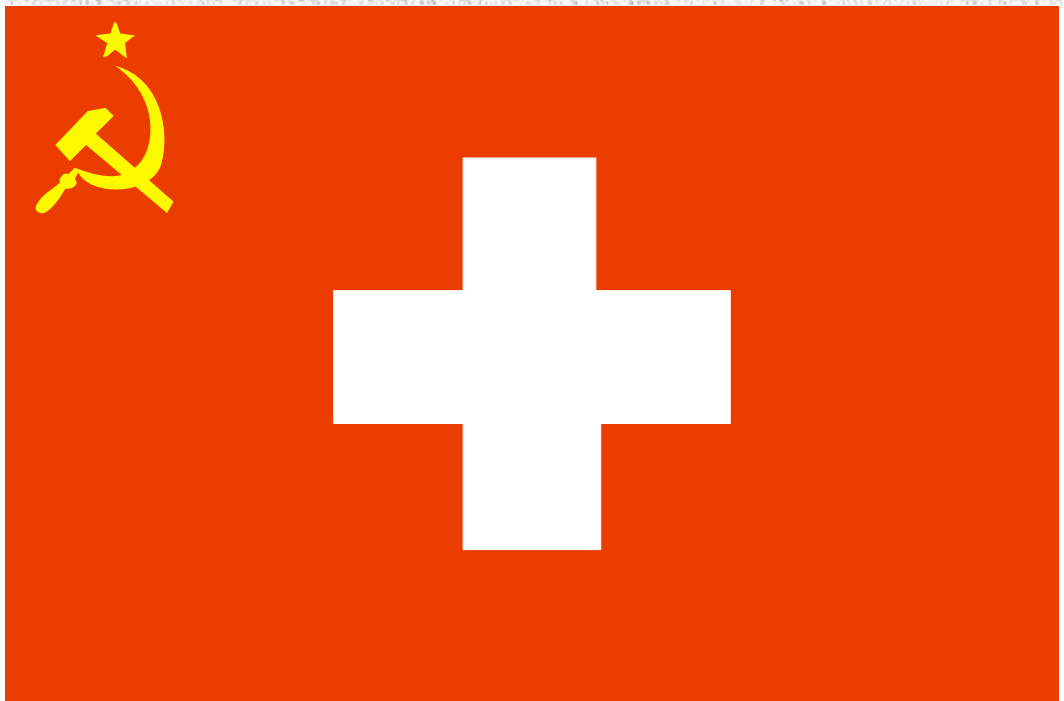
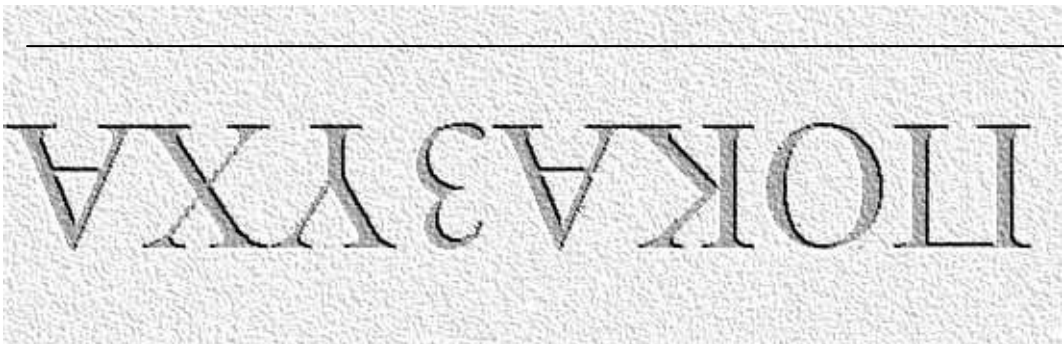


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**THE SUPREME
POKAZUKHA**



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WHAT LINKED THE SWISS TO THE BOLSHEVIKS?

(the REAL story of the 1917 Bolshevik revolution)

I wrote this novel of political fiction in 1978. It's a story of international politics and explains a number of paradoxes of 20th century history.

It is a political fiction thriller. The main characters are Philip Quartara: Italian engineer and problem solver (full of resource and sagacity) - and Danielle Murray, gorgeous American whiz computer programmer.

They discover secrets, run risks, are threatened by evil powers. The plot evolves around their lives and their love. The final unfolding re-interprets major political events. The plausible (?) explanations are also intended to evoke doubts in commonly accepted versions of history.

Pokazukha: (Russian slang) - Something done for show, so one can say it's been done, it looks good.

Potëmkin, minister to the Empress Catherine, showed off new model villages he had built: but only the fronts of the buildings were real - the first *pokazukha*

In a Note to this on-line edition of 2005 I say:

Well: I forecast the downfall of the Soviet Union more than 10 years ahead, although fictionally. Not bad - the more so, since I anticipated the collapse as caused by the Information Technology revolution acting through Internet. I guess I am one up on Andrei Amalrik who anticipated in 1970 ("Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?") the end of Soviet to take place earlier than it actually happened as being caused by a war with the People's Republic of China.

I also got wise to the fact that a number of Soviet nukes were just dummies. When mutually checked disassembly of medium range missiles in Europe was carried out, the Soviets stated they could not neutralize about 200 of them, since they were pretend - made of cement and wood.

Here I give a specimen of the story - after which you find the contents. Chapter titles coincide with the first words thereafter - so the Contents in a sense tell the story in a very sketchy way.

Excerpt from Chapter 16

Philip woke up in the twilight. He felt dizzy and realized he was lying on the floor in a strange place. His wrists were bruised and hurting. Then slowly he began to remember the two thugs attacking him in the Route de Ferney.

His mouth felt bitter. He had the impression that his tongue had swollen to the size of a pillow, but that it was made out of the same stuff toadstools are made of. He realized he had been doped and he managed to produce a pitiful hardly audible sneezing effort, which he had meant to be a sneer. He was not even tied up or handcuffed. This meant that his captors

had given him a stiff shot of something and were confident that he would not wake up for long time. He did not know the time. The light was scarce and he felt too weak to go around exploring. Then he heard voices from the adjoining room, through the closed door.

From the general sound and the rhythm of the sentences he figured that two male voices were speaking Russian - which made no sense. With a lot of effort he managed to get nearer to the door. He had to crawl, because he did not trust his sense of balance and he did not want to make any noise. Now the voices were clearer. He grasped shreds of broken sentences.

"...ya znaiu chto my zdelali oshibku soglazno, soglazno khoroshò ... izvinì - izvinì ..." (Philip could understand that: I know we made a mistake... all right, all right, good ... beg your pardon listen to me...").

"... chto zdelaem teper' ... èto ital'ianets ne znaet nichevò? My evò ub'jom' - chto dumaesh?" (Philip got that too - and he sat up as if he had been stung by a scorpion. "...what shall we do now? ...this Italian does not know a thing. We could kill him - what do you think?")

Philip had the impression that he was dreaming. It does not happen to anyone in real life to wake up in a dark room and to hear through a closed door muffled voices speaking in Russian and calmly planning to kill him.

He already had thought once before that he had to be dreaming, when he had realized that Danielle's house had disappeared. He experienced a pang of anxiety at the thought of Danielle and of her fate. But he had no time for anxiety. He had to do something - and fast. These Russians meant business and he simply had to avoid being murdered.

The voices were lower now, as if the two men had moved farther away from the door. He could not even make out individual words. Philip decided he had to test his physical strength and his sense of balance. He went down with his belly to the floor. Then he opened his arms and pushed all ten fingers against the floor. He pushed up slowly until his arms were extended. All his weight insisted on his fingers. He gathered up his legs in a squatting position. He raised his arms and slowly extended his legs until he was standing. He closed his eyes and he did not seem to lose his balance. So far, so good. He walked softly to the door and pressed his ear against the wood. Now he could hear better, but he only caught a concluding sentence - grim enough.

"*Likvidàtsia – èto edinstvennoe reshenie.* Liquidation is the only solution."

Said the louder of the two voices.

Then Philip heard the noise of another door being opened in the adjoining room and the louder voice said:

"*Bliib gsund.*"

Philip failed to understand the words. They meant nothing in Russian. But, then, the other voice repeated them twice:

"*Bliib gsund. Bliib gsund, mon vieux!*"

It was not Russian then: the two words had to be in Schwytzerdutsch. Yes: quite similar to German *bleib gesund* - stay healthy.

Christ! He had no time for linguistic research - he had to find a way out, Philip tiptoed around the room and found that it was completely empty. The walls leaned in like in a mansard. He found the window: it was very small and it felt as if it were made of a single thick solid plank of hard wood - no handles, no latches, not the least crack of an opening. He had to face it: he had no weapon whatsoever. Then he remembered having read a handbook on unarmed combat years before. What did it say? A man is never without a weapon: any object will do. Now he remembered. There was also a chapter on the use of British Army boots as a weapon, first introduced by the commandos in World War II. Well, he still wore the very new and heavy boots he had bought for crossing the Alps. When he had bought them in Sondrio he had been cross because the shop did not carry any rubber soled heavy items - so the boots had a very thick and hard leather sole, all studded with nails.

He heard purposeful steps - of a single person - coming nearer and then the key turned in the lock and the door opened without noise. In the daylight coming now through the open door Philip could see it was a young man, blond, wearing gray trousers and a pale blue shirt. The man fumbled for the light switch, but, before his eyes could get accustomed to the twilight and before he found the switch, Philip took one step forward and kicked him in the groin with all the strength he could muster. The man went down like a sack, but his hand had already been on the switch and he tripped it while he was falling so that the room was suddenly lit by the pitiless glare of a very strong single bulb. The blond man groaned and could not help reaching with his left hand to clutch and protect his genitals. He was a very persistent young man, though. Disregarding the pain, he rolled over and tried to reach the revolver he carried tucked in his belt.

The young man was moving quite slowly and Philip had all the time to kick his right hand before it could grasp the weapon. Then he took the gun, he knelt down near the young man, pointing the revolver in the general direction of the young man's heart, and he asked:

"Why do you want to kill me? Who do you work for? Where are we?"

The young man just groaned. Then Philip heard rustling sounds of somebody moving in the building.

It was high time to go. He had no idea how many other allies the young man had in the building and he ruled out the idea of shooting his way to freedom through the building. He went to the adjoining room and when he looked out of the large three pane window, he realized that after all he was only on the second floor. The drop down to a pleasant small lawn was of about four meters - no more. Without hesitation, Philip opened the window slid the snub burnished revolver in his own belt and jumped. He managed to roll over in the grass absorbing the brunt of the shock, then he got up at once and looked around. The lawn was enclosed by a black iron railing with golden spikes, but the large gate flanked by two white pillars was flat on top and appeared to be quite manageable. It was less than two meters high. Philip ran to it and jumped grabbing the upper horizontal iron

bar with both hands. He heaved up, managed to swing a leg on top of the gate and jumped gracefully on the other side - in the street. He drew only a curious look from a nanny in a blue uniform who was briskly pushing a perambulator.

Philip just stopped for an instant to read the inscription on the brightly polished brass plate nailed to the left hand pillar, just under the street number which was 24. He was flabbergasted.

The inscription read:

**CONSULAT GENERAL DE L'UNION DES REPUBLIQUES
SOCIALISTES SOVIETIQUES A GENÈVE**

From the little coquettish villa of the Soviet Consulate he heard a buzzing and whistling noise - doors opening, running steps and the roar of a car engine being revved up. Philip did not wait any longer. He started to run at a good clip. His eyes were bringing in to his consciousness separate details from what he saw.

The quality of the summer light and the fairly high temperature probably meant that the hour was sometime in the afternoon. He noticed that he still had his watch and it read 2:45.

On the other side of the street he had a fleeting vision of a brownish colored house with three large windows on each of its two stories. Through the glass panes of each window he could see white full length lace curtains, very ornate, which represented birds, peacocks a flower trophies.

Philip ran on and decided to leave that street. He ran on until he reached a large thoroughfare parallel to the rue Schaub. The sign there indicated it was the Grand Pré - a small park in Geneva. Now Philip knew where he was: in the North West section of Geneva. He slowed down to a normal unhurried pace and walked leisurely into the park. He was out of breath. He looked around and as soon as he thought nobody was looking his way, he slid quietly under a hedge and lay there quietly hidden by the foliage - all but invisible to any passer-by.

As he was recovering his breath, he decided that by three o' clock he would be able to run again - and by that time the search by the team from the Soviet Consulate would have stopped or moved to other areas.

He had just about one hour to cover the six kilometers to Myrin and to the gates of CERN, where he could hope to find Danielle at four - if she had read his ad.

He would be there and he fervently hoped Danielle would be there too - if she was still alive. He tried to remove even the thought of any possible tragic end of Danielle. He grumbled:

"Why in hell would the dam' Soviets come out of the blue bearing a grudge against me - of all people - and planning to liquidate me?"

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