The game of ‘knifelets’ is nothing but a fun for kids, yet it goes on all of your life and even from a generation to generation. It’s only that among adults the game gets more meaningful name, Securing of Interests, where they strife for gains not with just a primitive knife blade.

Consider the following example:  
At the classical stage of ‘knifelets’ the player Russia (further in the example named ‘R1’) lost some part of its ‘earth’ sector to the players Armenia and Azerbaijan (further on ‘A1’ and ‘A2’) because the USSR broke into parts (you can’t avoid all downs and outs in so a dynamic game).

A1 and A2 go on unskilled stabbing at the territorial integrity of each other while R1 passes to the next level in Securing of Interests and assumes the attitude of a peace-keeper in their eager contest and as a result the conflict between A1 and A2 very beneficially goes on for 3 (as of yet) decades already.

For a successful participation in Securing of Interests one should possess certain book-keeping skills. To start with, let’s have some training on fingers. Suppose that army of each side to the conflict comprises 200 000 servicemen. (Sure enough, that the General Staffs of the mentioned armies do not report me the quantity of their forces, yet adding up the military clerks and other suchlike chmo the numbers would be way higher but a real man keeps to his word, if said 200 let it remain 200: keep the change!)

Now, every serviceman wears army boots. For the sake of calculation simplicity, imagine that all the warriors, from privates to generals, put on the same cheapest ‘kirza’ boots for $12 a pair. The footwear is worth its price and serves for 2 years (The artificial leather plant named after Kirov is a reputed producer) as the result the two sides to the conflict secure peace-keepers revenue for $ 120 000 for just ‘kirza’ alone. But camouflage pants, Velcroed jackets, pea-jackets, belts, helmets?! But Kalashnikov assault-rifles, machine-guns, mortars, artillery , both ground and anti-aerocraft?! But the ammo for all of the mentioned and still upcoming equipment?! But military trucks, armor vehicles, tanks?! But the land mines, anti-personel and anti-tank ones?! But choppers, jets, radar and missile installations, night-vision devices?! But… (nearing the third decade of the conflict it dawned even on Jews in Israel what a bonanza it is here and they started to supply drones.)

I am running out of fingers but we haven’t yet reached the military advisers who help each of the sides to master the delivered weaponry. They also have to be paid for. In full. As they used to say in the besieged Stepanakert in the winter of 1991-92, ‘The Armenians pay Russians to shoot their artillery and the Turks (in Karabakh, Azeries are handled ‘Turks’ or some reason) pay Russians to miss the targets’. Which is a joke, of course, because the military advisers never miss when Securing of Interests demands it. So it was in Khojaloo, so it was in Horadiz – the two key moments that did not allow the conflict to untimely die out . That’s the essence of Securing of Interests on the international arena.

However, the game is so fascinating that it goes on on the internal level as well. Let’s take, for instance, R1. One calls it ‘Russia-Mommy’, some other one handles it ‘Russastan’, The Lubea band sings ‘Russeaaa!’, I call it Russia but all those discrapancies converge in the mujik who after his working day throws the earned money in with his pals to buy vodka and gulp it from the bottle’s neck then comes home to give his kids a stinging example of a reprimand, fuck you, fucking motherfuckers! Then fucking batters his fucking wife for speaking up fucking too much and falls asleep on the floor next to the cooled away Russian oven covering himself with his pea-jacket while his petty Czar soigne gives out bon mots from the TV box above his covered head. And that’s the way it should be because State is a multifunctional community of people where each person performs their function. Someone makes decisions which interests should be secured and in what way, another one executes those decisions, still other glorifies in his carols the decision maker and its executors and so on and so forth because I have no fingers enough for each and every one down to this very mujiks who’s snoring now on the floor under his pea-jacket and is nothing of a functioner but the material for the internal Securing of Interests.

Now he’s given up his day pay to the treasury exchanging it for vodka distilled from the mixture of sawdust and oil byproducts and later he’d give up his sun for them to make of the boy a law enforcer to Secure the Interests against his dad and other mujiks. The sleeper’s daughter would, of her own will, choose the career of a prostitute because someone should entertain the other society members at their leisure time.

The hardest lot is, of course, that of those from the highest functional layer. Besides securing the Interests in the outer and internal space, they have to think about their interests too and that’s where they can’t allow themselves any slacking . Constant alertness and readiness for anything is the pledge of success. Anything means anything at all – to kill, to betray, to give in, to lay under (not only metaphorically)… Securing of Interests demands utter dedication.

People! Humans! Countrymen! Do we really need all that?! What do we gain? Power, money, glorification? Be vigilant, O, neighbors, don’t get hooked with that petty scam! Power-money-glory are nothing but a means and not the aim of a sober-headed member of a human society. No! Our aim is the purest, unalloyed envy to us by all other society members. That the apogee, acme and climax of human existence. Mere survival is not the goal for a Robinson Crusoe, what he really needs is finding an envious man Friday. Because neither nanny-goats no billy-goats can stimulate a normal individual. That’s where lies the foundation corner stone to uphold the working model of the human society. Perpetuum Mobile, with your kind permission, checked by the uncountable millenia of usage. At one pole of the society vertical there is Slave in a state of eternal inebriety while at the opposite pole we see Pharao – same shit of an animal only Rollex-ornated…

But why have I begun to express myself in such evasively streamlined manner? Am I afraid of unequivocally direct naming the scumbags?

Well, firstly, I’d rather avoid soiling my letter with the sewage stinkers’ names and, secondly, I’m far from being sure that Listiev, Mkrtchan, Nemtsoff, Sargsian and countless other executed from behind a corner would not start playing Securing the Interests the same shitty way were they to reach the higher levels in the game which is so f..er..yes! fucking addictive. You start to feel yourself kinda Allmighty start to change the rules and draw new laws…Well, not the laws of Physics, or, say, Biology, like, enhancing longevity, juvenilation and stuff…But the works in that direction are underway, yes…

And then again, if talking about cowardice, here we all are on the same ground. Let’s take me, for instance, I do know that Algerian Bay has a bump on his nose but keep myself in check and don’t blare about it from the roof-tops. Because you never know when they gonna pop up and fix you with pissed through pieces of a torn bedsheet…)