



M. V. Golitsyna

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Synergetic novel

**FOR THE LORD,
AND OUR PARENTS!**

My Creator!

Beloved Archangel Raphael and angels of healing,
thank You four times for everything You have done, You are doing or planning to do, and will do
for my family, friends, people I know, and me!

In the name of my Mighty I AM Presence, I call to beloved Archangels and their legions of light,
I call to beloved Archangel Raphael and angels of emerald green color!

I ask You to cover my family, friends, people I know, and me
with Your precious emerald green magic healing blanket, and help us get asleep easily and fast,
so that we may enjoy a wonderful, comforting, restful, and sound night's sleep
until the morning comes.

While sleeping, please, cure our bodies, souls, minds, and spirits,
so that in the morning we could wake up young, healthy, good-looking, and fertile!
And so that we had enough determination, strength, energy, and enthusiasm
To make our positive dreams come true!

Please, let my plea be amplified and used for the benefit of my and all other souls
in need of this in our Universe right now!

And let it be done that good or even better according to God's Holy Will!

*Prayer of the Aquarius Age
(before going to bed)*

II level of consciousness (feelings):

Vinci ...

How unusual to find myself in this small town among the hills, vineyards, olive groves, and their great past... One even shouldn't screw up the eyes to see Leonardo wandering down these steeply climbing streets cobbled with paving stones... Down these red-hot, under the scorching heat of the sun, marble slabs polished by bare feet of the numerous generations before... A hoary-headed shriveled old man... A Sage...

III level of consciousness (thoughts):

Well, but he was just born here... Maybe, at most, spent also his early childhood... But then followed Florence, Milan, and Rome... I guess, he traveled a lot... and even died in France, in Clos Lucé, and his close friend Francis I, The King of France, held Leonardo's head in his arms as he died... and on his tombstone board in the royal Château d'Amboise there's an inscription... which runs somewhat.., "under this stone"... a great painter, engineer, and architect of the French kingdom... This is "c'est la vie"!

And how old was he when he died? If he was born in 1452, and died in 1519... So... it makes 67...

II level of consciousness (feelings):

Is it what you call 'old man'?!...

III level of consciousness (thoughts):

But I always thought that in this trio of Geniuses (Raphael, Michelangelo, and Leonardo) he was the oldest... Though it's amusing, in 1500 he was 48; Rafael - 17; and Michelangelo - 25...

In fact, I was right - at the beginning of the century, he was the oldest of them... Only Rafael lived 37 years, Michelangelo - 89 ... It is believed that the most gifted of them was the youngest, i. e. Rafael... Leonardo thought that only Michelangelo had surpassed him... in painting... But he really was a genius of the High Renaissance - with his discoveries in medicine, anatomy, plus a whole bunch of all sorts of inventions from the parachute, the bicycle, and the telescope to the aircraft and the light portable bridge for the army... And all this with his education in liberal arts...

II level of consciousness (feelings):

How small are the cars parked right here, on the slope... and standing so close, as if pushing each other... And the slope is far from being low... the street goes up at the angle, say, 60 degrees! How is it possible to park a car at such an angle and squeeze it into such a narrow slit?! I wouldn't be able not only to park my AUDI here, but even despite QUATTRO, could not even climb up here... Even just to stand here... better on all my fours... And it's also 'high art'! The location itself looks specific... must be of genius... this Vinci...

III level of consciousness (thoughts):

If I didn't show up here, I would not find out why Leonardo didn't have a surname. I actually thought it was his nickname... Like, just call me... *Ilyich* (like Lenin, instead of the whole... Leonid *Ilyich* Brezhnev)... As it turns out, born out of wedlock were not allowed to get family names... and, therefore, he was *Leonardo di ser Piero da Vinci*... Leonardo, an illegitimate son of Mr. Piero from Vinci ...

Quite surprisingly.., where are all these countless hordes of tourists and pilgrims to this tiny, in size, but huge, in meaning, place...? I feel like saying, "Do not touch!" *Le mani non toccare!*..

It is definitely clear, that all these old men and cooing over couples at tables along the maze of these narrow streets, not only drink the local wine, but are themselves also locally bottled... I wonder, what they are drinking? Leonardo preferred *Vernace* to the rest of Tuscan wines... Звняйте, тату, actually I prefer French, and even red... Bordeaux like...

I level of consciousness (emotions):

My dear, how much I want coffee!!!

III level of consciousness (thoughts):

Regular '*caffè Americano*'! Not '*marocchino, shakerato, cortado, vesuviano, caffè alla nocciola*' or the type... Or some other cult drink of Capuchin monks in their dark cassocks with light hoods... In short, *cappuccino*...

And, please, without the running Italian joke, "Do you like your coffee without sugar? Right! Your life looks so sweet even without..." – *Americano, please*... (And "how do the African names happen in Russian Voronezh" ..? And «fish and chips» are in Avignon... - I do remember!)

And I'll order like, «Two cups of Americano, please..., one on the table and one on the wall...»
- let someone enjoy, too!

IV level of consciousness (karma):

Oh, such a tiny nice cup! So exquisitely graceful and delicate... As in my childhood, in the cupboard of Maria Solomonovna... A very slender stem with the bud blossoming into a cup...

I:

I would be so happy to have coffee in it...

III:

But, firstly, it is for tea... And, secondly, it is antique... and, moreover, the shop is closed. But even if it were open? So, what?! - But this is not a necklace from an Italian corpse onto my Russian neck! And it's not that I am so squeamish! It's... it's... it's just dignity... I don't need something that used to belong to someone else... With someone's aura and karma!

And what kind of a crowd is approaching me? Well, not me... the boutique... And how handsome they are all... "... All are handsome, young, and sporty, giants of equal, all - select, and with them... their Master Chernomor, who was better of them all..." Yes! And the Master is better than all of them!

II:

How do I know him?! I just can't!

A young girl... Is he for real?! Ironic or just doesn't speak fluent Italian?! Your parents were still looking for you in the cabbage patch when...

IV:

- ... Master., Maestro Verrocchio, I was told that you wanted to see me...

- Leonardo, may I trust that *Your Grace* will accept our conversation in the spirit, in which it is offered; and if *Your Lordship* will deign to peruse it, You will recognize in it my ardent desire that You may attain to that grandeur, which fortune and Your own merits presage for You...

And should *Your Highness* gaze down from the summit of *Your Eminence* towards this humble spot, where I find myself, You will recognize the constant, great, and unmerited sufferings inflicted on me by a cruel fate because of Your

- Buon giorno, signorina.

destruction of all familiar foundations, even the most humane and inner necessary...

In my desire to offer *Your Lordship* some humble testimony of my devotion, I have been unable to find among my possessions anything, which I hold so dear, or esteem so highly, as that knowledge of my in regard to sculpture, painting, and decorating and staging spectacles skills acquired through a constant study of the past and a long experience in matters of organizing modern public and court festivities... Having put much time and diligence to thinking about what I had found to learn, I realized that could not offer You a greater gift than that of enabling You to understand in the shortest possible time all those things, which I have learnt through danger and suffering in the course of many years...

Nevertheless, You have deigned to neglect all these... You have jeopardized not only me... You throw a shadow over the School...

Yes, You have exceeded all my expectations, You have become successfully better than all others... and Botticelli, and Perugino, and Lorenzo di Credi, and Francesco di Simone Ferrucci... in the mind, talent, the breadth of knowledge... You surpassed me, Your teacher... Since then, as You painted *The Angel*... I no longer take up the brush...

Yes, You have connections, and not just because of me... But even higher, thanks to your grandfather and your father - my old friend... However, all this does not give Your Lordship the right to deviate from the good and to use this skill depending on need! You make a mistake deserving of great blame!

I am soon to depart for Venice to work on the equestrian statue of condottiere Bartolomeo Colleoni...

- Does this presuppose that You do not need my services further?!

- Yes, sir, you heard me right! So, I will not trespass on Your time and attention further...

- I do not dare to encumber Your life with my presence any more, too... In the meantime, please accept the assurance of my highest consideration, Maestro!

III:

- Buon giorno.
- Come va?
- Non c'è male.
- Scusi un attimo! Io vorrei andare al Casa Natale di Leonardo da Vinci in Anchiano. Sa bisogna prendere?

- Mi spiace, sono anch'io un turista, ma ho una guida. Posso controllare, se desidera.

- Volentieri, grazie!

- Non c'è di che! Pure io ho un po' di problem in Toscana.

No, if he is not Italian (but he does look exactly unlike...), his Italian is much better than mine.

Although to the House of Leonardo one can get easily from here even without a guide or vade mecum...

What beautiful hands he has... exactly like the hands I paint in my canvases... Like Jesus's...

- Lei di dov'è?

- Cosa ne pensi?

Where am I from? And maybe "you even need the keys to the apartment with money"...

My favorite avoiding response of a "starting teacher", "What do *you* think?"

Well, the right excuse with government leaders is, "It concerns our national interests"; the excuse with artists - "That's how I see!", and with a new lecturer it is exactly like this...

- Är du från Sverige?

- Varför? Ser jag ut som Karlsson?

- Du ser ut som en svensk.

- Nej, det är jag inte.

I'm... Swedish?!

How beautiful his Swedish is! A Swede?! - No... He doesn't show this shyness of a Swedish macho man...

- Peut-être que mademoiselle de Paris?

- Plus chaud, mais encore très loin de la vérité...

What French pronunciation! Oh là là!
But he definitely isn't a French snob!

- Oder vielleicht das Fräulein aus Bonn oder Wien?

- Wieder einmal hast du nicht erraten haben, mein Herr ...

German?! No way, doesn't look like *Hans*?!

- A może pani Polak?

- Ciepłe ... Jeden z moich babć była polska dziewczyna, ale polska dziewczyna, nie czuję się...

Pole?!... And what would my Granny say...

- English?

- Do I also look like one?

- You do speak like one!

- But it might be my profession.

- Is it?

- To a certain extent, yes...

- By the amount of languages you speak... you are a linguist, for sure!

- Are you?! You speak same languages...

- To a certain extent, yes... I travel a lot.

And, certainly, not English: too liberated, too free from restraints and inhibitions...

American? Texas Ranger? - No... Too refined... It comes to the mind, as once Oscar Wilde argued with an American, whose imagination

- So do I!

was richer, his or the American's... The American started ...

- An American gentleman...

- Hold on, - stopped him Wilde – you win...

His companions for a long time keep silence listening to us...

But his motley company really looks like Americans... Maybe, they're just from different countries? Arrived at a symposium? To the Leonardo's village?! – But it might be their cultural program... By the way, how many of them? 1.2.3... 11! Chernomor is the 12th! Just the right format for my intensive teaching English course, and I can easily keep track of all of them together, as well as, individually...

-そして、あなた日本人できますか？

-まあ、少なくとも日本人の女の子に、私は好きではないのですか？

- 日本人女性のブロンドは、私が会ったが、すべて同じことが彼らは異なっている。

Well, thank you... at least for not taking me for a Japanese...

- Belki bir Türk vardır?

- Evet, Türkçe konuşan, ama ben Türk değilim.

"Lassie, you are a mulatto, my lucky hit... White tits... ta-ta-ta... and black feet..."

- Võib-olla kallis prouake on eestlane?

- Äkki ... Kuigi mitte kaugel tõest ... Minu vanaisa oleks uhked. Kuigi ... ma ise ka ei tunne ennast 100% Eesti.

His Estonian is perfect... but, certainly, he can't be the one: too open...

Or, maybe, he served in the Estonian Army and learned there to pronounce "Give up the ship!" in Estonian?! Oh, God, I am so sorry... My dear Estonian Grandpa, you were fighting in the penal battalion during the World War II and returned home a rehabilitated Hero... with goodies for the then sole and beloved granddaughter – the German trophy – a flask of milk, and even a hunch of white loaf...

I am Russian.

"What a delight!"

How do you like such... a national patriot..!

I am happy that around me I always have *The International*... and nationality is only a bonus (like the cherry on top of the cake), the main thing should be human virtues... Nationality is not a reason to praise ourselves for and belittle others, and not the cause of division into friends

and foes, but... Spivakov is absolutely right saying., "People are shared by ignorance!" ...
It, probably, should be much fun for the Higher Powers to observe us and our "twists": in a past lifetime was Abbas or Ihtiyar, and in the present - Haim or Moishe., used to be an Arab, but now is a Jew, which is, in principle, the same., or even funnier... Someone was a fascist, now he is a Communist...

- That's incredible!

So, he has been fooling around... immediately understood who I am...
But... No one ever took me for Russian... Though, I don't mind... On the contrary... I am proud! *Russian* is not a nationality, it's a state of mind... Russians are those who are for the truth and justice, but not for the private ownership... As correctly put it the classics of Marxism-Leninism - Moses, Jesus and... Vladimir Putin...

Russian from where? From America...

- I am from the Soviet Union!

- How come?!

- Easy..., meaning that everything the best in me... raising, education, principles, philosophy... come from there...

- You mean a childhood with bright red Pioneer ties?

A strong and bold statement... Though not any more...

"And for this, that our homeland kicked us out, we disseminated it on the Earth!" And for this, that our homeland **ABANDONED** us...

However, I fully agree with the GDP ('The gross domestic product' in the Russian is *VVP valovoy vnutrenniy product*, i. e. **Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin**): "The one, who does not regret the collapse of the USSR, has no heart. And anyone, who wants to restore it in its former form, has no head. "

- Yeah... Pioneer ties, pioneer gatherings, rallies, and Gaidar (not Yegor, of course)...

...**"his firm word, and the unrevealed military secret"** and not a fucking mutation of genes in his granddaughter...

Instead of not giving power to idiots, scoundrels, traitors, and thieves, they destroyed the power itself, with all the ensuing consequences... And, by the way, who are **THEY..?!**

- That is... you are a passionate "putinets"?!

- Why not?! However, not everything is so simple... with my passion... When he showed up, I, basically, classified him as an "old soap scrap" (Pardon my French!) and one of "*Yeltsin and his gang's stooges*"... But now he is my Hero! And not just because of the Crimea... He is "the man

"Red Putilovets"?! – I *do* look like ...

Yeltsin... with him it's clear: if you are swart, get the power to live it up..! And... "*A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men*"?!

said – the man did" type! For all this time.., every day and every minute, he has been showing and proving - he is for The Truth and Justice... and this is the most essential in the Russian soul... When Gorbachev came to power, my father remained silent for a few months, observing him... And then he said, "People will be spitting on his grave!" But about Putin I can say that my children will be proud that we have lived with him at one time...

But with Obama it was exactly the opposite... His manners, charms.., even initially he was dressed up by Brooks Brothers... When he was rising to power, I read his program... and his "Dreams from my Father"... By the way, in this book, rather long before... he, to no purpose (?!), mentioned Ukraine and his trip there... and even then he had certain "inconsistencies" in his mind... Though, at that moment, it only surprised me a bit, and amused for a while... That is, he saw an old (war time or post-war) CD (civil defense) Poster, in which children were about to raise bright and beautiful toys lying around on the street... The Poster warned: these toys might be explosive! Children do not lift not belonging to you, and unfamiliar objects - it is hazardous! Obama's interpretation was as follows: these Russian monsters... don't spare even children resorting to such a sophisticated and barbaric method...

And what perverted mentality one should have to draw such a conclusion... Just feel like saying, "I considered you to be a scoundrel, but, as it turns out, you are just ignorant!"

While the rest of his narration was just "sugared strawberries with whipped cream"..!

And where is he now?! And what is he now..?! - He is a miserable guy, a complete jerk... His train has long gone, but he is still sweeping the platforms...

How do you like this Democrat... with a big capital "D"... and not for "dazzling", but for "defective"...? The world champion on the run from obstacles!

And let the "liberals" and other "democrats" continue moaning... and no matter for what reason... They always find a reason to be unhappy... They constantly find something that they lack... sausages or the freedom of speech... In essence, they are naughty children, who don't know how to think independently, how to analyze and, what is really important, how to do anything... They know many words, masterly use them to weave the semblance of erudition, but behind the stockade of their angry rhetoric they understand too little... Though they are very good at claiming and implanting discord and chaos... And God forbid something serious to be trusted to them... The horrors of the consequences of such trust enliven the history in plenty... It's absolutely the same as if to trust a monkey with a hand grenade... However, they have one advantage - they are sincere in their delusion... they do not have to play the hypocrite and to be two-faced, enough that they have one-eyed souls... And it's not that we are "putinoids", according to their phraseology; it's them, who are liberoids, or, even more precise, demonoids... And, by the way, it really captures the essence!

Yes, I remember...: raping someone with my opinions and views - it is... *il est de mauvais ton*... What would he think of me?! Though I believe that under conditions of dividing the world strictly into black and white, it is better to find out off-hand... Are we on the same side? - If not, why should I waste my precious time...

Your impeccable Russian puzzles me... CIA?! – How can they?!

And you.., are you also from the USSR?

- You may not believe it, but I do not know where I am from...

- That's exactly... WHY?

- As I can remember myself... I was 6 years old... But I was already wandering from place to place without any settled home... I lived on the street... So, I was a vagabond... of a sort... sometimes, as Mowgli, sleeping in caves...

- So... that is your very first recollection when you were 6-year old?

- No, the first one was much earlier... probably, when I first time got up in my crib (I don't know, at what age children usually do it)... I only remember... that the sun was shining brightly, my small cot was casting its bluish shadow on the wall, and my little hands...

And a blue thin (probably, batiste) shirt... Some lace... A polished... inlaid cabinet nearby... That's it!

- Is it?! So... You don't know your parents?

- No...

- But what country were you born to?

- I also don't know... I guess, that's what makes one a "citizen of the world"...

- But where and how did you learn Russian?

- Exactly when I was 6, I was hiking in the Baltics: Leningrad, Helsinki, Tallinn...

- But what about the borders?

- I was a smart and precocious guy.... Though I was also very lucky with people...

- And so... in the street you learned exquisite Russian?

- Exquisite... it is, undoubtedly, overdone! But thank you for the compliment...

- And other languages?

- The same. Perhaps I am gifted for languages.

- And how many languages do you know?

- I, actually, did not calculate, but probably somewhere around a hundred...

- Come on!

So easy to start?! But what about the age difference?! And just after witnessing good manners and etiquette?! Although for some reason, I can easily address him in a simple way... the best friend with 'all the honors and privileges', and a newcomer... very much *our way!* - A teacher... with a small letter "t"...

And where is the crowd? Well, well.., the natural selection is over.., and they, as it is supposed with cultivated people, vanished into thin air...

But you don't look "orphaned and forlorn": a suit from Brioni, a shirt from Pierre Cardin, a Mackintosh trench, Longines on your wrist, oxfords (I do not know which brand... Maybe even to order from Crocket & Jones...)

Well-formed hands...

Noble like... That's true: *Virtutem incolumem odimus, sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi* – what we possess – we don't value, when we lose it – we PAY!

No, thanks, such a citizen.., I don't wanna be!

Is he lying? – What for... No.., the difference between telling the truth and telling lies, thanks to God, after cruel lessons... I have learned to detect!

Now he *is* lying, for sure! How do you like this Schliemann..?! I remember we had *a polyglot* at

- You can check out... I just have an eidetic memory...
- Visual or auditory?
- Both.
- And where did you get a formal education... in the orphanage? In a regular school?
- In the orphanage I happened several times, but not for long... used to run away... Too freedom-loving.
- But you did graduate from a university?
- No.
- How come?! But you *did* finish a high school?
- I don't have any education...
- And who are all these people, with whom you...
- You're so good at guessing...
- They do not look like people without education, as well, and you don't... I thought that you are a group...

scientists...

You do not look like scientists... Too reserved and formal...

Israeli cardiologists or oncologists... Also no! Too young and physically very attractive... James Bonds can't stroll about like this... The paratroopers wear a different uniform... And their built is different... Businessmen in this type of outfit wouldn't walk around without bodyguards, if they did walk...

- Can't they be my bodyguards?
- Well, that you are the boss here, I understood right away... But they also don't look underdogs: bodyguards don't wear ties for \$ 400... And besides... 11 bodyguards... too much even for Obama in Iraq...

No, you don't look like politicians, no...

Diplomats? Hardly... The ones, I knew, were cheeky and jaunty - as if too tired after having worn their jackets buttoned up at the service...

the institute, who allegedly spoke 125 languages... 'Spoke'... meaning that he could chat for 2 minutes on any of them, but no more... However, it is also a talent! And we, by the way, hardly will talk in English about the Large Hadron Collider, or Husserl's phenomenology... And in Russian, neither...

I believe you!

endocrinologists-gynecologists, who came for an international congress... Only... you are dressed alike, and your hairstyles are too short and too spick and span... CIA agents, the FSB? - Agents don't walk in the streets... in droves!

I know this... - being Prof. myself...

"A rollicking merchant... A reckless fellow in the devil-may-care mood..."?

It reminds me of the stories about Victor Hugo...

- What do you do?

- Writing.

- No... What do you earn your living with?

- With a feather quill.

- Okay, so we are writing... Hugo - a feather merchant!

You smell too good... And, literally, too... like innocence, purity, cool water... maybe even like splashes of the Arctic Ocean (although I do not know what it is)... In general, very seductively: I feel like sipping this crystal clarity...

Oh, it's so nice to feel the dry heat of his palm!

- Why did you stop talking?

- Give me your hand. Very nice... But you're not a pianist... and not a surgeon... - Nails are perfectly shaped and of the correct length... They cut their nails shorter, close to bleeding...

- Are you a palmist?

- No, but something in this life, I hope, I understand... Perhaps, I am just inquisitive or curious.... Though I prefer the first... You fly a lot...

- Is it in the literal sense - "being in flight"? Or figuratively... - "being in full flight"?

- I'm absolutely serious!

- So am I... because I understand that the matter is not to successfully fly, but to successfully land...

- Don't disturb me to comprehend the truth...

- *Mille pardons!*

- ...Your life is often at risk... So you're, definitely, neither an artist, nor an architect... But you are a man of delicate artistic taste... A cosmonaut? An astronaut? With this Gagarin's smile of yours – you might have been... Your body is healthy, strong and powerful... But the shape is beautiful and proportional... And the height is not of the astronaut's...

- I always thought that only men knew how to undress women with their eyes...

- Another misconception... Men strip females to see what is under the clothes, and women - to see what on the clothes is, that is, the labels... But to determine the canonical proportions, there's no need to undress.

No... You are not even a pilot... you are not sort of rollicking...

- So many compliments I've never heard from anyone. Thank you! And you've got beautiful eyes... and of the rarest color...

Can I also show my inquisitiveness?

- Go ahead! Where are we, by the way?

- But have you been to the observation deck?

- Of course, I have...

- But let's view the surrounding beauty together...

- OK... So we could "remember this for the rest of our lives, and in the old age could recall it..! But when the old age comes, along with it sclerosis starts..."

I am a metaphysician... in the broadest sense...
Or maybe better refer to hermeneutics..?

We are scientists, ain't we...?

You are a textbook example of the Vitruvian Man...

It is clear: the cuckoo praises the cock simply because the cock praised the cuckoo...

- Funny!
 - I didn't come up with this myself...
 - Doesn't matter... And your eyes are now just emerald... I've never seen such...
 - Perhaps they simply reflect the greenery of the Arno valley...
 - They reflect the harmony of your body, mind, and soul... a penchant for romance, tenderness, and all other manifestations of pure true love... They are cruelty-free., and selfish ambitions are never dominant over your good traits...
 - So... You recognize selfish behavior within me?
 - You want the truth or a sweet lie?!

- I... Never mind... Go on... More, please...
 - The green-eyed girl is usually looking for love all her lifetime... and rarely finds it... Love can completely change you and fix all your flaws... You have a keen understanding of love, so... long enough you peer intently at men around and choose a worthy one... You never impose yourself on others, but do appreciate the attention of the opposite sex...
 You are determined, assertive, bold, and energetic, which often looks like stubbornness...
 You can be powerful as the ocean, and more mysterious than the Bermuda Triangle...
 In your relationship you are not getting more than you are giving...
 You have psychic abilities that you prefer to treat as a good intuition, which helps you to make the right decisions...
 You accept both, victory and defeat, with dignity...
 You are demanding of yourself and others... You rarely confront others, being able to peacefully discuss any issues in a relaxed atmosphere...
 Your friends and family are of primary importance to you. You like to selflessly help, being able to empathize; you might be happy for others, but treachery... you'll never forgive...
 Hardworking... You really love to work, even if it is not to your liking... But if you really enjoy it, you triple your effort...
 You're successful, authoritative, but never aspire to leadership, although you admit your popularity...

Please, continue... *My Enchanted Wanderer..!*

I want *sincere* compliments!

What... are you driving at?

That's true, I never obtrude myself on anyone...

How flowery...

WOW..! I'm a scholar, and my job is to think and do the right conclusions... That's true!

It turns out that I'm an open book to him...
 So uncomfortable to feel naked... After my inappropriate "lyric digression" now he is saying only pleasant things... But what he actually sees?! - Why... Do I have something to hide?!
Being demanding of others... is it good?! One should be tolerant of others...

That's for sure!!! Yes, he is a complete delight!
 And a delight, as you know, is a day light...

You have a well-developed imagination..., mind, and intelligence; you have a strong spiritual and moral support...

- You are such a physiognomist! Very much like Cesare Lombroso...

- Do you consider yourself a genius..?

- Why?!

- Because Lombroso studied geniuses, didn't he...

- I'm sorry for interrupting you... Maybe you will also identify my horoscope...

- No, I won't do this because I believe that a grown-up human is already aware of oneself and own destiny... and knows how to neutralize the effects of the sign... how to avoid boring others with own shortcomings...

- Look here... How come...? At Leonardo's native land... where there's so much harmony... and where even the air itself teaches beauty... these doodles around... and not on the fence in a garden... on a medieval wall... Isn't it embarrassing?!

- And if it's graffiti by Keith Haring?!

- Well, yes... like in Pisa on the south wall of the church of St. Anthony... By the way, the church dated back to the 14th century...

How expertly he leads the conversation... and how vast is his vocabulary word bank..?!
Spiritual and moral, mind and intelligence...
These are not just words... These are concepts... They are synonyms, but partial! So, he knows the difference between them..., and, in fact, even many philosophers, spiritual leaders, and eminent writers might be lost in the "two pine" woods of these categories..! What a perfect order should be in his mind, and how much interesting is going on there..!

"I will come to you without knocking, with a put on indifference mien...
Ain't I, Huge Megalomania, - a really remarkable thing!"
Streets did educate you well!

What a refined compliment again! That is, he considers me to be an adult... then I you are already Solomon to me!

V level of consciousness (The Teacher):

So... less emotion!

- I remember: the emotion is a sign of weakness and inexperience... And being categorical amply testifies to ignorance and lack of manners..!

I see, here you are also... a coryphaeus! My compliments and respect!

How do you like it...? "Star-fucked... good-free geniuses", who have successfully climbed the stairs of self-advertising and self-promotion... In comparison with their so-called "masterpieces" any Paleolithic cave art seems the pinnacle of evolution... And where is the progress, then?! Though, I'd better stop before I open my mouth and let the ugly out... to embarrass everyone around me... But that's a fact... that Chagall ruined the entire *Opéra national de Paris* with his ceiling painting, and Gaudi even the whole of Barcelona... Just STOP! Or, otherwise, he'll take me for an incorrigible, calloused reactionary.., conservative and right...

- Did you see graffiti by Banksy?

When a few years ago in Bristol one of his street images were smeared with black paint, the townspeople thought it was an act of vandalism...

- Yes, I saw his street art in London and Bristol... And not only his... And not only in England... For example, Street art by Zoom... on the streets of Moscow... But this is different... They are really artists... And their works are full of skill, and sense, and irony, and humor, and imagination... And they don't infringe on the laws of harmony and aesthetics of the previous generations, they don't smear with black paint... great art! One shouldn't creating new destroy the old... Especially if the old is of genius, and the new is quite trivial!

For example, in *Wiener Staatsoper* Othello wearing a leather trench... or a bathrobe...

In this connection Nikolai Rybakov comes to my mind... You know him?

- Of course... "Spring on Zarechnaya Street", "The height"...

- No, no... Not Nikolai Rybnikov, but Nikolai Hrisanfovich Rybakov, a drama actor in the mid-nineteenth century...

So, once he was approached by a young actor... with a question, "Did you like how I killed Desdemona?"...

"Well, - said Rybakov - but even better you killed Shakespeare"!

However, the artist is supposed to reflect the ideas of his era... And if the main idea of our time is lack of spirituality.., then everything is rather normal and understandable...

However, he himself has just mentioned that I know what harmony is...

Oh, well, here's another henhouse askew... just another "masterpiece" of urban planning and modern architecture... Another *Fountain* by Duchamp...

Although the same Rybakov, when he played "Othello" in Kharkov, was wearing the embroidered uniform of an official in the Internal Affairs Ministry... And when he was asked why... he replied, "What is Othello? The governor... and, therefore, he belongs to the Department of Internal Affairs!"

So, what Othello is for us... - a neat guy, literally and figuratively! Then... a bathrobe, honey...

"I am so eager to be clear, at the same time not being a primitive pop star!"...

And what about Maurice Béjart?! And John Neumeier?! And Alfred Schnittke?! - They're also contemporary Artists...

- Do you know, how much the artworks by Banksy are...?

- Think... expensive... Just his intrigue with the name costs something!

- Last year, his mural "Slave labor" was sold for a million dollars through a private auction house, and a few years before... his "Pest control" - almost for two...

- But you might remember the exact numbers, don't you...?

- I do... In June 2013 Banksy's graffiti "Slave labor", painted in May 2012 in response to the 60th anniversary of the reign of Queen Elizabeth II, was sold at auction for 750 thousand euros, and...

- OK, enough! I do believe... especially, because I can't check...

By the way, if I am not mistaken, last year he decided to exhibit his artworks near Central Park in New York. It was possible to buy any of his work for 60\$, in reality, they cost 30 000\$ - each... No one believed that they were original... And he just sold 8 works to... 3 buyers!

- That's the price of a true genius...

- The cost and mass psychosis about any masterpiece of art can hardly be considered a measure of genius...

I remember, how in the exhibition hall of the Vienna Secession there were just a few people to admire original Klimt's *Beethoven Frieze*.... But to its replica in the Belvedere was impossible to squeeze through the crowd of "connoisseurs"... choking up with admiration... Oh, what an aura... What could they understand about this...?

Just a regular handling of public opinion... An elementary example of "The Overton window"...

But why did you come up to me? You really needed the House of Leonardo?

- Come on... We have just returned from there...

- Ha... ha...

But why... are you so numerous?!

- Well, you don't look easy to approach... for a single guy... You, hardly, meet people in the street... Right? I thought that a crowd would reinforce my chances... Who dares argue with the crowd..?

And how Schnittke put it.., "We are grateful to the art for what it tells us about the world and man, and what is logically impossible to formulate"...

In short, I agree - "Mona Lisa gives everyone a smile, which the one deserves!"...

How amusing... We gradually switched into ironic *bosom-friendly* tone... But isn't it the most natural way of communicating with the world for me..?

It's so nice to feel his touches... like electric shock caused by electric current passing through the body!

I seem... have got carried away... Turn off the Professor... *urgently!*

- With a crowd of travelers?! - Easily... With a crowd of tourists even easier...

- But we are neither... nor... We are down on business...

- It, sure, makes big difference... explains, and excuses... But you haven't yet answered why to me...

- Well, I couldn't resist coming up to... a sort of Audrey Hepburn... More precisely, to Holly Golightly at the shop window of Tiffany... with a paper cup of Americano take-away... same hairstyle... same glasses...

But as for me, I never liked Audrey Hepburn in the movie, nor the movie itself... Perhaps at the time of its production it was quite OK, but when I watched it... already not quite right... No... And as to Truman Capote's "Breakfast at Tiffany", we used to study it at the Institute... And if you study something, it is driving you mad... Though I recognize that she is not worse than Greta Garbo in the role of Marguerite Gautier... You see., "La Traviata" by Verdi... An alluring image! "She is as cool as ice... which may burn you to ashes..."

- But she had chestnut brown hair... or black... She was a brunette...

Well, as to Americano, I've just been thinking about it..!

And the "Cat Eyes" glasses... - it's a trend of the season... Tom Ford ... I've just bought... Could she wear the same..?

- She was an aristocrat!

You mean that my background is distinct even across the street?!

I see., "no, not you... so ardently I love.... And in your traits some other features I'm seeking"...

"Being a female is a matter of birth, being a woman is a matter of age, but being a lady is a matter of choice."

Though, their "majesties", my ancestors of royal descent, ruled such a vast country directly over 7.5 centuries, and then more indirectly over 3 centuries., and, probably, some Frisian and Jutland genes, as well as the genes of the Emperors of Russia, kings of Poland, Grand Dukes of Lithuania and Finland, Dukes of Oldenburg and Holstein-Gottorp, and Grand Masters of the Order of Malta, in addition., could have been reflected on my forehead of a great clan descendant...

- Look, a roller coaster...
 - Want a ride?!
 - And you?
 - With you... sure, with pleasure!
 - *These are* simple human pleasures!
 - Hold on... I'm up for tickets...
 - OK!
 - Orchids?! To me...
 - "I love candied grapes, because they have no taste...
 I love camellias, because they have no smell...
 I love the rich, because they have no heart..." –
 used to say Alphonsine Plessis, who became the
 prototype...
 - Yes, yes... I know... Verdi's *La Traviata*, and *The
 Lady of the Camellias* by Dumas, films...
 Do you consider yourself rich?
 - Sure... but with the heart... And you?
 - I've always felt myself very rich... even when I
 had only 10 kopecks in my pocket...
 - Well, let's go... Let me help you... Get in, sit
 down...

- ooaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 Ohhhhhhhhhh.....
 - And you were scared...
 - Not, that I was... But it was an adrenaline rush!
 Such a descent, and the speed...
 - Is it real speed?! Is it a right descent..?
 Did you ski in the Alps down a black trail?
 - No, in Sweden... and only down a green one...
 Are you a downhill skier?! But you don't look
 like... at all!

And, by the way, even now... so many centuries
 after... the prophecy of my ancestor, The Great
 Mystic, pronounced at the cradle of his grand-
 son, "Remember, prince, our family will always
 stand before the Throne of Russia ..." is true...

Am I going crazy..?! But how cool!

Flowers – so banal... But orchids – it *is* cute!
 Quite royally like...
 "Orchid... - What are you..? A fairy..? Or a down
 dropped true note..? Or a soaring upwards
 birdie, or expecting flights beyond..?
 ... Kissed by sunshine - so unreal, illusory like
 star-grains or... just plain virtuous porno..?"
 A symbol of sophistication, wisdom, aristocracy,
 harmony, love, tenderness, and intimacy...

Words fail me..!

For two big real donuts with jam..!

Mamma mia! His hands on my hips... Again the
 electric shock!!!
 How nice to find myself in his arms... and also
 nice to be in a proper shape... thin waist... and
 all that... And the two little, well-formed,
 prominences and the family chin forward... Well,
 yeah., head up, shoulders back, chest out, and
 eyes looking straight... "But, most important, of
 course, is the tail..!"
 I'm sorry... I did not mean it... I *accidentally*
 touched your... How is it in the running *English*
 joke..? - The size does not matter! It's what you
 do with it..! - And such a size and hardness in the
 groin would make any man envy you...

With you... I ain't scared of anything..!

Very much like Vanessa Mae... who proudly
 finished the 67th... thus being the slowest
 competitor in the giant slalom... And if

- No, I am not. It's... a sort of pastime... Although I used to be a coach in slalom...
- And what else did you do?
- Probably a little of everything... Diving... Football, hockey, American football, I played all possible team sports... volleyball, basketball...
- And individual? Did you practice Aikido?
- A 7th-dan black belt.
- What's this..?
- Ha-ha, Kotegaeshi, a "reversed wrist" throwing technique...
- Yeah..., you cannot be taken with bare hands...
- But you try!

Ai means perfection, love, harmony -
 Harmony of perfection, love -
 Love to perfection of harmony,
 Penetrating into our blood.

Ki means willpower, energy, stamina -
 Stamina of the spirit, energy of the will,
 Strength, fortitude, energy in the spirit -
 It's a measure of other norms.

Do means the way of the golden mean,
 The one that leads forward again and again
 Those, for whom difficulties are a measure of spirit
 And who listen to their blood.

- Who is this?
- An unknown poet... so far... But in his past life he was Mayakovsky!
- But doesn't look like his style...
- That's the fact... in his present lifetime he is perfect in any style! Natural progress!
- That' amusing... why people in this life are unknown, but in their past lives they were all celebrities..?!
- It's elementary... If in this life people are interested in their past lives, it means that they have already lived enough lives, and, of course, at least in some of them, achieved a tangible success...

And do you know, what *you* smell of..?
 - Of what?

she competed for Thailand, then I can easily compete for Ivory Coast...

No comment!

That's where the scent of the blue-eyed Ichthyander comes from!

Oh, what a trifle..!

In my opinion, this is a hint ... and a strong one!
 Apparently, with erotic connotations!

Wise! That is... a profound knowledge of the subject...

I do., "of the taiga and fogs"!

- You yourself smell of the purity and water... something new, never previously experienced... But your perfume is still a bit provocative (I love it very much!)... And, on the whole, the scent turns out to be controversial and very decent... of quiet optimism and unity with the world... In general, enveloping and challenging... fresh and with a lot of class. It's a LUXURY!

I can even name the perfume...

MDCI Parfums... *Vepres Siciliennes*... Its composition is quite complex and composed of numerous ingredients and notes. It starts with tangerine, grapefruit, orange, pepper, green notes, cardamom, lily-of-the-valley, and Caribbean magnolia; middle notes, you know what I mean, are jasmine, ylang-ylang, rose, tuberose, heliotrope, oak moss, Virginia cedar, amber, and African orange blossom; base notes include osmanthus, raspberry, clove, plum, coconut, peach, caramel, musk, and vanilla...

You know, that osmanthus and ylang-ylang are aphrodisiacs and are associated with luxury and glamor.

Though I am not a botanist, I can supply some specific information about osmanthus... To start with.., it grows in parks and gardens throughout the warm temperate zone and has an intense sweet fragrance, which is used throughout East Asia for scent and flavor, and which is likened to apricot and peach. In China.., osmanthus tea combines sweet osmanthus flowers with black or green tea leaves. Traditional Chinese medicine claims that osmanthus tea improves complexion and helps rid the body of excess nitric oxide, a compound linked to the formation of cancer, diabetes, and renal disease.

As to ylang-ylang... It's a tropical tree or a compact shrub with highly scented flowers. It originates in the Philippines... and is valued for the perfume extracted from its flowers and the essential oil used in aromatherapy. Its name means "wilderness", alluding to its natural habitat, or, according to another version, means "rare", suggestive of its exceptionally delicate scent. But a common mistranslation is "flower of

But I perfumed two days ago! Is it that long lasting..?!

When I was buying this perfume in a luxury boutique in the very heart of Vienna, I knew that it would make any woman turn into a skillful seductress... But I, personally, no longer feel it... I, guess, got used...

A botanist?!

A refined esthete with a delicate sense of smell! Yes, and refined sensitivity, too!

WOW! Maybe you even know what "osmanthus" and "ylang-ylang" are... I've always wanted to know... But somehow was always too busy...

flowers". The fragrance of ylang-ylang is rich and deep with notes of rubber and custard, and with hints of jasmine and neroli. Ylang-ylang blends well with most floral, fruit and wood scents. In Indonesia, ylang-ylang flowers are spread on the bed of newlywed couples. In the Philippines, its flowers are strung into a necklace and worn by women, or used to adorn religious images. In Madagascar, ylang-ylang is a common flavoring for ice cream.

- Maybe you are a Nose?! Ernest Beaux?! Jacques Guerlain..?

- No... No... Though I have as keen sense of smell, as pack of hounds... But no! However, the Nose of your perfume, I do know...

- Well, well... And who is it?

- The fragrance was created by Jeanne-Marie Faugier...

- Right! You know... You can surprise me only if you stop doing this!

- Your hair smells like sunshine... The sun... "Even the sun shines in a special way... ever since the minute we first met..."

I think, it's like the first time I realized what shining eyes are... It's like yours... I don't know what ideas they reflect, but that they make you pretty... - no doubt... Some ambitious dreams... Radiant look... I always knew that beautiful eyes are the main female weapon of seduction... I'm hypnotized when I look in your eyes. Hypnotized ever since the minute I met you...

And your nose is of the same type, like Leonardo da Vinci's, slightly... delicately hooked... a hint like...

You're so touching, real and true... and now the wind is blowing so cheerfully in your face...

"And I've been searching a long time for someone exactly like you, and nothing more and nothing anew..."

- What a strange repertoire you have... you must be playing musical instruments, too...

- At playing on somebody's nerves, of course, I am better... But, to tell the truth, I know the basics of the fiddle playing... proper bow hold, bow balancing, playing posture, and scales., I can also play a few chords on the accordion,

I can, of course, defiantly get the phone and check it all at Google, but why?! - Why would he lie...?

For quite some time... I haven't felt myself so "desperately ignorant"...

Are you a chemist?! An ethnographer?! A sniffer?!

By the way, Beaux was also Russian...

It is surprising that I also know it...

Well, just Angelina Jolie... Though she has... "working lips"...

And your look is calm, direct and friendly...

...This is perhaps even more than just being naked..!

But I'm hypnotized by your words...

But if you continue saying anything like that... I'll decide that you're a wedding swindler...

However, with your velvety baritone voice you can sing anything you please...

piano, guitar... but only a few ... tonic, dominant, subdominant, tonic...

- But you're not a singer, are you...

- No, I am not...

- You know, you are now, from these heights, staring into the distance, like a captain on the bridge... and I have a feeling... as if you're seeing something on the horizon...

- You're right, I do see very far away... and without a telescope... There's further... The whole width of the valley unfolds and merges with a vague, barely perceptible, blue distant sea...

And, by the way, do you have a lot of friends... captains..?

- Not so many, but...

- But I learned to sail in the Tasman sea... I wanted to fully enjoy the lapping of the waves and the sound of the wind, as well as the infinite power over the elements... I wanted to control maritime spaces... For a while, I was even an instructor...

- But it's in the past, right?

- To a certain extent... Although I like spending vacations on the waves...

- I thought, (God, bless you!) your whole life is *one big vacation*...

- Ha-ha-ha... It's great... that you've noticed!

- Ha-ha-ha... Your laughing is catching!

Can you imagine that here, five centuries ago, could be standing Leonardo himself... looking at the same hills, under the same skies... the first time to see "the grandeur and vastness of God's world...? The more plunged I become into the works by Leonardo da Vinci, the more intrigued I am by the inner connection of his soul with these suppressing spaces in which almost disappears this tiny Ankiano..."

- Who is it?

- Akim L. Volynsky - a historian and theorist of art at the beginning of the already last century...

I'd better... with my "musical education" remain silent and be thought a sage than to speak...

Are you for real?!

But I don't even wonder anymore!

As my favorite Vera Ivanovna Prokhorova, the granddaughter of the famous Russian industrialist, and the conscience of our Institute, said about her bosom friend Sviatoslav Richter - «... He was born to sweet delight ...» - Born for joy?!

This way... laugh only children, chaste and sincere people... You're not a child, but you can also be hardly defined as chaste! So, the only left is...

- Leonardo, in addition to your beauty, which cannot be praised enough with words, you have within yourself grace, more than infinite in your every movement... And your genius is so great that no matter which difficult things you may approach, you tackle them with ease and understanding...

You can talk with a rare perfection, although by nature, you cannot be called a long-winded orator... In you, one may feel that special wit - sharp, shrewd, and flexible - which makes you a dangerous opponent in the most serious conversations...

And for all your grace and fluency... you are reserved and mysteriously quiet... Without being rich, you keep servants and the most beautiful horses... You have exquisite taste and whims!

You have not only a charming appearance and the lovely sweetest voice, but also charismatic and noble manners, from which emanates the Alban hills chill... No other such a young man ever happened to be in Florence! It is next to impossible not to fall in love with You...

-Master, I cannot be indifferent to you, neither...

- Perhaps, Leonardo wasn't here alone, neither...
- What are you laughing at?
- At the not uttered thoughts...
- Which?
- Well... The thoughts are therefore "not uttered", because they are not pronounceable... It's indecent to voice them...
- Can there, in our time, exist something that could be classified as "indecent"?!
- With some people - yes..!

Yeah... he was here with a blond-haired boy...

Although, in all fairness, it is worth mentioning a note made with a hand of Leonardo in the margin of his manuscript... that one, which is kept in the British Museum... a still slightly visible profile of a young man with an erection (although someone tried to get rid of it, erasing it with his finger dipped in water or saliva)... "The man wants to know, if the woman is ready to give up to his lust, and, being aware that she feels attracted to him, he satisfies his passion, and if he fails to get her recognition, he just has sexual intercourse"... And, by the way, he was already over fifty...

And what about his sketch of the famous brothel in Pavia as a sample of a perfect brothel..?! So... he did have a heterosexual experience!

Are you hungry?

- I am starving! Of course, there are people who drink dew and eat solar energy, but I'm not one of them... My philosophy is - oh, "what should I eat in order to lose weight..?"
- ... Where..? When..? And with whom..?! I saw a nice joint nearby... There they will fix Americano for us, for sure! You'll like it...
- Hooray! Straight ahead?
- And with the songs...
- "The song helps us

He is so easy-going...

to create and keep living..."

It is very close ...

- Here everything is close! Even on foot...

- We have come...

- *Opéra..?! A French restaurant in Italy?! Yes, and in such wilderness...*

- Well, you do not hurt them..! You know, The great Leonardo was born here... By the way, he died in France, didn't he...? Isn't it logical..?

- I see...

- There are only 28 seats here, and, in addition, on Wednesdays they have special service... So, I booked in advance... We can go straight to our table, or to the Cigar Room for an aperitif...

But I meant well... with the best of intentions...

- Okay... Done... How can I believe you after.., "*I thought that a crowd would reinforce my chances...*" Bla... bla... bla...

- Well, do you still feel like coffee or not..?!

- I still do!

- Then I can offer you a cigar and champagne...

- Men's logic!

I always thought that a cigar end should be dipped only in brandy... A Davidoff cigar... in Hennessy Cognac...

- Women's logic!

Let's do what WE want and not what we are supposed to... I think you can relax here!

You like champagne, don't you?

- Yeah...

- And I can even guess, which one...

Krug Vintage, Brut 1971...

How come that you know this?! Overheard my childhood?!

So, oh là là... *foie gras* von drüben kommen voilà...

It's so good that Lyovka has presented me with this *chic* gift - a gold American Express to his account... I can go crazy now... I can even buy a plane... Almost... And then to pay off all my lifetime... Almost... - But it's afterwards..!

That is... You have calculated all these well beforehand... by a certain hour... What arrogance! Well, Albina was right saying, "Any girl will follow such a guy..!"

Yes... but he knows it and generously indulges in..! The cunning craftiness of deceitful plotting! The sneaky plan to calculate..! Frank cynicism... It turns out that you have been dictating the rules to get the upper hand..?!

Very subtle! Very smart.., and tactful...

How nice that *Cinderella* has already been to a palace and knows how it looks like... It's also so good that today she isn't wearing jeans, as usual!

But with this crazy amount of money... amid all the gilt and mirrors... I'd better agree...

Though I'd agree to have *Prosecco* or quite regular here *Bellini* ...

Come on, come on... That's interesting!

Wow! This is far even from something like... *Moët & Chandon* or *Veuve Clicquot*...

- Brut... - that's, for sure, true... But as to *Krug Vintage*, and... Almost of the middle of the previous century, I think... it's cool! Provided that it's not vinegar yet...

- If you do not like this vinegar, we will replace it with another one...

- So much fun with you!

Oh, I like this couch...

récamier...

- Ha-ha-ha... You may afford to quite impressively lean back against its headrest...

- And won't it be too intimate in public venues?

- Let them kick themselves... "Those, leading us into temptation.., are also sinful!"

As I see, you don't smoke?

- No, but I am... pulling the wool over your eyes!

- Well, I can also do it masterly...

- You?!

- Why not?!

- Why, *what for*?!

- To tickle your fancy...

- You may consider... that you have already achieved the goal...

- So easy?!

- Easy... but only if you guess what cigars I like...

- Cigars for women or for men?

- You mean that women's cigars are thin and men's - thick?

- Something of the kind...

- A cigar is a phallic symbol...

That is, I wanted to say... a fragile woman with a huge cigar in her thin fingers...

Good champagne ...

- Got it... It is a most interesting approach to the issue... But as far as I know, women prefer the

Oh, willy-nilly... today I may go crazy or nuts..!

Where have you been before?!

What's its name..? ... The main thing is not to confuse Haiti with Tahiti, "yoke" with "yolk", "flaunt" with "flout", "arcane" with "archaic", "berth" with "birth", and "enigma" with "enema"... Oh, these intricate lexicological twists...

You said yourself that I am Audrey Hepburn... not Ida Rubinstein... in her pretentious frilly dress and diamond rings even on the toes... reclining on such a *récamier*... Though, you're absolutely right... I can also dictate my conditions not a bit worse than she used to give her orders to Bakst or Bushen...

Won't we be deprived of the English Club membership card, as a "new Russian", because he blew his nose at the dinner table..?

Profound!

Tell the truth, and you'll lose a friend...

My God, what I am saying...

No... I'd better remain silent and.., please, stop blushing!

What will he think..?!

same cigars as men do... I mean, the most famous fans of cigars... like Jodie Foster, Drew Barrymore, Sharon Stone, Whoopi Goldberg., Linda Evangelista, Madonna, Claudia Schiffer, Nicole Kidman., and so on...

- Do they smoke cigars?! So, I am behind the times...

- And who's on *your* list?

- Well... George Sand, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich., Bonnie Parker, Beth Davis...

- That is, for a woman it is... history and status?

- I think so... And for men - a pleasure... aroma... pastime...

- In fact, it is considered to be vice versa, on the contrary...

- But you evade answering...

- Never... You have already answered yourself: *Davidoff!*

- It is not fair!

- Who told you that it would be fair., "We are gentlemen in a gentlemen's club..."

- Yes, I know this anecdote... "And then I hit it lucky..."

How expertly he has checked the cigar (the label on the cigar box, its batch code)...

All cigars are of the same color and length...

It is clear that bows were printed in a printing house... not in an office with a color printer...

The cigar is not too tightly rolled (otherwise it is obviously fake, and won't smoke well) and isn't wound weak (in this case, it will burn unevenly and hot)...

So... Cut it away... On the open end of the cigar... on its section... there is no green of not fully fermented tobacco visible, that is... again it's not fake...

Took a smell... It doesn't smell like grass...

Lit it up and is looking at... how it burns... So...

The ashes hold evenly, don't fall down, as it happens with a cigarette..., meaning that long leaves were used and not tobacco cuttings...

Aromaaa... a – a veery good cigar...

- Legend has it that Catherine the Great came up with the first cigar bow and started wrapping her cigars with them to avoid soiling her white gloves.

- It reminded me of a new Swedish invention – the surfboard with an electric motor... So, waves are no longer needed... And what's the fun, then?!

- Perhaps, it's just different fun...

- Perhaps...

Near beer...

decaffeinated coffee...

What progress has the human nature made!

- How do you like champagne?
- It's turned my head, I must say...
"And I find you spinning round in my brain.
Like the bubbles in a glass of champagne."
- And the cigar?
- Davidoff! ... Beyond appraisal!
- Actually, I'm Davidoff's fan...

- I got it! Your perfume is *Cool Water*! Davidoff!
- I never use perfumes... Only an aftershave and a deodorant... I apologize for the intimate details...
- The apology is accepted! Once again you evade answering... So., is it *Cool*?
- *Cool... Cool...*
- Zat iz it...
- I also know this anecdote about... a Chinese... Right?
- Yeah... But still., what are we smoking? Davidoff is a trademark, and what is the brand?
- ZINO!
- And what does it mean?
- ZINO - is the name of the founder of the brand... Zino Davidoff... Throughout the world, the "homeland" of the brand *Davidoff* is considered to be Switzerland, but its founder was born in Kiev... in 1906...
- That is., he is Russian?
- Almost... Because his father was a tobacco merchant... Haim Davidov... and he named the baby Zusia-Meyer, although all the relatives called the boy Zinovy...
- In 1911 the family moved to Geneva, prosperous and peaceful...
- Are you sure that exactly in 1911?
- I am... I understand that I may irritate people with their accuracy... But what can I do, if my memory is like this... I find it easier to remember than to forget... And in general, if I saw

And "healthy" sex ...
Same as breathing through a face mask...
That's the boy! That's the class!
..."Keep it classy, never trashy!"
And remember always first:
clear thoughts make your living
as to the manner... born and worth!

Same as you...

Delight!
Hooray...
That's what you smell like., Ichthyander!
Extremely sexy fragrance...

Cool... Superb...

I've got a feeling that you know everything about me... all through... far and wide... up and down., that we're twins... on a cosmic level...

That is., he is *also* Russian?! - Well, yes, as in that joke... about Valentin Zorin and Henry Kissinger's introduction: "I am a Russian... – And I'm an American..."
Though it's true! There's a grain of truth in every joke... In the Russian language *Russians* is the only nationality which is expressed not by a noun but by an attributive adjective... The USA is not the only multi multinational state...

something or heard at least once, I'll never ever forget it...

I try to be less exact when talking, but.., you know, still many find it tedious, dull, and boring...

- Sorry, I'm just fooling around... And what happened in Geneva afterwards?

- His father changed his name to more familiar to the European ear - Davidoff - and opened a small shop which sold high-quality tobacco for pipes. Zino was helping his father around, but he was best at obtaining tobacco blends... Soon he became recognized for the talent to distinguish the most subtle nuances of flavor and aroma... to find the right mix of varieties of tobacco proportions to get an excellent product... In short, Zino realized what his vocation was...

After high school, he traveled a lot in the countries producing the best tobacco... Argentina, Brazil, Cuba... In Cuba, he worked for nearly two years on a tobacco plantation, where he studied the production of Cuban cigars...

In 1929 he returned to Geneva and decided to open a shop of expensive high-end handsets and tobacco. But things went bad - times were hard... And success came much later - after the Second World War, when life began to improve slowly... But I won't bore you with the details! You're dying of hunger...

- No, not quite...

And when did he pass away..? The man who made the whole world fall in love with good cigars...

- In 1994... January 14...

Do you know, which words became a slogan of the Davidoff trademark?

- Well...

- "When you know, what you deserve!"

- Rather interesting!

- I also like these his words., "If you want to enjoy something, you need to be fond of; to be fond of something, you need to understand it; to understand something, you need to know it; to know something, you need to understand the intricacies..."

Well, shall we go, My Fair Lady?

And me?!

Capable people really annoy people with complexes... But I'm not from this category...

Well, almost not... Am I?!

And they never forgive success...

Well... "I have no enemies! But the enemies have me..!"

Is it hunger?! – I also know what it is... being cold and hungry... like Audrey Hepburn...

Well, yes.., some copywriter got a good fee for this crap... and a box of cigars in addition...

Solomon!

- OK...
- Voilà...
- How cute here... The gilding, mirrors, nice paintings, gorgeous chandeliers.., plus eclectic modernistic insertions... No doubt, this place is marked by Michelin stars...
- It has been honoured with a star and five red 'Couvert symbols', crossed forks and spoons, in the Michelin Guide, and a membership in the prestigious association of restaurants «Les Grandes Tables du Monde/Traditions & Qualité».
But you know... „a hearty welcome is the best dish on the table...”
However, if to believe the advertising, the chef here is Stefano Catenacci - Main Royal Chef... Shall we check?
- Why not?!
Only I need to warn you from the start... I am a rich woman, independent, i.e. free from someone's support... with modern liberated mindset.., and I won't stand someone infringing my gender rights.., paying my bill!
- Ha-ha...! What a fervent speech... But we're not in America...
- But we are close to Croatia! I remember that when I was about to go abroad... to Yugoslavia.., and was being instructed... (I don't remember exactly.., in a local, city, or regional communist party committee...), I was strictly warned, "If a Yugoslavian guy invites you for coffee, and you agree... It means that you agree to all the consequences arising from this invitation..." So, I quite responsibly warn you that no matter what... I don't agree to the "consequences thereof"! In other words, don't even try to pay for my coffee...
- Ha-ha... Not a bit less responsibly I declare that for coffee you can pay yourself! I'll pay only for "related goods"... without any obligation and liability on your part... And please, without infringing *my* 'gender' rights...
- Ha-ha...
- What shall we have?
- As in any French restaurant we have little choice... A "set lunch"...
- Soufflé Suisse, Salmon Mariné au Citron Aigre-Doux Gelée à la Vodka, Filet de Boeuf

Maybe to tell him that he is a genius? Why... He knows it himself..!

Our table is the best... by the fireplace... and with the candles... Yeah, I'm, like Churchill, "very unpretentious in regard to the best!"

I've got thoroughly chilled to the bone...

WOW!

This is one of my father's favorite sayings... How come that you know it?!

Royal Chef..?! How do you like it...?

Cheap, however, they have sex on the price list...

HOW MUCH I LIKE YOU...

Grillé et Purée d'Epinards Poêlée de Champignons... Still, there is a choice!

- Don't bother... I'll have soufflé with Swiss cheese, scallops., and coffee... Americano, as promised...

- What about frog legs?!

- I think, we'll be served with them while in-between dishes or in the compliment from the Chef... So, soufflé, please...

- OK! What shall we drink? Shall we consult the sommelier? Look, how self-important he is... Branding! Winning and keeping customers...

- I presume... today, we won't limit ourselves., and won't act as a role model by demonstrating "good manners" and lack of common sense...

- Of course...

- Then... Chateau Latour...

- Excellent! Good choice... I also love Bordeaux... Now It remains only to choose a year...

- 400-year old won't do... It might be good for "removing nail varnish"... I'd rather order something younger...

- You have seen "A Good Year"?!

- My favorite movie!

- And mine...

I would offer 1982... Judging by the price, it should be decent wine...

- Just show me the one who can deny decent living voluntarily!

- What are you doing... Examining prices?! Behave yourself - you're in a decent place... It's like in a taxi... don't look at the meter indicating the fare due...

And moreover... I have already said, "Be my guest...!"

- In such places, I always remember Anna Sacher with regret...

- I known *Sachertorte*... *Franz*... *Eduard Sacher*...

And what is Anna..? Why don't I know her..?

- I can hardly believe that there's something you don't know...

- I'm a human being... not the *Vitruvian* robot... Probably, the wife of Edward?

- Are you kidding me again...?

- No kidding, I really don't know.

And ladies are not showing off ordering white wine... We are familiar with the rules of propriety, and, therefore, have every reason and right to violate any of the rituals of social behavior ...

What unanimity of opinion! That's true, "similar attracts similar"...

And your generosity!

Oh... well, the prices are skyrocketing... This is when I want to ask, "Is it the year or the price..?"

She is my idol... After Albus Dumbledore... As well as *The Rich Woman* Kim Kiyosaki... or *Raja Horner*...

Shall I tell you, how, in my spare time, I tried to make trading on Forex..? It was funny... Especially once, when I bought the most expensive milk ever... I meant to be back in a few minutes, when I rushed out the door, jumped into my car, and headed for the nearest store for

- I understand, that about the cake, the coffee shop and hotel on *Philharmonikerstrasse* in Vienna... you do know everything yourself...

But it was Anna Maria, they owe their well-deserved reputation, elegance and exclusivity... By the way, she also smoked cigars...

After her husband's death she used to manage all the business... And thanks to her experience and unique style in the management of the hotel, it gained its place among the most famous hotels in Europe... and became a supplier of the Imperial Court...

She was pretty, with charms., elegant., a generous patron to many writers and artists., the owner of the prestigious salon receiving and entertaining celebrities...

She lived deliciously in sensual luxury...

And, as usual., if a person is of taste and style., these taste and style may manifest themselves in a number of ways... in food, drink, clothing...

She owned a superb modern art gallery... Because... if an artist didn't have enough funds to pay for lunch, then he could pay off with paintings, drawings or even with a sketch on a napkin...

- Here... The appetizer comes...

- How do you know?! Wow., it *is* coming...

- I heard... the *garçon* was told...

Don't be surprised... I have a good ear...

- So, you see and hear what other people don't?! Are you... a sniper... a killer?!

- But you said yourself... that killers "do not go in droves"...

- I was talking about agents...

- Isn't it the same?!

- You evade answering again!

- If you want to know whether I killed... – No, I didn't!

I used to be a sniper... in the army... But, thank God, did not kill anyone...

Once, we were sitting in a position... in the Israeli-controlled Golan Heights near the border with Syria... waiting for orders... and I was ready to hit a man target... You can't believe what I was feeling., I cannot describe it... Even now a shudder runs through my musculature when

a carton of milk, without fixing profits... When I came back, I was already in the red... With 987 euros...

I threw this carton so passionately that it took me more than half a day to clean the kitchen after... But I did not tell anyone... and I won't tell you! Regina was right teaching me, "Found something - be silent; lost - shut up!"...

Well, well... Very much like Eleanor Roosevelt... "Great minds discuss ideas; average minds discuss events; small minds discuss people"... Are we discussing? How shallow... Although, these are also her words., "No one can make you inferior without your consent!"

But I have neither a picture nor a sketch... Nor I even... made a name...

And I considered myself a psychic?! Are you *Lucy Scarlett Johansson*..?!

As primates in Borneo..?!

I love you..!

I recall the moment... Thank God, the order wasn't given...

I still don't know what I'd do...

- Yeah... but Aikido is also... not cross stitching or bead embroidering on velvet...

- The principle of Aikido is very humane - the attacker is returned only the energy he has sent himself... If he was really laid into, then... he had flipped his lid himself...

- It's the first time I've heard something not that elevated in your phraseology... I mean, colloquial lexis...

- Ohhh... Look at that *queer mamawtch, getting over here his little shitass., fore I whoop the shit outta ya and then whoop ya for shittin..!* My vocabulary of vulgar and pejorative lexis is quite extensive and far-reaching! Only I suspect... you do not want to hear how rich it is...

- No...

So delicious... And the wine... Divine! Won't we drink in the Russian manner?! No toasts?!

- Oh, yeah, sure... A fair remark!

I'd like to propose a toast to you...

May everything with you be always the way you want... and even better!

- Thank you... But I always raise the first glass for the Almighty (no matter, who and how calls God...), and the second – let's raise to you... May you live happily ever after! Live long and prosper...

Someone close and dear to me passed away... and my mother and I were in a train to Moscow for the funeral... At night, in the compartment, with a wreath... and heavy thoughts about the irreparable loss... And just of a sudden my mother starts talking in her sleep... And what do you think., with whom she was talking... With the Almighty! "Lord, I don't need anything... Just let my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren live long and prosper..."

- Ha-ha... a nice request...

- And very humble...

- And your wish is nice... Thank you!

Do you know what the sexiest part of your body is?

- The eyes... As in the joke about the man-eaters... "But we've left you your wife's beautiful eyes..."

You... my dear!

Lord, please, let him never know it...

How skillful is my Mowgli at the table manners and utensil etiquette... And he makes such a perfect use of his napkin... Is it possible to acquire these sorts of skills, if it's not inborn?! Is it possible to learn this in a cave?!

I've never seen, until now, such a handsome man in my life! Everything about him is genuine: the broadly smiling face, the figure, gestures, and the movements... Externally restrained., but his whole appearance radiates the natural inner beauty... Many thanks to nature and his parents for having created such a miracle!

Wow..! Nowadays almost nobody *proposes toasts, or raises a glass...* Everyone just "toasts"... "I want to toast honest and modest people... especially, that we are so few left..!" And I want to toast... the guy... I like so much!

By the way, about the nice requests...

Shall I tell you... how 6-year-old Lyovka's son once turned to him..?

- Dad, why do people put candles to Saint Mary?

- Well... make a wish... They turn to her with a request to make their wishes come true... And when the wish is fulfilled, they put a candle in gratitude... But only the wish should be really

- Ha-ha-ha...
No... Your hands... It seems that... it's the first time that it occurred to me why they say "blue blood" referring to people of royal heritage, aristocrats... The blood vessels in their light-skinned hands look blue under light., like in your hands..., and it makes you want to enjoy them as a work of art., as the pinnacle of evolution, as a result of natural selection over the centuries...

And yet... I like this tiny dewdrop shining on the finger here...

- Mom... Get up! Dad is fixing coffee for you ...
- I'm coming... Hold on...

good... not like a popsicle or some ball... For example, for the war in Syria to end...

- This wish I have already made on a feather...
I'll tell you later...

"Even the skeletons of theirs are of the finest individually handcrafted qualities..."

- Leonardo, you know how much I admire the beauty of your hands and your enigmatic half-smile... I wanted to say that I have decided to sculpt David having you as the model...! What would you say?

- I'm flattered! ...

WOW!

So do I... And for me, this tiny diamond is not so much the status... as a rainbow at my fingertips!

Oh, what a dream!!!
And as always, at the most interesting moment...

VI level of consciousness (Higher Forces):

And if to try to go back to sleep anew... Will it be continued?!

It never happens like this!

Anything can happen in life!

And where am I?! A bar?! Why is it so dark?!

Is it night already?!

- It's already morning...

- How strange... So we have had... all night...

- Calm down. Don't worry...

Everything was quite chaste... To be more exact, it was extremely chaste... We have been chatting and admiring the stars... Don't you remember., I was showing you the planets...? Remember Van Gogh's planet...?

- Are you thinking... into my head?!

How come?! So, you've been reading my mind all the time...?!

- Sorry...

- And what language are you talking with your colleague? Hebrew? Yiddish? Why can I understand you...?!

That is, he has only 10 pages of technical drawings left to memorize...?! ARE YOU A TRANSPORTER...?!

- Yes, I am a transporter...

Well... you memorized your pages first, so you could have time to spend with me...?!

And over there... my folks are sitting at the table and patiently waiting for me?!

VII level of consciousness (The Almighty's whisper):

- Yes... Choose!

OK... Freedom of choice... But what about the freedom of action?! It's already limited by the freedom of my previous choices, isn't it..?!

- BUT... HOW?!

I am sixty years old, I have four grandchildren... And I'm not asking whether you are married or not, whether you have children or not...

But for me... my family is my happy constant, my fixed value...! Everyone can and should love...

But cheating, being unfaithful... is a betrayal in any culture!

What do you mean...? Do you want to ruin my life...?!

You possess a powerful charisma of a strong and bright personality... No one is able to resist falling in love with you! You are perfect!

But how can I betray *their* love... tact and patience...?!

I'm leaving! "Single people are not allowed to the ark to be preserved from the overflowing Flood!"

I'd better turn back... to see him one last time... DISAPPEARED?!

What about me?! What about him?! What about everyone?! Oh, Mamma mia!!!! MY LORD...LORD... God... How to get over it...

They have just disappeared...?!

He... ran over like the wind, and disappeared for good...?!

- Mama! Mommy! Lyovka with children has already left... Remember, that we were going to a water park in the morning? The day will be hot... Who can bear this heat...? We can be saved by the wind of Halicarnassus alone... or by the water park... bringing freshness...
- Well, I'm...
- Are you... are you crying?! What happened? Had a fight with dad again?
- No, no... It's okay...

- Why so sad, then?
- I just had a dream...
- Frightful?
- No... I have just lost someone dear to me...
- Who?!
- I don't know his name... I didn't even see his face...
- I see...
- I'll tell you later... You know, I have just started to calm down...
- OK!

Halicarnassus ... – what a sweet word... Yes, the whole area around - Smyrna, Ephesus, Miletus, and Meander., the sanctuary of Asclepios., the kingdom of Lydia... - only... a single enumeration of these geographic and historic sites makes my head spin...

And the related names ... - Herodotus, Apelles, Parrhasius of Ephesus, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Cleopatra, Hippocrates, Croesus, Herostratus, Democritus, Homer, Barbarossa, Suleiman the Magnificent, Richard the Lionheart...

By the way, Halicarnassus was the first fortress to resist Alexander the Great...

Interestingly, even the tour guides here don't know anything about it... - But, what to expect... if, here, at school history is not taught... There is no such a subject at all...

On the other hand, and why the hell is it for.., when the sun is shining so brightly, the sea is welcoming so warmly, and nature is so breathtaking beautiful, rich and generous ..?!

Very much like... "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears"...

Indeed, I didn't even ask his name... But does it make any difference...?!

Maybe to close my eyes again... and a third time to get into the same dream...?!

Is it... HE?! His shoulder portrait... enlarged and bent over me?! He looks like an actor... How's his name...? Frid... Dmitry Frid... or... and... Verrocchio's David! ARE YOU VERROCCHIO..?!
What a strange glance...

- Artyom... named after Artemis...

"Show me just the only place on the globe, where we would be able to meet with you..." Have I made the wrong choice again... and in a dream, by the way..., and automatically...?!

What a rare name! I've never met anyone with that name... Except, maybe, in "Tema's Childhood"...

Artemis is the ever young goddess of hunting, virginity, fertility, and female chastity...; a patron saint of all living things on Earth, that gives happiness in marriage...; the goddess of the moon..., and her brother Apollo is identified with the sun...

And the temple of Artemis at Ephesus is one of the seven wonders of the world... and only 170 km away from here... and just two days ago, I drove past there again...

How amazingly created is the world!
Lord, thank you!

EPILOGUE ^[1]:

1. А. Суханов. Зелёная карета. Муз. А. Суханов; сл. О. Дриз
2. Eros Ramazzotti. Un Angelo Disteso Al Sole
3. Henry Mancini. Moon River
4. Большой детский хор ЦТ и ВР. Легко на сердце от песни весёлой
5. М. Аверин. Заветный камень. Муз. Б. Мокроусов; сл. А. Жаров
6. Л. Гурченко. Заветный камень. Муз. Б. Мокроусов; сл. А. Жаров
7. Н. Рыбников. Когда весна придёт, не знаю... Муз. Б. Мокроусов; сл. А. Фатьянов
8. О. Митяев. Мой отец
9. Henry Mancini. Sally Tomato
10. «Заздравная» из оперы Дж. Верди «Травиата»
11. С. Рихтер. Ф. Шопен. Этюд до минор, Op.10, №12
12. В. Высоцкий. Бабье лето
13. И. Кобзон. Что так сердце растрожено... Муз. Т. Хренников; сл. М. Матусовский
14. С. Рихтер. Ф. Шопен. Ноктюрн
15. И. Кобзон. Только раз бывает в жизни встреча... Муз. Б. Фомин; сл. П. Герман
16. Валерия. Только раз бывает в жизни встреча... Муз. Б. Фомин; сл. П. Герман
17. И. Кобзон, Валерия. Ноктюрн. Муз. А. Бабаджанян; сл. Р. Рождественский
18. Е. Камбурова. Любовь и Разлука... Муз. И. Шварц; сл. Б. Окуджава
19. Andrea Bocelli. Love in Portofino. F. Buscaglione; L. Chiosso

20. А. Суханов. Зелёная карета. Муз. А. Суханов; сл. О. Дриз

^[1] Bioenergy harmonizer

Bodrum, 2014