

Eng. № 8.F. Homo Rationalis

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H_O_M_O_ R_A_T_I_O_N_A_L_I_S_

(SCIENCE FICTION)

2023 ***Chris MYRSKI, Sofia, Bulgaria ?1979 ...***

[As far as this is a whole book let us give an idea about the cover (if there are no better propositions).

In front: On a blue background, in the middle, hang, suspended on a rope, scales (pharmaceutical), in the left and heavier plate of which is put the Earth globe (with picture of the continents), and in the right one is seen only a stem of clover (in a pot) with four leaves, as symbol of happiness.

On the back: whatever, or even nothing.]

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PART SIX

THE TUNNEL

Andrey Stepanovich Novikov sneaked energetically through the noisy crowd on the boulevard "New Dawn" in one late morning of a fresh May day. He was large man in well "ripened" age, how he liked to express himself sometimes, with recently planted on his broad crown hairs, quite black, yet with slight nuance of overburned coffee, which surged in front like by some ancient satyr, and descended back on waves almost to his shoulders. His eyes were dark and penetrating, and his frightening appearance was completed with half a span bristly mustaches drooping down like by a walrus, which were quite grizzled and in harmony with his gray suit. The manner of his walking was slightly tottering because of his kilograms, which he carried with dignity, for they were speaking about well functioning heart muscle, still natural. His body was up to 92 percents his own, and he demonstrated this with the pleasure, with which a young girl

shows the charms of her breasts. He was just going to enter in the supermarket "Venus Shell", when somebody unceremoniously pulled him by the sleeve of the jacket and yelled:

— Hello, boy! If I am not deceived by my traitorous memory then as if I have looked at your muzzle about ten years every working day en face. Android Stepanych, in person. And where to are you hurrying in a women's shop, if I may ask you? Maybe to buy a new bra for your bride, ah?

— Well, hello, when you have said so — spoke Andrey more cheerful, because recognized his old colleague Peter from the "Stratostroy" Institute. — Glad to see you, Mr. Vsuevodkovich*. How are you living and prospering?

[* Here is a jocular playing around the word "vodka", which sounds similar to the family of the man; like also a bit earlier was used the word "android" being similar to Andrey, what is your Andrew. There are many similar moments further.]

— You have been a jokester and have remained it, my dear. I also am glad to see you alive and kicking. But just don't believe that in your age you have some very urgent business, ah? So that why not to sit down somewhere?

— Well, to have very urgent business, I haven't, yet it must be finished today, because tomorrow am invited to a wedding, and can not appear empty-handed there, right?

— When you are invited then it isn't your own, is it? Am I judging correctly?

— Quite correctly, Vredomvodkovich, quite correctly. Of one of my great-great-granddaughters, so that I have to buy her some wedding present.

— I think that already 1248 times have said to you that I am Vsevolodovich, or maybe it was 1249? I always make error with one unit. Especially with my matron. Every morning I think that during the night have done nothing and begin to labour in the bed, and then it turns out that I have fulfilled my norm already in the night. Ha-ha.

— You want to say every month, I suppose. Excusable error, boy. For your hundred and how many there were years?

— Thirty three years and some months. The hundred are not pronounced, as you know. And you have to be thirty or twenty nine years old, if I am not wrong.

— Twenty eight with something. However, you are buying! — And Andrey looked around in search of a small tavern. — Where you want that we enter?

— Well, maybe in the "Morning Star" but we must take the metro for a couple of stops. Or in the "Sea Bottom", there not far away, do you know it?

— I suppose no, but if it is not far then I am "for" it.

— Well, we must cross the highway and then one block up, and then a bit to the right, and there a bit down under the ground and this is all — answered Peter and led to there. He was thin and tall, and made such steps, that his friend was quite encumbered to follow him, but, on the other hand, a pensioner always needs movement, so that this will not do special harm to Andrey. And the "grand-grand" will wait a bit — he has, anyway, still not decided what to buy her. If he will not think up anything else, then he will be impelled again to buy her some bed linen. As if he already 50 times buys bed linens, but what else to buy? They always sooner or later tear, because why one marries, if he will lie quietly and peacefully in the bed, so that they will never become superfluous. And the statistics as if showed that in 43% of the cases the marriage presents were such. Or was it 34%? Something of the kind, but until he does not look at personal communicator he can't be sure. Yet that is why it existed, isn't it? Because, if one begins to fill his head with all kinds of nonsense what will happen? Or to remember all the names.

— Ye-es, and now by these stairs and to the second underground floor — voiced his friend and when they made two turns counter-clockwise they descended to the entrance of the tavern, which was something like underwater cave, only that it was dry in it. But behind the walls it wasn't, because there was quite spacious aquarium, with a number of galleries. — And now we have arrived. Choose a table, if you have some preferences about the fauna around — added he again.

— Eh, what are you saying? Well, where you choose.

— I prefer there in the darkest place because behind this rock are two or three octopuses, and one does not see every day octopuses on the street, does one? You are as if absentminded, ah? About what are you thinking?

— Well, about the name. I all the time forget these names. Let me look at the percom — and he typed something on the device on his left hand, where everybody carried his personal communicator.

— Whose name, ah, boy?

— Of the bride, naturally. Ah, here is she — Natalia Petrovna. But yes, of course. And liked that people called her Natalie. But can one remember all the names? Now, let us see what says the gadget. Novikov A. S., i.e. I personally, have till six o'clock of this morning: one current wife, Euphrosyna Ivanovna, one former wife, Tamara Mikhaylovna, one brother — I will skip the names for brevity —, one sister, three living children (two with the first wife, one with the second), six living grandchildren, 17 great-grandchildren, 41 great-great-grandchildren, and only 9 "great in third degree" grandchildren, because he (i.e. I) has not yet reached 150 years, or five generations of approximately 30 years, and because of this has

only incomplete number of offsprings of fifth generation. He has also one living mother, one uncle and two aunts, what gives precisely 84 direct relatives. If we add also the married couples of all descending relatives, or in sum 62 persons, because some of them lead single lifestyle, being better for the health, we obtain in total 146 people of the "he" or "she" kind. And if Novikov A. S. is interested about his near relatives, including the direct relatives of his brother and sister, they come up to 237, which together with their husbands /wives make 411, and joined with the relatives of his uncle and the two aunts this gives a little more than one thousand, or more precisely 1197 human beings. If we associate to them also the direct relatives of married couples we get five thousand and ...

— Now you stop, please, with your relatives and tell me what you will drink. I propose by a traditional coffee with a traditional brandy, until we make our heads so traditionally messed, that will be necessary to call robo-transport to deliver us home. Do you agree with this, or you have other ideas?

— Your choice is good, Vechnovodkovich, only that not more than two repetitions, you know, because my great-great-granddaughter Mashka will remain without gift, and what if at once she will not be ready to consume her wedding night, when I have not bought her the bedclothes for the occasion? But maybe she was not Mashka-Romashka, for she was with one level up in the genealogical tree, and she as if has already grandchildren. Ah, yes, Natashka. Damn names, as if we can not point a finger at them and say: hey sweetie, or something similar. What you will say to this?

— I will say that you much prattle but about the glass forgett/e. Now cheers and that the next year we meet again and you tell me then all additions in your genealogical tree! Your health, Andrey!

— And your, too, boy. A-ah, a good brandy. I, to tell you the truth, don't stick much to the glass, because the years, after all, pull down, yet sometimes with friends my throat widens.

— And my throat is always broad, ha-ha. But the coffee, too, is good here, ah? Do you see that octopus, there behind the rock. He has again intertwined *pedes* with his "bride" and maybe are preparing some young "octo-children". Again cheers! We repeat it, ah? Good. And about my direct relatives I can tell you at once, that they are 98, because almost every day I check have they not already become 100, for to throw a drinking party on this occasion in "Space Wanderer". You know it, don't you, at the top of that tower on the corner of "River boulevard" and "Neutron street"?

— I have seen it from afar, but have not yet entered into it, because they say that it is very expensive, and I, as ordinary chemical engineer, don't have very big pension.

— So you think that I have? Maybe I am some huckster or pusher, ah? I am also like you, only that I deprive myself of almost nothing,

because who knows whether I will exit this year from the Tunnel or not? For it is so, isn't it? So for example, Xan Xander, you remember him, the colleague photographer from the institute?

— But yes, it may be said that I lunched every day with him at work, but later, when I have rounded my hundred and went on pension, have met him only a pair of times, and in the last 4-5 years have heard nothing about him. Do you not mean that he ...

— Exactly. And you will never see him more, unless on a holography. Left the man this world and that's it. Destiny.

—We-ell, and do you know from what?

— Ah, from "tunnel disease", like everybody. Well, not exactly everybody, only 92% of the deaths. About 5% die on the fields of battle in the Galaxy, but I was never attracted by this, and after 100 years there, all the same, don't take, so that there is no need to think about this now. Another 3-4% die of natural death, yet in the most cases after a long illness, in what I find nothing pleasant. The left — in the Tunnel. But what we can do, when have long ago jumped over 50 billions people on the earth globe? In the olden times, do you know, in the beginning of our era, there are not full 22 centuries from those times, the people on the whole Earth were still less than hundred *millions*, and now we are nearly a thousand times more. This is not a joke, right?

— Well, it is true what you say, but I don't like it much. Else you are right about the Tunnel — my father, and also all my relatives, only with a pair of exceptions, have finished their earthly journey there. One my grandson was split in atoms, somewhere in the expanses of Cosmos, as if there was another one, but I can't remember, and one of the sons of my brother have refused the Tunnel and suffered one and a half years from some tumor, I have forgotten where.

— Yeah, this is so, our only chance is that we have luck in the Tunnel. Let us drink again, ah? And I will repeat it for the third time, even if this will become known among my entire gender, ha, ha. What is better, I ask, to be strong and healthy, and that you have also one strong and healthy thing, even if this happens once in a month, as you say, but by me it happens as if once in a week, and so till the moment when occurs this, what is destined for you, yet so that you felt nothing at all, or to lie ill a lot of time and be barely able to stay till this time without regenerative pills? Well, I ask you this.

— Yes, you are right, Vsevolodovich, right, only that I don't like it. I understand this everything and still don't like it. Each year when comes time for me to appear in the Tunnel, I can't fall in sleep for three nights and all the time check my testament before this, while my old woman, the wife, only mocks at me and it is all the same to her will she exit from the Tunnel on her own two legs or will be driven directly for the crematorium.

— This is so because the women are nearer to the life. More

vital, in a way. And live longer, if you leave them to die of their own death, but this injustice is now eliminated, so that by them also is maintained the same average life expectancy like by the men. In this way we have at last reached also "male emancipation", ah? Before the death all sexes are equal! ... Did you say "cheers" or I have just imagined it?

— I say, I say. You will make me drunk and Natashka will remain without wedding present and then my dulcinea will again scald me.

— But why must she remain without gift? You decide what to buy her and order it by the percom — what's stopping you? As if you don't know what can be there in the shop.

— Maybe so it also will happen. And what you propose that I buy her? Each time I wonder what and in the end buy some bedclothes. What you would have bought for a blonde aged 28, or thereabouts, a secretary, if I am not wrong. Well, she might not wear light hairs now, yet is a girl, right?

— Then you buy her the same thing, only that this time *without* prior wondering! What is the use to think long, when later will behave again in your way, ah?

— Good fellow, you've convinced me. Hence I will order half a dozen bed linen, three-quarter width, with embroidered in rose "N" and "P" on each linen. OK?

— You order better light blue, like clear sky — this is now in vogue, and add some bunch of flowers. This will be very chic. I would have added also a "Contraceptive kit", because you know that now are not allowed children before 35 years of age of the woman. Not that she can not give birth, if so much wants, but must carry alone all the costs for the child, and they are quite big, I'll tell you.

— OK, yes, I agree — light blue linen and a bouquet of 21 white chrysanthemums, yet without your kit, because she is my granddaughter, although grand-grand. So be it, let me make the order ...

— We-ell, and I will order by one more glass in this time. Also some almonds for snack.

— But listen, let me pay this time, ah?

— Today I am buying, you alone said so. And I agreed. Hence, the question is solved. You will buy when you exit the Tunnel. Do you agree? And when is your turn? I am as if on May the 13th, fatal number. Let me see ... yeah, exactly on the 13th in nine in the morning.

— I am on the 15th of May, a bit later. Well, good, after the Tunnel, if I will exit out of it alive and well.

— *When* we exit it, old boy. And if occasionally it will not turn so how we want — well, at least you will save a good treat, so that in all cases you will win!

— OK, I promise. I am a human, too, right? Hence on the 15th of

May about 18 hours, but you call me by the communicator, in order not to hit the road for nothing. And where will we go? Have you any objections against "The Forest Thrush" — I suppose you know it?

— I know it, cheers! And both heads up, while is possible, ha, ha.

— Cheers. ... Hmm, and isn't it possible somehow to escape the Tunnel, ah? Don't you think that this is possible?

— But how to escape the Tunnel, dear? Don't make me laugh. After all, they check there all personal documents, attach a bunch of sensors to you, in order to monitor the activity of heart and the breathing, fasten your hands to the handrails, put the bracelet on your neck, and launch you on the serpentines of horror. Frightening, but also exciting. Virtual reality of horrors. Then after some time something clicks in the computer of the Tunnel, and on some of the chairs pops out a tiny needle, sticks into the neck of somebody, and after two heartbeats his (or her, naturally) heart stops and he finds eternal peace, where in the chair remains only his perishable shell, while his immortal soul already soars in the supernatural spaces. Such is the procedure, which is well known to you. And if occasionally somewhere the needle gets stuck, or the skin of the person is very thick, or something of the kind — it doesn't matter, because the die is already cast. The chair is already pushed in a side track, and if the sensors show that his heart still works, then they can slap in addition, so, about 10 kilovolts, in order to burn him like a grill chicken.

— A grill chicken, brh, don't tell me such things, please. And I did not mean that one can escape his lot, when has already sat there. But maybe *not* to sit at all, ah? They say that some people have ordered special robots — well, a spitting image of them — in dimensions, and in external features, and with the same papillary lines of the hands, so that it was possible to identify them properly, and they sit somewhere aside and simply wait for signal from the robot. If it passes successfully through the Tunnel, then they send it at once home and remove in some wall cupboard, switch it off and leave it so till the next year. If the robot does not succeed to pass, then they are already on the cosmodrome (it is also possible till this time be on the Moon, so that to take off faster, and after six seconds the signal will reach them there, too), but with changed personality and with false documents, and then disappear somewhere in the Galaxy. After all, one hears such talks and maybe there is some truth in them, don't you think so?

— I have also heard such things yet am not to be caught on such bait. Have you really decided in your old age to hide on some pirate spaceship, ah? Or land on some harsh planet and die there like a dog, but what am I saying — to *be glad* if you can die like a dog, because it can be much worse. The death in itself is not terrible, yet the process of dying can be awful. Why reject one humane invention here on Earth, in order to run after some chimeras in the inhospitable

space? Let us drink and don't stuff your head with nonsense!

— Cheers, Peter. You are right, of course, but always something is gnawing me from inside, so that I decided to ask also you what you think about this question.

— So this is what I think: look at you grandsons and -daughters, make the wife happy a pair of times in month, and don't ponder much about life. Life is, anyway, a kind of lot! It was always this, only that earlier, somewhere till the end of 21st century the "Dear God" has thrown the die, until people decided that the computers can also do this. Surely that also the people can do this, yet why encumber their conscience, when with the computers is much more quiet and reliable. This, what the people do, is to maintain one average life span, which now is 153 years, but will fall down with an year on every three until reaches 120 years, because you alone say that become baffled only with your direct relatives. I also am baffled, but our descendants, when they reach 120 years average continuation of life, and when the generation will be prolonged to 40 years on the average, what will give maximum three generations, and will also limit the number of children to two per parent, as they now already speak, then the things will normalize. And why you need so many milliards on the globe? So that the lot is the best solution for the moment.

— It is so, like you say, old boy, but isn't it better if one knows when will come his hour, in order to take some measures, ah?

— But what measures will you take, Andrey? Will you really, dig alone your grave, ah? Or will decide to give all your property to homes for orphans — but then who hinders you to do this also today? Or will go out with various young girls like your great-great-granddaughter — again, who stops you to do this now? People give you a possibility to *outlive* your death each year and you are again discontented! So that in this way you have on the average fifty lives, my friend — from 100 years and till 150, if will live an average life, and maybe more, if you will have a luck. Have you thought in this way? If not, then you have lost much, because everything depends on the viewpoint. OK, cheers and to repeat it one more time.

— Cheers, but I think that this is enough. It is good that I have ordered my gift, according to your advice, so that I have no other urgent business. But this about the 50 lives seems good. Yeah, of course, one can drink for this. M-m, a nice brandy, also after the fourth glass. Refreshes like young girl, ah?

— But who hinders you to refresh yourself? I, if have had you kilograms, would have "refreshed" myself twice more often, but I have invented another invigorating variant — each exiting from the Tunnel revives me. And as far as I like this, then I revive myself also twice in an year, recently.

— How's this twice yearly? Don't you really want to say that

instead of once in an year you went through the Tunnel two times, ah?

— Well, exactly this is what I am saying, only that I do this already third year — since I turned 130. I don't know whether you are informed, but it turns out that for every additional passing through the Tunnel they increase your pension with 3%, but these are compound percents, you understand, yes? Till now I have appeared there together three times more and this makes 1.03 in 3rd degree, or a bit more than 9%, but after 10 times, when I will be 140, I would have passed my Tunnels till the age of 150, which till that time will be the average, but my pension will be increased with 34%, or with 1/3, what is not at all bad! After 20 years and 20 additional passes through the Tunnel I will receive with 80% more money. And just imagine that I will live like that (I think she was a Hindu), the oldest woman in the world — till 200-and-I-don't-know-how-many years? Then my pension will till this time be 10 *times* more than of the others. Well, I am joking, surely, yet why not to get something additional by a moderate risk? Because I am saying to you that the death is not at all frightening, if the process is painless and instant, while each time when you survive you as if are newly born. And I can always give up the second time, if decide so, but my pension is not decreased, because I, so to say, am living ahead, in the future, for the pensions are indexed over time. So that let us drink for the death, ah?

— Well, you can drink for it, but I will drink for the life. Cheers!

— For the death!

— For the life!

— So, do you know, if we have lived before, let's say, 20-and-something centuries, somewhere in the times of ancient Greek philosophers, I would have said you that this as if is one and the same thing, because there is no life without death and no death without life, yet now I will not tell you this. But I will tell you that while earlier people have wondered how to live their live, so now we wonder only about this how to get our death.

— We-ell, I don't wonder how.

— This isn't right! You don't wonder now because other people *before you* have wondered and already stopped. Although this also in not a new thing. Have you heard about "Russian roulette"?

— Well, as if I have. They loaded some gun, only that one of the bullets was not like the others, and then shot one another.

— You are almost right, only that in the revolver — one such gun with revolting cylinder, not of some other type — was only one bullet, and the others were taken out. And they rotated the cylinder as much they wanted and then fired, only not one against the other, but in themselves, in their temple. This is it the Russian roulette. Only that those were adolescents who barely had, or even not, 20 years, still greenhorn boys. While now we have more than hundred

years and this is something else. And also nobody has increased their pensions, ha, ha, and my is increased. And now let us have also by a coffee and one more last drink — for a top.

— Well, it is good to put a top on everything, but that later we moved not like your friends the octopuses, ah?

— We won't be able, because we have only by four legs.

— So is it, but two persons by four as if makes exactly eight?

— Ha, ha, so then we will walk away like one united octopus with two heads. This is possible, why not? So let us drink for the health, yours and mine, and for the Tunnel and the civilization!

— For the civilization, Vsevoevodovich!

— For the civilization, dear Android, for the Tunnel-civilization!

Jan 1999

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THE CANNIBALS

(Recording of the interview with Arkhan Cannibalus-III, head of Cannibal Church, on occasion of the 100th anniversary since its foundation, taken by Sigmund Peets for media corporation "See us US")

Good Morning, Your Eminence. Allow me to begin our interview on occasion of 100th anniversary of Your Church with a video recording, which I would like that you comment.

— Mr. Peets, you can quietly skip the titles and call me simply Cannibalus, eventually the 3rd. Or also Master Cannibalus, because master or mister, or German *Magister*, as you probably know, is related with ancient Greek mysteries, or with the mystery of ruling, and in this case is sufficiently honourable title. Our Church arises pretty late in human history, so that it can allow itself *not* to pretend for divine intervention in human affairs, and our titles are just a tribute to the occupied position. Even it can be said that we don't sanctify but "*canniballot*" our higher officers by one quite democratic procedure. We, naturally, have our symbols and rituals, but they are not based on ungrounded belief, or, rather, *not only* on belief, but on reasonable conviction in the necessity of our movement, and on the spiritual elevation, which our followers reach with our help. As an atheistic Church we do not deny to our adherents the right to confess also other more concrete (i.e. more naive) religious beliefs, because people are spiritually weak and need some assistance and exhilaration in hard living situations, as well also some nice show in

moments of happy ceremonies. Yet I digressed from the matter, so that let us see you reportage.

— Good, Cannibalus-III, though you remind me about one beginning question, which I was necessary to put to you. How is it that you are in the same time Church and atheistic institution — because you have just now said this?

— Hmm, it is clear that you are not from our followers, when ask such elementary question. But in this case I have to begin from afar with my explanations. The religion, and let us remain in the English, comes from the verb to rely (on), what says that one trusts (somebody) or depends (on something), what, mark this, does not at all presuppose the existence of some God, or "life" after death, or rebirth of the *idea* of the person (his or her soul). One more linguistic reference about the Latin *pater* or priest, or about the ritual chalice or *patera*, which in old Greek was *πατερᾶσ*, leads us to the distant Sanskrit, where this word meant support or beam, and it even turns our that in some Balkan languages existed the word *pateritsa*, which means exactly some support, a crutch. Well, we give one newer and consonant with 22nd century support, or the so called *opium*, which the people and nations need. We have, like every other religion, morality, which is the major justification for the existence of others, classical religions. Yet, you have to agree with this, in our time to describe how looks one nonmaterial *Idea* about the Universe, which is accepted to call God, is quite naive thing, right?

— Yeah, you speak very well, Master Cannibalus. Bu-ut, I somehow doubt in this religion with morality of cannibals! Is not this, how it was in Latin, a *contradictio in adjecto*?

— Well, the *contradictio* depends on the given *adjecto*, or definition, does it not? The notion of morality is quite elastic and relative, and if we set some (justified with nothing) restrictions even before we have defined if, then we will have contradiction, yet *not* in the definition but in these aprioristic limitations. We accept one fairly comprising definition of morality as set of some *norms of coexistence*, such that to enable one good uniting of the people, both in the space and *in the time*! The human being is gregarious animal, and when so then good is this what is good for the community, what unites and preserves it, when he (or she, naturally) leaves this world...

— And you think that good is to eat him or her, right? In order to unite the society, if I have got you correctly.

— Well, your irony does not surprise me, of course. But do not the Christians now more than 20 centuries *eat* their God via the sacred Communion, and drink his blood like vampires! So that the difference between them and us is that they pretend to eat one invented Being, while we eat our real relatives. But this is simply showing of elementary *honour* to them, a wish to absorb in oneself something from the already gone away body, in order to preserve in

oneself at least a grain of dust from the spirit of the deceased! We do kill neither our relatives and acquaintances, nor our enemies, how, by the way, each, *without exceptions*, classical religion has done, and still does from time to time. Yet the human being is a guest in this world and sooner or later he exits from it. And then what to do with his body, ah? To give it to be eaten by the worms, this is what you prefer, isn't it? We do not wish this even to our biggest enemies! To burn the corpse is, after all, more reasonable, but then what remains in us? Well, surely you can say that, in any case, it remains nothing — if you stand adamantly on materialistic positions. It can really be so, yet the weak humans don't like this, have you not noticed it? They want that there existed some symbol, something nice, something not so rude and irrevocably lost. We all know that with the end of human life the human body perishes, yet not the mental image of the person in our recollection, but, all the same, why not to reinforce this immaterial idea also with some material symbol?

— Yeah, surely, why not to make a little bit ... blood sausage from your father? Br-rh!

— And why not to make, Mr. Peets? To the person who has departed from this world it is already just the same, but we are still living and want to *taste* him /her. Because the human meat is tasty, I'll tell you.

— Well, obviously your "norms of coexistence" seriously differ from mine, so that there is no sense to argue, and it is also time to show you the reportage.

And the camera shows dissection of the corpse of one human body — old woman, who is placed on the surgical table, with channels on the sides for draining of blood. The work is performed by a robot in isolating gown and gloves. It takes initially some samples and puts them in different apparatuses, supposedly for detecting of bearers of contagious infections, and after reading of their indications proceeds to singeing of the corpse with spirit burner, with subsequent washing with disinfectants and drying with air. Then begins the dissection, by which are separated the upper and lower limbs, as well also the palms and the feet of the latter, and are washed from the blood. Then from the limbs are separated the bones and is collected the fillet separately from the upper and lower limbs, which is put in transparent bags with metallic labels with the name and personal number of the human, yet without the skin, which also is put aside. Later the rest of the corpse is cleaned from the entrails, where the organs are accurately cut out, if there are some cancerous formations they are thrown away, the guts and stomach are carefully washed and put again in some bags.

Separately is cut the head and carefully is cleaned from the flesh and cartilages, which are collected in another bag, where are

added also the cleaned pieces of skin and flesh from the feet and the wrists, skin from the extremities, like also some other "unappetizing" chunks. The ribs are cut in pieces for cutlets and are subjected to similar processing, and the liver, lungs, and heart are put in other bags. Later is performed trepanation of the skull, where the brain is taken out and to it is added the bone marrow of the spine. The bones and the skull are gathered separately and are sent to somewhere, and some amount of coagulated blood is added to the bag with the intestines. At the end the table is washed carefully and disinfected, and the packets are moved on a cart, eventually to the freezer.

— Well, this is the pretreatment procedure of the body of the deceased for culinary processing. I don't see what especially I can comment here — raised his voice Cannibalus-III.

— And you look with pleasure how they cut in pieces, for example, your wife or your father, and your saliva is dripping. Is it so?

— Well, I was always perplexed by people's ability to debase the most revered ideals and views of the others! Then from this point of view maybe also the love for you is, for example, just a kind of "blowing" of some special "nose" of the man, do you think so? Like also the example with the worms, to which about 35% of future deceased "prefer" to entrust their body after death. Only not to some higher mammals (dogs, for example), or, God forbid, other human beings. Have you still not understood that we do *not kill* our deceased, but only *make use* of their body after the death? All religions, yet also all atheists, arrange after the funeral some feast for the relatives and friends of the dead. Only that they use corpses of other animals, and the corpse of the deceased can throw also in the sea. But if you ask yourself, why is this feast after the death, then you should be able to answer yourself that it is necessary because to strong psychical shocks must be opposed healthy material satiation, which is bound to improve the upset condition of the mourners and bring them back to the reality. And if by this also some mysticism and symbolics are present, then this is only preferable. And also who has said to you that we are *watching* this your recording with our relatives? Or you, going to the shop to buy cutlets, always listen to the dying wheezes of the animal and watch its dismembering on a screen? This is internal kitchen, which is not a secret, yet it is performed by robots and does not infringe the feelings of the relatives. In the end, why we have robots, if not to use them when some nasty work has be done?

— Well yes. From positions of you "morality" the things seem logical, I can't deny this. Only that I don't like this very moral.

— So, you see, everybody has his tastes and different abilities for reasonable and genuine estimation of life, am I right? It is true that out followers make for the moment only 16%, according to the

statistics, so that for the majority of people their tastes look strange. Yet it is also strange for some Christians to bury their dead naked, or for some Muslims, that a man remains not circumcised, or also, back in the past, that a woman goes to the street without a veil, and so on. But people become, little by little, more reasonable and unprejudiced, so that I will not be surprised if by our next centennial already half of the people will become our followers. Because our religion is the most tolerable and reasonable, the most attractive and lively.

— So, so. It is a very reasonable thing to gnaw the bones of your father. A propos, what you do with the bones?

— We-ell, different things. Some carry them on themselves like souvenirs or amulets, but this is practiced only by very close relatives and acquaintances, and for this purpose usually are used the fingers — straightened finger, if it is from a man, and bent in a circle, if it is from a woman. Well, if there are many relatives, then some receive also a toe, sometimes. The bones, as you have seen, are collected separately and are cleaned very carefully from the tiniest fragments of decaying flesh, what turns to be very suitably performed by industrious ants in special cages, and later are disinfected and varnished. Usually for less than a month this is finished and all bones in bulk, as well also the ordered amounts of amulets, are sent to the direct inheritor (because they belong to him or her), and he sends them to the other relatives and acquaintances. The larger bones from the extremities are usually immured in the foundations of the house or villa, in his birth place et cetera, or the inheritor embeds them in some obelisk or gravestone monument, with the purpose that something material from the deceased was preserved. Some use also his skull — like ritual bowl by marriage ceremonies, or the spinal column — like stand for decorative lampshade in their room, and so on. Some bones are donated to the local church, especially if it is still new and needs them for decoration of its interior. The ribs are usually thrown away, as gone through a thermal treatment, and some bones are left in a bag and collect dust somewhere. After all, it is not known would it not be possible after some time from a single bone cell to resurrect the person, if his heirs show such wish, and he has not denied this possibility in his testament (because if he will be restored as suckling baby then he will remember nothing, so that this will not be the real *he*, and if he will be in the age of his death, then he will be already quite old, so that why has he to suffer one more life?). Anyway, the possibilities of the sciences become more and more enormous, so that nothing can be said definitely. Yeah, and from the flesh are made the corresponding ritual dishes, where already at the funeral feast are eaten the lower limbs (in fact the meat from one thigh is quite enough for this purpose), and the upper ones — after one lunar month.

— Hmm. And ... do you, still, make blood sausage, ah?

— In principle this is a dainty dish and it is left for very close relatives, in narrow circle and on the 14th day after the death, and from the face and other cartilages and the skin is prepared the ritual headcheese, which is tasted on the 7th day. Unless he has died from infectious disease, but then is used flesh from another dead, or, at a pinch, can be substituted with meat from other of our animal brethren.

— How so from other dead? Do you really fill the freezers with human meat? And sell it?

— Well, naturally that we keep the meat in freezers. And how do you think that else it will be possible to be eaten after a month? Or even later, because cutlets from the ribs are eaten on the third and the sixth month, if there still remains something. And about selling it is not proper to speak, because this is a kind of voluntary donation, from those of our followers, who have not many relatives, or the deceased has bequeathed, for example, his left part to our church.

— And the brain why is also separated? And, ... I beg to be excused, the genitals.

— The brain is left for his (or her, surely) colleagues from work, and if he is a pensioner, what happens most often, than for the local society or for the club of pensioners, and if he is still studying, then for the educational institution — according to the case. Well, naturally, that one piece of brain for, say, 50-100 persons is nothing, yet for us this is only a symbol, so that a tiny grain suffices. And the genitals are also used, but partly. In the sense that if it goes about a man, then they are put aside and are prepared, and then the honour to eat his phallus is given to the wife of the dead, or to his daughter, or mother, generally, to the female part of close relatives. The female genitals, as you alone understand, are moved to the intestines. Well, this is some inequality between both sexes, and many people criticize us on this subject, but here nothing can be done because such are the culinary makings of the woman.

— Stunning, dear viewers, really stunning! Have you heard good? The culinary makings of the woman and backed phallus in cannibalean for the bride of the deceased. Just to lick one's fingers!

— But Mr. Peets, don't become ridiculous! What so horrible you find in this, that the wife of the deceased has to eat his phallus? And who has said that she necessarily *must*? This is a good tradition, some symbol, yet nobody forces her to do this, if she does not want to. The phallus symbolizes masculine potency and fertility since ancient times. And is said that it is also ... tasty, do you know? Especially the testicles, I beg your pardon. But these are nice rituals and symbols. Well, it can be said also delusions, if we will stand on solid scientific positions, though we are not scientific culinarians but cannibalists, right? People still need symbols and delusions, yet our believers accept them with their reason, as useful and pleasant

living show. And we offer it to them. Because what is life, if not one pleasant show? Or at least it has to be this, according to us.

— When you mentioned the word show, this reminded me to show you're the second reportage. One quite ... erotic show, I would say.

And the camera shows the interior of a round room decorated with bones, skeletons, skulls, and other terrifying things, which has to be the hall of a cannibalistic church. In front of the entrance is seen one smaller round chamber contacting with the main circle at its outer side, which is illuminated in rose-reddish light and connects with the central part by an oval entrance, crowned by bright yellow neon ellipse. This is the altar of the church and on both sides of the entrance to it stand two skeletons, where the right one, looking from the altar, is masculine, because it has approximately half a meter neon phallus, illuminated in pulsating intensely-red light, and on the left is feminine skeleton, which also has illuminated violet oval shameful lips of length about one finger span in height, which are blinking in synchrony with the phallus. On the walls of the central hall are placed crossed bones up to the spherical ceiling, where are pictured various ritual scenes from the life of cannibalists, and on the left and the right of entrance are alcoves with pyramids of skulls. The sitting places inside are for about 200 persons and they are occupied by people in official, as well also in everyday clothes, there are also standing ones, and all are looking at the altar, where, in the concave circular recess stands a priest of Cannibalistic Church and also two young people — a man and a woman. They are in strictly formal clothes, what supposes some ritual — maybe marriage.

The priest wears a red robe with black edging and embroidered on it gilded skulls and bones, and exactly in front falls down something like an apron, long till the ground, with two big crossed bones and a skull above them. On his head is placed a circular ring, and on the neck hangs a big spoon, which are also gilded or golden. He murmurs something with monotonous and singsong voice and after some time he raises a bit his shroud with the skull and covers with it the woman on his left side, who has till this time sat down on her knees and come pretty close to the man. It isn't seen what exactly she does, but her head is somewhere on the level of man's groin, and on his face appears a blissful smile. The priest describes with the spoon in his hand one circle and hits slightly the woman on the head under the shroud. Then she rises and stands up, and now the man crouches on his knees and his head also is covered. His pose is similar to that of the woman before him, and now she smiles happily. After the next blessing with the spoon the shroud is heaved and the man stands up. After this both kiss in front of all and change rings, what ends the ritual.

— So-o, Master Cannibalus-III. Could you now answer me, does really the bride — because this must be a marriage ritual, right? — do with the man this what I, as well also our viewers have thought, but what I find uneasy to pronounce, or ... just sews some torn-off button to his suit? Because if this was a button, then what did he do later, for there were no buttons in front of the dress of the bride?

— Well, well, well! Much ado, yet about nothing, as has said Shakespeare before 6-7 centuries. Of course the bride imprints a ritual kiss on the phallus of the man, like also he later, on her corresponding place. Or, maybe, you have not heard that this place is called shameful lips, and, hence, is specially designed for kisses?

— Yeah, to hear — I have heard, but I don't think that it is very decent to do such things in a *church*. Or in your Church can be held also sexual orgies? Tell us, priest.

— But, Mr. Peets, you again impose on me your, grounded with nothing, morality! And then the kiss is a very ancient symbol of love and respect to the neighbour. Did the proverbial Christ not kiss his disciples, as well also the people, when he wanted to show his love to them? And is not, after all, the doctrine of Christ a teaching about *love*? This symbol is well known also amidst a lot of mammals (though some of them just bite each other, yet this is done gently and has the same meaning). Also the birds kiss themselves all day long, if they have nothing else to do. Or you will say: yes, it is so, but there exist different kinds of kisses and not exactly of the genitals. And why not exactly of these organs, when the marriage has the purpose of using exactly these organs in order to achieve happy cohabitation of the couple, as well also for continuation of the gender? Why is necessary to hide this, what everybody knows, and think that in this way we are more cultured? Or maybe you think that in 22 century the people must still stick their heads in the sand, like the ostriches, in order to avoid infringement of their feelings, no matter that they don't care at all about infringement when are under the influence of sexual arousal? Yet, mark this, we do not show *exactly* this but cover it with the shroud of the priest (in the same way when one, I beg your pardon, blows out his nose, then he uses a napkin or a handkerchief). Unless the newlywed couple expresses a wish not to be covered, what happens, approximately once in ten times. And about what sexual orgies and erotics you are speaking to me I, by God, don't understand! The orgies have no place in our churches for the simple reason that the sex is a thing that people do *in seclusion*, and the erotics, if you have thought about this, is just an *ersatz* or substitute of the sex, which is advantageous only for some business circles. Yet the kiss, let me stress on this, is not an orgy but an expression and symbol of love. We eat up our relatives *out of love* and respect to them, in the same way as we kiss the genitals in order to express our feelings to the person. Still, neither

in our funeral feasts we overeat, nor in our marriage ceremonies we indulge in orgies. I repeat again, these are symbols and we insist on them. And then, do you really think that if, for example, on the coat of arms of some nation is depicted an eagle, then in this country brims with eagles and the airplanes fly around it? Or else, if it is a lion, then the lions are sacred animals in it and walk freely through the streets? And other examples.

— Good, Master Cannibalus. I ask you exactly such questions, which the majority of our audience would have wanted to put, because, isn't it so, such is the purpose of our interview?.

— And I answer you in the same way, in which I would have answered to them, and to all people interesting in our rituals. So that let us continue.

— So-o. And what would you say about homosexual marriages? Do you perform them, too, and are there some peculiarities in their procedure?

— To a concrete question — a concrete answer: in principle there are no differences. The main distinction between heterosexual love and homosexual, as well also platonic, or fraternal, filial, and so on, is in this, that when exists a difference between sexes then this love is related directly with the continuation of gender, i.e. the usage of sexes is purposeful. But this purposefulness, which gives result in one case out of, say, thousands, is negligible small, for to pay much attention to it in one overcrowded world like the contemporary. Only that however small is this difference it is reduced chiefly to *stronger*, precisely because it is more abstract, love in the case of homosex (like also in the platonic one), so that we pay even greater respect to it, though this does not reflect on the ritual. Naturally the pair has alone to determine who at which side of the altar has to stay — at the side of the phallus, or the vagina.

— Yes, I see. But among the population is still spread the understanding that the homosexuality is, in fact, a kind of *illness*, though harmless for the society, at any rate less harmful than a flu epidemic. Do you agree with this view, or think that they are, so to say, better, when their love is stronger, according to you?

— This "according to me" does not mean that I have discovered America, because this is a meaning defended by many psychologists, and in general thoughtful persons. And about the illness — well, the love also is a kind of *illness*, don't you think so? This isn't a normal condition of the organism and it, usually, lasts not long, yet this is one pleasant illness, and, as a rule, is not socially dangerous (it does not affect other persons, outside the given circle, or "triangle"). We accept and value this "illness", like people do this since millenniums.

— Good, Master Cannibalus. Let us now see the third reportage, which will again sound quite shockingly for the majority or our viewers.

It is shown the same church, only that this time before the altar is put one appliance which looks like an enormous ... phallus, a bit inclined down, long about a meter and something, hollow inside and with inner diameter of 40 centimeters. Before the phallus is put not a big narrow pool in oval form and filled with water. At the top, from the rear side of the phallus, exists wide orifice, and it alone, to all appearances, is inflatable, because sways slightly. The altar is approached by an young couple, where the woman stands at the feminine side and carries in hands a small baby, who at once fills the church with strong cry, when she begins to unswathe him, and the man stands from the masculine side. The priest stands behind the dummy of the phallus and accepting the naked baby from the hands of the woman heaves him and puts him in the deepening, which has to symbolize the testicles. Then under the sounds of some music he shoves him in the orifice of the phallus, head down and with outstretched hands, and pushes him to crawl through it. The baby resists and cries, but his mother goes to the front side and invites him to come to her. Possibly also the very phallus is slippery inside, and because it is inclined down and sways a bit, then the little creature slides through it and pops exactly in the basin with water, where his mother takes him, dries and wraps in diapers. The priest describes a circle with the golden spoon before the baby and hits him slightly on the head with it, what is accompanied by a ringing of bells. In similar way he blesses also the spouses and the ritual ends.

— We-ell, — voices Cannibalus-III — this is our equivalent of baptism, as you have already grasped. And because I know, that you will again ask me about the phallus, I can as well explain you this, too. You see, the human, anyway, is begotten by sowing from the male phallus into the female vagina, so that this is quite natural symbol, and it is accepted pleasurable from our followers. Well, it is true that the baby usually cries, but this is because it happens for a first time, else this is a kind of slide which the children like. Inside flows a weak stream of tepid water what makes the contraption slippery, the thing sways a little facilitating the advancement of the child, and in the pool is water with body temperature, so that there, really, is nothing unpleasant for the baby. And I need to tell you that our parishioners are brought up good enough and nobody decides to mock or boo the couple, when we perform baptism of adopted child by homosexual marriage. The symbol is good and the ritual is pleasant. And having in mind that the following feast in family circle is not related with consumption of human meat I see no reasons why other people — you, for example, — should not accept it, too.

— Oh yes, here is nothing cannibalistic. But then why your Church has accepted it? And generally, by you there is sundry mixture of

concepts, which are united as if only by this, that they are shocking for one moral citizen, in the classical sense. Or, to put it otherwise, you could have called yourselves also "phallusians", or something of the kind. Could you clear, please, these questions.

— With big pleasure, because this is a kind of advertising for us, right? You have rightly noted that we use very different ideas, only that you stress on the shocking effect. But Mr. Peets, the shocking or the show is simply marketing element! On the background of such multitude of religions, and especially in a multinational country like American States, we were *forced* to differ with something, were we not? Only that, mark this, we do not begin anywhere from zero, but use this, what is buried in the minds of people from deep antiquity. *Mensare humanum est*, say we, because the human being can not live without material (as well also spiritual, to which we will come very soon) food, and Latin *mensa* is related with their *missa* or the church Mass, which the French call *messe* (as well also other nations), or also with our mess, what is not only mixture or confusion or a lot of people, but a dish, eating, canteen. From this root comes also Russian "*miaso*" as meat (or "*meso*", "*miso*" etc. in other Slavonic languages), from here is also the verb to mix ("*mesit*" in Russian), and the Turks, too, have one nice word — *meze* or *mezelik* —, known in other Balkan countries, what is exactly a piece of some snack (or also *miaso*-meat) between two glasses of some beverage. But in the basis of these words lies Aramaic *m'shiha*, or old Hebrew *mashiah* (what is also a known Hebrew name, *Mashiah*), what means messiah or prophet, i.e. a person, who goes between the masses and gives spiritual food to the them. So that both, the spirit and the body, need some kind of food.

— Now let us move to another root — continued he — to Latin *caro*, what means meat (from here the meat *carre* in restaurants), only that in Italian *cara* means already dear, beloved (*cara mia* or *caro mio*), what, you can not but agree, is pure cannibalistic view, i.e. the beloved is our tasty "piece of meat", right? Or the carnivals. I don't know whether you are informed, but the carnivals have appeared somewhere in 16th century in Spain and on medieval Latin they were initially called *carnelevarium*, what was to be split in *carne* and *levare*, where the verb *levo* (from here *levare*) means to diminish, and in Italian the word becomes *carnevale*, and *vale* for us (English speaking people) is a parting word over the grave, valedictory. In other words, the carnival meant "to say goodbye to the meat", because was organized before some long fasts. And how people said goodbye to it, ah? Well, eating and drinking like pigs, till they burst, with my excuse. So-o, maybe enough about the food and the cannibalism.

— And what about the sex, then we have never succeeded to run away from it, right? With exception of the "other" world. But there is

also no need to run away from it, when have already emerged on this world. The horrors and shocks are a good psychological approach for avoiding or getting used with the unpleasing moments in our life. We throw everywhere bones and skulls in our churches, but do you think that this is something much different from the olden phrase *Memento Mori* or "Remember the death"? And are, really, the dragons and other decorations on the friezes of Catholic churches, like also the Halloween holiday, something very diverse? And do not the older people go to burials of their relatives chiefly in order to become used to the grief (as well also to see at least *foreign* funerals, when they can't be present alive at their own)? The beautiful and the terrible have always lived very close one to the other in our life and we can't give up these human weaknesses. The people come to us because we are shocking them initially, but *remain* by us because they like us! Yet isn't it always so with the feelings of people, and with the love, as the most precious of them? We are cannibalists, but we are not from the "bad" cannibals, we are quite merry and lively people. So that: come to us, please!

— Thank you, but I don't think that you have convinced me. To eat my father, when comes his time to leave this world, isn't, after all, one of my ideas about the joys of life.

— Mister Peets, you are *not* at all exception of the rule. The majority of people come to us not for this to eat their relatives, but ... to make their relatives to eat *them* up, with the illusory hope that in this way they will remain longer in the minds and hearts of these persons! Well, good, when the people want this so much then why not to eat them up? And then will eat up us also, and our children, and so on. This is one transformation of the matter, isn't it? This is a scientific approach, which is absent in the other religions, and for this reason the number of our followers incessantly grows.

— The last question, because it is already time to finish: why instead of the cross or the crescent you use the circle as symbol of the cannibalism?

— The circle is our main symbol not because it has something in common with the cannibalism, but because it is symbol, *generally*, of the church or the ruling! This isn't to be seen pretty clear in our word "church", but by the German *Kirche* is already seen that the church comes from the Latin word "circa", which means around or approximately, from here is also the circus and Russian *tsirkul* as compass for drawing of circles, and a heap of other round things. In the Latin this word has come from old Greek κυριοσ, what means main, basic, chief, and from here κυριαρχοσ is a host, master. And the circle is symbol of the ruling and the power because it is the nicest and symmetrical, or divine, figure, for the reason that it holds everything and everybody around itself, on all sides of its center. When so our choice is quite natural and, if you want, to draw a circle

with a hand is simpler than a cross, for instance.

— Well, thank you, Arkhan Cannibalus-III, on my behalf, and on behalf of our viewers.

— I also am thankful to you, Mr. Peets — and he rose from the chair, what allowed the skull with crossed bones on his robe to stick forward and drew with the golden spoon one circle counterclockwise, hitting in the end the reporter on the head saying: "Give gusto to the people!"*. In the moment of impact with the head from the spoon sounded out nice ringing of bells, issuing probably from a hidden in it reproducing device and amplified by a built-in in its concave part acoustic resonator, what gave a solemn final to the interview.

[* Latin *gusto* means to taste, eat, swallow, but is used as synonym of nice pleasure or Arabic *kief*, and is known as jargon in Bulgarian (exactly *gusto*), where from the same old Eastern root comes Slavonic *gustoi* (in Russian, *gast* in Bulgarian, yet read with the same vowel like in English "girl"), what is thick, dense (like on a field with wheat, where if the stems are not pretty close then this isn't good).]

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