

Trojan Terrorism: Revenge Colonists or Condition of Evolution? (To the Problem “Your/Alien”)

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Thinking about the problem of terrorism, the author finds its origins in the myth of the Trojan War, treating it as a battle for space, which was the primary basis for the civilizational leap—the expansion of the Greek world to the east, which led to the flourishing of Greek culture, creating a precedent of justified colonialism, provided strategy and tactics—the causal apology of violence—all subsequent wars, colonial campaigns, which was no exception for the migratory flows of the XX century, as a result of which the word “terrorism” sounded with by force of the song of B. Brecht. The theme of “space”—chucked away, lost, taken away, destroyed, compressed, anarchic, empty, boundless, virtual—remains vital in our time, when the limitless possibilities lead to the limitation of man himself, his emptiness, and “complete shortness” (Platonov), when the treaty as the basis of human existence is rejected, and when you become the Other yourself. The metaphysics of “violence” is buried in anthropology—in ignorance of one’s limits by man, in denying the boundaries of “another’s,” in unwillingness to ask a question and find the answer, in laziness and, in fact, in the loss of oneself.

Keywords: myth, space, terrorism, Own/Alien’s, treaty, another, happiness

The subtitle to the topic could be played cinematically: “Good, bad, evil: What is happiness, brother?”—then an allusion to the Scorsese’s western (“Il Buono, il brutto, il cattivo,” 1966) and Balabanov’s film (“Brother,” 1997), that became cultic at different times of the revolutionary 20th century, and as a result of social transformations experienced by a society divided by the ocean, history, and culture to different social formations. Socialist and capitalist, and who long ago split into quotes and memes, crumbling apart with fragments of “their own” and “alien,” will help us to clearly construct a vector of comprehension of the problem given out by the title, since in dissecting the basic question of human existence: “What is the meaning of life,” both directors, hoping for the law of evolution and the origin of Darwin’s species, translate the existential question into a Gnostic credo: “the truth heals and gives power,” or the same Canon of Force that acts according to the natural right of justice (however, everyone has an “understanding” about it). In the course of reflection of allusions we will only gain, like lily of the valley in the basket, otherwise, it will not solve the

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question that frightening fundamentalism, it turns out to be on the plate of the fundamental problem—the preservation of Man.

I regard every conference (an invitation in the first place) as an opportunity to move, plunge, and preferably deep into space to talk about space and comprehend space—to open the “terra nova” in “terra incognito.” And each time it’s three different spaces. Now this is London—the mysterious City: the space of T. More and Henry VIII, the catacombs of Shakespeare and his Globe, O. Wilde’s star chart, the warehouse of Achaean rarities, the land of warriors that did not come out of the war, an island of imperial ambitions not on one planet. This is Terra alone. The second is the space of Myth—the Trojan battle, which was not, probably. Let’s try to understand. Third, the theme of migration is the fleeing space, running sometimes “wherever the spirit moves one,” or “where Makar did not drive calves,” sometimes backwards—the series can be continued—in short, the displaced space is that magic tablecloth that is unpacked as a traveling suitcase when the boundaries of displacement/shift have been achieved, which has retained its (internal) and shifted into another’s space. In a word, it is a Rubik’s Cube. Such a 3D model of our/my thinking is very much welcomed by Consciousness (mine, and possibly yours). There is nothing more interesting and fascinating than searching for this gap in a fence, which we call “knowledge,” and which is stubbornly silent and mysterious, rough, and dented with nails, and still pulls you by the tails of the usual definitions, pushing into the side the understanding of the problems that not cease to pour down on our gray hair—civilization has not gone the first century—and should be lame and wise, but no, it plays (and it seems, flirts finally) into adolescence—juvenile games have already led the culture to decline, covering the society with smog of cognitive dissonance, running from responsibility, actually growing—so, inexhaustible stream of questions, like Pandora’s box, surprising us like a cornucopia of various “why.” Why are they kill? Whence is violence? What I’ve done?

Orientalism as a political strategy arose long before its classical paradigm, scientifically justifying the craving for missionary work and colonization. Thucydides, completing his story of the permanent migrations of the Hellenes about Trojan war as a starting point of these movements, makes it clear that the military campaign under Troy was the first militarized journey that accustomed the ancient Greeks, absorbing new spaces, mastering and remaking them to their own needs.¹ The Ilion’s bastions proved to be a peculiar school of martial arts, after which its students, enriched by the experience of survival, opened the era of migration wars and, having entered into an internecine struggle for independence, developing pirate inclinations, doomed mankind to live transitions from wars to revolutions and back. In a word, *the double axe* of Troy, as the final explosion—a horse stuffed with a rearguard, thrown by the Achaeans near the Asia Minor coast, legitimized abusive art as a way of existence. The interaction of different peoples in the region of the coastal Asia Minor, beginning as a journey-invasion, was transformed into cultural interchange, but the war for the warring sides remained almost the only way of existence, as if the warring nations anticipated that further ethnic assimilation threatened the decline and extinction of ethnic groups, and therefore, created on its basis, the heroic and philosophical epic of Homer can be considered the first orientalist study, which, in turn, proved to be an invaluable source for a multidisciplinary discourse, a kind of poetic provocation that wove a system of representations of Antiquity as the cradle of civilizations.² Homer’s poems, showing examples of hidden editing, plug-in images, allow them to be viewed as a truly panoramic image of events, while the real facts of the colonization of the II millennium BC, which formed the basis of the Trojan cycle, are perceived as cosmic wars of distant worlds (monumentality of heroes, spectacular props, patriotic pathos), but the fantastic odyssey—with cyclops, giants, nymphs, dead—as an encyclopedia of Greek life (from the country of the

phaeaces Odysseus brought a social-educational method-*agon*, forms islands in a great civilization).

The war for domination in the Asia Minor region, becoming the theme of a heroic epic, was the starting point of the philosophical strategies of the first philosophical schools. According to Heraclitus, since the war is universal [fr. 28], then it will constitute true justice, for it is a condition for the existence of an ordered cosmos³. This idea of struggle and unity (identity) of opposites—will enter the Aristotelian “The Nicomachean Ethics”—“Everything happens through dissension,” will be picked up by Hegel in the formula of “necessary living conditions,” Remizov will sum up to the metaphor—“eternal division.” It seems that the Heraclitus maxims about the war, like his doctrine of the Logos—the idea of nonstop volatility of things, preserving their relevance, can help not so much understand modern disputes about identity that are the continuation of social conflicts between “one’s own” and “aliens,” how designate the emerging ones changes in the understanding of the Other, the emergence of which provokes not the collapse of the imperial framework or the enraged boar of the revolution, but only the gushing lava of declassed groups and ethnic groups—they did not know the boundaries; they are not accustomed and negate them, like the Canon and the Law; and everyone becomes another on the background. The problems of the “stranger” in the battle for boundlessness and permissiveness determined one winner—the beast sitting inside each. Let’s notice on the basic question Aristotle had his unequivocal answer: in happiness—in harmony with himself and the world (“Protreptic”).⁴ The installation on “globalization” was devastating for man and destructive for mankind, since the “bison” had to be expelled from itself as well as the “hare.” An aggressive environment generates an aggressive or submissive substance, to which the questions of the ideological order are alien—they are bad for it. And does man need a life, if the boundaries of good and evil are erased?

This question, first, refers us to the eternal, and unresolved, problem: Its/Alien/Other. Once in an interview with Y. Kristeva noticed: “A person remains alive, only by questioning himself.” I will supplement—as it were under the scaffold of reflections—not only self-destructive experiences, but lynching doubts—under the guillotine of all mental operations. And since I am engaged in the philosophy of Laughter, and as the author of the concept of “grotesque consciousness,” I will add another: making sense of laughter—laughing and in the chill of laughter. In ancient times, there was a custom in Sardinia: Old people were brought here to die, but those who did not seem pitiful even to themselves laughed or depicted a laughing grin—the Sardinian mask appeared—an indignant, sizzling grimace of resistance. We will notice, so: under the question and laughing—the person in the person is realized. This is a picture for all the same problems: its/other—infirmity, formerly own and native, becomes different and unnecessary—and the space is cleaned up. The dichotomy of the tragic and the comic gives us a different perspective. So, 10 years ago in the Moscow Vakhtangov’s Theater was given a rare Shakespeare’s play for performance—“Troill and Cressida”—a drama about the incredibility/impossibility of love during the Trojan War, which, we recall, lasted 10 years (this is according to Homer—other sources we do not have), which calls into question the very probability war, where, instead of decorations, but surely chosen, attributive sign of the battle was a huge log, which diameter was 1.5 meters, hanging across the stage on massive chains, which in the course of the play was swinging, depicting a cannon, sometimes mumble: usually—in the morning, or vigorously—on the eve of battle. What is it? The growl of the Minoan, a ferocious bull-man, the Minotaur, whom already necessary (for, having passed the basics of anthropomorphism, people still remain in his bonds), is perceived as the symbol of an eternally at warring man, that self-fulfilling in a pirate way—by war and robbery, otherwise (we will choose the mixed form), domination? Or is it a cow that requires milking? It’s funny and sad at the same time, but it becomes clear that the life of the

Achaean has settled—cattle breeding, husbandry is established, bread is sown, battles are on schedule, from time to time, that is, after the works of the righteous, is revenge? Revenged by law? According to the ancient custom, if the wife was stolen by an alien, she automatically became the wife of an alien, and the former husband had no right to claim it, and in the case of the Spartan tsarina, taken away by the Trojan prince, the house of Sparta was not insulted, since Elena did not lose her aristocratic family, as well as its more than successful, for at that historical period Ilion was richer than Sparta and more significant as a state standing in the Mediterranean at the intersection of trade routes, like Admiral Nelson, more influential than Qatar, and shone like a seam the Swiss bank. The law of ancestry is not broken: The wife has remained the wife, moreover without losing the imperial status—there is no insult. So what did the Achaeans fight for? For space. They lost it: an ecological catastrophe that covered the Aegean Sea after the Santorin explosion, the collapse of the Crete-Minoan civilization, the flight from the Mediterranean region to the east, to the Asian Minor lands, is forced migration, caused by the search for a new house, which turned into the construction of the former—at the bottoms of its ships, the ancient Achaeans and Dorians brought the seeds of their culture and sowed them not by the plowed field of Asia Minor. They brought their “space” with them, but they also created/founded the Greek civilization—science, art, crafts, absorbing the traditions of the Assyro-Babylonian culture, developing themselves in the agonistic spirit of rivalry. All the main philosophical schools (great pre-Socratics) arose here. Viticulture with its Dionysian cult arose here. The surviving artifacts of vase painting, architecture, life testify to developed agriculture, skilful construction, fine painting, which is impossible without a certain state of prosperity, which ensured a certain world order based on mutual respect of the Other, considering that the basis of this order was commodity exchange and cultural mutual enrichment. Having recovered from the catastrophe, having collected the first crops, some of the Achaean tribes returned; some remained—the great Greek metropolis began: The space of the Greek world was enlarged.

P. Karden’s house, built according to his sketches, resembles a soapbubble soldered into rocks—like a frozen “last exhalation” of stone foam, inscribed in the natural landscape—is soluble by the environment, and inside it is a practical bunker with windows-portholes and low vaults of the cell enfilade. Such a land “nautilus” is also a flight (a sort of escapism)—and how the creation of a private paradise is a variant of prolonged death, since this ostentatious paradise—as non-being—demonstrates idleness and wasteland, for it is built for one person, like the newest Taj Mahal for the dead queen. In an effort to resemble their idols, people rushed to build similar “bubble-bins,” castles, but airless, cemeteries for idle life, in order to prolong their stay there, where the air is exhausted, but spaciouly, where the human self, mirroring echoing up to the Superman, rejoicing at its “abandonment” from the world, ceases to feel anybody’s borders, except its own—“the other” simply dissolves under the magic of soap bubbles. Such “blindness” as the acquired species sign shows not only a consciousness disorder, an internal imbalance, but also that civilization stops its run-up, because mankind for a hundred years suddenly preferred skiing to the internal combustion engine, since man, with obvious technical progress, ceased to develop as a biologically gifted subject, being weak-willed in will, fear, and sleep, and simultaneously. Such a space of “inaction” relentlessly strives for a new land with fresh grass, instead of labor and overcoming it chooses an extensive approach—and hence, a nomadic way of life, and as a consequence—migration in search of happiness or easy money. In a word, the “gold rush” continues to torment the minds of millions that bought into the mouse of a gift horse (which, according to the saying, they do not look at one’s teeth), called “technical progress” or “technologies,” having taken out of usage work as valor, labor as joy, losing independence and, at the same time, sanity, for life, likens death to being in that conception of happiness that is like death; it is inert,

hysterical, arrogantly, lazily, the same anti-world in action that D. Likhachev called “the total world,” as “dies nefasti” (Latin), which happened in a troubled distempers and state revolutions, that is, from time to time, and did not reign for a long time.⁵ “Hopelessness” of our civilization is that it lost all its boundaries, erased the tags, throwing out the keys—there was only one “soapbubble”—a hollow emptiness, ready to burst at any second, lost its meaning as the basis of life, losing sight, hearing, speech—the ability to perceive and understand that three thousand years ago it brought the Achaean tribes out of the doldrums of ecological disaster.

The search for analogies here is almost the most reasonable tactical movement, as it corresponds to the search strategy: the desire to find confirmation of the thought/connection, i.e., origins, causes of occurrence, otherwise, meaning. Therefore, the construction of similar analytical chains is not a quenching of the collector’s passion, in order to plant a new key on a bunch, but the desire to remove from this bundle the key behind the key and by way of typological convergence open the doors of the meaning of each thing or phenomenon that remain relevant for us, shouting or light that makes you nervous and not sleep—and most importantly, to understand yourself, for only in this way: Thinking, we train the mind, preparing not only for a jump, but for action, and hence for life in this universe. The emerging image of the “soapbubble” in discussions about space leads us to the question of happiness—about its possibility, its unrealizable and conditioned justification, and for us it served as a kind of key (perhaps to the sacred little room of Pope Carlo), because it did not burst, but opened the essence: All movements in space, chaotic, spontaneous, planned migration flows (of all flora and fauna) are caused by concern for happiness and for everyone it will be “our own.” Of course, understanding the “happiness” of a fungus or salmon will be different from an understanding of a frigate or a lizard, and from our, human. And no one at this time will guarantee that this is not so—we simply do not have communication with them, but that every representative of the flora and fauna looks for a better “place under the sun” for themselves and their offspring, and a favorable environment, at the same time, it changes its life, sometimes mutating, in a result of climatic and biospheric changes—everyone knows about it, who has been launched by the XXI century into the informational stream of universal education, and if someone has not mastered reading and writing or lives outside the Internet and TV, but in the natural elements of the savannah, pampas or tundra, then a close inhabitation with animal/flora leads to the same knowledge: Every living creature, every blade of grass is living his happiness and his understanding of the “right” exists. As for the human understanding of “happiness,” here the perception of the concept, which is clear and complex by its fragility, is not so much lost as it is confusedly confused. Representations of happiness in the mass consciousness or in the communicative cloud of the existence of man, are false, because they are compressed with a prism of archaic consciousness that has not disappeared anywhere, or rather: It did not remain in the distant past together with the mummies, not buried by sands, lost in the battle of Salamis—it can be inside each of us, because we do not know what consciousness we get at birth, what it will develop in the process of our growing up and becoming. According to the archaic concept of “happiness,” which is fixed by folklore tradition, protected by proverbs and sayings, happiness is there “where we are not,” literally: where we no longer live, and if we will, not for life, rather for death, than, in fact, it is an idle existence for a person (our reasoning above)—a non-existence in reality. Actualize it (reanimated from the past) by primitive consumption and pleasure (a primitive manifestation of the instinct inherent in even the simplest organisms, and not only with higher nervous activity)—a clever invention of minnows that have long been outsmarted, since “land nautilus”—bunkers, like penthouses, hovering over the bustlingly running life of the Egyptian pyramids, embodying the “pyramids” of profit—fraud with happiness, but on credit and swindle, appearing as a balloon, it turns out to be a cynical bluff of dupes, for such happiness,

being in the hands, bursts into a soapbubble, settling with boredom and apathy for a man who worked day and night to accumulate capital for the pyramid of growth in order to find the treasured bunker—the space of happiness, in order to fit into that picture (correspond to those ideas) that impose those wise minnows that form a society, but according to their ideas of happiness. As you can see, different spatial experience or understanding can lead to a single way of spatial orientation—isolation staying in idleness—just such a modern idea of happiness: an island in the ocean, a yacht in the sparkling waves, a bungalow on the beach, a loft as a secret shelter. And this the looking-glass by Dr. Hyde does not give a general understanding of the happiness of modern man that works a lot, but at idle speed—without any benefit for himself, that is, without realizing and not looking for his true destiny, but moving inertly: Pulling their stones along the pyramids, and instead of checking whether is not cardboard, is not a mirage, not a hologram, continue to move in a system of suspended measures and rules. To stop deceiving and growing up, a person needs to know “what to want”—this is the first help in orienting in the reality of being. But usually desires are formed in childhood and as a way of communicating with this world: “Give,” “I want,” And then they are replaced by a qualitatively different predicate: “I also want...” which indicates that the communicative strategists fall for the bait, resemble, be in line, fit fashion/idol/canon—this is the oldest way to manipulate external attributes for an internal adjustment of the subject, in order to introduce another player into the team, can also reserve—how it will turn out. It is important not to “want, like everyone else;” it is important “to know what to want.” And this is perhaps the most difficult—understanding of true desire comes only with the experience of life, that is, in the process of mastering life itself—through work, joy, contemplation, compassion, help, creation (words and deeds), care, etc., arise by comprehension, penetrating the spring water, without the admixture of other people’s interpretations. However, “difficulties of translation” does not arise when a child lives in the space of love in the land of ancestry and in caring for her, comprehending her and himself and the world around—then it has a chance to grow up, know what to want, and be able to see the goal. These are the main axes of the coordinates of that space, which is called proudly: “Man,” these are the aspen trees, by which a man measures the space of being for himself, and those points on which he finds his happiness. And, note, you do not have to go to the far end of the world, you just need to turn around yourself, outline the place you’re standing on, understand what you’re worth, see the goal and achieve better results (vision, knowledge, skill, understanding). After all, happiness does not come “from without;” it flows “out of you”—everyone, anyone, it comes “from within” as a result of working on oneself, overcoming (laziness, cowardice, greed), mastering oneself (abilities, desires, duties, rights), it covers and warms the awareness of the meaning (things, phenomenon, feelings). It seems that the understanding of “happiness” can serve as the boundary that a person determines for himself when another is found, but not only to demonstrate his territory (his own strength and will over it—and this is true, because only you are the ruler of your “space;” it is inside your body), but also to warn the Alien (which does not exclude the attack), because realizing that everyone, having the right to their own border, can make a mistake and encroach on an foreign and alien. And when “happiness” is presented with a candy—from the outside, and even on a saucer with a blue border, with a magical spell “like everyone else”—then the infantile creature of the consumer society grabs it without hesitation—the simulacrum is swallowed and all borders fall into oblivion, like the walls of the Bastille, and the abyss of desires opens his arms to him. In short, a fresh picture for Dante or Bosch is ready, and that rather indicates a chronic illness of society (the symptoms of the disease manifest themselves in each century, without disappearing for long, exposing the same vices), which, in order to start treatment, runs away from itself in fear, looking for the lagoon more calmly, where there are more fish,

and the water is brighter, which also speaks about the repetition and use of the former methodology—the capture and assimilation of alien territory, when instead of growing up, becoming, fighting the elements, the boundaries of the Stranger are violated or simply ignored. But, perhaps, this last is also not new: pirates always differed by completely ignoring the “alien,” that at all times they lived outside the law and outside society—beyond its borders, outside the polis, outside the state—on the fly cloud of their brotherhood. The method of “*piracy*”—pure robbery—is used by predatory representatives of flora and fauna as a self-evident right of superiority, the right of the strong one, and to watch pelicans swallow the cormorant chicks alive to feed their chicks by half-digested “chickens,” as the lion/jaguar hunt and torment the prey or a frigate “robs” a bird flying with catch, can hardly bring pleasure—rather it is coercion to a public auto-da-fe, and is perceived as a permissible elimination or “illustration” of the way of life, but not display worthy of contemplation, capable to plunge into shock. Such piracy perturbs, but not much. When, however, the “ignoring” of foreign borders occurs in the species group that is native to us, and even with the demonstration of force online, in the broadcast: “live” on air—public executions of officials in China, hostage taking and chopping off the captives in the Middle East, more frequent attacks and shootings of people in the public space of an open city in Europe and America, our outrage is directly proportional to the number of victims and the fact that “piracy” occurs within a megacity, where laws still exist, which are at least respected, and the right-watchdog and prison systems acted (coping or not), whereas intimidating executions occur in war conditions or among convicts and according to the law of the state (which may not coincide with the legislation of other countries), which is allowed by your consciousness as possible, since you allow the existence of other rules (war) and other conditions of problems (other state), but it is perceived as improbable, as public punishment, going around the world with a Christmas card, breaking the boundaries of your space—your perception of the world (and the very happiness that does not allow the death of your own kind), using the ease of delivery of the newest pigeon mail—an ethereal button communication with any point of the planet, encroaches on yourself, your right to yourself and to your consciousness—a very delicate matter, as if limited by your body, but unlimited in its manifestation (comprehension), and rather fragile for the frontal attacks of any manipulation. So, we approached the statement of the problem—the self-presentation of terror. The Trojan horse served here as a sufficiently vivid picture to enter into the history of conflicts an archetypal symbol of treachery and robbery, a metaphor for domination, a monad of violence and its justification.

The body of terrorism rests not on ideology/beliefs/religions—it is purely a practical idea, behind which there is only one thing: terra nova—the *habitat*. It is necessary to look for other reasons for the massacres and public executions of modern times, because no religion calls for open murder—only dogmatists armed with faith, craved crusaders hikes, and therefore cannot be recognized and accepted as responsible for the murder. This is the search for the guilty, but only the person is guilty—the fault is his area of responsibility. The reconstruction of the ancient cannon of the ancient Greeks makes it possible to judge not only the technical characteristics of the army and combat equipment (“polyoryka”—the ancient martial art of the siege of the cities, which is described in sufficient detail by Apollodorus, Athenaeus, Vegetius⁶), but also to admit that the Trojan horse was a forerunner such weapons, without which then no siege of the city could be carried out, and the siege “machines” resembled a horse in its outline. Filled with a brave rearguard—special forces of thugs, a wooden horse on wheels rolled into Troy and exploded with the first prehistoric bomb, sweeping the city and the kingdom of Danae into chips, “alive” trotyled: “sea seals” Odysseus—pricked, cuted, and teared methodically and noiselessly all living things on his way, ignoring the borders and the line of what is

permissible, clearing Ilium from his citizens, as if it were their territory. De jure and de facto it was the first public attack, publicized by the mass media on the entire planet, beginning with Homer, and replicated by art (all kinds), and as a “pirate ignore,” borrowed from the world of flora and fauna, was taken on armament in the way of solving conflicts, as a dominant force and superiority, by intimidation and blackmail. Sowed panic and fear serves only one purpose—to occupy and expel from the territory. Tactical trick of the king of Ithaca was a desk reading in the “science of winning,” without which neither Alexander, nor Caesar, nor Trajan would have become successful and great commanders. Now we justify their ability to ignore the boundaries of the Stranger, their ability to overcome the unauthorized, sometimes admiring their determination and stubbornness, with which they led their troops to their goal—someone else’s space. But the rules are not set by us; history, like evolution, has been established and is being dominated by simple domination, the right of the “first night” that borders the sneezes. However, from the II millennium BC, in the territory of Asia Minor, the Middle East, the Mediterranean basin, the cult of Mitra, the god of war, the treaty and the borders, was spread, worshiping which people tried not to violate the boundaries of the Other, and if they violated them, according to the contract, stipulating terms, damages, started the war, punishing for the Alien’s irresponsibility.

In order to move the thought of giving a shade of Orientalism, we introduce by melted milk the historical context from my work “The Receptive Curse of Utopia.”⁷ The cult of Mitra⁸ was widely spread outside of Iran, especially in the Roman Empire, where rituals and ritual constructions, images and sculptures were dedicated to it, revered on a par with Jupiter or identified with Zeus; in the Avestan tradition, the original relationship of Mitra with a treaty or concomitant, acting as a guarantor of the treaty itself, which corresponded to the status of the cosmic law. The contractual function of Mitra, conditioned by the fact of the primacy of the deity, amounts to ensuring stability and harmony between people, protecting the country from strife and unhappiness, provided that the spirit and letter of the treaty are honored and respected. One of the epithets of Mitra is the “rectifier of lines (borders),” which not only refers to the possible and reconciling role in disputes about boundaries, but directly points to the function of the priest-king, which existed from ancient times, who took part in ritual dimensions, the adherence not only of the treaty as a universal law, but in keeping with the balance between good and evil, discern truth and falsehood, which in turn allows us to consider Mitra a deity defining moral and moral boundaries, that is, a deity creating and safeguarding the ethos of the people as the contracts system.⁹

The Utopians of Thomas More, who revered Mitra, acted like him: Like Greek gods, they interfered in human wars, descending from heaven, and restored justice by waging war beyond their state borders, as if protecting the inviolability of their territory and their laws, whose rejection, like and encroachment on them, led to armed conflicts; the purpose of allowing them was the introduction of forced discipline (established order), sanctioned by Mitra himself. The divine appeal restored the borders that had been violated because of permissiveness or non-compulsiveness, which resulted from the ignoring of contracts, that is, disrespect to God, and imposed penalties in the form of fines and indemnities against costs and moral damage. The description of military demarches,¹⁰ but rather the explanation of More to those contractual obligations of the Utopians, which in fact are the winged determinants of all military campaigns, would be read as an artistic fiction and would be perceived as a stylistic figure if it had no analogues in the past (texts by Dionysius, Appian, Caesar) and the future (all subsequent historical chronicles, documentary evidence, memoirs of war participants, transcripts of the Nuremberg trials, reports of international conflicts in the Middle East, Africa, Mala and Middle Asia, posted on the Internet a secret correspondence of the US State Department and embassies residents).¹¹ It is this identity that allows us to consider Utopia as an extended invective for the entire social

order, regardless of time and place, and in particular the state as a paramilitary mechanism for the improvement of the human hostel, based on regulations that allow and, more often, provoke its violation, since destabilization is the driving force of existence. This polar involvement of Mitra in the war lies hidden in the very aporia of the world-war, which turns the god of treaties into the chthonic deity of destruction and murder.¹²

The conclusion, which suggests that it was immediately carved (and not only in stone), states: The state as a special human institution is not always indexed by a positive sign of peace, and among other legislative acts, as reforms, it uses destruction, suppression and murder, that is, strategy of the *omitted visor*.

The rigid regulation of economic wars under the oldest motto “The goal justifies the means” formally explains the beginning of hostilities by non-observance of the treaty, which may entail a threat of possible ruin or violation of the boundaries of freedom, whether right or property. This is followed by a campaign for “compensation for damage,” which the Utopians called “revenge for money grievances” (More, 89), whose goal is to restore the “trampled” state, in the absence of which “dishonor” should rather be composed in order to claim satisfaction, and hence, the consolidation and recognition of the other national credo of one power by the right of the strong. In the case of the United States, such “grievances” might look ridiculous due to the remoteness and geographical isolation of this state from most countries of the world—in fact, the Olympus of the present, from the point of view of politicians and analysts, if in fact there were no historical precedents of such insults—“insults” (e.g., the stolen Spartan virgin as the atoning sacrifice of Greek colonization in Asia Minor in the 13th century BC, where the very moment of “theft” is rather controversial, because all the maidens of Sparta were trained in military art on a par with men; the possession of the relics of the founder of the new cult by representatives of another faith as a prohibited reception, but acting as the strongest aphrodisiac in the struggle for the spheres of influence of the Carolingian dynasty and the spread of Christian ideology during the Crusades of the 10th-13th centuries, after which faith became used as a lever of control and mass influence). This remark, like the whole text, was created at a time when the war in Libya was only declared, and the country was not ruined by American “intervention” (“the first night”), and the leader of Gaddafi was not yet torn to pieces by a mad crowd of insurgents.

Since it is precisely in finding a balance between order and disorder through the conflict that humanity painfully seeks excuses for its existence, the strategy of war used at the present stage of human development shows only one thing: The cult of Mitra remains the only revered cult of modernity, as the rulers of countries continue to identify their actions with function of God—the establishment of a universal law, in which the war, its principles and methods, is inscribed in the judicial and legal framework of the state device, for a stimulus compliance with contractual obligations, in kimberlite ore becomes economic well-being. So, the power, as before, seeks and finds ways of its legitimacy—in the divine predestination, which ensures to it both the legality (the system of contracts) and the order (the structure of the state), for Mitra is the god of the state.¹³ Since the cult of Mitra, like its identical emanation, Serapis, was popular in the provinces of the Achaemenid state, the territories annexed and expanding the empire’s possessions, it would be permissible to assume that this cult accompanies the state’s colonial policy with ambitions, which indirectly confirms the spread of the Ptolemaic state religion Hellenistic and Roman Egypt, that is, in the growing colonies of the Roman Empire.

The state as a machine of repression appears to be the only form of human community that has been used since ancient times, but is not exclusive, because the overriding goal of creating a “good” for the majority within the “state” remains impossible to this day. From the above, it follows that *the state of Utop* could not become a prototype of the perfect state, the ideal of which was the basis of the utopian theory, since the

supreme deity of the country, preferring the spirit of military valor to all peaceful “spirits,” encouraged the strategy of the warrior in resolving contractual obligations. However, because of our concept of “transfiguration” of the meaning of *utopia*, which suggests reading the term utopia as “not a sample but a sign,” a different point of view is possible, as well as an understanding of the phenomenon of a “perfect state,” whose idealization probably goes back to metaphorization, and “perfection” should be perceived as the result of the embodied ideal—made in the image and likeness, which allows us to recognize the uniqueness of the state “Utopia,” which, voluntarily or unwittingly, served as a guide in the search for public structures for last three hundred years.

The main function of Mitra—the union of people in a special social structure and the establishment of contracts between them—explained the distribution of such categories as *mos maiorum*, *virtus*, *disciplina*,¹⁴ which existed on the position of three whales—the very basis of the Roman state, whose social significance would not be sustainable without honoring the cult of Mitra, that is, without reliance on the call of ancestors, military valor and the established order. Since the times of Alexander the Great, after the Macedonian conquest of Iran and after the accession of the Ptolemaic dynasty, the Achaemenid cult of Serapis, erected in the royal cult¹⁵—the cult of the “god of power,” providing both *mos maiorum*, and *virtus*, and *disciplina*, determined the type of social structure as an institutional model for all times and peoples. Trying on military habitus as a mandatory armor-attribution of its far from non-peaceful being, the More’s Utopians, fostering brutal wars of retribution in adjacent territories, having established a strict discipline of labor and having established fiscal supervision literally for every citizen, one can say, having “inherited” the device of the ancient state; they cut down its “perfect model”—the state of Utopia, the unattainable idealization of which was disproved, for reality, having shown examples of “machines of suppression” in the full concrete reality of a real historical time it allows to recognize in it the prototype of the social order.

And now to the problems that lie chord to our space of reasoning—one’s/alien’s/other—is its share in the general crying for humanity so important? Is it dangerous? And if so, to whom? Or else, who cares about fears that are excited by this three-part incantation “your/alien/other,” this tricolor of identification? Correspondence to whom and what? And in this connection, we recommend stopping all talk about tolerance—it does not exist, because it is defined as “tolerance” that removes the issues of the “boundaries” of the Alien, dissolving and ignoring primarily the *modus vivendi* of the Other, that is, the existence of a neighbor that lives better. Therefore, Troy remains the only true and correct explanation of the nature of terrorism. If we advocate for individuality, then why do we pretend, insisting on overcoming “alienation” and “otherness,” why should we necessarily draw someone into “our” camp? This happens when the “stranger” is allowed themselves in by opening the gates and welcoming his “happiness” as bread and salt, forgetting that even a tamed pelican will swallow other chicks, and believing that the proclaimed tolerance and individuality underlying the social order will serve a protective letter from every foreign rearguard. The problem of terrorism lies not so much in the field of law, and not so much in the field of faith, but, I think, in what is called “legal conviction,” when both “right” and “faith” appear in one bundle, when one provides the safety of another, this is the moral right that was transmitted by the “law of ancestors” by faith in divine justice and by the rules of behavior—the moral law inside (the same Kantian principle). And this conviction necessarily consists of a sense of duty and responsibility to the Other, which, in turn, is impossible without respect for the Other. When belief in a moral postulate (the call of ancestors) justifies for your “right” to your boundary of existence, then this “faith” obliges you not to violate the boundaries of the Alien, respecting it. The call of ancestors, military prowess, and

established order (*mos maiarum*, *virtus*, *disciplina*) served the guarantee of individual freedom from the time of the Assyrian kingdom, and they are the determinants of boundaries (all kinds) and are the guarantee of that “happiness” that everyone forms for himself independently. For everyone is not afraid to be a stranger and keeps himself in his “otherness,” without encroaching on the boundaries of the Other.

However, we recognize the fact that law itself, as a set of norms and rules established and protected by the state, and as a legalized possibility of individual freedom, as well as violence (and terrorist acts as one of its components), like faith (and religious dogmatism), like many concepts and norms, underwent significant changes, primarily because the main component—the person himself—has changed. It was the man himself who turned the wheel of evolution backwards—the observed outbreaks of regression (amoralism, phobias, impoverishment of thought, idleness, greed, violence, superstition) will increase and intensify, attracting new “dark ages;” will lead to the cooling of Olympus (the death of civilization). The subjunctive mood suddenly jumped off, not for this genre, but apparently not accidentally, but only to push to a decisive battle against the problem that is stated in the theme of the scientific report for an interdisciplinary conference that raises the actual questions of our time, not in order to have not boring time, but to understand the realities of the present day, to understand why the “heating system” of our common house does not work, and why it is so hard for a person to live in.

The sense of the “border” as its own cocoon is the space of the Spirit; it is peculiar to a mature person, since the youth is calm to excessive tactility: It is inclined to provoke and seek it; hence, the readiness for conflicts, violence, and violation of the boundaries of the Alien, which leads to an offense, and that often used in coups d’etat, because the space limited by certain boundaries is not actual and not interesting to it—there is no scope for a “soul rush,” for fraternization, for simple pushing (like the hassle between the lions, kittens, bear cubs, etc.), the broken barriers and the infinity of flowing (whether roads, music, or communication) are important for young people, which is directly proportional to the degree of one’s own dignity—the very thing that develops conscience, like the backbone of human nature, which correlates the mind and forms the notion of honor, and that in former times automatically transferred the adolescent to the class of “adults.”

“Man is born free, but he spends his whole life in chains”—as Rousseau formulated the paradox of life that he assumed to solve by the Social Treaty, but his credo-new did not take into account the personal responsibility of the person, and everyone. The treaty ignored the responsibility of a person for a particular offense/error/protest, and did not take into account the pain or shame that could accompany the adoption of the Law, which, in an effort to endow everyone with equality, was swaddled by the pragmatism of existence, limiting individual freedom by abolishing the life reference points, prescribe uniformity of thought at bondage transaction commodity-money social relations. In the definition of “freedom” according to Rousseau, the existence of “consciousness” in man is assumed, but the Treaty itself did not provide it, as it did not guarantee a person neither happiness nor individual freedom. The ready form of existence, the comprehension of which was not required, which is introduced by the gift of the “first night,” the whims of conspirators, without “rooting” in every head of society, passing the traditions and moral right of the people, is doomed to failure. What we are observing now—the “consumer society” that the inevitable fate has covered our civilization now, was conceived by the French and English enlighteners as a society of “freedom, equality, and brotherhood;” it began to be formatted after bourgeois revolutions, bloody terror, colonial wars and seizures and in The Result of Signing This Social Treaty (ST), which legitimized the unthinkable violation of the boundaries of the *Stranger/Alien*: the deprivation of life, property, removing all responsibility from violators and rapists. The

society began to live from clean sheet—for two centuries it turned into a society devoid of any foundations, morals, and principles, showing the degeneration of the mind and nature, with one positive characteristic—technologicality, which only parameters are important, and any agreements (and the contract as the basis of relations) are dismissed, because a society that is prone to betrayal changes impetuously, changing opinions, principles, habits, attachments, partners, friends, work, for everything changes, is modified—progress is sporting, only the person stagnates, everything is conventionalism, everything is frailty, and nonchalance and ease are required, with which the changes will proceed “like clockwork”—person does not improve his species characteristics: Passions and vices do not let go. Is the Social Treaty guilty? It seems that the matter lies elsewhere (ST is just an abstract notion that it is difficult to blame)—it does not work because personal responsibility is not cultivated and not brought up in a society flooded with people with archaic consciousness, whose life is dominated by instincts and under their tune. When the archaic mode of existence “every man for himself” is declared by a single unifying credo and a fundamental principle in a society designed to ensure “freedom, equality and brotherhood,” but the whims of corporations and banks formed into a society of “deceit, profits, and lucre,” then the ST itself falls off a hypocritical fig leaf, dissolving in the tabloid reading of lonely subjects who do not know what is happiness and what is the meaning of life. ST falls out of the newest system of value, or rather antivalues, since there is nothing valuable in them: Democracy does not teach us how to love a person; the brotherhood will not remove the asthenic syndrome, but it will certainly provoke it; freedom will not lead to happiness, but will accustom to idleness and boredom, will open opportunities, that they will pull only in one direction—to the benefit (momentary, animal, like an immature person), they will promise to satisfy the instincts that they will be fired according to the law of the market, counting on surplus value—deception, tales, coercion—to have someone else’s desire (will), alien’s instinct, which is thus simply a manifestation of power, otherwise, domination, the basis of which is the violation of the boundaries of the Other, that is, the expression of the animal sign of power. A man is deprived of his convictions, imposing whims and desires, replacing consciousness by instinct—thoughts are bursting, but the assortment of pleasures is offered in the assortment of the showroom, and at the same time they confidently assure that this is happiness—in pleasure. This is indeed the knowhow in the development of the millennial history of philosophy. Stupidity in the absence of personal responsibility gives birth to an obedient herd of boobies—idlers who despise labor, who admit it only when necessary, incapable of feeling, but hungry for pleasure at any cost.

Alien space is searched only then, when for obvious and implicit reasons, it ceases to like its own—hitherto native, unique and unrepeatable. But the reason can also be quite objective—war, natural cataclysm. Then all that is left of the “house” is collected in a bundle, in a pocket—and beyond the threshold (if it is still there), taking with it its “own” space, as it was with Aeneas, that after the defeat of Troy, the loss of parents, hearth, kingdom, capturing a bundle with the “ashes of Priam,” founded on the Apennines a new realm of Aeneids—the future Great Rome. Fear and panic help to clean up the territory, sometimes instantly, it was they who contributed to the affirmation of the Achaean tribes, but I believe that Aeneas himself resorted to them, pressing up the Etruscans, resorted to them, making scope for the fugitives from the ruined paradise of Troy, caring for the restoration of his “house” (kind-tribe) on a new, alien land. In the “double standard” system, a marker is always working—its *own/alien*, but energy-saving light bulb—restraining one another, both cannot shine in full force. Blossoming in the states comes when there is no energy saving light bulb then, when the problem of one’s own/another’s is removed. Human consciousness scans the habitat and everything in it, instantly—in the blink of an eye. We will not speak of the Freud’s tale of the unconscious, that is, the

unconscious method of cognizing the world, considering it a technique imposed by the “tailor way” (by analogy with the tailors from Andersen’s fairy tale “The Naked King”)—by deception and distortion. A person is able to isolate the Other in the eyes, their expression, the impulse that is hidden in them, after a barely perceptible facial expression, literally from the first phrase—it is a gift of consciousness, and just as it determines His. In this regard, I will share another observation, which emerged during the preparation of the report a week ago, although it was written exactly three years ago, when military conflicts were only gaining momentum, and terrorist attacks in Europe were not routine, and was posted on my page in the FB, but, truth, in the poetic form, in the genre, which I define as an introjectual impromptu. In October 2014 in London, before the premiere of the “300: Rise of an Empire,” an advertising action was held to continue the film about the warriors of Sparta—the producers organized a flashmob—a costumed procession of artists through the streets and the metro of the city, which was friendlyly greeted by residents, because of the brutal coincidences and expressive manifestations of “Spartans” did not stand out on the background of Londoners, perhaps a little—bare chest. Having shifted to prose and slightly shortened, partly removing the irony, which is obvious only in Russian, I will try to explain why these brave guys, despite their brightness, have been inconspicuous in the crowd of the metropolis.

... The landing troops winnow on the highway: In the misty Albion, conceived the show, the Greeks were allowed to flow through the streets by drift... instead of the elephants they drove the hoplites of the dashing-cast guardsmen, frightening the courage, and respecting the action... The Spartans in London! Wonderful? Gallogen games, optical flaw, in the Thames poured fog? Amnesty for all Yorkies? Or the spirits of Salladin, having thrown the Arabian sands and Aladdin lamps, saddled the curious noses by aspen rearguard, stymied the clock, crushed the Tower, was able to blow into the river and erect The Lighthouse of Alexandria? Is it visible to the queen that the Maskalians of Mark came to the guard? No, the Dorians, playing with their muscles, carrying Sparta on their spears, entered the Sotheby’s Union of dots, handing the barbarians in exchange for labels and the euros of the brotherhood spirit. Having lowered all the pheromones for nothing, having subdued passers-by with cubes of inflated muscles, like cube-futurists rage, to the ecstasy of ladies and envy to onlookers, a thunderstorm passed through skyscrapers, they rushed through concrete debris like the children of Robin Hood, setting up a derby, wildly spraying the spirit of war, and suddenly dissolving in the middle, Styx visiting the Saxons—flying a detachment through the subway pipe. Plato was right: the enclave to be! And all stand! Shake! The state was carried to the state, literally turning off with a galaxy, like a cameo, hidden in a pocket. Brutality of the brotherhood is canonical and Kubrick’s oranges are accustomed to—she plagues them, cocks them, turns them on—and this is called urban everyday life: the elements and order. We recognize the naked commandos with a soul, we learn ourselves by laughing naively—and if this is us and our cities, then the Platonic structure is ideal! However, such a state is called Utopia for us. Apparently, a bobble with elephants came out...

Despite the bright entourage cinematic visionaries were taken for “their own” without thinking—in no time, since... The army rites of the Spartan grieve are accustomed to the impudence of their roots; they are familiar to the ears of the elite, to the royal aristocracy, the Senate and Congress, as they teach them, introducing comic battles, applying the whip and gingerbread of the spectacles, accustoming to the khaki rhythm from the pot of the elite school and up to bean pod of a career. Running in the sled and in gender teasing, masculinity, all for sorrow, ruled from the mountain—threatens, taxis and crushes: screaming, without shouting, naked torso, courage, tears off the laurels of victory, ku-khaki typing into the detachment of fresh terracotta, cohorts of neophyte clay without red tape and without restraint, swearing the oath of honor by an animal’s roar, khaki

trumpet voice, the canon of the mystery by entering legally, avatars pulling troops down... Amusing the khaki formatting the explosion, the forest brotherhood reigns—skipping Bond, waving Bourne, overshadowing the Masonic faith, plunging into the spirit of the Spartan unity of the haka-nation and the League-corporations, asserting the law of profanity...

In a word, aggression and arrogance are those features of the behavior of a modern person, a resident of a metropolis, stone jungle, which literally chooses the law of the jungle for a successful existence in a consumer society, because the rules of “black hunters”—pirates, and the ability to express oneself bestial promotes, singling out “their own” by growl, modern valor (virtus)—profit. This observation-impromptu is another phenomenon that has spread to educational institutions and the armed forces of the United Kingdom and the United States—haka-competition. The techniques of khaki—imitating the animal growl in order to intimidate the enemy, which was taught to young Maori warriors, and which entered in the New Zealand folk tradition with the initiation rite, was transferred to England as fun, but as a donkey as an acquired gene in the educational and educative structures of the metropolis, colonies, where the inculcation of aggressive behavior is considered the norm, supposedly it brings up the will to victory, fearlessness, being the guarantee of individual freedom. This is such a profanation of “freedom and equality.” In 2014, no one thought about terrorists (and got used to the near “Irish” landing party as a poor cousin, which is not in itself), and as exotics remain in the honor of the urban landscape, interest in ethnicity does not disappear, the calm attitude towards terrorists most likely due to randomness, permissible error (even in battles without rules), indexing fatalism by black mark bloody revenge. And it’s not about strengthening security (the state provides it—the borders on the lock!), but the problem in the society itself that cultivates aggression, accustoming to see the Alien in every counter and cross. Thus, the same energy-saving regime is turned on, which dissolves instincts and restrains the radiance of Consciousness.

Hanging on the wall the gun (of every play) asks to shoot from the first act, and it shoots out—at the end of the fourth. The level of weapons in the world exceeds all conceivable limits of the permissible. The recent slaughter in Los Angeles—59 dead and 520 injured—was in 10 minutes by the streaming method of machine gun. I remember that the hero of the Platonov’s “Chevengur” was “sorting out” with the bourgeoisie—mowed (cut) with a machine gun burst, so that the execution was perceived as a ruin of the props: The representatives of the bourgeois stratum of the city fell like a knocked down—theatrical backdrop—silently, but at once and all. But after all, the commissar Zemlyachka carried out her real shootings in the Crimea during the Civil War, from the machine gun, pressing without stopping on the trigger, the execution of officers of the White Guard lasted for hours without stopping and only when the machine-gunner was tired (information was kept by historical archives). And if you recall the saying: “In the house of a hanged man, do not talk about a rope,” then it may be worth breaking the recommendation and, until the wave of the tsunami of the XXI century war has not covered us, declaring that aggression is a real running knot on the body of society. This is his “widow knot.” And our goal is to turn it into a “knot for memory.” Let such a “knot” remains and the Trojan terrorist act—a public auto-da-fe, an act of coup d’etat that triggered the asthenic syndrome.

Learning to see the boundary of the Other is the vital necessity of the day to preserve the “person” in Man, to keep the Consciousness in health, to stop “escaping” into an identity that, as it turned out, is a wandering, timeless, between 3 pines, in fact, from Behavior/Actions, from responsibility, vegetation in the immaturity and empty, but ringing, aggression, so as not to slip, like jellyfish, into slavery of matter, which caught the heads of the “spirit-poor” consumption society, which is running out of its own stupidity. It is necessary to return to the old “canons and laws”—the boundaries of existence: the norms of life reference point. Mitra, the god of

frontiers and agreements and wars, was known as the patron of the wise, and he ensured that people did not break contractual obligations. It can be said that now the Absolute is reigned by other gods, but man, not having lost the need and ability of “faith,” without losing the passion for superstition, suddenly believed in his own impunity, having got used to the practice of indulgences, is convinced of his right to violate any obligations. Stop cheating and deceiving, stop lying to yourself and others—this is the number one task, and then we will begin to see the boundaries of the Other, but we will begin to appreciate and preserve our “space,” and guard our eyes. This is the “absolute right” that bestows the honor of youth, guarantees moral health, develops a sense of patriotism, without which a civil feat (similar to the exploit of Socrates, which, I recall, performed the first act of civil courage, taking from the hands of a cup of cicuta, complying with the law, but not pleading guilty) will not take place under any weather, and this, in the final analysis, will become the yardstick of all things (a value marker, tuning-fork), that “*measure for measure*” that has always restrained, curbing human consciousness, developed, sane, not sleeping, free.

This “absolute hearing” of a person as a “measure of all things,” like the protective wings of an Angel, is now docked in infancy—the child is deprived of healthy communication with parents (without love, participation, reason), clones in the suggestive solution of unlimited desires and undetected instincts, accustomed oneself to carelessness and maniacal resistance to play and entertainment, grinding idleness and satiety, which in turn trains obedience skills, training on mania, developing a reflex to them, like the leash of the Pavlov’s dog, and closes; it thus, doors of knowledge for Consciousness, restricting a person in the “individual freedom,” depriving their own build and gait. Unable to think independently absolutely of the Others, the person disappears in the boundless field of open possibilities—among the lawlessness of hopeless desires, it cannot be found by any drones, no navigators—it simply is not there.

How/when did young people suddenly start singling out a social group? As, indeed, it is the elderly. This is equivalent to the fact that wolf-cubs or lionets will live separately from their parents as a separate, isolated group of the bestial clan. In archaic times, young people are stood out by the society in such a social group—the group of “black hunters” (P. Vidal-Naquet), which was conditioned by the need for the policy of educating a warrior, an intrepid defender who was ready not only for victims, but also for a crime that was stressed, experienced fear, desperate overload, passed “fights without rules,” trained by pirate “wiles and jumps.” This social group was created for two years and beyond the policy, where the recruit, 16 years, was sent to teach “piracy,” and the young man had no right to return to the city (that is, to desert) before the expiry of his life time on pain of death. The society has always been segmented by social groups, but the differentiation has taken place in the field of activity, by place of residence, or by origin, but never by age. Another “know-how.” Emphasizing the “youth” as a social group, we create for it not just comfortable conditions of existence, facilitating sociologists and political scientists the front of work, but we cultivate infantility and irresponsibility, prioritizing age, not accomplishment, the possibility of heroism, but not himself a feat, condemning the young man to extend his potentiality and push real actions as far as possible, that is, as long as possible to remain in the field of “inaction,” pushing away the demarcation line of the citizen, or adult. Therefore, the question of His/Alien/Other is so hanging in the air—his decision is beyond the interests of “black hunters,” violators of borders. A young person entering the system of social relations, seeing how the borders of permissiveness stretch, living in the polis structure of adults, but according to their children’s rules of the neuromuscular body, not having learned to respect the boundaries of the “alien,” will never notice—because of the short-sightedness of the cold heart, even if he “oversteps” the border of middle age and

enters into the group of “elderly people.” Do not violate the boundaries of the Stranger—the golden rule of relations—it is not inculcated or developed at the level of reflexes, to which the technologies designed and conceived to improve a person contribute in no small measure, but, in reality, acting destructively for him: everyone’s privacy with everyone, achieved by the virus of social networks, reliably holds in the archaic “close contact” of primitive people. Living in a party network, as in a pannier, where every mushroom or berry, pushing and stepping on the cask of the Other (in the eerie closeness of verbal quarrels), the “immature adult person” does not hear Others—and why? Self-presentation above all, for this, learns hack from young nails (see above). Here, in social networks, a desperate desire to distribute its own space to the Other, even through a roar, is formatted, replicating itself with the copier—to not “limit” its self, to multiply by the mirror fragments. The parable of the trolls that Andersen used in “The Snow Queen” unfolded anti-world—everyone trolling, multiplying heartlessness and spreading malice, insulting, with the same animal roar, hiding behind the mask of Anonymous, under the name of the Beast.

Modern society is like the formless mass of the same type of people: without a certain specialty, without work, without a specific place of residence, without sex, without faith, indifferent to everything—indifferent, but talkative, lascivious, eternally fit and suffering, impatient and greedy individuals, idle, part of the employed in the service sector—the servants, for hire, from time to time, and carefree. The limitless possibilities (like the infinite space of one’s own self), the eternal search for one’s identity—for all boundaries are shifted, immensity of desires—this is the route along which relaxed, careless riders, our future, who, in my opinion, should pay more attention, than robotics and pharmacology, twisting and examining that mysterious Rubik’s Cube that we habitually call *society*. But is this a society? Can society as a public organization be structured according to the age and color of the pants? Let’s recall the joke on which grew: “A society in which there is no color differentiation of pants is doomed to extinction”—a verbal pun from the film of G. Daneliya’s “Kin-dza-dza!”, overturning the oxymoron, refutes the reality—everyday life shows the opposite: observing, as a special diet, parasitism and aggression, a person will reach the age of Methuselah, and his colony will be eternal. Maybe we need to correct something in theory.

If all that is said is true, even if only half, the Myth, while resisting, remains faithful and persistent in its semantic exponent: The Trojan horse as a symbol of “*granted goodness*” is a box with a double bottom—civilization, exploding from within, rotting stuffing, raw atomic, decaying humanity, settles in the dust, like the Colossus on clay feet. The ruin coming from within, destroying the whole kingdom of Troy, leaving the emanation of the idea of revenge under the wreckage of images and winged expressions, perhaps, according to Homer’s plan, that thought flowed through the tree of life to a slender hexameter rhythm, should have warned: That prosperity is achieved by labor and effort of will, character, duty. Deprived of consciousness, the head, not seeing any goal beyond its nose, is strategically de-energized and therefore, capable of pressing any button, can miss its own death—the bastions of civilization: education, art, science, under the oppressive primitive and superstition, are already collapsing like house of cards. Even the conditions for this task have changed, like the cyclones that have jumped around the planet, throwing off the old settings: the “blessings” of civilization that were invented as helpers, freeing a person from labor as a conscious necessity, destroying a person, leaving helpless, knowledge that does not give understanding, consciousness is not accustomed to independent work, are useless and prevent us from finding the right solution, as well as formulate the right question, because they rotate in the orbit of the brain with space debris, and this created slugging (and, by the person himself) triggers the metastasis process—and the body eats itself. To see this, it is enough to look around, read the press, look

into the book, go to school for a child or a cafe to have a bite, visit the gallery.

The Trojan horse, changing its color and multiplying, will remain its own—a nut to the mind...

The herd of the passions is clattering with hoofs, squashing by spring impudence, springing eagerly through you, inciting the adultery with faith, bristling the terra with the amble, tearing off the carving by act of terrorism and tearing off the mind by hat, breaking the vertebrae by others, revealing the vestiges of burrows, as virtues rush, stabbing the soul with anger, and letting down deceptive claw for nothing. Do not be a Trajan without a horse! Do not be Troy with the horse! Since changing Sivka-Burka (grey-chestnut horse) to a prince's gift, do not be, do not and do not seem to! You cannot see the kingdom; you cannot see Alexander; you cannot be a hero- to be killed, if you sell a friend to a candy, get a rebellious carnation on the horseshoes, let the troublemaker into the Achilles heel, then the bastions of Troy fall... enchanting, fanatical... Apparently, that horse was gypsy—it did not spare itself, sacrificing camp, flaunting with fury, sat down on his heels, sneezed repeatedly and soured, burying the secret of the whole campaign, alas, under the friendly neigh... The hoof of this impromptu beats not in the eyebrow, getting into the plexus...

Putting before myself the question put in the title, I tried to figure out where the “wind blows,” and if the sharpness of the impulses is felt and touches others, we can state that there is still an occasion for further discussions, which may lead to a “Socratic dialogue,” similar to the one that T. More and E. Rotterdam had once created, setting the precedent of “correspondence from two angles,” amid desolation and plague, enlightening, shaking the bell of education for the majority, blinded and deaf from wars and instincts, hoping for the forces of Reason (everyone), nurtured by work, but otherwise why was Erasmus, the Renaissance academician, at a time when the literacy was an impermissible luxury, translating the New Testament into Latin, providing extensive commentaries, turning the former “Vulgate” into a simple man's desk book. The task is to return a person to the rails of progressive development-daily improvement by work, to that conscious existence, not to stay/serve, but to an effective being for which the problem of “one's”/“another's” has lost relevance, since, person who accustomed to reading “otherness,” will not break borders.

PostScript: Money is not a guarantee of security. And here are the holes of all migration unrest. Money is “valuable” for its unscrupulousness: “Money does not smell!”—they still smell, but only not those. The Trojan horse as an element of gift was perceived as an atoning sacrifice/duty/tax for a 10-year painful stay near the walls of Troy, or as a fee to enter alien territory. The trap worked: money (an impressive gift—in the monumental art the favorite genre commander/monarch on horseback) did not promise Priam security; the value meaning of the “gift” was hidden—and silently waited for the battle of midnight bottles. But the Achaeans did not stand for the price—the horse brought them from the battlefield winners: “Horse! A half-kingdom for the horse!”...¹⁶

Notes

1. Thucydides. *History*. Translate from the Ancient Greek by F. G. Mischenko (1887-1888). St. Petersburg: “NAUKA,” 1999 [Thucydides and his works. Translate by F. G. Mischenko. M., 1888] [Thucydides ((Θουκυδίδης Αθηναίος ξυνεγραψε). “History” (ξυγγραφη). Codex Laurentianus, X v. (in papyris)/K. Hude. Thucydides. Leipzig, 1898].

2. Homer. *The Iliad*. Translate from the Ancient Greek by N. I. Gnedich (1813-1829). L.: Nauka (Science), 1990.

3. Eraclito. *Fragmente*/[Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker. Griechisch und Deutsch von HERMANN DIELS, hrsg. V. W. KRANZ, Bd. I-III. B., 1951-1952] by Russian translation: Fragments of the Early Greek Philosophers. C. I.—M.: Publishing House “The Science,” 1989. 176-256.

4. [Aristotelis fragmenta selecta/Recognovit W. D. Ross. Oxford, 1955] Aristotle. *Protrepticus*./Aristotle. *Protrepticus*. About sensory perception. About memory./Translation into Russian by E. V. Alymova. SPb.: Publishing house of the St. Petersburg University, 2004.

5. Likhachev, Dm. "The riot of the total world."/Likhachev, Dm. *Historical Poetics of Russian Literature. Laughter as a World Perception* (and other work). SPb: Aletheia, 2001. 378-91.

6. Greek Polyotics. Vegetius. SPb. Aletheia, 1995. ["Abhandlungen d. K. Gesellschaft d. Wissenschaft" zu Gottingen (Philologisch-historische Klasse. Neue Folge. B. IX-XII, Berlin, 1909-1912/"La poliorcétique des grecs." Paris, 1867]

7. Menshikova, E. "Receptive Curse or Terminological Failure: To the Problem of Interpretations of the Neologism of T. More 'Utopia.'"//Credonew, 2012. No. 3; No. 4; Menshikova, E. "To the Problem of Interpretations of the Neologism 'Utopia.'"//Antiquity as a Genome of European and Russian Culture. St. Petersburg: Aletheia, 2016. 237-82.

8. Mitra (av., "Contract," "consent") is an ancient Iranian mythological character associated with the idea of a treaty, and also acting as the sun god. Mitra belongs to the Indo-Iranian pantheon: The name itself goes back to the Indo-European root, which is related to the designation of the idea of mediation, reciprocity, exchange (and measure), regularity, harmony, peace, friendship, sympathy ("Avesta," Parthian and Sogdian Manichaean texts, Zoroastrian calendar, Buddhist iconography, Greco-Bactrian coins of Demetrius, Rigveda, Ramayana).

9. Mythology. Illustrated Encyclopedic Dictionary. Moscow, 1996. 469.

10. More, Thomas (1998). *The Utopia. Epigrams. The Story of Richard III* (p. 53). Moscow: Nauka (Science). 89. [The Complete Works of St. Thomas More. Vol. 4/Eds. Edw. Surtz, S. J. and J. H. Hexter. New Haven; L., 1965; Prevost A. L'Utopie de Thomas More/Mame. P., 1978] Further indicated in square brackets.

11. The last addition is an insertion, as another scandal with the publication of compromising material, exposing the internal plan of the content of the political strategy of the leading state of the modern world, flared up literally at the time the author wrote these lines, as if a vivid example of the argumentation of the above position. According to the founder of the WikiLeaks website, "The current tranche of secret documents sheds light on USA diplomacy in a hundred countries: What there is not—from contract killings in East Timor to the specifics of doing business by the largest of American banks" (Chernenko E., Gabuev V., Solovyov V., "We Laid out Honestly," Kommersant, November 29, 2010). But such are the "features" of the diplomacy of every state with imperial ambitions. This remark, like the whole text about *The Utopia* of Tomas More was created at a time when the war in Libya was only declared and the country was not ruined by American "intervention" ("the First night"), and the leader Gaddafi was not yet torn to pieces by a mad crowd of insurgents.

12. Bivar, based on the analysis of Greco-Bactrian coins, brings certain features of Mitra as the god of death. Bivar A. D. H. *Mitraic images of Bactria: Are they connected with Roman Mitraism? Mystera Mitra*. Rome-Leiden, 1979. 743-5.

13. Bivar A. D. H. "Mitra and Serapis."//*VDI [Journal of Ancient History]*, 1991, No. 3. 52-63.

14. Makhlayuk, A. V. "Spirits of Ancestors, Valor and Discipline: Sociocultural and Ideological Aspects of Ancient Military History in the Latest Historiography."//*VDI [Journal of Ancient History]*, 2010. No. 3 (141-59).

15. Welles C. B. "The Discovery of Sarapis and the Foundation of Alexandria."//*Historia*. 1962. XI. 271, f. Not. 1.

16. Continuation read: Menshikova Elena. "The Trojan Terrorism as an Established Order (*disciplina*), or the Nomadic Colonatus (Mission of Myth in the Space of Sir Thomas More's "UTOPIA")."//*International Relations and Diplomacy*, 2018. No. 2.