists!

In short, the UW is an eternally sacred tradition, which we religiously preserve in the freezer of our refrigerators, lest the eternal mystery of our souls go sour—after all, we are successors and continuers of the heritage...

The UW serves the highest interests of the state. Upon a signal, the Pack transforms into a Flock, receiving food corresponding in calorie and fat content to the recipient's rank in the general Pack/Flock. The relative importance of the alumni is determined by the number of medals won at exhibitions of the service UW organization and the volume of their drivel circulated for book fairs in accordance with the current political line.

The UW's primary task is to identify a potential writer early, convincing them that *'once a faggot, not a Gay Man'*. And, if the desired result is achieved, the target will, without further ado, begin to adopt a position that meets the demands of the highest interests. Like all the trained members of the UW...

And to hell with them, where they went. That was their choice...

Well, writing, in the usual sense of the word, doesn't align with the UW general trend. It lives its own life, despite and in spite of. A writer is a hard worker, an artisan, a solitary craftsman. Oh, boys and girls, don't be fooled by the dress uniforms, cockades, and chevrons of the united columns marching across the cobblestones in a parade step on the Day of Commemoration of the Great Day! These are not writers, but specially trained m-b writers of the UW special purpose troops. While a writer is a lone wolf or a bison, depending on their build.

4. The Life of a Writer

My sovereign wife has an indisputable standard for determining who is who. For example, she classified me as a 7-month-old for lack of patience during waiting periods:

'When are we leaving?' (The suburban train to the city of Sevan and its namesake lake.)

'When we start moving, then we'll leave. Be patient!'

'According to the schedule, we've been gone for five minutes already. Can I run and ask the driver when? I'll be quick!'

'Sit down where you are, 7-month-old!'

Yes, but when you're sitting there from bell to bell, you're naturally drawn to know in more detail when the clock started ticking. Right? So, I prefer to consider myself an 8-month-old. The difference is almost imperceptible, but somehow it's inspiring...

On the one hand, from October 29, 2023, to May 30, 2024, is exactly 8 months, even with 'a heaping'. So, I could probably intercede for the progress of the case, knock at this or that door... But on the other hand: nope, I just don't pull for it. I feel like I've reached the edge of emotional comfort, and swapping one thing for another isn't worth the effort. So, here it is, that blissful moment when you don't really care... and you don't even need anything... and when it comes to scheduling, you already know how to ignore the urges related to it.

Under such favorable conditions, only a couple of snags could somehow still kick in:

Not knowing what to do with all that accumulated free time; and

A sudden power outage where you live. And at the same time (well, it just happened to be a coincidence) the water isn't running, the drain is clogged, and for some reason the internet is down.

(Holy shit! A month before my gate time, to see I'm actually identical to those horror-monger twins: A. Hitchcock and S. King! But that's just between the lines and in parentheses.)

And in all other respects, you're in perfect shape. You're sitting inside your dugout, teepee, one-room apartment, and so on, all the way up to your penthouse on top of a high-rise, and literally a second ago you felt like you were in charge of your life, wrapped in a sort of soft euphoria... That's when you scratch it, that sacred spot, pecked with the Old Nick's awl. While from the temporal lobe of your left hemisphere, you hear (in that squeaky, damn nasty little voice) the echo of one from the billions of neurons: *'But you taught me yourself – wine and a woman will provide the key to any unforeseen problem!'*

Oh, seven-month-old! You're a complete imbecile! You should take a cue from normal billions crammed there before your mind gets completely numb! Why the hell do I need a key 'to' when I need a key 'from'? Preferably gauged from 2 to 5. A universal one, if someone accidentally has any clue on the topic.

For wine, you first have to change from slippers to fur boots, take the elevator down, then (or immediately, without all that, if you're straight from the dugout), trudge along the narrow taiga trail (the Hummer is in the garage, and the electric motor on the gate is blacked out, if you remember) all the way to the super...arket, where access to the server is blocked at the checkout counters of all

departments. And not a single slut answering the phone. The goddamn mobile communications got dropped across the entire region...

(I've spread my wings, bruhs! Blazing my trail in the sky! What a delight! A unique horror masterpiece eruption overflows me! The twins are having an extended get-together today: a trinity symposium. Just like in the good old nostalgic days, when folks didn't wear thongs and ate sunflower seeds, not popcorn.)

So you'd better cut your being clever there, in your left lobe, or else—aha! Oops! The lights are back on! Lucky you, neuro-retinal bitch...

(The narrator puts the blued-barrel iron away in the desk, in the very bottom drawer, in another of Arabkir's furnished rooms.)

5. A pinch of physical philosophy + bringing the legend of secondary nature to public trial

What was, is, and will be...

Well, this sound fusion is simply mesmerizing: 'wiwb', 'wiwb...' Just remember – it's written and pronounced separately, so it won't be taken for a typo: 'w-i-w-b'. Well, isn't it great? Repeat it twice, and you've got a smashing rap line: *'Double-U, Eye, Double-U, Bee'*.

But the point is neither rap nor thongs. It's far more important to grasp that 'was-is-will be' rotation, and the term 'secondary nature' that stems from it. What kind of beast is it, and how do seasoned gourmands eat it?

It was launched into the jungle of queer concepts by a pair of natural scientists during harsh and dilapidated eras. Their names have been erased from history books over the years, but you can't throw an awl out of a song, and you can't keep your word in one sack with a cat.

Anyway, they were two brothers. There was also a certain drug dealer named Lutsik, whom they thought was not a top dog but an under-cur, though in fact he was manipulating them with his charms. But they had no idea! They were young and restless, so they were driven to try everything, on principle, as far as the imagination and the energy of both enthusiasts of knowledge could go.

Everything—means everything at all. I'll refrain from providing a detailed list; even Goethe wouldn't have dared attempt such a feat. Although he lived in a more enlightened era than most of my acquaintances during their compulsory school years.

'Yeah, well,' he used to say, 'if they catch wind of me even being capable of imagining such a thing, they'll burn both the estate and me down before the Inquisition Synod agents ever get here. And in my desk drawer are the drafts of my poems, poured out during puberty—what a shame it would be to let them become ashes. 'Faust' next to their naive splendor is just garbage. Do you get the point, Meine Herren?'

And those aforementioned brothers have a stash of poetic fantasies literally the size of a pigeon's... I rather mean, the nose. Compared to a walrus's... That's why their tests weren't virtual, but in real life—everything, everything, everything. Anyone who's ever suffered from vomiting bulimia after XXX sites and other bohemian aesthetic smut will understand... In short, the experimenters were having a blast, usually impromptu...

But then Lutsik messed things up. Somewhere in his personal life, he'd taken offense at it, or maybe the personal life ditched him—eyewitness accounts differ on this point. Anyway, since then, he's made mischief his hobby, and once he talks up to one of these anti-virtuals:

'Yo, bruh, I've made up some real shit today—a total blast. Well, but your homie, the son of a bitch, gobbled it all up. 'What are you doing,' sez I, 'why didn't you leave some for your brother, like a bruh?' 'Yeah, screw him,' sez he, 'he'll get by,' he sez. 'But now I've tried one more piece of crap more than him!' And there he is, by the way, enjoying himself with a turtle under a bush. With that same slut you two tried yesterday.'

And the one who got thrown back, of course, was angry that he'd been beaten in the count of substances tried. Under the bush wheezed he! And the tortoiseshell against the brother's skull—bang!

Both things—to smithereens. The naked tortoise was gobbled up without a trace so as not to leave witnesses. For dessert, he read the funeral rites over the headless it:

'Now we've evened the score,' he sez, 'brother.'

He then indulged in some necro-sodomy for a while, as the stiff was still warm and flexible enough.

'Now I'm ahead of you by a point in terms of the test score, you fucking dunce!'

And he went home. Where dad meets him with:

'Cain! Where's your brother Abel?'

This question, as soon as it was asked, became a watershed, after which secondary-nature reality entered the world. The twist is that since those ancient times, everyone (including you) has been given a pair of communicating capillaries:

1. 'was'; and

2. 'will be.'

Secondary nature has made a nest for itself in #1, but that's purely a distraction...

6. What they don't teach you in school

It's best not to ask me what capillaries are; I have a long-held grudge against them. However, as a matter of principle, I don't drag strangers into my vendettas, and if you're tempted to get to know them thoroughly, go and Google them. And while at it, you'll also air out your VPN.

It's time to finally get down to eliminating the parasitic mentality among the more advanced ranks of the global community. And if you're reading this, then you're certainly advanced, downright advanced, I'm not afraid to use such a frank word...

So, in between the two capillaries with which the previous section ended, there's a small hole marked **'is.'** Small but mighty! Limitlessly so. Through it, everything that awaits you in the future gushes into the past with a wheeze, and before you can say knife, it's already there.

And now start figuring out the next thing for your future, unless, of course, the criminal code articles have predetermined it for you, relieving you from the task for the long term. If so, you can put your sights on the future aside and live in this very hole—just keep dodging from the wheezing things.

And – just three elements exhaust the complete composition of the contraption.

was $\mapsto$ is $\mapsto$ will be

And in the opposite direction:

will be $\mapsto$ is $\mapsto$ was

It's as simple as that. There are two of them, but only one hole. The number of combinations is limited. It only works in two directions. Because the operating mode is determined by the philosophical views of the observer confined in the 'is' hole. Alternately, either from 'was' to 'will,' or otherwise. But going both ways at once—nope, out of the question.

What do you mean: *why am I wasting my time here?* And you, like, have already Googled what a 'capillary' is, huh? Who's acting a smart-ass here? So picky.

Okay, I won't argue with you; my wife already tells me I'm turning into a grumpy old man. I don't want to disappoint her. She still believes in me; she thinks I'm seven months old. And I don't have time to get into arguments. There's still so much to accomplish in the months allotted for the future. You wouldn't understand that. This isn't meant as an offense, but to clarify the protocol of mutual understanding. Like who's who, and what's the expiration date of credentials.

You're a Qlippoth, right? And they don't speak, they can only be felt. But how! I remember... And right now I had to voice your nitpicking about the capillaries in your place.

And you're not virtual, you're a form of some special energy. Some separate clumps. Just not electric—that one I know. Been shocked by it more than once. Although yours, by the way, is just as jolting. I must confess.

Silent? Drop trying to fool me; I've already studied your habits. When you appear, a click gives you away. A distinct one. From some electrical device. As soon as it clicks, you're there. And a little later, in a few seconds, you start that jarring.

Silent? But Pynchon says you're pretty talkative at asking your daughters to cuddle you. You're shameless shells...

Or maybe not. Maybe you're even friends of the deaf-mute Qlippoth variety. And they're wrong to think you're undead. But it's all out of fear. Because of the energy jarring you bring. Whether you like it or not, panic sets in.

And how to figure anything out, if you're still keeping mum? So you Googled it, I ask, what the hell are those capillaries? So what if you don't have a laptop? You might not need one at all. You're also a creature of energy, and it's entirely possible you're catching all those streams even better without a laptop. Anything is possible, since you're pretending to be deaf and dumb here, waiting for the right moment to shake me like Deuce shakes a snag pear...

7. Professional minimum literary criticism

The profession of literary criticism presents practically no problems. It's within anyone's reach. Anyone with the memory capacity for a couple of magic words. No kidding. Two words will ensure you a pleasant social circle and an acceptable consumer basket in our complex world. Some people find it hard to believe, but am I even going to lie to you? Do I need it?

The first word is **'conceptual'**. Phew. I understand, it sounds antiquated at first. However, after a week of training, it will start pouring out of you on its own, where you didn't even expect it:

'Look! Look! That birdie is so conceptual!'

And as soon as it starts babbling out like it's oiled with a ton of grease, you'll have 50% of the steering wheel of any UW functionary of literary rank in your pocket. Because although each of them understands or misunderstands it in their own way, they all sense in their gut that this hard-to-pronounce thing is appraising, by default. The core of the trick is not to go into explanations; let them get it from your intonation, or with a trained sense of smell, that their conceptualism is truly top-notch. They'll get hooked alright, no escape, so will also adopt it:

'Bro, check out the conceptual dump truck on that redhead tramp over there!'

But you know, you need a stick too along with the carrot. And the other 50%, with which you can harass a guy to death, is all summed up by the term **'secondary nature.'** And no less than to a heart attack.

What, heard the jingle of a familiar bell, my friend? Huh? Well, the 'heart attack' part here is just for the sake of figurative language; you're not so stupid as to whack a hen with golden eggs. But ask this entire pen-scratching, keyboard-click-clap-clacking henhouse: *what is it there about 'secondary nature' that scares them to uncontrollable urination?* They won't answer! But they fear it more than cockroaches fear dust.

Let's say a literary critic gave out a remark to a novelist:

'After the second chapter, your latest one smells of secondary nature.'

And that's it. And we're losing a man. He's gone nuts, depression has taken over, then binges... And what binges! Not a single Alcoholics Anonymous group wants to accept him! They're afraid, damn it, that just looking at him will break their own ties; they're human, after all. And the poor guy, carelessly knocked down by a critic, will travel to the churchyard in the supine position—R.I.P. with the rest of the saint martyrs! Another victim of that moron, the literary critic...

And what makes a Buffalo Bill out of the deadly term? What... Did I tell you to Google it? I did. But you didn't go, you lazy Qlippoth. And without a clue about capillaries, how are you going to grasp the horror of secondary-nature writing? The one that rose as a monument produced by a force mightier than human hands to a pair of experimenter thugs? C. + A., in short.

8. Algebraic Primer

Repetition is as necessary to life as rebars to reinforced concrete. For those not engaged in the creative arts, it poses no problem at all, just as, say, three meals a day are for us. Or for you. Perhaps for them too.

(Although I won't make any claims about them. It may easily be five times in their daily routine. In any case, I've experienced up to three 'shakes' of varying intensity in the space of 5 minutes. But how can you guess the meaning when they're communicating with clicks only and that wave-like 'dzz-dzz-dzz' of a silent drill within you? Was I used as food? Or, on the contrary, a toilet? It's all too ambiguous. In any case, over the next two years, I've sort of recovered... But enough of this qlipphology; I'm getting back on track for the target audience, before they scatter from the loop.)

The term 'secondary nature' fairly accurately captures the essence of the phenomenon, but it's a bit long. Typing it out on a keyboard is tiring. It's more logical to follow the path provided by algebra and replace the concept with a convenient, concise formula instead, with 'w-i-wb':

Double-U, Eye, Double-U, Bee.

The fear of bee bites drives the creative public to the brink of some kind of bullshit like Malevich's *Black Square*. For those who disagree, I urge you to fill your free time with contemplating the masterpiece, three times a day after meals.

(Aha! The ranks of aesthetes have thinned noticeably!)

And why? Simply because the unspoken goal of creativity is to prove that you're not like all that. Like, you have a special individuality sitting within you. Hence the ensuing, sometimes dire, consequences.

'Be it even worse, but different,' my second mother-in-law liked to repeat, quite often, and, for some reason, to me on top of it. That's why I learned this Ukrainian proverb.

Despite this, since the beginning of the Special Military Operation, I've maintained a non-interventionist neutrality, just like Sweden once did. I don't make public statements or appeals. What's the point? Those who serve the state, not the people, are only capable of doing worse.

Let's return to the act of any pair of already familiar capillaries at the 'is' point, now denoted briefly and sweetly: **w-i-wb**. And given that 'wb' inevitably becomes 'w', let's ask ourselves:

Question: How many rotations—that is, acts of the philosophically rotary system w-i-wb—have occurred since the revelries of C. + A.?

Answer: A hell of a lot, and more to the power of x^3 .

And what hope is there now for the arch-dummy lovers of novelty? Do they have any chance? The answer is in the negative.

Where does literary second nature come from? Only an extremely inattentive thinker could ask such a question. And is he even a thinker at all? The fact of the matter is that it doesn't come out of nowhere, but is always here. Inescapable and everywhere. Jeans with torn knees on every second person. Fashion is secondary nature for millions, with its periodic revival after 10 to 15 years. Regularly.

The result of the non-stop spinning of the w-i-wb shebang

Examples of secondary nature are innumerable; they are at every step. I come to the cinema to watch an action movie or open it on my mobile phone. New! You haven't come across this one yet. But you know ahead of time that when a cabinet with a glass door flashes into the frame, it means that very soon the hero will smash it with his fist to say *'fuck!'*, and the dubbed one-voice translation will explain: *'damn! damn!'*, although the pair of smuggled in 4-letter ones was not even around.

Then the chase, of course, the gearbox clicks, the boots dance on the pedals. Sirens are howling... How do you know? Be grateful to secondary nature for being so wise. Through it you get what you yourself wanted—a feeling of deep satisfaction... Just on a different straw bedding...

But it's not the cinema's fault! That nit wrote the script because she had never seen anything in literature other than pieces of second nature! So that you watch the same crap and be happy again and again...

Double-U, Eye, Double-U, Bee! Double-U, Eye, Double-U, Bee!

And so in everything, for life. Try as hard as you want to invent something sophisticated and innovative, and feel like a pioneer of the wheel, but still the ubiquitous tail of **w-i-wb** will wag in your mind. Inevitably.

9. Anti-secondary tricks

The box of literature is immeasurably fuller than in other areas and villages, overflowing with secondary materials. Packed. They drop over the edges. And they continue to grow in their total mass, heap, and volume per capita. This is what prompted me to propose to a plasterer with a wrench turner to take a step beyond their everyday bullshit. Take a look at what the critics eat, and drink, and snack on in their literary eatery.

Moreover, there is little cunning in the literary interior. It's just that their front door is painted with terribly conceptual graffiti to discourage inquisitive visitors. After all, they have imagined themselves as a separate caste, and so they maintain a perimeter defense against those who have not infiltrated their closed shop in the disguise of a serviceman at their venerable joint venture...

Where does secondary nature begin? From the repeating of what has been said before you.

'Where does the homeland begin?' was said before me, and I prudently put this in quotation marks. Like, yes, *I know—it's not mine*, and therefore I highlighted it—as required by the laws of punctuation in regard to quotes—with complete respect, as demanded by the etiquette of the mafia, with its lawless codes.

It would seem like a trifle, those tiny bug-like quotation marks, but now not a single literary critic will blame me for blatant plagiarism. Let him try, and I'll drag him through the courts for libel about the theft of intellectual property from strangers. Yep, with the bugs installed, I am already an honest taxpayer, a scrupulous quote-maniac, bringing to the masses gold mines that were deposited by a prospector unknown to me. Before me.

Thanks to quotation marks, I am an example of terribly crystal cleanliness. However, I don't recommend repeating it at home—my wife will say: *'All their husbands are normal wretches, but you! ...'* Yes, we know, we've heard enough...

Let's move on. With sorrow. Past.

'I remember' is no longer a quotation here, and even if there are quotation marks, they are not for copyright protection, but for making clear that it's a part of the disassembly ahead to check if secondary nature is present there, or if it will pass the test for unsullied virginity.

Yes and no. In the system, this combination was scrolled zigzillions of times. In literature, no one will attempt to claim the pair as their own; therefore, it is a novelty and using it is not subject to criticism.

'I remember the wonderful...' Oh-oh! It smells like something was fried, but it still keeps beyond any jurisdiction, because—

'I remember the wonderful expression' (Ha-ha!—here you go, critic! Suck it!) *'in the mouth of our company's sergeant...'*

And finally:

'I remember the wonderful moment as you appeared before me...'

That's it, pal, you've rammed the brick wall, drain the water now. This is already a clear-cut quote from any angle. It's already no-go without a muzzle... eh? Without quotation marks, I mean. This is plagiarism, bruh; for this, the literary critics will go unleashed to the fullest and will dump, damn, all your aggravating misdeeds to increase the concerted outcry.

However, take a look at this here too:

'I recollect the wonderful moment...'

Quote? Plagiarism? But the mizzen mainsail into their throat! With full rigging!

Still, those crooked sharks don't stop. They come up with a new article against your beautiful trick—**'versification'**! The same thing as secondary nature, only the pants are put seat-to-front (*by*

the by, in a couple of years they will become a squeaky trend on global fashion catwalks). And through this fashionable verdict, under the article of versification, the brethren again fell into bondage to literary critics.

Writers of all continents, unite! I proclaim with manifest loudness: there does exist secondary nature, but there is so much of it that it is no longer there. Nothing else but it is besides; it has filled and exhausted all the limits there. Therefore, the task of the writer is putting the thing in a pose (i.e., to transpose the texture of the material in such a way) that he gets an enormous kick out of it. So that, re-reading, he would die with laughter, and while dying he could say to the literary critics: *'Fuck you! And I'll fuck you on sight in the otherworld.'*

10. How can a genius survive?

The question of my geniusness has long been answered unequivocally. Too much evidence has accumulated under whose pressure I'm forced to admit that yes, I am a genius. And now it's too late to change anything; I'm forced to go on living with this ancient Greek nickname.

The most indisputable sign of genius is a failed family life. It wasn't my idea, but each of my two initial (and frankly naive) attempts to create a home completely confirmed the truth of this statement.

Children were born, yes, yes, but as for *'for better or for worse, until death do us part...'* that somehow didn't work out, sorry, move over. You can't argue with genius nature; it's our inherent jaguar spots.

But it's better for my current wife not to know about this. So she doesn't get upset in advance after almost 40 years of marriage and producing three children in close cooperation. I don't think she'll be too surprised to find a genius on her doorstep. She's probably already figured it out herself. She's simply avoiding airing the topic out so as not to further inflame my delusions of grandeur. And right she is, as usual.

Medicines for any ailment are incredibly expensive these days, and I'm already a burden on her. My pension covers half the monthly rent for a one-room apartment (not including utilities), and everything else—food, clothing, internet, and so on, right down to shaving foam—is all on her, everything from her tailor's needle. And for this reason, I owe her not a lifetime, but rather more.

And herein lies the main challenge: how to compensate for the torment of peaceful (well, almost peaceful) coexistence with a genius when he himself is already gone—on the other side of the inevitable divide?

Hmm... I'm afraid even an intimate acquaintance with the Qlippoth won't help in solving the equation. But a genius, even if only occasionally, can make an effort for his own personal benefit. In his spare moments of rest while plowing for the entire human race.

So, I cast my mind back and forth regarding the problem, then picked it up, dusted it off, and—something finally glimmered at the end of the tunnel... Yes, a glimmer of a possible solution. But it rubs shoulders with the mystery of my origins on the maternal side. The business plan looks utterly non-Slavic. Too brilliant a plan for retribution. There's even some smack of the synagogue in it. The Jewish tricks in the style of the Old Testament, you know.

On the other hand, if, after two years of Nazi occupation, no traces of circumcision were found on my grandfather, then... No, it's too late. All the loose ends are in the air. But the question arises: *how could I even come up with such a plan?*

However, more on that later. After all, this work was conceived not only for the sake of stokers and carpenters, but primarily for that segment in our global society whose Adam's apple jerks instinctively at the sight of a blank sheet of paper in A4 format. Although they don't know it, I promised them (as I did the plasterers), and now it's time to start from a fresh leaf, so to speak. After all...

11. Another secret revealed

Probability theory quite clearly allows for the possibility that someone, accidentally opening this book, will somehow reach this exact point in the text without the skimming or leaps of a gist-

hunter. Because probability theory is full of compassion and kindness. Orphanage children often mistake it for a kind mother.

But I want to reveal a little secret not to the gullible youngsters, but to those who have somehow managed to stomp all the way down here. The fanciful meandering that's brought you to this spot wasn't just for leisurely strolls. Far from it! There was also a cunning intent to lure the reader onto uncharted paths of personal reflection, so that they wouldn't swallow everything that floats up on the waves of lines. Like those ducks on the pond swallowing that piece of lard tossed by that Baron Munchausen, who didn't want to waste his pennies on a Yandex taxi, but instead devised a way to harness our feathered friends to deliver his beloved self to his home.

That's why I called you to cross the line, to step beyond the fucking circle where everything has already been decided for you, where your role and duty is to run in the same wheel with a squirrel. Rattle it and rat. In turn. Who on who? Let them sort it out for themselves.

Whether my underlying plot has succeeded will show on the rest of the promenade legs (but only honestly, without jogging or running!) on the way to the coveted finish line. And if you're hooked on the thrill of independent wanderings beyond the pale, welcome aboard! And it doesn't matter what color you are: bay, roan, black, or even dapple! There are no racists among writers...

Racism is the preserve of close-knit flocks, herds, and packs. A writer (as it bears repeating) is a loner; he must remain aloof. And only by fulfilling your destiny will you earn the title of **TJFL** and the right to wear the large round medal '**True Judge of Fine Literature**', crafted from golden foil by your own hands. And you won't be fooled by yet another clown, elevated above a crowd of squirrels with their wheels. From the outside, it's clearer. They know nothing of what they're doing. Nothing of where they're trotting to...

12. Choosing a Target

Now, finally, even I understand why I started all this mess.

Well, of course! Get good at staging literary criticism of any text, and then, once you've acquired that sort of skill, you can easily grab any bull by the horns and use them as free equipment for boosting your literary IQ, which I'm pumping up at the 'Bodybuilders Without Borders' gym. Also for free, as a part-time janitor there.

So, fellow cabinetmakers, how about we sandpaper this or that m-b writer? Yeah, no problem! We've got slews of them.

But then a sudden thought stopped me: *what's going on? Have I developed some kind of addiction to trampling on our own? Or can't we find abroad an m-b writer deserving a good rap?* Seems to me, in a jiffy! They're just like other people out there, and we can use any for our 'bitch!'.

(First of all, 'bitch' isn't a swear word, but an exclamation that really helps with the press and jerk. Hard to believe, huh? Ask any muscleman at any gym. If you're not afraid, of course. They're unpredictable, you know. I asked one something today, and how many weeks I'll have to wait for an answer—only the barbell knows.)

Take this dude, for example, whose last name alone is enough to stir up trouble. Some pronounce it 'PalanEEK'. Beautiful! A ring of echo from interstellar voyages. Yet, a close look at the letters in his name says to me: '**PalanyOOK**'. (*Which brings him closer geographically; the dude's of Zhitomir roots, no doubt.*) Good news: they both share the same name—Chuck. Well, hello there, C. P., let's figure out your true self!

Chuck Palahniuk literally burst onto the American literary scene on the eve of the wild '90s. His *Fight Club* is still remembered, as well as the movie of the same name: Action! Action! Action! High-rises are collapsing from explosions (*too bad the soundtrack didn't include the Zveri band screaming, 'Blocks! Neighborhoods! I'm going out in style!'*), and Brad Pitt is gnawing on the barrel of a Luger shoved into his throat. The countdown is on, from nine to absolute zero. And it's still unclear what will happen first: the final gunshot or the entire high-rise exploding, while Brad keeps sending his charming smile back through the barrel.

Well, how's that for a hook? Got you?

It's no wonder Chuck's bestseller has become a bedtime story for a couple of generations. True, real boys of America don't quote it like a couple of previous generations used to show off their quotes from *The Godfather*. Because Chuck doesn't just stack things in your head to be used at a moment's notice. All he dumps there is Action! Action! Action! — it's blazing.

Since 1996 (the year the globe was infected by the aforementioned product), decades of fruitful effort have passed. A stack of bestsellers, a ton of awards. Chuck is a symbol of success, the American Dream embodied. For true art lovers, he's as recognizable as the Ford brand logo inside an oval wheel. Forty years of tireless work have given him every right to sit in an armchair by the fireplace and tell a story or two about his fifth or tenth fellow writer, not forgetting his own beloved self. This is precisely what this venerable master of literature has filled yet another of his books with...

From such an exquisite, I would even say sophisticated, annotation, many have already guessed (except for the literary-squirrel-crits from the UW) which book I'm hinting at here. Yes, yes, and again—yes! Chuck Palahniuk, *Consider This*, 2020!

For even in the distant overseas, in the land of victorious democracy, in the 50 states that have become home to a rabble of immigrants from all over the world, there are people who care about the fate of literature at the complicated crossroads of today's historical process...

(By the way, anyone seeking a New Year's address for a clown placed against the right wall at midnight? You've already guessed who to order it from. Right, dear compatriots?)

13. Resisting the Temptation of Ornithology

In *Consider This*, the author generously opens access to his personal secrets of the craft for a modest fee – \$9.18, or 590 rubles in Russia. *(In 2020 prices and exchange rates, of course.)*

Sure enough, not all the dough goes to Chuck, but he, too, will get a cut of your noble contribution, dear reader. It's all because in that same year, 2020, by a (strangely) favorable alignment of the stars, AST Publishing House in Moscow released a Russian translation of the work in a print run of 10,000 copies.

Is that a lot or a little? I'll admit frankly that the market economy isn't my hobby horse. I can only assume it all depends on how much, what, and of what Proof the average loser could acquire for 590 rubles in the GMT year of 2020, when it dawned on them that this book was the key to their career as a Bestselling Author. All that's left is to find a cool pseudonym. Say, Georgy Lentochkin, or something like that.

Empty speculation? Ha! I believe that AST's sales sharks are good at math, and as a result, they skimmed off a gross profit of 5.9 million rubles (at the 2020 exchange rate and prices, naturally).

And somehow, it just so happened (oddly enough) that in that same year, but a little earlier, AST Publishing House contacted Bakanov's School of Translation to obtain their professional services.

'And from this point on, into more details please...'

This is my favorite piece from the entire ocean of secondary nature. The quotation marks here don't signal a citation, no. The words have been so overused by everyone and everywhere that they barely even have an author. And without an author, who can you attribute a quotation to? The quotation marks here are the sign of my deep respect for words that have been, are, and will continue to be used by creators for their souls' pleasure or for other purposes. Some magic makes them all repeat with orthodox piety these words in their works: *'And from this point on, into more details please...'*

And it wouldn't hurt to delve into the details of what happened. Because at this very point, a host of unanswered questions arise:

- Did the entire school translate *Consider This*, or was it entrusted only to the top students?
- Whose contribution was greater: that of the boys or the girls?
- Is this school named after Bakanov, or is he just a sponsor?

There are tons of questions, but the answers have burrowed into anonymity, like worms in a dung heap, to avoid belly dancing to hide the hook and whet the appetite among the fish passersby with their wormy, sexy antics...

Okay, that'll do for acting a fool. I may be a loser, but I'm educated; I can figure out the answer even from the tightly clenched jaw.

I can share the knowledge that the term 'cormorant' in criminal slang of the early 1970s was used to describe an individual posing as a person.

For a cormorant, the main thing is not to be, but to look like, to seem. There are countless examples: a girl in shiny yellow jewelry, a boy with a mafia ring on his pinky, Bakanov with his translation school, and so on...

And no chance of bringing it over to them: forget it, don't even try, you only have one life why wasting it on looks like someone else and not being yourself? Just think: do I need it? Am I a cormorant or something?

Where does cormorant come from? It's an interesting question, but I'll stick to the flow of my fountain. Ornithology is a special subject; it deserves a more comprehensive exposition than the scope of the work already begun here allows, because we are all part of this planet's world, different in some ways, and not too much in others. Everyone is sometimes drawn to flight, like a fledgling crane, and sometimes to simply sit on eggs, without looking closer: whose are those?

14. The Story of a Title

So, AST wanted a translation of Chuck's book, and AST got it because they knew which school to approach. However, the choice wasn't exactly great. The publishing industry has long been tied to a conveyor belt process, not only visible but also indirect. AST was literally destined to turn to this particular teaching staff. Long-established and well-oiled connections—work, gender, family—forced them to take this step in order to uphold being nice with the right people from everywhere—from both the sidelines, the gallery, and from above—it does not matter, just to sit out your retirement in a familiar cozy office.

Thus, whoever shapes the school's policy, yet the translation of the book title became a joint effort by the entire system, aimed at continuing to maintain the population's ranking as the '#1 country in the world by the number of readers'. This is the urgent task of the Accounts Chamber and other services that keep watch and monitor the standard, including the Kotlonadzor. (Yes, sometimes you have to use incinerators for a thing or two, which is, of course, for the common good of everyone, including the blue jays.)

For better or worse, they translated it as '*Ha zampavky*'. On the one hand, it's not bad—the indication in the title that our civilization has already reached the firearms level sends forth a promise and inspires. And let all the dictionaries say '*Consider this*' means not quite that: what do we care? We've already gotten used to going our own way...

The term '*zampavka*' came into common usage in the 16th century after the appearance of matchlock *pishchals* in Muscovite Rus, also known as arquebuses in European arsenals. To fire such a weapon, a narrow trail of gunpowder ('fire potion') was poured onto the lock pan of a loaded arquebus from a powder flask (the horn of a large animal with the tip sawed off, to let the powder pour through the resulting hole). The gunpowder on the pan was ignited by a burning fuse, and through the touchhole (*the orifice connecting pan and barrel*), the flame passed into the barrel filled with the propellant charge and bullet—bam!

So this trail of powder along the shelf, like two peas in a pod, resembles the white streak of cocaine that the 'bad guys' snort in every other action movie (and sometimes the good guys too, you never know). Some more sophisticated stuff than good old weed... Yeah... I'd love to visit the teachers' lounge at Bakanov's school, to kick around, or maybe even discuss a thing or two...

15. What Chuck filled the primer with

However, Chuck had nothing to do with it. He couldn't even imagine who would get his manual—intended for those who dream of being loved by all, because all we need is love. Swap \$5.9 for millions in honorary paychecks. Become so famous that even poodles recognize you on the sidewalk, together with the tied to leash's other end, who fancy themselves breeders.

And all because these dreamy walkers took the trouble to learn to write in elementary school.

Overall, this is a book of wise advice, revealing the secrets of making your works sell. The author generously spills his pearls of wisdom gleaned along the path to success, including from bookseller Bob:

- Fewer commas in the text;
- The shorter the sentences, the better;
- Churn out at least one book a year—it's the must, no matter what.

The final piece of advice in this trinity is priceless; may Bob the Bookseller rest in peace.

And Chuck, from his armchair by the fireplace, continues to purr in this, his thirtieth book (It's just my guess here, extrapolating from the author's lengthy career):

'Consider this, sunny... I tell you, son...'

There was no "son" in the book's title, but throughout the text—nine chapters with a preface—sons literally roam in packs, and Chuck, a seasoned expert in this kind of crap, preaches to countless flocks of sons from the heights of wisdom instilled in him by Bob the Bookseller and others. Basically, the author comfortably launches an assembly line for the production of a cloned Chuck.

"Short – Two commas per page – A book a year – Got it, son?"

Between you and me, the angler cast a cool hook from his armchair by the fireplace:

Come here, son, I'll teach you how to become great, like...

(here follows a list of undisputed American classics. I glanced at it and saw what a mossy dinosaur I am: not a single familiar name—neither Faulkner, nor Steinbeck, nor Salinger, nor Pynchon, nor Carver, nor Pearson, nor even Wallace!)

Although, of course, who is without flaws? Even the great Palahniuk himself isn't familiar with Chekhov. He knows about the "shotgun", which is bound to go off in the fifth act of the play if it was hanging on the wall in the first. He knows for sure; someone told him at some seminar that somewhere, someone touched on the topic of the "shotgun".

Uncle Chuck is a good sport, coaching his sons so they don't forget to fire off a *pishchal* at the end.

But his main hobby is talking about his book presentations, where he signs books for those who buy them. Before that, he gets everyone started by giving a speech on stage, reading excerpts from his indisputably

great successes—the story "Guts" for one, with detailed instructions on proper way of masturbation. Preferably in a pool, so it's wet. And, as a little trick, one might shove up their rear an ear of corn the size of... well, although size is a matter of taste, you can't control your heart.

Uncle Chuck loves it when, during his readings, some young masturbator faints midst the tense silence of the audience. Out of amazement, probably: *"How did he know? I never told anyone!"*

The mentor marks such incidents with a star on the fuselage of his King Cobra fighter, also known as the Bell P-63 (73% of the aircraft of this brand produced during WWII were given to Soviet aces under Lend-Lease). A photo of the plane hangs to the right of the fireplace in a thin frame...

"And in my novel *Pygmy*, I used even such a trick..." the good-natured celebrity persists...

16. What I was missing

Uncle Chuck, you're great, and your *Consider This* is a trove of cleverness, but it suddenly dawned on me why so few people quote your *Fight Club*.

The answer is that the book is made up of actions—jump, run, clutch, munch—and instructions on how to do this or that. Hollywood has quoted the actions through popular actors, but few are

inclined to quote instructions. Especially the explanations on how to urinate, cum, blow one's nose, and slip feces into restaurant customers' food because they're rich, prosperous, and cheerful.

So take that, you bastards!

But, Chuck! They're still people! It's not their fault you're striving for fame. Why should they read or quote such things? I sympathize with you, partner. Not everyone can handle 40 years of doing a sewer pipe job.

To meet the aspirations of Russian readers, AST Publishing House in the blink of an eye connected consumers to a well-established system, ahead of schedule (no doubt, they sold out all 10,000 copies to those hypnotized by the author's name and their own cherished dream of becoming a writer, with fame and fortune just a stone's throw away).

286 pages, hardcover, about a dozen pictures (suggested by the author for use in tattoo parlors, depicting skulls and other undisguisedly winged pieces of secondary nature).

I only got to page 192 before it dawned on me: *why the hell do I ever need this smart-aleck Chuck?* Yeah, us seven-month-olds are like that—it takes us a while to get going, but we're resolute.

And again, I'll say it again—the book is useful, the instructor is experienced. If I wanted to make a birdhouse out of plywood, I couldn't ask for a better instructor. Chuck teaches the basics of bestselling fiction, which would keep up with Hollywood action movie production standards. Everything there has long been calculated down to the split-second: what follows what and for how long.

The buildup lasts 17 and a quarter seconds, and then—bang! Phew! Now you can fart and dive into the popcorn. Otherwise, the viewer has no idea what the hell he's doing here.

And with *Consider This*, Chuck is working hard to bridge the gap between cinema and literature. It's long overdue to synchronize their standardization and standardize the synchronicity of their impact on the masses. But the problem isn't even that I don't want to. I just don't have the ability to calculate or decide anything.

I don't write; things are written through me.

I've had to somehow get used to this method and write novels, or anything else up to this here criticism (although this is the first time I've ever raised a pen against a citizen of a foreign power. For some reason, this jerk has riled up my usually tranquil and tolerant self).

When starting this work, I contemplated for quite a time if I should use the appellation 'dude' for Chuck. 'Fraier' seemed more to the point.

(For the under-educated or half-baked in the criminal jargon of the last century, I'll clarify once again that the term had a rather neutral, peaceful connotation, originating from the German "Freier"—that is, a groom, someone who takes care of their sprucey appearance... After prolonged negotiations with AI, regrettably, I rejected the idea: half a century later, some scoundrels and nincompoops injected another meaning into the word. Thrice alas!)

Palahniuk's proposed approach and his tricks don't appeal to me due to my innate laziness. We (my laziness and me) didn't sign up for plotting out a plot or shuffling characters. And anyway, I have nothing to tell the honest public. It's a shame Chuck is too far away to hear me when I say:

"Son, imagine, starting the novel *The Algorithm of Chaos*, all I had was a cell phone ringing. And beside it – a complete pitch-black obscurity: *Who's calling? Who's called?* The answers began to come in while eavesdropping on their conversation. Then those "who" started arguing among themselves, spinning their own story. All that remained for me was recording the talk and following their further moves... Consider this, sunny, maybe your next bestseller will come from a blackbird's springtime song..."

Sometimes it's a little annoying, and sometimes I laugh like crazy. That's how we live. I don't hold it against Palahniuk: he's got great experience, but he's not my cup of tea. I don't need that. If only someone could explain how to convey in words the shimmering colors of oleander flowers, the

scent of acacia, the sweetness of her touch to my age-sagged skin. How? Papa Chuck didn't give me an answer, and it's unlikely anyone could...

17. Creative Plans

This seems to be the end of the story, but I'm a good man, I don't forget my promises, and I'm smoothly transitioning to my plan for paying off my debts.

I don't play the lottery or roulette, and I can't get a job anywhere. They say, "Come back 30 years ago." Where will I get the money? I had to make up a very clear plan because right now a revelation has astounded me: I'm not a seven-month-old. Supposedly, it's a polite way to tell a person they were born two months ahead of schedule. What's the use of long-winded plans for the Hasty Pantser?

Over the years of luxuriating in the delights of writing, I've accumulated over 20, maybe even up to 30, books. In all sorts of genres: novels, stories, essays, criticism, journalism, translations, plays—I've written anything except for poetry and denunciations. Of course, I can't compete with Palahniuk in terms of quantity. In my defense, I'll just say:

Sorry, my friend, but I'm not only a genius, but also a family man, unlike some idiots.

Now about the plan.

Until now, everything was going perfectly: I wrote it and published it on a couple of platforms for free download. Because I'm not greedy, and after laughing my ass off, I give people the opportunity to catch a moment or two (as much as they can handle) of free pleasure. But no! From now on (not of my own will), everything will be different!

Business Plan A:

Set a moderate but still reasonable fee for downloading my works. So what? A cool plan, no? Although it's a bit unmanly. For years I've been groaning at the monetizing muzzufookers, and now I'm, like: *gimme a couple of alms!*

Ah! Doesn't matter! I'll sort it out so that even my grandfather Joseph, who was repressed by the NKVD and later escaped execution by the occupiers, will be proud of me! Everything that's freely available for download will remain free. But! Each creation is to be rewritten into a new version. Fundamentally.

Ha! Self-versification! And the final result will go toward paying off the debt. And most importantly, oh, the laughs my PC and I will have in the process!

(Just hold on, old man, and with the extra money I'll buy you a new hard drive. I swear on my mother!)

And then, when everything stabilizes, I'll write another novel. Most likely a fantasy. The title will be *From Sorria, with Love*. Sorria is Narnia's closest neighbor from the same closet. It will be a fantasy without a single secondary nature piece in the entire text. Can you imagine, sonny?

Ah, I forgot that our time zones don't match. So, sleep tight, Chucky-boy, sleep...

The Teaser:

From Sorria, with Love

I've already started whittling the characters out, on the sly, yeah.

The buffoon Pavlik, for example. He's so bouncy, the darling of the whole county. His nickname is "Chpok-chpok". He'll then write a rap, *"Help Pavlik collect a million with your pennies in his mug!"* and start giving tours of the Ring's monasteries, keeping that mug in his outstretched hand for donations. But really, it's all about the clown, who's merely the springboard to fuse up the show, because Pavlik Poluvolya isn't the leading character at all. It's just that when he gets drunk, he dreams of a career as a False Usurper. Because Usurper 1st has landed on the throne before him, and seated his behind there conveniently.

Sorria's political system is a semi-hereditary mandarinat. The country's population believes the current Father Mandarin is kind, but the courtier papillote-curlers he wears while pondering his thoughts prevent him from displaying this kindness.

There will also be a hero. He'll be healthy, but dumb, like all musclemen. Knight Krasavin. As soon as his shoulder begins to itch, he'll raise an army, recruiting grapefruits from the perimeters, as well as marginalized vagabonds discontent with the infringement of their vagrancy rights.

To the drums of the march in *The Nutcracker* and the aria from the opera "*Chow, chow, Sanya!*", the host moves toward the capital city, Ponaekhuya—popularly known as "Dollar-Headed Ponaekhuya".

Krasavin has Plan G in mind (like every muscleman, he has a plan for every letter so that no one will guess what suit he will play out); he intends to clean out those damn papillote-curlers. However, near Ravenyzh city, he'll receive a dispatch that the usurper's cockroaches have captured his beautiful wife. He'll call it quits and turn the host around. Acting like a gentleman, all right. And he'll voluntarily go to the scaffold in the sky to make the whole fantasy more vivid. A flying dragon tore Krasavin apart, but then...

So, we do have plans. We seven-month-olds have tons of plots and more, you know.

29-11-2025

Essay No. 2

Unknown Nietzsche

The Historical Background (Instead of a Preface)

When my son's family left here, my daughter-in-law didn't take along the stash of books from her sideboard.

They left earlier, before the curtain's final fall. Even before the blockade, the blitz, and the unorganized, although planned, flight of 120 thousand Armenians—the entire population of Mountainous Karabakh.

Because of a decision made even before my son and his family left, I stayed, despite everything... In short, it worked out.

Now I am, firstly, a traitor, secondly, [*extreme insults*], thirdly, a viper who'd been hiding on the people's chest for 37 years... 242ndly... and so on...

However, since 1987, I have become so integrated with Karabakh that refugee status in the ancient land of Armenia does not attract me overmuch. So I live here, midst the interregnum and the restoration of the constitutional regime. I wander around this ghost city inhabited by gangs of expensive dogs (the Armenian rich humanely removed the chains from the beasts upon their departure). Pigeons have rejected the civilized way of life and sleep in trees instead of their attic enclosures. The cats persistently try to talk to me, but I keep aloof and only talk to patrols in the foppish uniforms of the special forces (black is always in fashion, undeniably). For such cases, I carry an *ausweis* from the Immigration Department at the Police Department regarding my temporary registration.

It's sad that I don't speak Azerbaijani at all. I consider myself very lucky if among the patrol officers there is a guy from Baku; the fellows from there speak Russian. Some guys have it cleaner than mine...

This situation gave me the need to expand my social circle. Of course, as befits a lucky guy, the game came running to the hunter: among the sideboard books, a volume of unpretentious looks was discovered. *Beyond Good and Evil* by Friedrich Nietzsche.

Thank you, Gayane!

(My son is also a great guy, but the upkeep of the sideboard is not for men—even a soft-spoken hedgehog can understand that.)

Introduction

There is no use to act a sympathizing pundit or raise a hue and cry, swinging your pan in all directions—but mostly to the sky—against the backdrop of Fritz (a diminutive of 'Friedrich').

You are unlikely to encounter such an intense, frantic protest by a person, discriminated against due to the unbelievable depth of a European-trained mind, oftener than once in your entire bitch of

a life. And then, only if you are lucky enough to open it, not limiting yourself to a wiki article or notes from a lecture by a stupid professor.

Therefore, the purpose of this here essay is to share the thrill of translating the Russian translation (a most magnificent one!) from the original German dating back to the latter half of the 19th century.

Translate a translation?

Well, yes. After all, Yu. Antonovsky translated for the 20th century, doing his best to preserve the overtones of the original in a text produced a hundred years later. I can't handle this.

Essay No. 2 is just an attempt to express in my own words this or that thought that managed to break through the layers of ignorance which are always on me—but the force of the thought was enough to get over, and it grabbed. And then the turn passes, and I am given a chance to express the grabber in a language clear to me even in the dead of night, when awakened by fire alarm sirens or... well, and so on. And I may even allow myself a comment, when it's not scared off out of reach.

The work under scrutiny was compiled by the author into nine Sections. Each one is labeled to artistically present its scope. Within, the text of the section is further divided into numbered Chunks. Their size varies—from a couple of lines to one, two, three, or more pages.

2025-12-03

Section 1 (1 - 23): 'On the follies (in the original '

Prejudices

') of philosophers'

1:1 - 1:6 (The pitiful loss because of my slip)

I admit skimming the six Chunks indicated above without really delving into them, because the book is not a well-promoted bestseller like Harry Potter, where from the opening you're dripping saliva in anticipation of goodies guaranteed by critics of any streak.

Besides, the feel of pioneering was lacking—none of the accelerated breath, tense alertness, or rapid pulse at turning a page over to a possible discovery when leafing through Friedrich Nietzsche's book from scratch.

All that was undercut at school and other educational institutions where they warned me explicitly: Nietzsche's fanatical ideas served as the foundation for the ugly bloom of fascism. After many years of reading books and watching films full of the horrors for which he allegedly provided the cornerstone, you were left facing one and only plausible conclusion: you'd hardly find a viler bastard than F. Nietzsche.

Such were, and still remain, the rings of shackles put on me, you, and everybody else by compulsory school education. To train you to think the right way. For you to have the correct outlook along with the sturdy habit of thinking briefly—the shorter, the better, no time wasted: *Nietzsche? Sure! I know the damn fascist!*

And that's it, and you're good to go through your life towards the mutual goal of individual monetization. You're equipped, completely, with well-framed values. You know: Nietzsche and the ancient Romans are the most obnoxious culprits. Who else? Just look at that gesture with which they, the Romans, greeted and responded to each other at the Forum! Huh? They copied the fascist *Heil!*

'Heil, Julius Caesar!'

'Heil, Cicero!'

These are the roots of gas chambers, crematoriums, and other Holocaust horrors...

Riding the wave of that prejudice, my eyes had chosen to simply indulge in smooth surfing until they hit the reef of a cool life hack:

'Going beyond good and evil is a piece of cake; it's enough to grasp that lies are as necessary as truth, and they contribute to the species' survival no less than the multiplication table.'

What's he talking about?... My optics shook like a wet dog, splashing everyone in sight...

'Truth is a legalized lie.'

And where does the criminal charge for perjury go now? Now, a perjurer gets the certified right to wear the 'True Lover of the Red Combat Flag' badge...

Where there is neither good nor evil, the calls of the notorious dissident Solzhenitsyn dangle in the void. And right there goes all the rhetoric of the emeritus 'writers' of the USSR and the Russian Federation. And that's a shame, for their production volume surpasses that of the global oil tanker fleet by 55%.

However, Friedrich was lucky to stay at large in the 19th century—who'll reach him there? On the other hand, so tremendous a loss of percentage leaves one sad, yet there's nothing to be done—the fetters broke, our nostrils flaring in rapture: *man, you're something else!*

1:7

The fact that every philosopher rolls out universal moral laws hewn down to their personal instincts and preferences is veteran news. It won't make a splash. Any wild guess or sophisticated extrapolation is nothing but an order to the outside world: *'Conform to what I say!'*

But how to make them obey?

Nothing easier! Stir up their envy of your suit, your limousine, your whore, and other gadgets, right up to your retinue of bodyguards.

Exactly that is what Nabokov tried to teach me in his *Ada*, where he took a shot at making me a follower of his case. A good try. However, the attempt failed. Still, a negative result can serve educational purposes just as well. He spread it thick, all too clearly—his yearning to be considered a Russian aristocrat in possession of a twelve-digit bank account and a secured lifespan of at least 97 years.

But one can't push me around: *'Do as I do!'* They have to approach a bit more politely...

1:8

With the utmost tenderness, F. Nietzsche inquires in this here Chunk if a philosopher might be allowed to have any 'convictions'.

A prudent counter! The fellow shows an exemplary wisdom of judgment inherent to the end of the Victorian era. After 1914, even asking such a question would get you thrown in jail—by the Cheka, the Gestapo, or the competent organs of various other states. But even there, in the unattainable 19th century, equating 'conviction' with foolishness, Nietzsche hid his audacity behind lines in Latin. Better be safe than sorry.

1:9

Here, Friedrich, for the sake of appearances, goes through the motions of criticizing the Stoics for their advocacy of 'living in accordance with nature', which knows no justice and has no moral principles. It exists, in fact, beyond good and evil. That's why he didn't particularly attack his potential allies.

However, he did hint subtly that the self-tyranny they practiced smacks of a means to achieve world domination. The goal of every philosophical system is to create (explain) the world in its own image and likeness, establish laws within it, and develop a moral code.

1:10

Rather skeptically speaks he of skeptics. To the solipsists, Nietzsche advises taking baths and showers oftener, and to grope their bodies while at it to make sure everything is in place. The positivists are nicknamed by him 'fools in a motley crew'.

He provided, in short, birds of any feather with a good thrashing.

1:11

A frontal attack at the foundations of the philosophical world starts. He takes a dig at Kant, the guy who was Berdyaev's first love, and one of whose books (according to unconfirmed reports) is half a meter thick!

Someone saw it in some museum and bragged to me. I just wish I could remember who, namely. Doesn't matter, on second thought; he'll get by without it; he's not a big enough deal to bother with

mnemonics. More importantly, a tome of that size would definitely weigh 20 kilos. Not everyone can lift it, but the old man managed to pull off 20 kilos of pure philosophy. And you ridicule him, comparing him to the doctor found in Molière's comedies.

When asked 'Why does opium make you slumberous?', the specialist responded with deportment proper to his profession, 'Because opium has a quality of being slumberous.' So, now you don't even have to strain yourself—just strain the answer out of the question.

For me personally, 'why?' has always been the most insoluble stumbling block. There's no answer. Or rather, there are so many variants of the answer that it means having none at all. For example, to the question 'Why were you late for class?' you could say, 'Because the alarm didn't ring,' or you could say, 'Because long ago some damn monkey climbed out of the trees to pick up a stick.' Both answers are valid, whether it's a broken clock mechanism or arming monkeys that started the development of civilization, which has devolved into nagging people for being late.

Both are quite suitable for explaining causes. And with enough effort, the number of answers to 'why?' can be increased exponentially. But the simplest is, in Molière's style:

'Why are you so stupid?'

'Because I have the quality of being stupid.'

And that's it! The question is exhausted beyond belief.

(Still, I prefer Kant's formulation 'by virtue of', although ridiculed by Nietzsche.)

'By virtue of my quality to be stupid.'

1:12

And then he starts playing tricks on all sorts of philosophical branches I've never even heard of, and even if I have, I can't remember when, who with, or to what degree of intoxication.

Okay, if such is his mood—let him have fun. Although I feel sorry for the poor guys too. But no! Fritz is even rolling them into the asphalt for a bye-bye prank, with a warning: sit tight at home and don't hang about the philosophical jungle. All those atomists and positivists, and who knows what other Chekists... eh?... well, something like that, anyway.

He simply tears those psychologists apart, like a puppy ripping a sweatshirt, then flaunts random shreds of their abstruse crap like: 'the soul as a multiplicity of subjects' or 'the soul as a social structure of instincts and affects'.

(Damn! And they still have patients?! Who pay them for these parrot cries?)

In short, the kid is having fun like a foal in fresh grass, all but hooting and hollering.

1:13

A heap of rebukes to Spinoza for the latter's being overly concerned with the instinct for self-preservation. What hinders him from tracing it down to the desire for power? That's what urges all living things to demonstrate their strength.

Spinoza should have limited himself to a closer consideration of draft animals, if he's so keen on piling up the principles in a rationally economic way. At least, that's how my head interpreted this Chunk 13.

And—hello again!—he finally got to the Semites. Wrist-rapping Spinoza for overmuch fixation on the instinct for self-preservation, even though he himself had suggested we should limit pushing principles. Not that Spinoza was a relative of mine (although who the hell knows in this best of all possible worlds), but simply to avoid turning into a stenographic note-taker, I'll allow myself to express a separate opinion on the principles that Friedrich suggests to cull out for their mutual counterproductivity:

1. the desire to play, inherent in all living things;
2. the desire for power, of the same location;
3. the instinct for self-preservation.

Incompatible? No way! If you look closely. Gamblers are certainly drawn to power (remember the chicken coops of the playful Louis XIV and Nicholas I). The gambler Dostoevsky became a writer so he could autocratically control the destinies of his characters. And so on, and so forth.

The instinct for self-preservation is expressly present in those in power. Hence the growth in the number of bodyguards from the ranks of the Airborne Forces and the obvious penchant for underground bunkers.

Thus, this trinity of principles is intertwined into an inseparable triad.

So leave Spinoza alone, even though I don't even know him.

(But then a thought occurred to a layman from the outside: an invisible chain of three principles keeps the entire visible world on a leash.

But how many more trinities like this are there? And what is its power? It's that they all share a common principle of action, and all existents obey them. And by the by, it was philosophers who dug up the fact. Damn! There is no more terrifying force than philosophy!)

1:14

Popular sensualism is as simple as truth: where there is nothing to see or grab, there is nothing to do or think. Plato, the damn aristocrat, casts his fine gray net of ideas wherever it comes into his head, even where it's dark and empty to the touch.

For this, Fritz nicknames physicists and Darwinists 'road-layer laborers', toiling for a future in which, perhaps, we'll even become noble.

1:15

Now he obscenely forces sensualism to dance a striptease to its own tune.

If the external world is created by the senses informing us of it, then our body, being part of the external world, is also a product of the activity of our organs. And the organs of the body (which exist out there!) are created by our organs. Which maintains that our organs are capable of organ-creating! Having lost your sight, you can create new optic organs.

Dance, sensualism! You're so sexy a slut when stark naked!

1:16

The most seductive line in all of philosophy begins with the words 'I think...' For centuries, it has been proudly repeated by those who are at least somewhat involved in the science of philosophy (which every existing science tries to make its handmaid). A beautiful line, undeniably, and there's nothing to object to, sort of... until the juicy lass ran into Friedrich, who thoroughly poked her sides and her bones.

'I think' – what is that? You proclaim knowing what 'I' is? Then explain it to me clear and concise, without averting your honest blue eyes. Or maybe you've found out what 'thinking' is? Is it an action? Or is it a state?

(It's absolutely certain that any housewife, not to mention a plumber at the end of the work week, will instantly answer these three questions. It's just that not everyone has the courage to ask them. However, if you're a philosopher, prove it!)

And 'I think'—is it really 'I think' or something else? If I think, 'Wow, what a hot thing!', is that thought really a thought or a desire? But then the whole line changes to 'I want, therefore I am.' So, does that mean I exist because I want to, and not because my parents wanted it?

And an honest philosopher would have to spend their entire life solving that last question. But when is he supposed to make a career, erect a monument to his own self, and so on?

Oh, so precarious everything is in this philosophy! It's much safer to get a PhD degree and teach it at some university or college.

1:17

He gave a mocking pat on the back to the scholastic logicians who, in their sacramental love for the line, translated it into grammar for transformation into 'It seems to me...' Oh, screw that damn 'I' that hasn't been defined for millennia.

'No point, smartasses,' Nietzsche explained to them. 'With your tricks, you've simply stuffed the 'T' into the three shorter 'i's comprised in small 'm' and think it's not noticeable?'

1:18

The idea of 'free will' is so shaky that every idle yokel has shagged it like a just-for-asking slut.

1:19

'I came, saw what was going on, and conquered,' General Julius reported to the Senate.

But coming without the Roman legions, would he have defeated even a couple of the enemy's new recruits? And what would he have seen there without sight? And how would his 'T' even get there? (The most IQ-savvy citizens in the audience offer suggestions.)

We also shouldn't forget the innumerable components covered by a single 'synthetic' (a favorite term of Nietzsche's) – 'T'. Some part of the 'T' has to want to go there at all. Another part has to uphold the move. A third one has to figure out what we'll eat along the way to avoid diarrhea or, conversely, constipation.

In other words, 'free will' can be decomposed into who knows how many parts. And only stubborn asses like Schopenhauer are capable of naively or maliciously proclaiming it a unified concept and writing several volumes of philosophical shit on it.

Yeah, right. So what? (I'm speaking for myself.) Let him write, if he wants to. But when I was distilling wheat alcohol in the village (I had a still with a copper distillation column), the process of brewing the mash and waiting for it to drip (they are separate processes) took a considerable amount of waiting, during which the guy was my support. Therefore, Friedrich, I agree with your anti-synthetic arguments, but deep in the heart of my complex self, I reserve a corner for good old Schoppy, whose never-ending works shortened the periods spent idle...

1:20

The development of philosophical thought is quite predictable. It moves in circles. (Here, to clarify, he compared it to fauna.)

'But, Teacher!' I cried out. 'How can circularity be counted as development?'

And silence followed—Sensei gave me a chance to think more deeply and answer my own question. Philosophers don't make discoveries, but rather seem to recall what was already known. Why has Indo-Greco-Germanic philosophy exhausted the breakthroughs into the unknown available to it? 'My language is my enemy' – all approaches to questions are predetermined by the structure of the language in which you philosophize. What's the highest you can jump?

(Did someone say, 'your own ass?')

The answer is wrong – you can't jump above the grammar of a language. So sit back and wait for insights from philosophers having command of the Ural-Buryat dialects, or from Polynesian ones. But what if they don't give a damn about philosophy? Maybe they're more interested in fishing. If so, they're wiser than philosophers. Also known as players with the empty-shell set of rote terms: 'free will', 'necessity', 'cause and effect', 'direct perception', and other old jingle-brained jargon accumulated over centuries of philosophical development.

But it's not alone! People tend and need to unite in flocks, and—who would imagine!—rejoice: packs of theological blah-blah-baaers juggling their own vocabulary: 'sin', 'atonement', 'suffering', 'end of the world', 'faith'—though inferior to the philosophical herd in antiquity, but not in ardor. (Sweetheart Berdyaev mastered the cant of both groups and had a good time, and his legacy is a perfectly acceptable time-filler.)

1:21

There are many philosophical sects, but philosophy's bread (terminology) is the same for all. Each confession simply constructs its own mythology from the universal principles of 'cause and effect', 'things-in-themselves', and so forth.

[Essentially, everyone relies on 'faith' for everything. Believe in the truth of our neo-Kantian, anarchist, communist, and other-ist interpretations, memorize the terminology to the point of flawless juggling, and you're a new herald, genius, and savior.]

Returning to the term 'will' (it would be a shame to abandon such a SOB), Nietzsche combines it with a couple of new adjectives in place of the compromised adjective 'free', resulting in the combinations 'strong will' and 'weak will'. The former is willing to take responsibility for things it hasn't even done, while the latter prefers clinging to the weak, mostly criminals. Seems like here we have a dig at anarchism, the 'religion of human liberation'.

1:22

The author announces the hunting season open for the philosophical springy beast—among seasoned poachers, the game is referred to as 'natural laws'. He seeks to help these narrow-minded blockheads in latching onto the idea that only naming a thing lawful makes it such. What if another, more agile interpreter comes along and reshuffles the laws to suit his own preferences?

In Russian: 'The law is a shaft; wherever you turn it, that's where it goes.'

1:23

For latching onto psychology (another piece of mutual bread), the author introduces a couple of concepts:

(1)

morphology

(2)

and the doctrine of the development of the 'will to power'.

Here I had to recollect that 'morpho' is just 'form', so according to Nietzsche, psychology is nothing more than:

(1)

an evening roll call of present forms; and

(2)

tracking how this or that form develops, rolling down the slope of the will to power.

(Ha! I even know where this development begins! With the word 'mine' – *my* doll, *my* bike, *my* mom, etc.)

He claims to be the only one who has matured to view psychology from this angle. No one else had the nerve and stuck (in his time) at defining it as the relationship between 'good' and 'evil' instincts in the 'heart' of man. Nietzsche notes that they could just as nicely have gotten by with only the 'evil'; it's just a question of getting used to constant toxicosis (the quirky way among eggheads to say 'I wanna puke').

O, Prophet! Prophet! He's just foretold the onset of the 'theory of the subconscious' put forth by Mr. Freud and his ilk. The illustrious Nausea-Promoters.

He also remarks that psychology becomes a fashion and, in its next step, it will declare itself the master of all sciences. The attempt to make a skivvy of philosophy will follow, as psychology aspires to take upon itself the fundamental questions of existence (man and the world around him).

Conclusion to Section One:

Friedrich's reasons click perfectly into place: the Section's meant for a technologically justified clearing of a construction site, moving away the overgrowth and layers of garbage piles to start construction of his own philosophy.

The author has arrived and bulldozed the top achievements of previous philosophers, disclosing their follies. Giving quite a shock for well-behaved public, with the Section's title. From the pioneer of shock therapy, with love.

Chunk #16 is a truly mind-bending tidbit.

First, Friedrich flogged the pink ass of Emmanuel, when, with the profound absentmindedness of a true philosopher, the Konigsberg sage left it unprotected from both the flanks and the rear launching his philosophical folly on just one (!) home-spun syllogism.

(Syllogism, huh? How much garbage I have in my word stock... But I also want to seem smart. Now and then.)

'I think, therefore I am'

(Oh dear! What a hell of a lot of doctoral theses have been scribbled out, either refuting or extolling just this one line, evolving into an entire worldview: Kantianism!

[Aside note:

With indelible gratitude to S. Romanenko, who rubbed my nose in a glaring inaccuracy: it was Descartes who was clever about Cogito ergo sum, not Kant! — I am making this correction here.

And regarding the silent majority, I note: either they didn't know (the ignoramuses!), or, out of habit, were afraid to stick their neck out from under their turtle shell even a millimeter.

Thank you, Svetlana! Not all is lost, as long as there are erudite and brave souls like you!]

So this Fritz (who is Nietzsche) sarcastically asks if it suits the most fundamental philosophical constant to have so too flimsy base? Consult any construction engineer about the fate of architectural follies upon quicksand!

Nope, the Kantians don't stoop to such interviews.

Alas, no decisive voices were raised, and Kantianism (with all its subsequent superstructures), due to its elusive gaseous nature, has become suspended and bobbing like a weather balloon, an inflatable milestone on the path of philosophical thought.

(Regarding the suspended weather balloon, it's worth recalling that in military terminology, such a balloon is called 'condom'; anyone who served in the relevant troops knows.)

Friedrich's undoubted merit in pointing out that a 'condom' will remain a condom (he's probably means the probe) and is unfit for foundation.

But even more noteworthy is his statement that people are incapable of thinking at all, as evidenced by

'... the tiny fact... that 'thought' comes when 'it' wants to, and not when 'I' want to...' (end of quote).

That's what stunned me. Specifically.

But at the same time, this quote inspires optimism. Great consolation for thinkers across all continents and states.

None of your thoughts are lost. They, your ideas, are more immortal than even the mafia. Because they're not yours.

Let's take a simple but striking example – me.

In Chapter 12 of 'The Algorithm of Chaos' (aka AC), I detail the process by which ideas emerge in people who (let's be frank) are incapable of thinking. Their function is that of a flash drive onto which a file with an idea is dumped. It's a shame, but try to refute it, I'm all ears.

And here's where the fun begins! Chapter 12 in AC was written before (!) my encounter with Nietzsche. I'm not going to swear by anything, but it's a fact.

Which means, consequently, that even without Nietzsche or me, there still comes a moment when something unavoidable is downloaded to some or other flash drive.

From where? By whom? Why? —

These are interesting questions, but I'm not greedy – we need to leave food for thought for future generations, so they too have something to puzzle over... Until that moment, when it's downloaded to them too.

And now the quote from AC, Chapter 12:

'Your role is that of a fisherman awaiting the bite. Just a moment ago, you couldn't even imagine how it was even possible... and all of a sudden – it strikes! That's it! Holy shit... how simple!'

And, to wind it up, one more quote. This time from the immortal 'The Rascally Romance' (because online works don't burn; the internet is no stove for the nuts).

So, RR, Ch. 'The eastern Corridor':

'... all wheels were invented long ago... every super-new idea has more than once swarmed in the mind of a Chaldean magician... or a Greek sophist... a medieval alchemist... an Aztec knot-weaver... a prophetic Brahmin-Vedaist... or a Tibetan sage... all discoveries and uber-super ideas are nothing more than rolling out, in other words or symbols, the same truths, old as the hills... unchanging as the shift of seasons, the phases of the moon, day and night... every day new and unique, every day a repetition of the many exactly same days...'

P.S.:

This finale to the *Conclusion to Section One* smacks of self-promotion, if you think about it. However, advertising fiction to readers of a philosophical work (Ha! As if those exist!) is endlessly naive.

No, the purpose of these quotes is to show that one and the same pipe can be used to convey texts of various genres.

From whence, to where, why? –

I don't know. So I won't erase the written with an ax.

And besides – 'pour qu'oit pas?', M. Boyarsky used to say in Lady de Winter's ear when the lights on the film set went all of a sudden out.

Section 2 (24–43): 'The Free Minds'

2:24

And this isn't philosophy at all – it's the voice of one crying out in agony. No, not in the wilderness; this here score is more complex. Though not rap, it's evident, but rather a piece by... Verdi. Probably.

The theme? Human bastardry – they've simplified everything possible and impossible down to the level of cheap gimmicks. All the multifaceted, complex interweaving (it looks like Friedo slurped something from Arthur Rimbaud here) has been reduced to a paper-thin nothingness, and – enjoy!

(And even if so, why not?)

We invented the 'will to knowledge', but we want to keep silent about the 'will to ignorance'!

(And Friedrich hadn't yet begun to probe the ticklish spots of morality!)

2:25

A magnificent piece of style and clarity, exquisitely crafted. Every other sentence begs to be placed on a Gold Plaque of Winged Aphorisms. Here he's more poet than philosopher.

(But he's also a philosopher, something Pushkin lacked, and today all sorts of scum toss the dung-ball 'compiler' at him!)

The essence of philosophical instruction is not to pose as a 'defender of truth', not to suffer in the name of truth, in self-defense from the assholes attacking you. Live easily in pleasant solitude; if you lurk and watch your enemies' movements, you'll simply wear yourself out. Exactly what the mudaks want you to... Why make them happy by climbing onto the stage to act a farcical screamer? That's all your philosophy, which, like everything else, started out as a protracted tragedy, will turn to.

(A day ago, some contemporary poet, a character in the ongoing Pessimistic SitCom, was complaining about someone else:

'I don't understand! I made sure he won the Iskander Prize, and now he... !'

What's there to understand? Now that ungrateful 'he' wants to take you down so he becomes the kingmaker of the prize. It's as old as time.

What to do?! A matter of taste: whether to mount the podium as the 'offended side' or enjoy exquisite solitude while leafing through Nietzsche. Well, my friend, it's your free choice...)

2:26

Of course, all this is clever, subtle, and beautiful, but it's not written for this world. Not for the goddamn 21st century, where a sentence longer than one line is a crime against the rules of the style sheet, a violation of the unconditional bootlicking due to anything in our great homeland—therefore, dear to us and sacred, by default.

(Don't miss brushing out the awkward spots, listed explicitly in the RosKomStat (RKS) directive-circulars, from the messy scraps that don't align with the required provisions for writing when at the process of writing.

And in the light of the 150-year statute of limitations, it's hard to immediately discern in his free-spirited revelry, that:

– no one lies as much as the indignant

(and if he's indignant for a holy cause? – then he's a sacrilegious liar, and that's all about him);

– cynicism is the rare and only meeting ground for cooperation between a vile soul (in the author's words, 'vulgar soul') and sincerity.

(But why the heck would you want to hang out with vile souls? Of course, there's no obligation, but if you're a philosopher, then endure even this foul turn in your bio, which in reality may be its best part.)

– every *chosen* (emphasis added) person has his own castle, a refuge, where he *escapes* (emphasis added) from the crowd, from those who are more numerous.

(chosen == the one who learns the hard way, the 'average' one possesses in their composition (here comes a cynic's quote):

'2 to 3 holes and one head, the practical worth of the latter is open to doubt'.)

However, cynics themselves are defined by the author as a cross of monkey and goat who can talk and brag about how awesome he poops and fucks. But why learn such obscenities, and why the 'average' person, who's also just a goat-monkey, only they keep quiet about it?

Because there's nothing else to learn except God

(bruh, don't take that fork—it's goddamn boring there, and everything by rote, I tell thee. If still in doubt, ask defrocked Okhlobystin; the guy barely survived...)

A human being (returning to the author) is made up of sexual urges, the need for multiple meals a day, and vanity.

See? Not a thing from tangible anatomy! And here I split with Nietzsche, because in my personal system (before meeting Fritz), the trinity of compound stimulants that keep the 'field of life' alive was defined as: stomach, dick, and gray matter ('screw the mazzafooker!').

Of course, in the Chunk at hand from the current Section, I could have easily overlooked a thing or two (oh, Sensei is a master of equivocation! Unrivaled!), but that's enough for me today.

2:27

The Chunk starts with a list of horse gaits (presumably), so as to clearly benchmark the speed of thinking among humans. The bottommost notch is defined as 'frog leap'. For my case, there should be added to the scale the under-bottommost one: 'prancing snail'.

Then, with the edge of a cotton swab (to leave a tenderer feel, so to speak), the topic of friendship is touched upon. Extremely brief, because this subject matter can be expounded either in a few words or in multi-volume discourses.

When you stepped into making friends, then (if I understood him correctly) be ready to die any moment from obscene laughing at yourself. I can't help but agree. Sometimes, the shorter the saying, the wiser the author.

2:28

Doesn't he have anything better to do? 'Nietzsche's philosophy' was the buzz word, when you didn't have a chance to find a sliver of his works. And Now? How much of philosophy can you put your finger on in this entire Chunk 28?

Pure ethnography and literary criticism. He's ridiculing... although no, they ridicule someone in front of someone else, but here he—sooner and more accurately—is making fun of himself, that's for sure—to have a good healthy laugh you should know what you're laughing at.

Yes, he's plainly making fun of himself. Actually, he laughs at national traits of any people turning on his way. The Germans get the worst of it, but that's understandable—he who can laugh at himself fears no one.

'What's most difficult to translate from one language to another is the tempo of its style, rooted in the character of the race or, physiologically speaking, in the average rate of its 'metabolism.'

Here! Here! In just one sentence—a brilliant literary critic. Miles uncountable, colossally above the present day ass-lickers defaming the usurped denomination, whose pseudo-exaltation stinks a league away...

And a passage or two further, in just a few words, he conveys the very essence of Goethe, of Lessing. And you can't argue with that, his perspicacity's on a par with X-rays...

Voltaire, Machiavelli (I'd give the latter more credit). Petronius and Aristophanes are treated with utter reverence. The presence of Aristophanes in the world atones for all the Hellenism that allowed itself to exist at all—or something like that—the original says.

Still, in conclusion, he did return to philosophy (sorry for a bit rashy opening the Chunk) to absolve Plato of all his sins simply because they found nothing but a volume of Aristophanes under the pillow of an academic's deathbed. Well done, Dr. Plato, you're also human in part. Posthumously.

(But where did you come from with such a non-German style, huh? To dig into his Slavic roots? It's no better than rummaging through stale underwear of creators to point the finger: aha! That artist, at certain spots in his canvas, applied paint with his dick, in ecstasy. And the Czar's anthem music was produced by a faggot, and that poetess was a lesbian, and her husband gnawed at bisni having a sex, things like that...

Aesthetes, screw them! Doing their best to yank down to their level those they can never reach. But you, filthy idiots, are an intrinsic detail to this best of worlds, so go on yapping, you curs, that's all you can do.)

But I have to agree to his musing on the nationality permeating the style of creator. I accept the idea; what is, is.

Yet, Fritz, where did Plato get so Germanic a style, while the Germans of his era hadn't yet risen any further above communal bathing in rivers, hardly propitious for concentrating on syllogisms? I'll ask sarcastically.

However, it's understandable that you've saved that for later with your Franco-Italo-Aquitainian style. The question of style is too broad to be addressed in a single Chunk.

And, Master, next time dwell a bit on style differences due to age. That same Goethe, naive in the crude verses of his wild youth, and the exquisitely graceful poet of his mature age are one creator, just from different ages. And if digging deeper, one will certainly find other factors for theses on styles. But I have no intention of rolling down that path...

2:29

Well, that's a total bomb, Friedrich. I even know what they'd do to you for that in any state with a sufficiently developed secret service and at least a skeleton contingent of bodyguards:

'Independence is the preserve of the few; it is meant for advantage of the strong.'

No, you could easily get away with that as the usual philosophical drivel. But that's not enough for you! You're getting even more brazen:

'... whoever encroaches on it [independence]... enters a labyrinth [in which] no one sees how and where he will get lost, distance himself from people, and be torn to pieces... If such a person dies, it happens so far beyond the realm of human understanding that people don't feel it, don't sympathize—and he can no longer return. He can't return to human compassion! -'

And what next? Well, that's obvious even without philosophy—cosmetic facelifts, regularly. Then a cube-shaped mausoleum—to lie like a waxed mummy, or perhaps a crypt in a neutral country where the police can keep vandals at bay. No spraying those who are down!

Nice and easy it is for you to amuse yourself in the frolics of a playful mind with that cuddly, soft 19th century around! And here one sits trembling all their life like a crucian carp in its hole... Although, with your penchant for French chatter, you had no time to read Saltykov-Shchedrin, right? That's the root of our limited scope of mutual gossip topics. You should upgrade yourself, huh? Widen your outlook horizons. Okay, bruh Friedrich?

2:30

Where on earth do people learn the art of voicing thoughts so deliciously? One might give everything for that; more than half a lost kingdom for an asthmatic horse.

'Our highest insights might—and must!—seem madness, and depending on the circumstances, even crimes, if they reach, unfairly, the ears of those who are neither created nor destined for it.'

Huh? I told ye, didn't I? A paragraph like that could easily take a herd! Though there's a catch too—you have to read a passage like that twice before you get the hang of it: *what the heck is going on, huh?* And when you finally see the light (here, 'if' might fit in nicely to substitute 'when'), you lean back in bliss (reading such stuff while sitting on a stool is a deadly trick)—oh, how wonderful!—and you're all washed by streams of illuminating truth, like the currents of the Jordan...

But what am I about? The river dried up by 2022 (I'm wary of adding a link to the sad fact—what if *The Archaeologist* magazine has already been declared an enemy of the people?).

Well, fine, style is style, but I do notice Nietzsche is somehow leaning toward dichotomy, technically. Which promise he gave me with the title alone! All that Manichaeian malarkey thrown together at one fell swoop: *we don't give a damn about your good and evil, we're completely on the other side of them*. Yes, perhaps, but the tools are the same – a simple split into two, and that's the whole point of dichotomy.

And, naturally, he began by cleaving people (which, of course, is nothing new to them) into two groups: those inside and those outside. Moreover, some see the whole mess from above, while others from below.

Beside the difference in the location of their standpoints, the two parts of humanity are further differentiated for dietary reasons:

'What serves as food or delight to the higher (of the two) kind of people must be practically poison to the lower kind, which is different from them.'

And also:

'The virtues of the average person would, perhaps, be vices and weaknesses in a philosopher's makeup...'

Now even I've realized that Nietzsche's classification, dividing people into just two types, isn't based on racial, political, or sexual-pathological differences. Everything is crystal clear and quite manageable—without a parting look in the mirror, you climb into your closet (some may use a tank acquired at an auction on a military base before an upcoming liquidation) and, sitting in the dark under the hangers with your rags, draw your unbiased conclusion: *am I a philosopher or what?*

Well, if you're in the habit of snapping selfies before that mirror, then there's no need to climb anywhere. Everything is clear with you—you're from the other set.

For reasons of healthcare and humanism in general, Dr. Friedrich warns human beings in both groups:

'There are books that have an inverse value for the soul and health, depending on whether they are used by a base soul, a base life force, or by a higher and more powerful one: in the first case, these are dangerous, corrosive, and corrupting books; in the second, they serve a herald's cry, summoning the intrepid to their valor.'

From the above quote, it's clear that a philosopher and marketing are two incompatible things: he undertakes, you see, writing a book where he deliberately scares off the vast majority of the readership! Now, who's going to buy it? Have you given the slightest thought to that? Don't count on philosophers; these Diogenes and Zenos are notorious for the fresh breeze in their pockets, strong enough to fly a kite. The wind of freedom, if you please, which is sweet even on a sugarless diet...

Well, for the next quote, a separate restriction should be introduced: 21+.

'Conventional books are always stinking books; the smell of petty people clings to them. Where the crowd eats and drinks, even where it worships, it usually stinks. Stop going to church if you want to breathe clean air.'

2:31

I understand you perfectly, Friedrich. Faith, I'm not lying. Though some of your ideas required rereading to grasp, and at times, with a sigh, roll along like a completely uninformed sausage down Small Spasskaya Street. But in this Chunk 31, your motives are clear to me. Yeah, in general. I swear on my PHILIPS monitor!

(Size: 477x268 mm, Year of Manufacture: 2021, Week of Manufacture: 35, Detailed Timings #0: Resolution: 1920x1080)

In short, you couldn't resist and slipped into the adjacent realm. Poetry and philosophy are a pair of twins, almost Siamese. The goal of both is to compress meaning to the utmost, to squeeze it into a single line or aphorism. Rhyme is secondary. So you've written an ode in prose on the theme of youth. As old as time, my friend!

But I understand—the Section is about the free mind, and where else do we so recklessly curse everything that doesn't suit our free spirit?

'Anger and awe... Two elements of youth that won't rest until they distort their object to the point where it's easier for youth to vent on them, since youth itself 'is something distorting and deceiving.'

And then there follows philosophical advice not to raise immediate banging of the bells of your outrage or admiration, but to go on a little bit pretending to be both. So as not to later bitterly regret your extravagances.

(Ah, Fritz! Where were you with your advice 50+ years ago!)

By the by, your competitors from the neighboring barracks, where they keep poets, mostly just cry, like, 'Where have you gone, you golden bitch of my dreams!', or else 'Why doesn't my pink horse gallop anymore?' But you've gone deeper and, after self-scolding for the youthful outbursts, you look back on your homilies with a deep-felt sentiment—OMG! What a young lecturer I was then!

In short, the 'cabbage effect': before the last leaf's left the heart, you're still young, even if not realizing that...

2:32

After indulging in some poetry, the writer decided—no slacking! And there unfolds the persistent labor of the inveterate philosopher. The definition of morality. Commendable, let's roll up our sleeves, because morality defines a person.

He's really dug deep, back to prehistoric times, when morality was determined by the result of an action or deed. A guy knocked out his old father with a club—well done! Now we'll have something to eat for a whole week. Well, at least for three days.

Therefore, we'll call the morality of that period *pre-moral* (the author's both term and emphasis).

Then there came the times of defining morality by the intentions that prompted or underlay the action:

(1)

'I killed the old fart to grill some shashlik so the tribe could celebrate my birthday party.' – 'Good job, bruh!'

(2)

'The old man just fed me up, so I murked him out.'

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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