

# Eng. № 8.E. 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 ...***

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[ 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 FIVE**

### **HOMO RATIONALIS**

The shining in his eyes light and the invigorating music filling the room forced HR-750929-315617, called in the recent time Burly, to get up from the bed, but he has nowhere to hurry. He stretched out slowly his hand, felt the button with two circles — the third from the left, yet why bother to count — on the console next to the bed and pressed it slightly. The music ceased and the bedroom again plunged into twilight for the next five minutes. He could loll some time more because yesterday was his working day, yet to be sure he cast a squinting sight to the date on the wall. But surely, treday, dugroup, achmon<sup>\*</sup>, 123rd year. And he worked each duday. But there is nothing to do — the general abundance required its sacrifices. Earlier, 123 years back, when people have begun to count the era of Homo Rationalis, they have worked by three days in the weeks of that time. And in various old books was spoken about five-days

working weeks. Five days out of seven, my God, what happiness, ah? And by whole 8 hours! And now he has right to work 3 hours, and this only after his 40th year, while earlier has worked 2 hours, and was again glad. After one and a half years he will be allowed to work by 4 hours in a day once in the sextet and he is dreaming about this already ten years or so.

[ \* The year is divided in 10 months (onmon, dumon, tremon, fourmon, fifmon, sixmon, sevmon, achmon, ninemon, and tenmon), each of which has 36 days, which in their turn divide in six groups (ongroup, dugroup, tregroup, fourgroup, fifgroup, and sixgroup) of six days (onday, duday, treday, fourday, fifday, and sixday). The remaining 5, or 6, days in the year build additional group, exgroup, which prolongs the tenmon. The date can be given as day and month or day-group-month, e.g.: 9.8 = 9 achmon = 3.2.8 = treday-dugroup-achmon. ]

In this regard the laws were severe: work for the benefit of the society was allowed only after reaching of 25 years and up to age of 75. The hours varied between 2 and 4 in a day (till one hour could work everybody, regardless of the age), but this counted in a group, i.e. in six days. And this means to work sixty days in the year, beginning with 2 hours and reaching to four after 50 years of age. Very rare, for special merits was allowed to work also by five hours in the group, yet in two days. And exceptions for more than two days happened once in a thousand of people, or even less. But these were the chosen intellects, not the ordinary citizens like him. And there the very hours were different, it seems. ...

Ah, that darned buzzer! Why not to lie for five more minutes? — said Burly to himself, and pressed again the button for postponement of awakening. — So where was he? Ah, about the hours. They as if were twenty, or something of the kind. Nope, as if were 22, because the people honoured some 12 saints and this twice daily, in the day and in the night, so that this must give 22. Well, I will check on the computer. Or maybe will ask my boy, in this way I will find exactly about what to ask him, in order to test his knowledge. Not that this is necessary, but he is, still, my son, so that a little attention will not harm. Bilby is good and clever boy, only that they talk to each other quite rarely. But about what exactly to converse with him? If he wants to learn something he asks the IS, the Information System, and the question is solved. If the boy needs something then the IS will give it to him also without his intervention, and if it will not give to him this, what he wants — well, then this thing should not be given to him! Exercises for the brain, exercises for the body — after all, this is why he sits 2 hours daily in the learning room, and at least an hour in the sports one. And receives also awards, if deserves them.

What more can a parent give to his child, what the IS and various robots can not give him?

Maybe I have to check whether I can do something for him, because the boy will soon be 14 years old and must be prepared for the mating period. ... Ah, obviously I will have to get up from the bed, decided Burly, because now I can't stop this damned alarm clock, unless I tell it first how much is, either 12 square, or 7 by 8, or something of the kind, and it is clear that I can't tell this before I calculate it first. And in order to calculate I must first wake up and start pushing buttons, right? Clever have thought this the people, one can say nothing against. So that: now quickly, one, two, three, for a dull day ready thee.

\* \* \*

After another 10 minutes<sup>\*\*</sup>, relieved from the assembled during the night unnecessary metabolic products, having bathed under awakening shower with varying temperature, being dried by hot air and having received his morning dose of massage by the standard massaging robot in the toilet box to his bedroom, Burly sat in his kitchen-dining room and was pressing various buttons for his breakfast. Apparently the son also was not in a big hurry to start the day, because he only now entered the room and throwing with annoyance "Hello, dad" placed himself on another chair and became engaged with the same activity. Only that he was disappointingly slow in his choice, and scrolled the holographic images of at least 10 dishes, until settled on something. Well, the boy is right to think about his pleasure, because what else can do a reasonable man? Yet, as it was necessary to ask him something. Burly cleared his throat and voiced:

[ \*\* The day and night together are divided in 10 hours by 100 minutes, each of the latter by 100 seconds. This makes 100,000 seconds instead of  $24 \cdot 60 \cdot 60 = 86,400$  so that the new second is a bit shorter than the old, but then the new minute is about one and a half times longer than the old, and the new hour is 2.4 times longer. This, naturally, is of no importance, it is just more convenient to use decimal base everywhere. ]

— Well, how are you, Bilby, my boy? I think I have not asked you for a long time.

— Yeah, really, already two days, because yesterday you ran out of the house before I even got up. Otherwise I can quite responsibly assure you that I am feeling good, and yesterday also, and the day before, too.

— We-ell, I know this, but the cultured relations require that one asks his companion about his or her health, don't they? Though, if

you so much want, I can ask you something else. For example: how many hours a day have worked people before the era of HR? And how much gives this in current hours?

— Ha, it depends when! Before some 5-6 centuries they have worked by 10 to 12 hours, and this has made nearly half of the day, because the days were, as you know — and the boy looked at him, chewing slowly the morsel in the mouth, as if guessing about his inability to count good — were by 24 hours. And then they have fixed it on 8 hours, because  $3 \cdot 8 = 24$ , i.e. 8 hours work, 8 hours free time, and 8 hours sleep — everything equally. And as far as now the hour is two and a half times (2.4, if we want to be more precise) longer than earlier, then this will be somewhere between 3 and 4 contemporary hours. Nearly like also now, father.

— So, so, and ... what part of their time they worked at all then, by their 8 hours, and what part we work now? Yet you don't interrupt your breakfast, you can calculate it and tell me in the evening, yes?

— Well, there is no need to calculate too long. Two-three centuries before they have worked, as I mentioned,  $1/3$  of the time in working days, and they were  $5/7$  of all days, so that we get, a minute ... — and he began to click fast on the console of the table — about 24% of the time. Well, if we take into account also the annual vacation, then this part may fall a bit to 22%. And now, if we take on the average 3.5 hours ... but it is better to take on the average 3 hours and 33 minutes, because this gives again  $1/3$  of the day, and multiply it by  $1/6$ , because you work once in 6 days, this will give  $1/18$  of the whole time or ... only about 5% and a half. Are you glad? Or you want me to calculate also what part of your time you spend on the golf field, how much in the toilet, and so on?

— Bravo, Bilby, bravo! Now, you see what is this homo rationalis, ah? How smart are we, see, and this because we do everything with our intellect, right? Why we need to work more when we have robots and technologies? We-ell, it would have been better if we could have worked at least three days by three hours, but when the Selected have decided so, then they have done the necessary calculations.

— To work, you say. Well, could you explain me what exactly you do there, father? — threw the boy, sipping from his juice.

— Well, I think I have mentioned many times to you that I work in one factory, where we make a variety of toys. Some such small puppets-robots, that can tell tales and kiss good night to mischievous urchins, like you have also been before a decade. And cover them at night, so as not to catch cold, and sing them songs, and other similar nonsense. Or also robots-baby-walkers for the very little, that can change diapers and wipe the little bottoms, when they make them dirty, and, in general, do the work of mothers from the recent past. And for a pair of sextets we already make some teddy bears, that can clime on trees and stir beehives in order to take out the honey, yet

just when they shove their paw in the hive and the bees attack them and knock them down from the tree. Well, not real bees, naturally, because they can sting also the child, as well as the parent, but such miniature robots with micro-batteries and centralized control. And do you know where is this control device — well, the processor, ah? In the belly of the bear, of course, though it can be installed also on the tree —according to the wish of the client. Such and other things. Very interesting job and I like it. Only that till now you have not asked me about my work.

— I believe that it is interesting, yet I asked you what you *work* there, didn't I?

— Eh, what means: what I work? In fact, I exercise control over the production process, monitor a bunch of parameters, watch various indicators, call the repair robots, when something goes wrong, change information crystals, and so on. The work is very responsible and because of this we are two persons in the factory, in order to be duplicated when a dangerous situation arises, or if one of us gets ill, for example.

— And if both of you become ill, ah? The production of factory ceases then or not? And in how many shifts you work, do you know?

— We-ell, till the moment it has not happened that we both went simultaneously ill. And as to the shifts, it as if is one, but I have not inquired.

— So that you change programs, call repair robots, and such things. And when you decide to do this?

— But I have told you that I watch various parameters, so that I take decisions based on them.

— I understand this, but can't it be that these decisions takes some central computer, on the same basis? And without you, in one word.

— Well, you see, exactly about this I have not thought. But maybe it is possible ...

— So that is why I asked you — and the boy began to poke something with the fork in the nearly empty plate.

— But it will turn then that with or without me the factory will all the same produce, ah? Yet, if it was so, then why have I to go to work, ah? Look now, for such things exist the Selected and when they have decided that in the factory must be operators, then this means that so it has also to be. Homo rationalis are reasonable people, right? And their main calling is to work for the others, in order to ensure peaceful society. And you, if will learn everything what requires from you the computerized teacher, can one day begin to work for the others — and Burly gathered his empty plates heaping them in the socket for cleaning and pressed the button next to it.

— I, how to tell you this, am not sure that want to "work" in this way. I think that will try *not* to work — like the Selected.

— Perfect, Bilby, if only you succeed.  
— A-and, dad, could you not call me so, ah?  
— And what exactly you don't like in your name? Good sounding, short, and, when you are my son, our names have to be a bit similar one with the other. But, after all, when you will be 15 you will be allowed to choose another name for you, as you know. ...Or you have already chosen it?  
— Something of the kind ...  
— And can I ask you what it is?  
— We-ell, Platon, for example. It is again short and good sounding, isn't it?  
— Yeah, Pontius Platus, as if I recall it. Something from Ancient Greece. Surely you can, but from the next year.  
— And why not from now, ah, dad? Well, I don't mean officially, or that we invited guests for the occasion, but just so, between us. ... And he was not Pontius, I'll tell you, simply Platon.  
The father looked thoughtfully at his son, cast a glance at the watch, too, and said reconciled:  
— OK, between us is possible. And run to learn your lessons. Now I have to hurry because Grimby will again be irritated if I will be late for the golf party. A healthy mind in a healthy body, wasn't it so? Bye ... Platty.

\* \* \*

— Hello, Burly, — greeted him his friend when saw him to exit from the car, having landed on the parking. — you look to me worried by something, ah? If this was before a pair of centuries I would have said that you have again quarreled with your wife, but now, when there are no wives, I am quite puzzled.  
— Hello! How are you living, old boy? Have you made a trial round with the training robot while waited for me? I hope you have warmed up, because I will again win, Grimby.  
— Ah, you thought so also the previous time but it happened on the contrary, ah? Good, the first hit is my, for I have come first — and he struck one strong enough, yet not very accurate, hit.  
Burly posed the ball pretty long and chose himself a stick. At the end he hit it, but its flight was rather short and he made a wry face when saw where it fell. The first hit was very important, but, still, the game was not yet lost, so that he dragged himself with the bag of sticks to the new place. Then he voiced:  
— Do you know, my boy thinks that there is not much use from my work, because everything is automated. What will you say to this, ah?  
— We-ell, as if the boy is right. Because once I went to the breakfast automaton, and Molly, my colleague, phoned that she will be delayed for half an hour, something unpleasant had happened

— either with the car, or with the computer device, I have forgotten — and when I came back after a pair of minutes I look that it was necessary to call one of the repair robots to the cell 17-B, or it was maybe 17-G — well, in doesn't matter —and I was just about to push the button, while saw on the monitor for repairs that one of them was already staggering to where it was necessary. So that I thought that maybe the system waits some time for us to do the necessary, but if we don't do this for some preset time, then it begins alone to react. The artificial intelligence, you know, does its job — and Grimby pulled out another stick, moved around a bit, and hit the ball quite accurately.

— So that I can try sometime to pretend that have been distracted by something, ah?

— Oh, I don't advise you to do so, because what if they notice this and decrease your working time with half an hour. Look my dear, it is *you* who wants to work, right? And people give you this opportunity. If you don't like this then do not work, and will be done with the matter. Nobody will reproach you.

Burly made his hit and both continued on the course. Hence the situation begins to clear itself, but he will not begin to be troubled by this. In the end, the point is that now on the earth globe live more than hundred millions of people, while the Selected were only about hundred thousands, or of that order. Life has to be lived reasonable and basta. The work for the community ...

— Do you know, Grimby, I think that the work for the benefit of society is necessary for the human being like also ... the morning coffee, or our golf play, for example, or like the sex. I want to say that when it is reasonable that one works, then this must be done, right? Else we will have no self-esteem, and this is not reasonable.

— Ha, do you know what came to my mind? — answered his friend, giving another blow — I recalled one ancient game, the Tower of Hanoi, it seems, was called, only that it was not a game but has some sacramental meaning, and was performed by some Buddhist monks, maybe before about 3 thousand years, if not more. It consisted in this: 11 disks (well, maybe their number was also different) with hole in the middle, impaled on a pole and put one on top of the other, only that of smaller diameter over a bigger, to be transferred to another pole, using only one additional, third, pole. The only condition was to put disk of smaller diameter over a bigger, not on the contrary. When they could succeed to transfer all disks to the other pole then should come the end of the world, or the cognition of God as truth, I don't remember exactly. Only that this time was so long, that the monks in the end despaired and gave up to persist in their initiative.

— Something like the legend about the chess and the wheat grains, whose number had to be doubled on every next field, ah?

— Up to some extent, as far as this concerns big numbers, but

otherwise this was example of appalling recursion depth. I have studied something of the kind in its time, but, after all, one learns so many things in his life, for to have later what to *forget*, because if he has learned nothing then what will he forget then? Logical, isn't it? Ha-ha-ha.

— Well, as if that is how it is. Ah, by the way, do you remember why the Selected were a hundred thousand?

— Hmm, this was something very simple. Let me recall it. ... It was about a thousand of fields of human knowledge, and by hundred Selected persons working in each one of them, so that  $1000 \times 100 = 100,000$ . Or something similar.

— Yeah, right. Only that the calculations were with some average number, as if five. But these are approximate calculations.

— Well, approximate, yet they do very good work. The theory of ranks, ah? Every person maintains contacts of till three ranks, which are determined by the number of decimal digits of the amount of persons with whom he maintains contacts. So, so ... Then if we take for average, or rather middle, digit the five, we get: 5 for the first rank, 50 for the second, and 500 for the third. The first rank are your nearest relatives and close friends. Well, nowadays the term relatives is quite conditional notion, but, still, your father and grandfather have to be alive, right?

Burly nodded, adjusted the ball and aimed again. Because there remained about 20 meters to the hole one has to be very careful, though, on the other hand, he as if had already no chances to win. Made a decent hit, straightened himself, put the bag with the sticks over the shoulder, and only then answered.

— Grandpa Globil has already reached 96 years, but is still alive and kicking, so that he will probably live the allotted. And my father, naturally, although with him we see each other, either once in a month, or not once. He become interested in modeling of ships, and I understand nothing of bom-bramsails or other sails, and were they trippers or clippers, so that we have no special reasons for meetings. Yes, after the feast dedicated to his new name we have seen us, maybe, three times, and since then it seems that already an year has rolled.

— Wasn't he before Cliry, ah? And how is he called now?

— Now he is Marsel. He thinks that this is something marine and is more appropriate for him because of his interests in ships. This is his business. I call myself for 15 years Burly and don't think to be re-baptized.

— Well, anyway. So there are: you, your father, grandfather, son, the current girl, a pair of former, also two-three friends, and this makes about ten acquaintances of first rank. A propos, I am between them, ah?

— Unless you abandon the golf, or succeed to win five games with

me in a row, I will count you for first rank friend. Are you glad?

— Sure thing. Even if ... — and he aimed carefully, and sent the ball straight into the hole. — So, If you want we can discard this game in order that I remained in this category, ah?

— But why not to count it? This is the first game. One for you. I usually prefer to give by a game in advance, so that not to lose you as a partner.

— Good that you have *given* it to me, because otherwise it would have been very hard for me to take it alone. Well, let us move again to the beginning, ah?

Burly finished his game with two more strokes, collected the sticks and they trotted to the beginning of the course. Grimby continued his thought.

— So-o, these were of the first rank, right? Then come approximately 50, i.e. from 10-20 to a hundred persons, who are all good acquaintances, with whom you maintain often contacts, but you are not so emotionally attached to them, like with the first rank persons, and know almost nothing about their life and interests, except this, because of what you are acquainted with them. These are people from the neighbourhood, the place of work, the club or field of play, who make the second rank. But if you are from the Selected, then these are people from your scientific field, right? Well, they may be near to a thousand, yet one does not maintain direct contacts with all of them, but limits oneself according to one's abilities, so that we can quietly take them for a hundred. And the third rank these are casual acquaintances, for whom you either don't know their name in the moment, or have only heard about them but don't know their physiognomy, or on the contrary, and not only don't know in what they are interested, but quite often they, for their part, don't know you at all — how it is with various celebrities. They may be several hundreds, but surely not one-two thousands. The fourth rank of acquaintances one can rarely have, because such is our central processor, old boy.

— Exactly. And the fields of activity are really about a thousand. I will ask my son about their precise number. Good, but then it turns that such people like us are not much needed on the world, ah, Grimby?

— Well, and what of it! You will nor begin now to speak to me about the meaning of life, in old years, will you? To ask you then why the grass grows, the birds chirp, or the flies proliferate, ah? The purpose of life is that it continues, right? At least because the life is quite rarely met and is difficult to preserve it. We are rational persons and there is no need to fool us with various gods and other fables. And now play a little faster because at lunch time I have a meeting with another first rank friend — and after 10 minutes they finished also this game, where this time Burly succeeded to make up

for the loss, and they parted till fivday at 7 o'clock.

\* \* \*

In the evening about eight o'clock Burly walked with his son around the local medieval castle, built before two years. The autumn, little by little, entered into its rights, how it was expected for the beginning of achmon. Here and there differently coloured leaves fall from the trees because of the slight wind. The disk of the sun was going to finish his daily route and, taking advantage of the towers of the castle, played hide and seek with the two companions. The silence and archaic atmosphere predisposed to free conversation, which in the moment flew on feathered inhabitants around, being named promptly by the boy. When they used up a little the ornithology the man recalled that Bilby wanted to become one of the Selected and asked him:

— And now tell me how many are all Selected Intellects at the moment, when you want to join them?

— Well, this is quite relative — answered the boy. —Recently they give 128,000 Selected, but many of them also go to work like you, because they like it. And there are also 50 something thousands Candidates, chiefly in the age below 40 years, who hope sometime also to become Selected. In addition to this everybody, as you know, can occupy him- or her- self with whatever scientific researches, so that there are also about 20 thousand Correspondents. All this gives about 200,000.

— And how many are all people on the Globe? Come they up to 200 millions?

— For the moment they, as far as I recall, are 180 millions, but their number, in principle, decreases, because everybody can have one child, yet not everyone wants, you know this? But this situation is considered correct, because the optimal number of people on Earth was between 10 and 50 millions. Well, there are also about 7-8 millions in another colonies, but this is not significant.

— Good, Bil..., excuse me, Platty. And let me now set you some questions about history. Can you tell me 3-4 important advantages of homo rationalis before the former sapience, ah?

— Ha, I have already forgotten how long ago have studied this. It was somewhere before the square root and chemical table. But, OK, I will give you this pleasure, when you want. You don't insist on their ordering, ah, dad?

— Not, of course. Tell me what you can recall.

— We-ell, there are no wars, for example. Now are nearly two centuries, after there was the last war for the rings of Saturn. The wars were fought mainly by two reasons: economic and psychological. The economic are reduced to the wish to conquer material values, in order that people could ensure for themselves good conditions for

existence. But the good conditions were in effect not for all, so that the goal was again not reached. Then was come to the technologies and affluence, so that these material values became easily acquired, and one can not eat, say, by ten kilos of meat daily, can one? Neither one will get some special pleasure from walking alone on the rings of Saturn, just to give an example. Nor there was necessity for economic enslavement, for the reason that the robots, anyway, do all unpleasing work. And they cost much cheaper, than the bringing up and educating of a child, right? Even it was written somewhere that already before the old New era people had impressive achievements in the processing of metals, in the architecture, the agriculture, the arts, and in many other fields, but then the slaves were cheaper. ...

— Like in Ancient Greece, which you like so much, right?

— Well, yes. If we take away from it the slaves and the lack of rights for the women this was one perfect society. Well, they fought then, surely, but this was mainly due to psychological reasons, because the men wanted to show their strength, and the women wanted to submit to it. This is quite simplified, but it is true. There even before two centuries people fought chiefly because of this, but then came the virtual reality and computer games, so that now one can "fight" with whom he wants not shedding blood. Well, also the various actions, thrillers, and similar genres, which people watched, created enough emotions for them (I also watch something of the kind, yet I am interesting mainly in the historical milieu). Then the satellites of Mars were established as place for military operations, but when you give something ready to one he usually does not want it much. So that this idea also became obsolete. Well, the genetics, too, helped a little, but about it later.

— Well done, Platty! So for one thing we eliminated the wars. Then?

— We-ell, let us take the development of personality. People, as you know, want food, roof over the head, and ... sex — said a bit confused the boy —, on the first place. When they secure for themselves these things they want to show their strength ...

— Like you with the knowledge of birds, ah?

— Well, and what is so bad in this, to want to express oneself? It is right that this depends not so much on the person than on his or her genes, but even if it is so. One can be able to do something and do it, and can be able but not do it, right? So that it is better to do it, if this is something good.

— And what do you call good?

— But you interrupt me exactly on this place, dad. Good is what is good for the society, yet everyone thinks that good is this, what is good for himself, correct? So that the whole subtlety is in this to equalize the one with the other! But this is task of the social government, yes? Because one is satisfied mostly when the

others respect him. Then he also respects himself and thinks that has expressed himself with something good. The respect and self-respect are more important than the fear of the others from you, so that the two different things become one and the same, if the society looks reasonable at the things. So, and when one succeeds to express himself then he (or she) has nothing left for himself except to become slightly different, to change something in himself, to improve himself, with one word. Well, and the pleasure, of course, for otherwise why have we to reproduce ourselves, if we don't like the world? Homo rationalis lives only in order to improve himself and enjoy the life. If somebody can make career as Selected then he makes it, and who can not, he lives his life without worries, until this is allowed to him.

— Exactly so, the development of personality is very important point, because the life, generally, is a development. The wish to show superiority and subjugate the others arises between the humans, as well also between the animals, then, when otherwise they are not in position to express themselves. Till here there are two things.

— The third thing can be the genetics. Now people with bad genes, not good for the society first of all, are nor born, as far as this can be established in advance. Sometimes errors, still, happen, but there are, after all, the computers for this purpose, too, to monitor and examine us. Only that the genetics could have done wonders even before HR, but people thought that they have to collect all good genes in one place, yet this does not happen. First, the more intelligent people need the more mediocre ones for to express themselves, to stick out; second, all feel necessity to obey somebody, because in this way it is easier and quieter at heart; third, if one throws the diversity of the nature away we will only lose from this, because it can't be known exactly what will be good after some time, and what not; and other arguments. I, for example, don't want that there were only swallows and canaries, but were no ... sparrows, right?

— Well, well. Hence I am a sparrow and you will become a swallow, if I have got you right.

— Well, dad, I only give example, do I not? And then ... if we will talk about birds, then you know that are sparrow, and don't give a damn about this, where I still don't know will I *be able* to become a swallow or not. So that: who has it easier, ah?

— Look at him, the philosopher! Well, good, I agree that you are Platon and this can only make me happy, because, after all, the educational environment has to mean something.

— But surely, dad, only that we both speak very rarely together. And this not because you have no time, right? ... So, let me continue further. It is nearly solved the problem with overpopulation. Before two and a half centuries we have reached, if you remember, whole 30 milliard people. And this awfully narrowed the living space, or the "hunting field" of the people. This is also another important cause

for the wars, which I have missed to mention earlier. This theory of ranks is very true, because when the world is one whole thing, then, hence, it is like one state, and one average state earlier, when there existed different states, was about 50 millions, at worst up to hundred. According to not pretty exact data, yet this is what I have read somewhere, in the second and first millennium before the New era (which is now already old, of course) on our Earth have lived approximately 50 million people, and around the same era they have reached about 100 millions. Later, till the 18th century, again in the old way, there were still less than a milliard people, but after this they have shown themselves in the worst possible light, right?

— Quite so. I alone have thought about this today and for that cause have asked you about the number of Selected. Continue further, it is very interesting.

— So that HR have solved also this problem, although I think that 5-10 millions is again a good number. Then the death, as you see, is very important moment in life. Well, I have said this in a bit silly way, yet it is so, really. Now everybody can live up to 100 years, what is not at all little, I think. And is a round number and approximately 95% of the people reach it. And after this? If we have continued to live how long everybody succeeds, how it was before the era of HR, then to what this would have led us, ah? Let us live 150 years, then 200, and if someone can then maybe also 300. And so on. And if we have multiplied like before, i.e. on the average by three children for a family, and by 25 years for one generation, then this do you know what gives? Well, it gives: in 50 years 9 grandchildren and 3 children, in 75 years 27 great-grandchildren, 9 grandchildren, and 3 children, and in 100 only the great-great-grandchildren become 81. And in 200 years all *direct* relatives of one person would have been somewhere about 10,000 people! An impressive number, ah, one cannot deny this. But we are not flies, are we? Even if one has only a hundred relatives then he will again not succeed to remember their names, to say nothing about to know them. And now everything is clear and simple — who reaches 100 years, gathers his (or her) relatives around himself, says farewell to them, they give him the injection, and he with smile on his lips parted from this world. In my opinion this is the most valuable achievement of HR, don't you think so?

— Well, how to tell you, Platty. ... You are right, naturally, yet a human has to be very reasonable in order to grasp this, and far away from all of us are such, so that hardly everybody will smile on his hundredth birthday, but, maybe, so is necessary ...

— So, or in some other way, but the life span has to be about three generations, i.e. that everybody could live to see his grandchildren, yet not further, right? Now people when take children between 30 and 40, and when live till 100, it is exactly so. One can live also till

200, but then must provide himself with a child at about 70. Or like it was in Ancient Rome, where is said that people lived on the average about 45-50 years, but one generation then was approximately 18-20 years.

— Yes, sure. In this you are absolutely right.

— Well, ... after this comes the social management. Before about a century people still asked themselves what is better: the dictatorship or the democracy, yet neither the one nor the other form of ruling are good. Meaning that both are simultaneously good and bad, isn't it? And they have even not asked themselves but thought that the democracy, though such like it was then, is the most correct form. Yet on the other hand, there has hardly passed long time and, either here or there, happened so, that some dictatorship took power. Like in that Ancient Greece. I don't know whether you are informed, but the democracy there was introduced for the first time by some Tyrant Pisistratos, where a Tyrant was title of a ruler from that time with unlimited power. And why, is asked, should a despot or tyrant introduce democracy, ah? Well, because it is advantageous for the tyrants! And even the common people have understood this and have not wanted alone to choose their rulers, yet after they were fooled a bit they agreed to this.

— Well, surely, the so called democratic choice, or choice from below to above, is pure nonsense. To grasp this one is not necessary to know even how to read and to write. Because it can't someone, who does not understand (has no knowledge in the area of social management, I mean), to choose people whom he does not know (i.e. has not lived or worked with them a pair of years), and by this *not requiring* from them any document or some certificate for their ability as rulers. Because in no democracy of those times was some compulsory democratical university for rulers, was there? And there could not have been such university, because this would have contradicted to the very democratic principle, that every human from the masses can become a ruler (for one may not have money in order to receive this education, or one was not allowed to study). Generally, these questions must be decided only by instances that know the management and the potential rulers quite good. Yet this is obvious.

— Exactly. So that, hence, the problem of choice is, generally speaking, unsolvable, because, in order that one could make a reasonable choice, one must be as much intelligent as the person whom he assesses or chooses for his ruler. But if he is up to such extent intelligent, that is able to conduct such choice, then why has he (or she) to choose somebody else, maybe less capable than he, and not his own person, ah? I have understood this somewhere in the last year, but this because I have been interested in the question, otherwise this is not included in the compulsory program. ... But dad,

do you know, I have become a bit tired by this long conversation. And there have left many other questions for consideration. Why will we not go to eat something in the castle?

— Well, indeed, my boy! With big pleasure — and they headed to one of the towers of the castle, where, for bigger authenticity, they were served by robots in metallic knight's armour, the meat was carried on wooden trays, and about cutlery, if we exclude by a notched knife with bone handle, could have only be dreamed.

\* \* \*

Fifday evening was the sexual day of Burly and this time he was visiting his current girlfriend Margit. She was rounded woman at the age of 42, most often with light hair, of height one meter and 70, good swimmer and diver, and worked each onday in a factory for perfumery products. When he got acquainted with her before a bit more than three years, during a vacation in the Adriatic, she was still called Ilone. She had a daughter of 6-7 years and they lived in one arrow-shaped building at the foot of small hill, somewhere in 10 minutes flight with his airflyer from his home. They rarely visited taverns because both were a bit homebodies, so that now they lay lazy on a small beach around the triangular pool at the inner side of her home, gazed absently at the holographic screen, placed in the air on the background of the hill, where some white bears wallowed on Arctic hummocks, drank from their cocktails and absorbed the already feeble rays of afternoon sun. The building was with 20 inhabitants, so that now only two more boys floundered in the water pursued by a St. Bernard dog. Burly has just sucked up one of her nipples and has whispering something into her ear. A family idyll, really — like in the old films —, except for the white bears.

Margit stirred slightly and stretched a hand for the remote control, which was nearly buried in the sand on the narrow strip, typed something and said:

— Bur-Bur<sup>\*\*\*</sup>, do you also want to drink something.

[ \*\*\* In Bulgarian "Bur-Bur", and pronounced with this vowel like in "girl", sounds better, because means blah-blah. There are in this story other plays of words, which I explain on places with footnotes. ]

— Not, Git, I am feeling just "got"<sup>\*\*\*\*</sup>. ... But if you so much insist then I would have one more "arctic sun", yet with more brandy.

[ \*\*\*\* There are no quotes in the original, because "got" is a well known German jargon meaning "good", what must be clear also in English via the relation good - Got; Git, on the other hand, is diminutive or Margit. ]

— OK, but that there was no need later to call the robot to carry you to my bed.

— A-ah, if I will be carried, then better to the pool, so that you become there a little lighter. Archimedes law, have you heard?

— Bur, — rose she slightly — don't you want to say that I have grown fat, ah? I run every morning from here to the top of the hill and back. In winter and in summer. Well, in the winter is harder up, but in recompense is easier down, because I just slide then. ...

— Oh, maybe on this your treasure, ah dear? — and he slapped her slightly on the presumed place. — you will spoil it for nothing.

— A-ah, don't worry. I put on thick pants and when sat at the top slide directly to the bottom. Only take care not to plunk in the pool, for the water in that time of year is a little bit cold. Ah, here is your "sun" — and she took from the robot both glasses.

— And what are you drinking? Again your rosé, ah?

— How many times have I to repeat to you that this beverage is called "rosé pour la couchette blanche", and is made by my own recipe, which I tell nobody.

— Let me try it ... m-m, astonishing! It is seen at once that this is "couchette pour la pute rosé". I like it very much. And what will happen if I "warm" it a little with my "sun" ...

— Don't dare to spoil me its bouquet! Give me back my glass and warm yourself as much as you like with your "sun".

— Cheers, Margery.

— Cheers, Bur-Bur. And for what we drink, ah?

— Well, ... for the polar bears, for example. Or, if you so much want that this was personally, then for this little bear-cub with black nose and furry bottom. Let it live and prosper, at least until we turn off the screen — and he drank a big swallow from his glass.

— But why we have not clinked glasses before?

— We'll clink<sup>\*\*\*\*\*</sup> us later! Now we drink, right?

[ \*\*\*\*\* Here is a pun in Bulgarian, because to clink, knock, or even hit, is '*chukam*', what in jargon usage in reflexive form (with 'se') is widely used idiom for to copulate, bump, in a way. ]

— Ah, uneducated macho! And isn't it possible before?

— It *might* have been. If you have said this earlier, right? And now it is too late. Come on, drink up your glass and let us plunge one more time in the triangle because your *couchette* awaits us.

— But will we not eat something? I have rummaged two hours in the cooking index in order to choose something tasty for my bully, and he does not even want to try it — and she made whiny face.

— I'll try it Margy, and even will eat up everything. Just don't cry.

But first the "work", and then the pleasure of eating, isn't it so? And it was you who proposed it, if you remember. Yet before this the pool. Come on! — and he headed for the water.

After some time, during which they both, having long ago left the pool, have done things, about which even in the era of HR is not accepted to write (simply because it is better to show them, and the genre of literature is poorer in this aspect), Burly and Margit moved to the dining room and were engaged in the pleasure of filling with energy, which process has remained unchanged since the time of Adam. Swallowing the next chunk the woman said:

— Bur, it is not bad to give a thought, after all, to the question, where we will go in the exgroup. If you will not leave me till that time, I mean. Because, I suppose you know this, when all rush at once to somewhere, then the last may be forced to remain at home.

— M-m, similar thought has not yet crept into my head. I mean to leave you and lose your ... "hole". Because for a golf player, you see, to hit the hole is the highest pleasure.

— Well, well. Such "holes" are met everywhere.

— Yeah, but the "golf players" are also a heap, I'll tell you. And you with those, how to put it, expressive "eyes", when you cast a glance at me and my legs at once give way with pleasure. So-o, we can think about the question. But maybe where is warmer, ah? On the Adriatic I don't wish to be again, because can find there another girl, in the Caribbean I was twice, In Africa there is still too much sand. There are a heap of islands ... Well, what will you say to Australia? Have you been there?

— Before about 20 years I was once, but have forgotten everything. This isn't bad. We will look how the kangaroos are jumping and the koalas are climbing, and in the nights some wild dingos will howl under our windows. Then in the day you will hang a ring on your symbol of fertility, and I will throw a boomerang from a distance of about 50 meters and will take down the ring. If it will not fall before this, I mean, due to bad climatic and other conditions. But I will fix you with my "eyes", in order to avoid such things.

— Hmm, this about your eyes is good, yet I thing that it will be better to use some twig for the purpose, because I, I don't know whether you have noticed this, but like to decorate my mentioned "symbol" with some ... balls, and they are such delicate things, so that I am a little afraid, to tell you.

— OK, we will leave the game with the boomerang under question. But otherwise you agree, yes?

— Yes. And will eat stewed kangaroo tail with shrimps and bananas, or something like that. Superb! You are sitting on your verandah, watch how jump there various male-kangaroos, female-kangaroos, and baby-kangaroos, and, when one of these animals with solid tail

looks good enough to you, show it to the robot and it goes to take its tail away. And the left it throws to the various dingo-boys and -girls that protect us from foreign dingos.

— Yeah, only that nobody will allow you to kill the poor animal. Unless it is ill or old, but then it might not be good for eating, or not be tasty. So that there, too, the kangaroo meat will be like here — it has grown on some bones, that may as well be from a donkey!

— Listen, let us not speak about such disgusting things, ah? When I eat it, it tastes good to me, and that it was some muscle culture grown on an animal skeleton, or seaweed and plankton, or refined petroleum products, is the same to me. Now the fishes are natural, the eggs, too, also various mollusks and insects, but buzzing creatures I don't put in my mouth.

— Why so, dear? I have one girl-friend, there in the other wing of the arrow, on the top floor, so she likes much various trepangs or I don't know what other larvae.

— Ugh, and grasshoppers, maybe. Like the ancient prophets of Christ's religion. I don't know whether you know this, but their "delicacy" were dried locusts with wild honey. Could you imagine? Only that I have not grasped whether they shoved the locusts in the honeycomb and baked on low heat, or poured with plentiful honey and decorated with lettuce leaves, or something else of the kind.

— You may laugh, but this might not be bad, because they are reach on natural proteins and fats, and when you add to them also carbohydrates, then maybe will get something very nourishing.

— However it may be, yet without me. And what will we do with our children? I will take my philosopher, if you don't mind, because he is in such age when little diversity and meeting with other teenagers will not do him any harm. And the boy must begin also the sexual exercises. Well, if he has not begun them, for I have not asked him. And you what will do with your Philly?

— Well, I will come up with something, because with her we will not be able to exchange even a pair of kisses. And the boy you can take. He will, anyway, not stay with us. But why you call him philosopher?

— Because he, you see, wanted to be from the Selected, likes the Ancient Greece, has decided to name himself Platon, and so on. Yet this is a long story. Else, really, he looks to me very intelligent. Even I as if am already not good for him.

— Well, it is good that the boy is with alert mind. I am glad about this. ... Do you know, I have some idea. I have an old friend Candidate. So-o, let us sent him to the latter to talk together, ah?

— I value your proposition, but it will hardly be quite suitable that one your friend sends his son to your old friend, am I right?

— O-oh, stop it! We maintain relations mainly because of our daughters. Because he has taken for himself a daughter and, when

she was still a baby, I, after all, was necessary to provide him with various advices. The robots, surely, are a good thing, but a woman at hand in such cases is not at all superfluous. Something like a mother, I mean. And you how have managed with your boy when he was still a baby?

— Well, I have taken him in his third year. Else, what would I have done with a nursing child, ah? And how he has decided to take a daughter? Should not the sex of the child be like that of the parent?

— Ah, it should, of course. But nobody has said that on the contrary is forbidden. He said to me that a man will always need some woman, and that the difficult moment will be only somewhere in the puberty, but while she is little, and also later, when he becomes old, is better to have a daughter. And also for her were better to have a father. Such things. But maybe he is right, I don't know. I personally have not looked at the things in this way. Yet, be it as it may. Then his Peggy and my daughter become friends, so that we meet with him often. His one is about an year older, but they get along very well. I only hope that they will not quarrel one day because of one and the same man. Ha-ha.

— Well, if you are so well acquainted then you can mention this sometime to him. ... M-m, wonderful dinner, my sweetheart. Only if there will happen to be also something sweet for a dessert, I wouldn't say no.

— Do you know, it *will* happen to be something sweet. The same as everywhere, because my kitchen unit is standard one. You type what you want.

— Thanks. I think to have one melba, in order to restore the milky balance of the body. And you?

— But I don't know. Maybe some parfait. Because to run, I run, yet there have to be also less calories. Where I ... will have my "melba" later from you, if you don't mind.

— M-m, not that I object to this, but the regenerative process, you understand, by this "running through the course", hitting with the "stick", et cetera, is a bit delayed, so that ...

— I will accelerate it, my darling, don't worry about this. I said, cheers!

— Cheers. This time about the kangaroos, if you don't mind.

— For the kangaroos and their tails, and for some other tails that jump exactly like kangaroos.

After what their desserts appeared on the table, and were eaten, and our heroes went again in the other room, where ... and so forth.

\* \* \*

On the next onday morning Burly met again during the breakfast with his son. He ate slowly, and because he had nothing planned till

the lunch he decided one more time to talk with him. But he cannot restrain himself to begin with Australia, for which, really, more than two months ahead, were no problems to make reservations.

— Platty, have you thought what you will do in the exgroup? What will you say to a trip down and under, how is said, to a place which is native land of the kangaroos?

— Wow, that's in Australia. No problems! If you don't joke, I mean. But can you afford it?

— And why not? As a rule everybody can go on vacation one week in the winter and two weeks in the summer where he or she wants. Unless one economizes very heavy, but for what me save more money? The home is good for me, the golf is cheap and affordable sport, the car works good and I don't need a new one, the synthetic food is good enough for me and I don't spend on natural lobsters or black caviar — because can't find the difference from the synthetic ones, I mean. And have also not yet begun to collect some authentic beer caps, or shaving blades, or porcelain sets, or something of the kind. Neither am very fond of the cosmic space, so that to want to build myself a spaceship, nor submarine, for to dive in various sea holes. And as far as I have not yet the right to work 4 hours, then also from here I economize a bit.

— And do you pay much for to work?

— Well, neither much, nor little. In an year it comes up to about half a new car. You see, the Government has calculated what are the average expenses for a single person, so that he receives the necessary credits. We will not begin to fight one with the other because have nothing to eat, or have not enough markets, right? Or to outsmart one another that one's wares are better than those of the others — how it was earlier with the advertising. When a reasonable approach is applied the necessary means in society will always be found.

— And ... only we two are going , if I can put this question?

— Now, try to guess.

— Everything is clear, hence with that aunt, who, even before she presses the door buzzer and the flat fills with exotic aromas, and I go to Grony to study the lessons together. I mean that *you* think that I go to him, I want to say — and the boy looked shrewdly at him.

— Yeah, exotic aromas. But this is something like advertising of the company, you see, because Margit works in one such factory. Yet you are already a big boy so that you can go where you want.

— No problems, I've told you. Anyway, I don't intend to disturb you. And maybe I also will find where ... to spend my energy.

— So it is, yet I thought to speak with you also about this, because you have grown enough now. I think it is necessary to explain you some things ... about the women, I mean, and ...

— But dad, do you really think that you will explain the things

better than in the lessons, ah? Well, I want to say that I ... understand already these things and ... it all is just natural, isn't it?

— So, so. Men have something that women have not, and vice versa, so that the opposites attract themselves. But, like you say, it is natural, though not very rational. And, besides, this is in some extent development of the body, so that such exercises are also necessary. Earlier in this was hidden some concrete goal, but now this is simply an useful exercise and pleasure. If one does not overdo the things, so that this does not interfere with your lessons, and that you do not become pretty fascinated with this. I want to say that the emotion did not gain the upper hand over the reason. But OK, we can speak about this some other time, too

— Surely, father. But I don't understand only this: what is so bad if the women ... gave birth, I mean, and not only exercised idle. I want to say that one knows that some child is really his or her. Well, not only legally, you see. Because if the people want then this is possible, right?

— If - then. Exactly so. But they don't want much. The men as if want, more often, but why should the women suffer to give birth? Not that I know how much they suffer, but, after all, why is this necessary, when the embryo is developing very well also in an artificial womb? Then also, you see, when you know your own children you are pretty attached to them, and this is not reasonable. And then the divorces, ah? Earlier, right, the people married. And lived happily, well, on the average five years, and after this they only *endured* one another, because the children and the family had to be supported. So, up to the 21 century of the old era people still married, but the divorces have exceeded 50%. And later they exceeded 60 and 70%, and then they have seen that there is no reason to marry when will later divorce, is there? And what to do with the children? If they were even number than this was possible somehow, but when they were odd? And then they had to sue and to prove that the other spouse is, either insane, or incapable, or something similar. And even if there were two boys they were again given to the mother. Generally, a lot of nonsense. And this everything because of the emotional attachment of the mother. I want to say that the mother may not be a silly woman, but when is goes about her children then she is like a common *brooding* hen, which is not at all capable to take reasonable decisions! But to give the children to the man is also not good, because the woman has suffered to bear them, while he has looked only at his own pleasure. So that everything is pretty twisted.

— Well, of course, twisted. But if some pair wants to have their own children then this is not taken for unreasonable.

— It isn't taken for *normal*, my boy. Otherwise it is allowed. I think that even now there are about 10,000 families.

— Slightly over 18 thousand, father. Yet in the last 20 years they

increase a bit. Though I understand that this does not make even one to thousand, so that this is an obvious exception. But to me this does not seem natural.

— Well, if we involve the natural then the things begin to entangle even more, because it is natural to have one man to a hundred women, for example. But then the women will not be pleased, because the man will visit them a pair of times in an year, and they want that this happens more often. So that 1:1 is one quite Solomonic decision. And as to the giving birth ... We-ell, if the man could have also given birth then there would have been no problems, right? But otherwise the things are not equal. And they are not such because the very God wanted so, though it is all the same will we speak about God or about evolution. The both sexes are necessary in order to have more clear opposition, to have motion, dynamics.

— And what if the sexes were three? Would it have been better then, ah?

— Heh, but I am not the almighty God to answer this. If after some millennium the sexes become three, then maybe so is better, but this doesn't seem much probable to me. The genetics, really, can make all sorts of people, if we want also with 7 sexes, or hermaphrodites, but surely there is no need to intervene in the things of nature. This thing called unreasonable or unjustified pride is s very important thing, my boy. Id est it is important that there was no such pride! And earlier people were very proud, either to turn back some river, or to afforest a desert, or to dry a swamp, or to work so energetic that there rises up dust. But this is necessary to be done very carefully, because there are powers above those of the whole mankind taken together. And it isn't reasonable to interfere with them, if we want to survive.

— I agree that the reason has to be above everything, but all the same I think that the natural is more reasonable. Anyway. And what will you say about the equality of the sexes, ah?

— Hmm, but exactly this equality has messed a bunch of things in our world. To speak about equality precisely there, where exists the biggest difference, is a pure nonsense. We can speak about equal rights, or equality before the law, or equal conditions for using of human goods. But all this means that we are speaking about "equal opportunities to *prove the inequality*"! Because the people are not equal to each other (as well also the animals, of course), neither the sexes are equal. If they were equal, then this would have meant that there are not two sexes but one, right? And it exactly this is good, that they are not equal. Do you know what part of the Selected are men and what women?

— Well, men are somewhere about 70% of all.

— You see? And maybe they will increase further. Because it is clear that the man is the creative and fighting personality, bearer of

intellect, that who values his peace and likes games (for the reason that the creativity is a kind of game with the nature, right?). While the woman is bearer of this what is good for the nature (what far away from always is reasonable), of the chaos and destruction, the egoism, if you want, especially if she bears her children. I don't know your experience in sexual exercises, about which we have talked, yet there, *definitely*, is nothing reasonable! But they are necessary in order to exist life. And there is also something else. There is exceptional and mediocre, but both things are equally *necessary* for the society. Only the exceptional can create something new or win under changed conditions, but it can also more easy die. The mediocre, for its part, is more endurable, but also more conservative. Have you any idea what was life span for the both sexes earlier, when it was still not fixed?

— Well, I don't know exactly, but remember that the women lived roughly with 5 years longer than the men, or even more.

— A-ah, you see? And on the other hand they create ova till the middle of their life, i.e. when they lived by 80 years this was approximately 40, and now is to 50, and then comes the critical age, the climax, after which the woman ceases to be woman in regard of the reproduction. Now from every woman are taken periodically by some ova until is reached the necessary number of 10 for the genetic banks, unless she prefers to cut out one her ovary and produce them in artificial conditions. So *after* this time, or without ovaries, the woman comes very close to the man in her rationality, but this happens then, when she, factually, is no more a woman. While the man functions like such till the very 80, although pretty rare, you understand? But he is *less* endurable, because he spends himself stronger. And his metabolism is less effective. And so on.

— So-o. Hence I am neither to be glad that am a boy, nor to regret about, right?

— Exactly. Everybody has his level of difference. And all the differences between various people, taken together, make the society. Homo rationalis is for reasonable manifestation of the differences, not for their elimination. But, do you know, I think to send you to one friend of Margit, he was called Seymour. He was a Candidate and maybe it will be interesting for you to talk with him about various things. About Ancient Greece, for example, and about what you want. You have no objections, ah?

— O-oh, with big pleasure, dad. But let me tell you ciao for the moment, because if you don't have lessons, then I have, after all. Right?

— Ciao, Platty.

\* \* \*

Somewhere after one sextet time, in the evening, Bilby has headed

for the "Bells" for the appointed meeting with Seymour. Because he was not yet allowed to drive personal car he used the communal transport, and also a short walk would have done him no harm. The apartment complex consisted of seven 10-storey buildings in form of enormous bells with transparent outer walls behind which were seen various plants. It was evident that these were some winter gardens, where each apartment has its own, and different in something from the others, garden. The middle of the bell was filled with various greenhouses, water pools, and other equipment, and the flats were on the periphery. The boy found the necessary apartment and rang. He was met at the door by about 40 years old man with shaggy hairs and not less shaggy vegetation on the face and was led to the drawing room before his garden, where were a few palm trees and other tropical plants, separated by a thin transparent partition from the corner where they went. The man showed the chair to the boy and began the conversation.

— Hence you are that Platon about whom Margit has talked to me. Glad to meet you.

— I am called, in fact, still Bilby, but after an year intend to name myself Platon, and my father has agreed to call me so now, but this isn't official.

— Well, the official is: year, month, day, and then the code of birthday, isn't it? But we have not gathered here to conduct official negotiations, right? I also have a number, but all call me Seymour — and he took out some bulky pipe, filled it and lit. A nice aroma spread in the room.

— My father drinks often various aromatic brandies, but does not smoke. And you smoke ...

— ... but don't drink. This is what you wanted to say? Well, I am not very fond of brandy, yet also drink occasionally something in the evenings. Some sort of whisky with the pipe will not do me any harm. And you chose what you want from the kitchen robot ... — but in this moment some noise was heard behind the partition and Bilby turned surprised to the internal window. The noise came somewhere from the palm trees and when he looked more attentively he found there a monkey, having stuck its head out behind the trunk.

— A-ah, I have forgotten to introduce you, Platon. This is Bambi, and there between the leaves is Bimbi. Bambi is the female and she, as it can be expected, is more inquisitive, so that she can't miss to cast a look at who has come there to visit.

— Bambi and Bimbi. Hmm, very interesting. Are they not afraid of me?

— The first 10 minutes, probably, but later become used to. I have called them so ... well, I don't know whether it is right to say this, but you are big boy, so that can explain it to you. The bubbling is sonorous and they got quickly used to it, and I distinguish them

by the middle letter. But when written! The Latin "i" is one such ... sticking out letter, don't you find so? And the letter "a" is ..., well, some hole. Like also the "o", yet it has not sounded good to me, and the "a" is also the most open vowel. So that the masculine monkey has an "i" (and read how in Latin, naturally) in the middle, while the feminine one has an "a" in the middle. And I'll tell you that it is not that this "i" meets rarely with the "a". Ha-ha. ... Hmm, so what is it about what you want to talk? I was told that you liked the Greece from that time. Is it so?

— But yes. Homeland of a bunch of philosophers and sciences. And the democracy. I mean in a pure form. Well, this was the cause while it did not stay for long and they changed it with the next tyranny, yet the idea is theirs. And their gods also were more interesting and like alive. Only that they fought all the time, but who did not fight in those times? They were very reasonable people, were they not?

— Well, the human being, generally, has always considered himself reasonable. Only that more often he just considered himself such, than was such. Even the bright people have long ago said that the homo sapiens is a being *capable* to reason, yet avoids to do this! Or rather: the human is a being that begins to think *after* he has used all unreasonable ways for reaching of the goal! Well, for so many millenniums we have already quite used them, so that we are just forced to be reasonable. A propos, do you know what mean these Latin words? I have in mind sapiens and ratio?

— Well, thinking, isn't it?

— Yes, yes. But I ask you in linguistic sense. Because every word has come from somewhere, sometimes from an usual imitation of natural sounds, and is related with other similar words in various languages. So that each word *means* something.

— A-ah, well, sapiens I don't know from where exactly comes but ratio is reasoning, thinking, right?

— More or less so, but then arises the question: what is this thinking and how the people in ancient times have imagined it to be? The sapiens is pretty old root, because in Turkish people speak about to *sapikasm* and *esaps*. But the first is something like guessing or understanding, and *esap* is a calculation. Yet the ratio is the same, because in Latin *ratio* means relation, quotient, proportion, dividing. But the dividing you know how is written —with a short line, i.e. something above and something below. Did you get it? In the same way like Bimbi and Bambi. So also the relation, between people, I mean, is again, in some sense: one above, and the other below. I beg you to excuse me, yet it is so. Only that I got distracted, because this led us aside of the calculations. So I had in mind that ratio is dividing. And dividing means reason, because in order to divide two numbers one needs to be pretty clever, right? It is so also

today, because there are not many people who can calculate good in their head, without calculator, and in Ancient Rome this was very difficult, for the reason that people used then Roman numerals! So that, to add two Roman numbers, this is more or less easy, but to divide them — well, this is quite difficult, and in ancient times this was able to do not more than one person to a thousand.

— Ah yes, this about dividing in Roman numerals I have never heard. Yet about the calculations, really, my father also often makes mistakes.

— So it is, people make errors, especially when they make approximate calculations, because even if they have learned the algorithm of calculation, the numbers for the majority of them are something strange and abstract. But they have good *ordering*. Yet let us return to the thinking. I don't believe that you know this but in Slavonic languages the thinking comes from ... the letter "m"! Is the letter "m" is the letter of thinking, or at least this is so in Ukrainian, where this letter is called "*mislite*", and the word "thought" is "*misl*". Something similar exists also in Greek word  $\mu\theta\omicron\sigma$ , what is our myth, only that there this is not the thought, i.e. the calculations, but the result of thinking, i.e. various talks and legends, contain this letter. And the point is not only in one letter but in the syllable "mi-". And from where has come this syllable, ah? Well, when one begins to think about something, what is that he usually says? Isn't it something like: "m-m", or "hmm", or "ahm" and the like? It is so, yes? Something similar one can find also in Russian word "*dumat*", what is to think (and "*duma*" is a word), which comes from the ... smoke, which is called "*dim*", i.e. something invisible, some spirit. And the Latin *spiritus*-spirit has given in French the known *la vie spirituelle*, or the spiritual life. The Russian (and Slavonic) spirit is "duh", what is the same *dim*-smoke, of course. Yet you don't think that this is only Slavonic, because the syllable "*dum-*" stays quite close to German *denken*, what has given the English "think".

— A-ah, this is extremely interesting. But this means that the former human (the sapience) and the contemporary (homo rationalis) do not differ much in their meaning, right?

— But yes, they are simply synonymous names, because the human being is still the same, and if you put him under some of the ancient living conditions then he will again *not* behave reasonable. ... Ah, now Bambi is here — said he and, really, the monkey has already sneaked through the opening to the room, and with two jumps has succeeded to place herself on his shoulders and to grasp him by the hairs. He reached back his arm and greeted her, after what she quietened on one of his shoulders. — But I am talking enough. Now tell me you something about this good old democracy, in order to see what you know.

— We-ell, in Ancient Athens was some Areopagus, which consisted

of 500 people chosen from 50 genders or *demes* by 10 persons. I am not convinced that these genders were correctly defined and maybe there were some frictions between them, but this was again better democracy than that from the end of the era of homo sapience. At least because in the antiquity were much less people and they have more or less known each other, so that were in condition to choose. There was some uniform distribution between them, and they did not represent only some party members, which were in the best case about 5-6% of the population. Everything was decided by the Areopagus: to whom to declare war, who to convict, what to plant in the fields, what to erect, and so on. We-ell, not that people have not made errors, because have succeeded to convict a certain Socrates to death, chiefly because he has taught the young people to believe in nothing and to doubt in everything, and this was not liked by the rulers. But there were no professional politicians and professional lawyers, because they were those who have messed the things, it seems to me. ... And the elections in the demes were often done via a lot, so that everybody had equal chances — something like in the contemporary Assembly of Representatives, and generally ...

— Well done, boy, you have caught quite important moments, but let us disentangle them a little, ah? Hence, when we will represent the population, then let us represent the people properly, right? And do you know how it is now?

— Well, now everything is clear and simple. The Government, i.e. the World Council, the Ministers and so on, are chosen top down and by corresponding professional circles of Selected. We-ell, not exactly top down, because ... well, I don't know precisely, but there are several circles of elections, where, say, 10,000 people chose 1,000, then they chose 100, something of the kind. But this is iterative election, isn't it? Id est everybody chooses persons who he (or she, of course) knows good, and can choose also himself, if he wants to participate in the governing. Yet as if the majority of Selected does not want to take part in the ruling, because they have more interesting tasks for thinking. However it is, this is in regard to the administrative part. And the democratic element is represented in the Assembly of Representatives, which consists of 1,000 persons chosen nearly like in Ancient Greece. Well, I have again put it not aptly, because in the antiquity the women and the slaves have had no rights to choose, and also not in every gender was applied arbitrary choice, but something similar. Though I have not yet studied probabilities, so that don't know exactly.

— Well, I will explain it to you in broad outlines. This is like casting of a die. If we speak about usual arbitrary choice, this means an  $n$ -sided die, where if the people are 100 millions, for example, then also the die has to have 100 mln facets. Can you imagine such a die, ah? Well, it doesn't matter, I ask just so — to stir a bit your

imagination. Only that the current choice is not simply arbitrary but is called *multi-parametric random choice*, what means that in this Assembly exist as percentage as many representatives of various circles of population, as there exist in the entire world. For example, the half of them are men, and half are women; 300 and something are from the yellow race, I don't know how many are from the black one, and respectively from the white, one of them is from the Selected, because the proportion is approximately 1:1,000; there might be also one Candidate; there are, as an example, 215 persons who are counted for friends of the animals, like also me — I have checked this exactly out of pure curiosity —; there exists also corresponding age distribution in the limits from 25 to 75 years; and so on. This is arbitrary, yet in the same time also quite exact, i.e. more exact than the pure arbitrary distribution, because the algorithm is such that it *adjusts* the numbers. But these people don't rule, they only estimate! And they change every year. And so is also in the Courts, which still exist, because we can't shift everything to the computers. But the last instance always is the entire population, because there are no problems for such voting. So that this is democracy, exactly in the sense of the demos or the people, not of some deformed partocracy, as you have marked this. And do you know why earlier it was different?

— Maybe because the party members have penetrated everywhere and didn't want to let go of the power.

— Exactly. They have cheated the people that it is impossible without them and the former believed in them and idolized them. The ancient parties were not like these from, say, 19th century and further, because there the personality, i.e. some aristocrat, has made the party and in this, still, was a reason, at least in order to divide the people in several camps. But the later parties were built around some platforms, which as if were bound to represent the interests of the people, yet they represented, predominantly, the interests of the very politicians. Similarly also with the jurists. They have penetrated every activity, using the fact that people simply *wanted* to sue one another. People litigate and the lawyers stuff their pockets. What better than this? And the very jurisprudence was rotten in its core, for the simple reason that it was done for money, i.e. was not impartial and objective, but as possibly subjective or *money-tive*! You have to know that people from the recent past have continued to picture the goddess Themis blindfolded, though nowhere in the world the judges have worn masks on their faces, have they? Not to mention the lawyers. On the contrary, they insisted that was known who were they and that the people knew them, while in the same time they judged not according to their *own* conscience, but in accordance with some laws. Well, the reason requires that was judged either according to your personal view, or else according to

established before the suit typical situations fixed in the laws, yet then are necessary not judges but simply some guards or *ushers*, for whom is not at all necessary to be known who are they, neither this is some honorary title. A propos, do you know now from where comes the word minister, ah?

— Eh, I don't know exactly but he must, after all, be an important person.

— So there is the point that this is *not* so! And this was clear also to the ancient Romans, because ..., well, you just try to parse the word "minister"!

— We-ell ..., yes, surely, he can't be a big person, because "mini" means small! But then why the Latins have called them so, ah, Seymour?

— Just because they have not wanted that the ministers became conceited, and that the latter were aware that the minister is "a little man in a big organization" — in the state. But when there were advantages then the man at once "grew" bigger. It can't be said that there don't exist similar moments also today, yet by such big amount of computerized systems he (or she) is, in many cases, only formally appointed person.

— Something like the work of my father, isn't it?

— A-ah, you have grasped this, too, yes? Well done, Platty. Now, surely, this is a sort of delusion, but there is nothing to be done, when the people *want* to be deluded, to such extent that, if there is nobody to delude them, they alone begin to delude themselves and believe in this. Do you know, the ancient Romans have formulated an interesting phrase: "*Mundus vult decipi*", what means literally that "The world wants to be deluded". And when it wants then why not to offer this to the people, right? For this reason were invented also the religions, and later the mass-media. But we even today also delude us, because, up to some extent, the art is also some fiction, i.e. it is not the actual reality. Yet, you see, bad is not the very lie, bad is in which *interest* it works. But this is another question. ... So let us return to the justice and the democratic element in it. When the belonging to some typical situation have to be established by representatives of the people, then they have to be arbitrary representatives of them, when we can't gather together the whole population. And earlier, even when in some countries were present Court Assessors, they had to be exactly 12 and they were obliged to take unanimous decision. But what normal person makes a commission of even number of persons in it and requires that all thought identically? This was pure demagoguery and arising of dictatorial element in a democratic structure, what unavoidably has led to distortion of the decision.

— Of course. I have felt something similar, and that is why I prefer Ancient Greece before Rome, yet was not able to explain this

more precisely. But then it turns out that Roman legislative tradition, probably, has messed up the world for at least 20 centuries after this, yes? Because I see the reasons why has become necessary to make laws in advance — i.e. to judge *before* the actual case in view of the objectivity — but this objectivity has not at all existed, at least between the lawyers, who were entirely biased. But it has not existed also between the judges, for the reason that they were chosen by the parties, i.e. again by some parts, and all have known them, so that it was elementary to bribe them, or, at least, to scare them. And how is the situation now, ah Seymour?

— Well, even now not everything is ideal, but is at least reasonable, i.e. the judges are anonymous — when it comes to judges-humans, of course — and the Court Assessors are arbitrary chosen and also unknown. Yet usually, I think, in at least 90% of cases, the conflicts are solved by computerized systems. And when there is no private property — in this sense in which it was earlier, because I have my car and the flat, yet everyone has such things — and when there is no ancestral or tribal interests, because the children are begot arbitrarily, then there is not much about what one can sue. Generally, the today's centralized democracy, or as we call it also *reasonocracy*, is one good balance between the dictatorial and democratic stiles of government, where are used only the positive elements from those both extremities. In a society is impossible to do without compulsion, so that we have also today: a Government, World Army, which is based chiefly on some planets, robotized Police or Robicia, justice and punitive organs, and other centralized structures. But we have also democratic ones, because, like also your namesake has grasped: there is no algorithm according to which one can find what is good and what is bad! Though, naturally, without artificial intelligence, presented in the robots, in information and management systems, in knowledge bases at cetera, we wouldn't have been able to manage, due to the fact that, how people already at the dawn of computers have marked: the weakest link in the system human-machine is the human! The weakest but also the most adaptive one! In some sense here also can be drawn a parallel with the natural situation between sexes. The man is the weakest sex, but he is the most adaptive, creative, fighting, and so on, while the woman is the enduring and hardworking, but also conservative sex. Well, here can be said that the mankind as a whole is of masculine gender, with its advantages and disadvantages, where the machines are of feminine gender, again with their pluses and minuses. ... But let us now take in focus one such question, which is related with the phenomenon of democracy: how is it that the democratic choice from below is bad, because you have said that people have to know each other et cetera, and in the same time this choice has fulfilled its purpose a lot of centuries?

— Well, I have thought about this and it is clear to me that the choice from below is, how it was said, incompetent, but it, really, has done a good job. A-ah, this is what you ask me: how is it possible that one thing is both, bad and good, i.e. that the choice was unreasonable, but also reasonable, ah?

— Exactly. *Id est*: what in it is good and what is bad?

— Well, the bad thing is the choice, and the good is ... again the choice! What a situation!

— Paradoxical situation, yes! Only that let us now, instead of the democratic choice, choose from a basket with apples. Is this possible?

— No problems. Hence I have a basket with some apples. And later?

— Then we ask ourselves: can we not knowing what kind of apple we are searching, or even looking for the most unripe one, and in spite of this, when we take the most unripe apple, it will again prove to be a good one? *Id est* when this could be possible, if it is possible at all? Is it clear to you?

— A-ah, ... but of course, when *all* the apples are good! Simply stunning! Bu-t, if so then this is no choice at all! Well, naturally, exactly so. This is not a choice but some demagogy, yet such is the democratic choice, right? Because ... each party has practically equivalent candidates. ... And they have changed the parties like neckties, ah? Not because they were good or bad, but simply for a change.

— Right, Platty. *The choice is stupid*, but the very *procedure* of choice was liked by the people! Well, I can't miss to praise you, boy. There clicks something in your head, I'll tell you! So let me also add something now. Such solution, which is trivial and exists always, is not interesting to search, yet it, still, *is* a solution and in some cases can turn to be very useful. Such solution is accepted to be called zero one, where the name comes from the mathematics, where every homogenous system of linear equations has always solution when all the unknown variables are equal to zero. But maybe you still don't know what is this a system of equations, yes?

— About systems I have not yet learned, But what is this an equation I know, naturally.

— Well, I will explain it popularly to you. This isn't a difficult thing. A system of equations these are several equations, which, though, have also several unknown variables. Usually there are as many equations as many are the variables, and then the systems are well defined or determined, but when the equations are more than the variables they are called overdetermined, and if they are less they are underdetermined. Linear equations (or systems) we have when the variables in them are only of first power, and they are homogeneous when on the right of the equations we have zeroes

(i.e. there are no constants or free terms). Something like:  $5*x + 7*y = 0$  and then  $2*x - 3*y = 0$ . It is clear that if  $x$  and  $y$  are equal to zero, then for each equation we get  $0=0$ , right? ... Well, so it is also with the democratic choice from the past. Solution always exists, i.e. you choose an *arbitrary* party, but this is not interesting solution of the task for finding of the best party. Yet this *is* a solution, and it can do a good job when there are not big differences between the parties. And really, in the democratic elections exists this moment, that exactly when the platforms of the parties do *not* differ much, then this choice turns to be good and the democracy works well, while if the parties are quite different in their platforms, the things begin to slide and arise various disorders, revolutions, and so on. But for the people the elections were an interesting game, where they have even put money on those who will win. Exactly as if the politicians were racing horses. Generally, if you ask me, to be an eminent politician or statesman in those times have had to be an *insulting* name, yet the people were proud with this, because they were not reasonable beings. Isn't it so?

— Yeah, surely, there is nothing to be proud of, unless with this, that you have cheated your neighbour. But this meaningless decision turned to be also incredibly reasonable, because it has given pleasure to the people. But this is really brilliant, ah?

— No doubt that this is brilliant. Only that it is not for reasonable people! The people, you see, thought that when they have the right to choose then this changed something. But this changed nothing, because they, anyway, were not in position to make the right choice. Yet it kept in obedience! Because, after they were asked and they have answered, then, hence, from that moment on, only they were guilty if something was not as it would have been. In other words, the democracy was the best *baby pacifier* for the mouth of populace — because it, both, preserved the system of ruling, and kept the people in obedience! But the reasonable person obeys to reasonable things just because they are *reasonable*! Then also this was not pure democracy for many of centuries, because there were: President, Ministers, marital laws, Police, and so on, so that the people have not ruled. They only changed easy some incapable persons with other similar and reveled in their power. — ... In this moment also Bimbi spun around Seymour and both monkeys began to pull him from this and from that side and show discontent in their own language.

— They are displeased that we talk much but it has already come time for their dinner. Yet it has come also for us, isn't it? Well, I have prepared nothing special, but let us move near to the table and you choose what you want — said the man and placed himself at the nearby dining table where typed something on the console. After a pair of minutes appeared the kitchen robot with the trolley with food and the monkeys grasped at once by some bananas from one

bowl, because, apparently, knew that they were for them. Seymour slapped them slightly on the back and they headed for one of the corners, where was a small table with low stools. This, probably, was their place for eating.

— The bananas are local productions of the Bell and are absolutely fresh, so that are good also for us later. Well, let us reinforce a little also our bodies, Platty — and both ate silently for some time. After this the boy said.

— How nice is it that we live in the era of HR. I just don't know what would have done if they have made me some 3-4 centuries earlier. Or even more centuries. I would have been, maybe, like the bugs. They scurry here and there, but don't know why they do this. Entirely meaningless. And now the reason rules everywhere. And even if not everywhere, then we will force it to expand more its activity. The reason is our God, ah Seymour?

— Yeah, the reason is our God and this is good. Only that, do you know, I will answer you in this way, in which already in ancient Greece, and maybe even earlier, have answered in such cases: too good isn't good! Or, if you want, that maybe the bugs are better than us, because they have no intellect and don't know what is meaningful and what not. Have you heard something about the fable of paradise apple?

— But yes. There was one God, I think Hebrew one, who as if had made the Earth, and the grass, and the birds, and the people, only that they were just two, and were called, how was it, ah, Adam and Eve. So they have lived in one beautiful garden named Paradise and enjoyed the world, for it was God's creation. Yet in this garden was one tree from which God has forbidden them to eat fruits. But later appeared one serpent and he deceived Eve to try the fruits, and then she fooled also Adam, and then they began ... well, various sexual exercises. Yet our God became then extremely angry and expelled them from the Paradise and they descended to Earth and began to suffer to live, like earlier all people have suffered.

— Yes, yes, only that the thing was not at all in the sex, but in the reason! Do you understand, this tree was called Tree of Knowledge, not of Sex, right? So that much reason turned to be not good. At least according to the views of ancient people.

— OK, only that this was long before HR. So that it isn't valid today.

— You see, I don't want to disappoint you, but it is still in force, I'll tell you. Because ... well, you now imagine yourself one staircase. But very long. Let us call it Staircase of Reason. And you begin to ascend it. You go up, and what then?

— Well, you rest a little then again continue to ascend further.

— So, and later?

— Then again the same thing, yes?

- And how long?
- Well, probably always — answered the boy satisfied.
- Always or all the time is pretty capricious concept. It presupposes that this staircase is infinitely long, does it not? And infinitely is idealized notion. It is not from the real world, because one thing can't *all the time* grow, or all the time shrink. Though there exists one possibility that a certain real figure allows to move all time on it and always in one and the same direction, right? What is this figure?
- A-ah, you are speaking about the circle, yes?
- Yes. About the circle or the closed contour. But it is better to say cycle, what now is not only geometrical notion. So well, the main property of the cycle is that, moving always in one and the same direction, after some time we return again there, from where we have started. Only some cycle can ensure us the perpetual or endless thing in one limited world, boy. And I beg you to excuse me for my sexual digressions, but on this is based also the sex of the higher mammals. Of Bimbi and Bambi, for example. For one thing this is reciprocating motion, i.e. the movement of the piston, what is "flattened circle", isn't it? And for another thing, this is the interruption of action, what is returning in the time to the initial point. So it happens that we have cycles in the space and in the time! Without cycle there would have been only some destructive blast.
- I think ... — voiced confused the boy, — that in the sex, after all, exists a blast, and in spite of this, this is a stable cycle, as you said. Isn't this some contradiction?
- Only superficially, Platty, because the "blast" is simply one of the *states* of the cycle — the upper dead point, let us name it so —, not some destructive blast that breaks the cycle. Bimbi and Bambi break nothing in themselves, because God has taken the necessary measures. So, and now remember that our staircase, which, hence, must be closed in a circle, was the Staircase of Reason.
- We-ell, then it will turn out that after the much reason we will come back to where we have started. To the amoeba. But this is horrible!
- Well, exactly horrible I wouldn't have said, because this, what is natural, must not be observed from positions of emotions. Such approach is not reasonable.
- And what is then reasonable? To become again amoebas?
- Maybe even earlier. To return to this, what the ancient Greeks have called chaos, and they have called it so, because the word has come from the shorter "ha", written in Greek as χα — and he wrote with finger the letters on the table — what meant to: yawn, eat, open the mouth. Now, try to say "ha", when you swallow your morsel.
- "Ha". Ha-ha. But of course. This is an yawn. Hence the chaos was named so because it has eaten everything, yes?
- Yes, the chaos was one "big mouth". Will we reach to the chaos,

or not, is a question of the concrete situation, but some "eating up" of already achieved is always necessary, if we want that there was an incessant movement.

— Bu-ut, what is then the meaning to be reasonable, in order that later again return to the amoebas? I don't somehow understand this.

— Ah, so you also were caught on the hook! What is the meaning, you say? There is no one in our world, who was not caught on the hook about the meaning, with the exception of some pretty narrow-minded persons, who are not able at all to ask themselves questions. But, after all, people live, and this does not hinder them, right? Hence, and that is why I have led you to this thought, this question must just *not be asked!* In the sense that the more elementary people, no matter that we are living in HR era, simply accept that there is no sense to ask the question about the sense, or that the sense is in this, that here was not sense. Am I clear now?

— We-ell, I understand every word, but this does not mean that I can grasp the things.

— The question about the meaning, boy, is one of the main causes for the invention of various gods, who for that reason are gods, because they know the meaning of everything, but say nothing to us because we, anyway, will not understand it. And with this the question is finished. Though, if you want, we can approach this issue otherwise. As it is called: *ad absurdum*, or supposing the contrary. If there was meaning of the live, then, with or without the reason, we would have sometime grasped it, wouldn't we? And when we understand it then what will we do further? Or, OK, let we find what to do, but from *that* moment on the live will *again* have no meaning for us, i.e. it would have no other meaning, which we did not know. Hence, if we take that a meaning exists, then sooner or later we will face the situation that there is no meaning, what contradicts to our hypothesis! While if take that there is no meaning, then there is nothing bad in this, and it is even very good, because then we can *for ever* search this meaning, i.e. we will have what to do, and can be sure that will never find it, because there is simply no meaning of life!

— Astonishing! Hence the meaning is that there was no meaning, and the reason exists for to lead to this, that there was no reason. ... Only that I somehow don't understand this.

— You don't *accept* this, not that you don't understand it. And when one does not accept something then what he, most often, does? But he deludes himself, of course. This is his (or her) *right* and nobody can take it away from him. Besides, we are speaking about things terrifyingly remote in the time, so that they have no meaning at all in our life. Where reason ... Well, you do tell me how many reasonable beings we have met till now in the Universe.

— A-ah, there are much talks about this, but as if till now not a

single one.

— Exactly. I don't want to say, that there is impossible to exist intellect somewhere in another place, but this is such rarity, that we can quietly take it for exception in the evolution. In other words, we can say that the intellect is a kind of *error* of the nature. Do you like this definition?

— M-m, I wouldn't have said that I like it, yet it seems probable. But then why we want so much to be reasonable, and are even proud with this?

— A very good question! The simplest answer is that we are just *forced* to be reasonable, if we want to survive! The reason requires the applying of reason, but how long this will be so, nobody can tell, and there is also no sense to trouble us with this, because we can do nothing. You see, there is possible that will arise some internal frictions and tendencies, so that ... you better tell me what you are watching most often on the stereovision?

— Well, chiefly films about nature, about birds, about history in old times. Also sporting events and competitions. Ah, also all sorts of adventure fictions and actions, but they are all old.

— So, and have you put yourself the question why only old, and there are not good new?

— Oh, no. ... Maybe this is not taken to be reasonable.

— Rather maybe because they are not able to make good new ones. Because, you see, the contradictions in our life have strongly decreased. And from here have decreased also the emotions, but they are necessary for the people. Our life has become significantly more dull than earlier. Very quiet, nice, merry, and so on, but also boring.

— Well, to me it is not at all dull! I even wonder what to learn first and have always not enough time.

— To you yes. Because you are still very young and have to learn so many things in life. But after 20-30 years, maybe, you will not think so. Well, if you become like me, or from the Selected, then you will have a heap of things about which to think, will create, not only "work", but these people are very few. And the others are simply bored by the life. For this reason we sometimes invent some things to which people aim, although this is only delusion, like the work in automated factories, for example. Because of this also the percentage of Selected is so low, and the majority of people are not such. We, you see, don't hurry to put only on the intellect. Or, expressing this otherwise, now we all are far more intelligent than earlier, but the real intellect, in proportion to the whole society, is again so little, as it was in the times of Adam, maybe. Because it is a kind of error, right? If the errors become too many, if they become a rule, then we will probably very fast come to some explosion. This was known from quite ancient times and because of this people, after

the debunking of gods and religions, quite naturally have come upon the propaganda and the mass-media as the best way for maintaining of *low* intellectual level of the population! It was necessary then, like it is necessary also today. ...

And we must also not forget the stable system, about which we have already spoken, i.e. the "Bimbi-Bambi system". It is not at all reasonable, yet it is quite reasonable to preserve it, right? Well, also the sport, as far as there are many unknowns, is also reasonable to preserve. This, what can not be known in advance, will never bore the people. Even can be said that the fixing of final life extension to 100 years has strongly reduced the happiness of the individual, but is it better to leave somebody to die because he has cut his finger, how it was for many millenniums, or to become to such extent "people" that to begin anew to kill ourselves and to outsmart one another. But, maybe, was necessary to leave also some arbitrary element, some lot, yet it is possible that we were led into error by the saying that if one knows when will die he will dig alone his grave, although this is another theme. So that the reason, surely, is a good thing, our salvation lies in it, yet to overdo the things in this regard is not recommendable. M-m, ye-es. ... Ah, it has already gone over 9:50. That your father will not whack you at home, ah? You excuse me, but it is time for you to leave. Well, I will call a taxi, because have kept you quite long, yet what to do, when also for me was interesting to talk with you — and he typed the necessary on the console and went away from the table.

— It was terribly interesting for me, Seymour. Perhaps it will be possible to see you another time, ah?

— But of course, Platty. We are already acquainted, so that you simply ring me when you want to talk again. Goodbye now.

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The boy was long ago at home and went to bed, yet in his head everything was so messed, that the sleep did not come like usually. After some time he began to fall in slumber and before his mind's eye appeared some staircase. It was infinitely long and on each of its steps with large letters was written "REASON" and an arrow above. On the staircase were crawling all sorts of animals and small insects, yet who knows why the amoebas were as big as the elephants. There were also many humans, where some of them carried signs with inscriptions: "Homo Neanderthalis", "Homo Fabricius", "Homo Batalis", "Homo Irrationalis", "Homo Sapience", "Homo Rationalis", "Homo Sexualis", and so on. Then at once the staircase became empty. Although, when he peered better, Bilby saw there Bimbi and Bambi. They have just stopped for a while on one step and Bimbi showed to Bambi his "i", and Bambi compared it with her "a" and nodded with her head. Then they began one reciprocating cycle, that

moved both, in the time and in the space, yet always returned on the same place, and Bimbi explained:

— You see, Bambi, the important thing is that there existed movement. Without movement there is no cycle, without cycle is no eternity, and without eternity there is no life. So that the meaning is that there was a cycle, because otherwise there is no meaning, and if we assume that there is a meaning, then it will turn out that there is no meaning. But if we assume that there is no meaning, then there will remain only the cycle, because there is a meaning in it. Do you understand, Bambi?

— Yeah, Bimbi. I like very much this cycle, in which there is no meaning. Let us make one more little cycle, Bimbi.

— Look now, Bambi. We have to move up the stair, because this is part of the cycle, so that let us move to the next step — and they went to the upper step, where made one little cycle, in which there was a blast, yet it did not destroy the staircase. Then Bimbi continued: — The important thing, Bambi, is that there were stops, because otherwise we will not be able to return in the time and then the cycle will not close. But we must not forget also about the movement — and they advanced to the next step, where Bambi proposed to make again one movement, which has to close the cycle. After they made it, they moved to the next step and Bimbi explained that sometimes the cycle may be flattened and then it becomes a piston, to what Bambi remarked that she likes very much piston-like cycles and expressed a wish to stop and have a better look at the piston. After finishing also with this cycle they moved to the next step, where Bimbi clarified that they are moving on the Staircase of Reason, which is characterized with this, that when they reach the highest reason, they will happen to be again in the beginning, to what Bambi answered:

— Oh, Bimbi, I just love this about the beginning. Let us begin again from the very beginning — and they began again from the beginning, what did not destroy the cycle, because in a cycle there is neither beginning nor end, but ... somewhere about this time Bilby succeeded at last to fall in deep sleep and without dreams.

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