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Any questions and comments are very welcome and would help us improve this translation. We would be delighted by questions about any part of the text, including individual sentences and phrases.

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**“The Rose of the World”**  
*as translated by Jordan Roberts (1-6 parts),  
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## **Book I:**

# **The Rose of the World and Its Place in History**

### ***1.1. The Rose of the World and its Foremost Tasks***

This book was begun at a time when the threat of an unparalleled disaster hung over the heads of humanity, when a generation, only just recuperating from the trauma of the Second World War, discovered to its horror that a strange darkness, the portent of a war even more catastrophic and devastating than the last, was already gathering and thickening on the horizon. I began this book in the darkest years of a dictatorship that tyrannized two hundred million people. I began writing it in a prison designated as a “political isolation ward”. I wrote it in secret. I hid the manuscript, and the forces of good – humans and otherwise – concealed it for me during searches. Yet, every day I expected the manuscript to be confiscated and destroyed, just as my previous work – the work to which I had given ten years of my life, and for which I had been consigned to the political isolation ward – had been destroyed.

I am finishing *The Rose of the World* a few years later. The threat of a third world war no longer looms like dark clouds on the horizon, but, having fanned out over our heads and blocked the zenith, it has quickly dispersed in all directions down the dome of the sky.

Perhaps, the worst will never come to pass. Every heart nurses such a hope, and without it life would be unbearable. Some try to bolster it with logical arguments and active protest. Some succeed in convincing themselves that the danger is exaggerated. Others try not to think about it at all and, having decided once and for all that what happens, happens, immerse themselves in the daily affairs of their own little worlds. There are also people in whose hearts hope smoulders like a dying fire, and who go on living, moving, and working merely out of inertia.

I am completing *The Rose of the World* out of prison, in a park turned golden with autumn. The one under whose yoke the country was driven to near exhaustion has long been reaping in other worlds what he sowed in this one. Yet, I am still hiding the last pages of the manuscript as I hid the first ones. I dare not acquaint a single living soul with its contents, for, just as before, I cannot be certain that this book will not be destroyed, that the spiritual knowledge it contains will be transmitted to someone, anyone.

But, perhaps, the worst will never come to pass, and tyranny on such a scale will never recur. Perhaps, humanity will forevermore retain the memory of Russia's

terrible historical experience. Every heart nurses that hope, and without it life would be unbearable.

But I number among those who have been fatally wounded by two great calamities: the world war and dictatorship. Such people do not believe that the roots of war and tyranny within humanity have been eradicated or that they will be in the near future. Perhaps, the danger of one tyranny or war will recede, but after a time the threat of the next tyranny or war will arise. For me and others like me, both those calamities were a kind of apocalypse – revelations of the power of planetary Evil and of its age-old struggle with the forces of the Light. Those living in different times would probably not understand us. Our anxiety would seem to them an overreaction; our view of the world would seem poisoned. But the notion of governing laws behind historical events branded in the human mind by a half century of observing and participating in events and processes of unprecedented magnitude cannot be called an overreaction. And a conclusion that forms in the human heart through the efforts of the brightest and deepest sides of its nature cannot be poisoned.

I am seriously ill – my days are numbered. If this manuscript is destroyed or lost, I will not be able to rewrite it in time. But if, sometime in the future, it reaches only a few persons whose spiritual thirst drives them to surmount all its difficulties and read it through to the end, then the ideas planted within cannot help but become seeds that will sprout in their hearts. Whether that occurs before a third world war or after it, and even if no third war is unleashed in the near future, this book will not die if but one pair of friendly eyes passes, chapter by chapter, over its pages. For the questions it attempts to answer will continue to trouble people far into the future.

Those questions are not confined to the realms of war and politics. But nothing can shake my conviction that the most formidable dangers that threaten humanity, both now and for centuries to come, are a great suicidal war and an absolute global dictatorship. Perhaps, in our century, humanity will avert a third world war or, at the very least, survive it, as it survived the First and Second World Wars. Perhaps, it will outlive, however it be, a dictatorship even more sweeping and merciless than the one we in Russia outlived. It may even be that in two or three hundred years new dangers for the people of Earth will appear, dangers different but no less dire than a dictatorship or a great war. It is possible, even probable. But no effort of the mind, no imagination or intuition, is capable of conjecturing a future danger that would not be connected, somehow or other, with one of these two principal

dangers: the physical destruction of humanity through a war, and the spiritual death of humanity through an absolute global dictatorship.

This book is directed, first and foremost, against the two basic, supreme evils of war and dictatorship. It is directed against them not as a simple warning, nor as a satire that unmask their true nature, nor as a sermon. The most biting satire and the most fiery sermon are useless if they only rail against evil and prove that good is good and bad is bad. They are useless if they are not based on a worldview, global teaching, and program of action that, spread from mind to mind and will to will, would be capable of averting these evils.

The purpose of my life has been to share my experience with others, to shed light on the future panorama of history and metahistory, on the branching chain of alternatives we face or are bound to face, and on the landscape of variomaterial worlds that are closely linked with ours through good and evil. I have tried, and still try, to fulfill that task through fiction and poetry, but the limitations of those genres have prevented me from disclosing these ideas precisely and intelligibly in their entirety. The purpose of this book is to set out that worldview in an exhaustive manner, helping the reader to see how, though dealing with the preternatural, it at the same time holds the key to understanding current events and the fate of each of us. This is a book that, if God saves it from destruction, will be laid, as one of many bricks, in the foundation of the Rose of the World, at the base of a Community of all humanity.

There exists an entity that for many centuries has proclaimed itself the lone, steadfast unifier of all people, shielding them from the danger of all-out warfare and social chaos. That entity is the state. Since the end of the tribal period, the state has been of vital necessity at every historical stage. Even hierocracies, which attempted to replace it with religious rule, simply became variations of the selfsame state. The state bonded society together on the principle of coercion, and the level of moral development necessary to bond society together on some other principle was beyond reach. Of course, it has been beyond reach even until now, and the state has remained the only proven means against social chaos. But the existence of a higher order of moral principles is now becoming evident, principles capable not only of maintaining but also of increasing social harmony. More important, methods for accelerating the internalization of such principles are now taking shape.

In the political history of modern times, one can distinguish two international movements diametrically opposed to one another. One of them aims for the

hypertrophy of state power and an increase in the individual's dependence on the state. To be more exact, this movement seeks to bestow ever greater power on the person or organization in whose hands the state apparatus lies: the Party, the Army, the Leader. Fascist and national socialist states are the most obvious examples of such movements.

The other movement, which appeared at least as far back as the eighteenth century, is the humanist. Its origins and major stages are English parliamentarianism, the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, German social democracy, and in our days, the struggle for liberation from colonialism. The long-range goal of the movement is to weaken the bonding principle of coercion in the life of the people and transform what is largely a police state defending race or class interests into a system based on overall economic equilibrium and a guarantee of individual rights.

History has also witnessed examples of novel political arrangements that might appear to be hybrids of the two movements. Remaining in essence phenomena of the first type, they alter their appearance to the extent expedient for the achievement of their set goal. This is a tactic, a deception, but nothing more.

Nevertheless, despite the polarity of these movements, they are linked by one trait characteristic of the twentieth century: global ambitions. The ostensible motivation of the various twentieth century movements can be found in their constructive blueprints of the societal order, but the underlying motivation in modern history is the instinctive pursuit of the global dominion.

The most vigorous movement of the first half of this century was distinguished by its internationalist doctrines and global appeal. The Achilles heel of the movements vying with it – racism, national socialism – was their narrow nationalism, or to be more exact, the strictly racial or nationalist fences around their promised lands, the chimera of which they used to seduce and dazzle their followers. But they too strove for world dominion, and invested colossal energy toward that end. Now American cosmopolitanism is occupied with avoiding the mistakes of its predecessors.

What does that sign of the times point to? Does it not point to the fact that global unity has grown from an abstract concept into a universal need? Does it not point to the fact that the world has become smaller and more integrated than ever before? Finally, does it not point to the fact that the solution to all the problems of

vital interest to humanity can be lasting and profound enough only if undertaken on a global scale?

Taking advantage of that fact, despotic regimes systematically actualize the principle of extreme coercion or partly camouflage it with a cunning blend of methods. The tempo of life is accelerating. Monolithic states are emerging that earlier would have taken centuries to erect. Each is predatory by nature, each strives to subjugate humanity to its sole rule. The military and technological power of these states boggles the mind. They have already more than once plunged the world into war and tyranny. Where is the guarantee that they will not do so again in the future? In the end, the strongest will conquer the globe, even at the cost of turning a third of the world's surface into a moonscape. The cycle of wars will then come to an end, but only to be replaced by the greatest of evils: a single dictatorship over the surviving two thirds of the world. At first it will perhaps be an oligarchy. But, as often happens, eventually a single Leader will emerge. The threat of a global dictatorship – this is the deadliest of all threats hanging over humanity.

Consciously or unconsciously sensing the danger, the movements belonging to the humanist mold are trying to consolidate their efforts. They prattle about cultural cooperation, wave placards about pacifism and democratic freedoms, seek illusory security in neutrality, or, frightened by their adversary's aggression, they themselves embark on the same path. Not one of them has put forward the indisputable proposal that is capable of winning people's trust: the idea that some kind of moral supervision over the activities of the state is a vital necessity. Certain groups, traumatized by the horrors of the world wars, are trying to unite so that in the future their political federation will encompass the entire globe. But what would that lead to? The danger of wars, it is true, would be defused, at least temporarily. But who can guarantee that such a superstate, supported by large, morally backward segments of the populace (and such segments are far more numerous than one would wish) and rousing in humanity dormant impulses for power and violence, will not in the end develop into a dictatorship compared to which all previous tyrannies will seem like child's play?

It is worth noting that the same religious faiths that proclaimed the internationalist ideals of brotherhood earliest are now in the rearguard of humanity's push toward global unity. It is possible to attribute this to their characteristic emphasis on the inner self and their neglect of everything external, including sociopolitical issues. But if one delves deeper, if one says out loud for all to hear what is usually



discussed only in certain small circles of people who lead a deeply spiritual life, then something not everyone takes into consideration is uncovered. That something is a mystical fear, originating during the age of the Roman Empire, of the future unification of the world. It is the indefatigable concern for the welfare of humanity felt by those who sense that in a single universal state lies a pitfall that will inevitably lead to an absolute dictatorship and the rule of the "prince of darkness," the result of which will be the final paroxysms and catastrophic end of history.

In actual fact, who can guarantee that a strong-willed egoist will not assume leadership of the superstate and, further, that science will not serve such a leader truthfully and faithfully as a means for turning the superstate into that exact kind of monstrous mechanism of violence and spiritual disfigurement I have been talking about? There is little doubt that theoretical models for blanket surveillance of people's behavior and thoughts are being developed at this very moment. What are the limits of the nightmarish scenarios that are conjured in our imagination as a result of the merger of a dictatorship of terror and twenty-first century technology? Such a tyranny would be all the more absolute because even the last, tragic means of casting it off would be closed – its overthrow from without by war. With every nation under one rule, there would be no one to war against. Global unity – the dream of so many generations, the cause of so many sacrifices – would then reveal its demonic side: the impossibility of escape if the servants of the dark forces were to seize control of the world government.

Bitter experience has already led humanity to the conviction that neither those socioeconomic movements guided solely by reason nor scientific progress in itself are capable of guiding humanity between the Charybdis of dictatorship and the Scylla of world war. On the contrary, new socioeconomic systems, in coming to power, themselves adopt the practices of political despotism and become the sowers and instigators of world war. Science becomes their lackey, far more obedient and reliable than the church was for the feudal barons. The root of the tragedy lies in the fact that the scientific professions were not from the very beginning coupled with a deeply formulated moral education. Regardless of their level of moral development, everyone is admitted into those professions. It should come as no surprise today that one side of every scientific and technical advance goes against the genuine interests of humanity. The internal combustion engine, radio, aviation, atomic energy – they all strike the bare flesh of the world's people with one end, while advances in communications and technology make it possible

for police states to establish surveillance over the private life and thoughts of each person, thus laying an iron foundation for life-sucking dictatorial states.

So, lessons drawn from history should lead humanity to realize that the dangers will not be averted and social harmony will not be achieved by scientific and technological progress alone. Nor shall it be accomplished by the hypertrophy of the state, by the dictatorship of a "strong leader," or by social democratic administrations that get buffeted by the winds of history, first right, then left, from inept starry-eyed idealism to revolutionary extremism. We must, rather, recognize the absolute necessity of the one and only path: the establishment, over a global federation of states, of an unsullied, incorruptible, highly respected body, a moral body standing outside of and above the state. For the state is, by its very nature, amoral.

What idea, what teaching will aid in the creation of such a supervisory body? What minds will formulate its guiding principles and make it acceptable to the overwhelming majority of people? By what paths will such a body – a body foreswearing the use of force – arrive at worldwide recognition, at a position even higher than a federation of states? If it can, in fact, introduce into leadership the policy of gradually replacing coercion with something else, then what would that something else be? And in what manner would it be introduced? And what doctrine would be able to solve the incredibly complex problems that will arise in connection with all that?

The present book attempts to give, to some extent, an answer to the above questions (although it shall also deal with wider issues). As a prologue to answering them, however, it is best to first clearly identify what this teaching sees as the irreconcilable enemy against which it is directed.

From the historical point of view, it sees its enemies in all states, parties, or doctrines that strive to enslave others and to establish any form of the despotic societal order. From the metahistorical point of view, it has but a single foe: the Antigod, the Spirit of Tyranny, the Great Torturer, who takes many shapes and forms in the life of our planet. For the movement I am now talking about – both now, when it has barely begun to form, and later, when it will have become the decisive voice in history – there will be only one enemy: tyranny and coercion wherever it may arise, even within itself. Coercion will be admissible only in cases of absolute necessity, only in mitigated forms, and only until that time when the highest body, by means of a reformed educational system, has, with the help of millions of highly committed minds and wills, prepared humanity for the

substitution of free will for force, the voice of deep-felt conscience for the decrees of human laws, and a community for the state. In other words, until the very essence of the state has been transformed and a living family of all peoples has replaced the soulless and coercive state apparatus.

One need not assume that such a process will require an enormous span of time. By systematically immersing the populations of huge countries in a single meticulously formulated system of education and social conditioning, powerful dictatorships have irrefutably proven what a powerful lever the molding of a generation's psyche can be. Each generation formed closer and closer to what the ruling powers considered desirable. Nazi Germany, for example, managed to achieve its goals in this area in the span of a single generation. Clearly, its ideals can elicit no response in us other than anger and disgust. Its methods, as well, must be rejected almost wholesale. But we must take hold of the lever it discovered and not let go. The century of mass spiritual enlightenment, the century of decisive victories for a new, as yet barely discernible pedagogy is approaching. Even if only a few dozen schools are organized on its principles, a generation capable of doing its duty out of free will, not coercion, a generation acting out of creative impulses and love, not fear, would form there. That is the essence of ennobling education.

I picture an international organization, both political and cultural in nature, setting as its aim the transformation of the state through the consistent implementation of far-reaching reforms. The crucial stage in the fulfillment of that aim will be the founding of the Global Federation of Independent States. But this must carry the proviso that a special body be established over the Federation – the body I have already mentioned, which will oversee the activities of the states and guide them toward a bloodless and painless transformation from within. The key here is "bloodless and painless," for in that way it will differ from revolutionary doctrines of the past.

I consider it both premature and unnecessary to speculate on the structure and name of that organization. For now, so as to avoid constantly repeating a lengthy description, we will give it a provisional name: the League for the Transformation of the State. As for its structure, those who will be its founders will be both more experienced and more practical than I – they will be leaders of vision, not poets. I will only say that it seems to me personally that the League should establish branches in every country, with each branch consisting of several divisions: cultural, philanthropic, educational, and political. The political division in each

country will assume the structural and organizational aspects of a national party of global religious and cultural reforms. All such parties will be linked and united in the League and by the League.

How, where, and among whom specifically the formation of the League will take place I, of course, do not and cannot know. But it is clear that the period of time from its inception until the establishment of the Federation of States and the moral supervisory body over it will be regarded as a preliminary stage, when the League will channel all of its energies into disseminating its ideas, recruiting new members, expanding its operations, educating younger generations, and forging within itself a future body that in time can be entrusted with a global leadership role.

The League's constitution will not restrict its membership to people of any particular philosophical or religious belief. All that will be required is an active commitment to realizing its program and a resolve not to violate its moral code, the cornerstone of the organization.

Despite all the vicissitudes of public service, the goals of the League must be attained not at the price of departure from its moral code but as a result of faithful adherence to it. Its reputation must be spotless, its disinterestedness not subject to doubt, its moral authority ever increasing, as the best and finest of humanity will be drawn to it and will constantly strengthen its ranks.

The path to global unification will proceed, in all likelihood, through various stages of international solidarity, through the unification and merger of regional blocs. The last stage would take the form of a global referendum or plebiscite – some form of free vote by every person. It may result in a victory for the League only in certain countries. But the inexorable march of history will be on the League's side. The unification of even half the globe will be the final step in a revolution of people's consciousness. A second referendum will be held, perhaps a third, and a decade or so later the borders of the Federation will encompass all of humanity. Then there will be a real possibility of implementing a series of wide-ranging measures aimed at transforming the conglomerate of states into a single state that will be gradually altered by two parallel programs: one external, concerned with political, social, and economic affairs, and one internal, focused on educational, moral, and religious matters.

From the above, it should be clear that the members of the League and its national parties will be able to wield as weapons only their words and their own example,

and this only against those ideologies and doctrines that try to clear the path to power for a dictator or support a dictator already in power. Although the activities of the great Mahatma Gandhi and the political party he inspired were confined to the national scale, the League will see them as its historical predecessors. The first political leader, a living saint of modern times, Gandhi consolidated a purely political movement on a foundation of high moral standards, refuting the prevailing attitude that politics and morality are incompatible. But the national borders within which the Indian National Congress acted will be expanded by the League to encompass the entire planet, and the goals of the League will be of a higher historical stage, or series of stages, than were the goals set by the great party that freed India.

Oh, there will of course be many people who will insist that the League's methods are impractical and unrealistic. I've met enough champions of political realism to last me a lifetime. There is no injustice or social villainy that has not tried to cover itself with that pitiful fig leaf. There is no weight more deadening, more earthbound, than talk of political realism as a counter to everything lofty, everything inspirational, everything spiritual. Such political realists are, incidentally, the same sort of people who in their time claimed, even in India, that Gandhi was a dreamer out of touch with reality. They were forced to clench their teeth and bite their tongues when Gandhi and his party, while maintaining high moral standards, won freedom for their country and led it to prosperity. But this was not the kind of material prosperity that blinds people's eyes with the black soot of statistics on the increase in coal production or with radioactive dust from experimental tests of hydrogen bombs. This was cultural, ethical, aesthetic, and spiritual prosperity, which would slowly but surely give rise to material wellbeing.

Those who are unable to see the good in people, those whose outlook has coarsened and whose conscience has withered in the atmosphere of flagrant state violations of human rights will also accuse the League of unrealistic methods. They will be joined by those who cannot see what shifts in the mass consciousness await us in the not too distant future. The trauma of wars, oppression, and every possible violation of human rights already has launched a grass roots movement for peaceful coexistence. Events that destroy our feeling of security, deprive us of all comfort and peace of mind, and uproot our faith in current ideologies and the social orders they uphold are constantly taking place and will continue to do so. The exposing of the unbelievable atrocities perpetrated behind the imposing facade of dictatorships, concrete proof of the foundation and price of their

temporary victories and apparent successes, will parch the soul like a hot desert wind. People's spiritual thirst will become unbearable. The elimination of the threat of great wars, the discovery of paths to uniting the world without bloodshed, a spiritual leader and living saint who will head a united humanity in the future, the weakening of state coercion, and the growth of a global community spirit this is what believers pray for and nonbelievers dream about in our century. And it is highly probable that a lofty, global teaching, moral, political, philosophical, and spiritual will transform this generation's thirst into an international creative enthusiasm.

The fact that the Protestant Reformation, humanity's last major religious movement, took place four hundred years ago, and that Islam, the last religion of the global impact, is in its thirteenth century of existence is sometimes cited in support of the argument that the religious era of humanity is now a history. But one should gauge the potential of religion as a whole, not by its specific forms. What matters is not how long ago the last major forms emerged but whether the evolution of religion has reached a dead-end: whether it is possible to integrate the indisputable laws of science into creative religious thought, whether there glimmers within such a worldview the possibility of making sense of our experience in the new era, and whether religion will be able to play a real and progressive role in such experience.

It is true that approximately four hundred years have passed since the last major religious movement of international scope. It is also true that for many centuries prior to the Protestant Reformation there had been no comparable movements. But is that even the point? Isn't it clear yet that a definite current of mental, creative work absorbed almost all of humanity's spiritual and intellectual energy during the last few centuries? It would be difficult to expect that while maintaining such a rapid pace of scientific, technical, and social progress and creating such cultural treasures in literature, music, philosophy, and art, humanity would, in the last centuries, find within itself the energy to create more universal religious systems as well.

But the turn of the century was the time when the golden age of literature, art, music, and philosophy came to a close. The realm of sociopolitical activity has drawn to itself, and with time this has become more and more apparent, not the most, but the least spiritual representatives of the human race. A gigantic spiritual vacuum has formed that didn't exist even fifty years ago, and the hypertrophied science has been powerless to fill it. If I may put it thus: colossal resources of the

human genius have remained untapped. That is the womb of creative energy where the embryonic global interreligion is forming.

Will religion, not its old forms, but the Religion of Epitome that the world is now pregnant with, be able to eliminate the most dangerous threats hanging over the heads of humanity: world war and global tyranny? It will probably be unable to avert the next world war: if a third world war breaks out, it will likely take place even before the appearance of the League. But after the nucleus of the future interreligion has been formed, the League's first and foremost task will be to prevent all wars that threaten to break out and to prevent the rise of a global tyranny. Will that religion be able to achieve the greatest degree of harmony between individual freedom and the interests of humanity, a harmony conceivable only at the present stage of history? That is only another aspect of that same foremost task. Will it promote the balanced development of the creative impulses which every person is gifted with? Yes, except for demonic impulses, that is, impulses toward tyranny, violence, and self-assertion at the expense of other living beings. Will it, like other movements with similar global aspirations, require blood and victims in order to emerge triumphant? No, except in those cases when its faithful may be forced to prove their devotion to its message at the cost of their lives. Will its ideas contradict not only the philosophical doctrine of materialism (they will contradict that, of course, at all points from A to Z), but also the objective and indisputable laws of modern science? Not in the slightest. Is it possible to imagine a campaign during the period of its ascendancy wherein dissenters would be persecuted, when it would force its tenets onto philosophy, science, and art? To the contrary, its proposed route leads from partial initial restrictions on freedom of expression to eventual unlimited freedom of expression. This being so, what remains of the argument that religion is incapable of responding and providing practical solutions to the most pressing problems of the day?

One has every right and justification to direct such a reproach not at religion but, alas, at science. It is that same system of views that fails to look beyond the limits circumscribed by contemporary scientific knowledge that is incapable of providing answers to the most fundamental and elementary questions. Does the Source, the Creator, God exist? Unknown. Does such a thing as a soul exist? If so, is it immortal? Science does not know the answer. What is time, space, matter, energy? Opinions are sharply divided. Is our world eternal and endless or, on the contrary, is it limited within time and space? Science does not possess the necessary data to

give a definite answer. Why should I do good and not evil, if evil appeals to me and I can be sure of escaping punishment? The answers are totally unintelligible. How can science be used to avert the possibility of wars and tyranny? Silence. How can social harmony be attained with the least human cost? Mutually exclusive proposals are put forward that resemble each other only in that they are all equally unrelated to the pure science. It is only natural that on such shaky and subjective and, indeed, pseudo-scientific foundations doctrines have arisen based only on class, racial, nationalist, or party interests that is, on those very systems whose purpose is the justification of dictatorships and wars. The distinguishing mark of such doctrines is their low level of spirituality. It follows, therefore, that the desired moral supervisory body cannot be organized on the basis of the so-called scientific worldview, for, in essence, such a worldview does not exist. Rather, it shall arise through communion with the world of spirit; through the reception of the rays of that world pouring out and into our hearts, reason, and conscience; and through the application of the precept of active and creative love to every facet of our lives. The moral level which incorporates all of the above traits is called saintliness.

There is yet another popular fallacy: a view of religion as a phenomenon that is reactionary by nature, particularly in our age. But it is just as ridiculous to speak of the reactionary nature of religion in general, irrespective of the specific forms it takes, as it is to try to prove the reactionary nature of art in general or philosophy in general. A dynamic thinker, the one who perceives evolving sets of facts and the processes by which those sets are shaped, will be able to distinguish the telltale marks of reactionary and progressive forms in art, in religion, in all areas of human activity. One may find a large number of reactionary forms of religion, even more than one would like, but this has no relation whatsoever to the embryonic Religion of Epitome which this book is concerned with. For there have not been, nor are there, more progressive aims or methods in our century than those that will be fused together in that religion. As for the scientific method's claim to supremacy, it is powerless to stamp out the methods of art and religion, in their widest sense, just as an aggressive religiosity was powerless to stamp out science in its time. That is because their methods are differentiated not only by how they cognize but by what they cognize. In the last century, the rapid progress of science and technology gave rise to predictions about the death of art. A hundred years have passed, and the constellation of arts has not only not faded away but has been brightened by yet another star the art of cinema. Thirty or forty years ago many in Russia believed the demise of religion was inevitable as a result



of scientific and social progress. And yet, despite all the resources mobilized against it, the constellation of religions has not only not faded away, but scientific and social progress has caused it to be brightened by the ability to turn the world's religions from a collage of separate petals into a single and wholesome spiritual flower – the Rose of the World.

It follows from the above that a religious movement that would integrate humanity's positive experience into its philosophy and praxis and draw conclusions from the negative experience that require too much courage and honesty to be made by other streams of social thought; a movement whose first and foremost tasks are the transformation of the state into a community, the unification of the entire world, and the ennobling education of humanity; a movement that would guard against the distortion of its ideals and methods with the indestructible shield of a higher morality – such a movement cannot but be recognized as progressive, promising, and creatively young.

A shield of morality! On what principles would such a morality be founded? I spoke of saintliness. But isn't it plain utopian to think that entire segments of society, and not just single individuals, could be saintly?

It is necessary to elaborate what exactly is meant here by the term “saintliness”. An ascetic life spent in a monastery is not a prerequisite for the attainment of saintliness. Saintliness is the highest stage of moral development for a person. Whoever surpasses it is no longer just saintly, but is a prophet as well. Saintliness can take many different forms depending on time, place, and a person's character. If we generalize, saintliness, defined negatively, is the internal state of a person, constant and ending only with death, in which the will is free from egoistic impulses, the reason is free from slavery to materialistic desires, and the heart is free from bursts of random, turbid emotions that demean the soul. To define it positively, saintliness is the permeation of all one's inner and outer life with an active love for God, people, and the world.

It is doubtful that the necessary psychological climate for the emergence of a moral body founded on that same saintliness could be better prepared than in an organization whose meaning and purpose lie in the hope of this emergence. The League will be that very organization. Even atheists could number among its members. But the League's basic tenet – the necessity of a global moral body standing above all the states – will be the very thing to fuse the most committed, creative, energetic, and gifted of its members into a nucleus, the one characterized by an atmosphere of unflagging spiritual creativity, active love, and purity; a

nucleus composed of people enlightened enough to be aware not only of the danger threatening each of them if their ambitious impulses are unleashed but of the danger, as well, of a too superficial formulation of religious moral values, which can lead to ethical formalism, hypocrisy, spiritual staleness, and sanctimony.

No one but God knows where and when the Rose of the World's first flames will be kindled. The country Russia has only been designated; tragic events might still take place that could interfere with that mystical event and force it to be relocated to another country. The time the sixties has only been projected; disastrous cataclysms might take place that would move the date far ahead into the future. It is possible that the first flame will kindle not in the League for the Transformation of the State but in a different, as yet unknown group of people. But here or there, in this country or another, a decade earlier or later, the interreligious, global church of the new age the Rose of the World will appear as the sum total of the spiritual activity of many people, as the joint creation of people standing beneath the shower of heaven-sent revelation it will appear, emerge, and embark on its historical journey.

“Religion”, “interreligion”, “church” – I cannot think of a word that would reflect the idea with the utmost exactitude. Its many fundamental departures from previous religions and churches will, in time, require new words to be coined for use in reference to it. But even without them, it will be necessary to introduce a large vocabulary of new words into the pages of this book which now, at the beginning, I think it best not to run to the aid of but to rely on a descriptive definition of the distinct features of what is going to be called *The Rose of the World*.

It will not be like any restricted religious faith, whether true or false. Nor will it be an international religious order like the Theosophists, the Anthroposophists, or the Masons, composed, like a bouquet, of various flowers of truth eclectically picked from every imaginable religious glade. It will be an interreligion or pan-religion, in that it will be a teaching that views all religions that appeared earlier as reflections of different layers of spiritual reality, different sets of variomaterial facts, and different segments of our planetary cosmos (“Planetary cosmos» refers to the sum total of planes of differing materiality, dimensions, and time streams that are fundamentally linked to the Earth. The planetary cosmos is the planet Earth with all the complexity of the material (and not just physical) planes of its existence. Many heavenly bodies possess such gigantic systems. They are called

bramfaturas. The Earth's bramfatura is called “Shadanakar”. A brief glossary appended at the end of the book gives definitions for those words that are either used here for the first time or altered by a new sense.). That point of view treats Shadanakar both as a separate entity and as part of the divine universe. If the older religions are petals, then the Rose of the World will be a flower: with roots, stem, head, and the fellowship of its petals.

The second distinction concerns the globality of the Rose of the World's aspirations and their historical actuality. Not a single religion, with the exception of medieval Catholicism, has made the reorganization of human society its aim. But the papacy, stubbornly trying to contain feudal chaos with the dykes of hierocracy, was unable to weaken the exploitation of the have-nots by the haves, to lessen social inequality with wide-ranging reforms, or to raise the overall standard of living. Be that as it may, it would be unfair to blame the ruling Catholic hierarchy for its failure: the material resources, both economic and technological, necessary for such large-scale transformations were still unavailable. It was no coincidence that evil in the world was felt to have existed from time immemorial (and right up to modern times has been considered eternal and unavoidable), and that Catholicism in essence focused, like all other religions, on the “inner self» alone, teaching individual perfection. But times have changed, material resources have become available, and it is owing to the entire historical process, and not to the Rose of the World, that the latter can now regard social justice not as something alien to its purposes, doomed to failure, and not worth the efforts, but can link it inseparably to the growth of the inner self: work on oneself and social justice will become two parallel processes that should complement each other.

One often hears that Christianity has failed. If it were only a question of the past, one could say that from the social and overall moral point of view it has failed. “Religion has failed.» Yes, if humanity's religious creativity ran dry by what has already been woven, religion in the above-mentioned sense truly could be said to have failed. But, at present, it is fair to say only this: the older religions could not substantially decrease the amount of social injustice, because they did not possess the necessary material resources, and the lack of those resources gave birth to a negative attitude toward all such attempts. In that way the ground was prepared for the secular stage of civilization.

In the eighteenth century social conscience awakened;— Social disharmony was finally felt and perceived as something intolerable, demeaning, and to be overcome. That, of course, occurred in connection with the fact that the material

resources that had been lacking began to appear. But the older religions were unable to grasp that fact. They did not want to take advantage of those resources, did not wish to direct the process of social transformation, and it is that same sluggishness, intellectual laziness, conceptual immobility, and close-mindedness that is their greatest fault. Religion discredited itself by its centuries-long powerlessness in that respect, and it should come as no surprise that Europe, followed by other continents, fell into the opposite extreme: the transformation of society by purely mechanical means in conjunction with a complete renunciation of the spiritual side of the process. The result, too, should come as no surprise: upheavals the world has never before witnessed, loss of life that had never been envisaged even in our worst nightmares, and a decline in the overall moral level whose very possibility many people in the twentieth century see as a grim and tragic enigma.

The responsibility for the depth and perseverance of the resulting secular stage rests, to a large extent, on the older religions. They also bear responsibility for the spiritual fate of millions of souls who, in the struggle for social justice, placed themselves in opposition to religion in general and thus tore the spiritual roots of their own existence loose from the soil of world spirituality. But genuine religious activity is a definite kind of social service, and genuine social service is, at the same time, religious activity. No religious act, even the self-abnegation of a monk, is done in isolation from the whole, and every such work contributes to the worldwide enlightenment. No positive social activity can help but increase the amount of good in the world that is, such activity cannot help but have religious meaning. The pulsing of social conscience, active compassion, and jubilation, unflagging practical efforts toward social justice this is the second manner which the Rose of the World is distinct from the older religion.

The third distinction concerns dynamism of the outlook. There have already been religions that have incorporated concepts of metahistory – Judaism and early Christianity – but only in remote and brief periods during their formation did they try to formulate a spiritual framework to explain the historical processes taking place at the time. During those brief, half-forgotten times, the astonishing insights of the Apocalypse remained hidden from people's eyes by a blanket of allegories and innuendos; its code of images allowed for every imaginable interpretation. Thus, a genuine framework for understanding historical processes did not take shape. Historical knowledge was as yet scarce and limited in scope, geographical

horizons were small, and the mystical mind was not yet ready to grasp the internal logic of metahistory and the incredible complexity of Shadanakar.

But the appearance of the Rose of the World has been preceded by the scientific era, an era that revolutionized humanity's view of the universe, of nations, of cultures, and of their fates. It has been preceded by yet another era: one of radical social changes and upheavals, of revolutions, and of world wars. Both kinds of phenomena have loosened humanity's psychological crust, which had remained for so many centuries unbroken. In that soil, plowed up by the iron teeth of historical catastrophes, the seeds of metahistorical revelation will fall. And the entire planetary cosmos will reveal itself to people's spiritual sight as a constantly evolving system of variegated worlds, a system speeding toward a blindingly resplendent goal, spiritualized and transformed from century to century and from day to day. Images from future eras are beginning to show through our reality – each in all its inimitable uniqueness, in its correlation of metahistorical forces battling within it. The goal of the Rose of the World is to become a receptor, fosterer, and interpreter of that knowledge. The collective mystical consciousness of all living humanity, it will illumine the meaning of the historical processes of the past, present, and future in order to assume creative guidance of those processes. If one may speak of any dogmas in its teaching, then those dogmas will be deeply dynamic, multifaceted, and capable of further enrichment, development, and long-range evolution.

From that follows the fourth distinction of the Rose of the World, which entails a program of consistent, spiritual-historical tasks that are entirely concrete and achievable in principle. I will list once again the foremost of them: the unification of the planet under a federation of states overseen by a moral supervisory body; the establishment of economic wellbeing and a high standard of living in every country; the upbringing of ennobled younger generations; the reunification of the Christian churches and the creation of a free union of all religions of the Light; the transformation of the planet into a garden and the state into a community. But those are just the most immediate tasks. Their realization will open the way to tasks of an even higher order – the spiritualization of nature.

Interreligiosity, the globality of its societal aspirations and their concrete nature, the dynamism of its outlook, and consistency in its global historical tasks – these are the characteristics that will distinguish the Rose of the World from all religions and churches of the past. The bloodlessness of its paths, the painlessness of its reforms, its kindness and consideration toward people, the waves of spiritual

warmth that will emanate from it – these are the characteristics that will distinguish it from all sociopolitical movements of the past and present.

Obviously, the essence of the state, as well as the moral cast of society, cannot be transformed in the wink of an eye. An immediate and complete renunciation of coercion is a pure fantasy. But that element will decrease over time and societal space. Every kind of discipline is made up of elements of coercion and consciousness, and one or another type of discipline results from the ratio of these two elements. Slave economies, prisons, and concentration camps boast a high percentage of coercion and an almost complete absence of consciousness. There is a slightly higher percentage of consciousness present during army drills. And further, to the extent that the element of coercion is weakened within disciplinary models, the categorical imperative of inner self-discipline grows and replaces it. The new pedagogy will be based on the fostering of that same impulse. Its principles and methods, as well as methods for the moral rehabilitation and rebirth of criminals, will be discussed in a later chapter. But it should be clear even now that the external stimulus of coercion will disappear quickest of all within the inner concentric circles of the Rose of the World, for those circles will be filled by the very people who have wed their entire life to its tasks and principles and no longer have any need of outside coercion. They will be its conscience, and who, if not they, should occupy the seats of the Supreme Assembly?

Is it possible to overstate the edifying effect exerted by political systems where the worthiest people stand at the head of society, guiding and creating? Think not of those whose will is overdeveloped at the expense of other sides of their self and whose strength lies in their unscrupulous approach to means, but of those in whom will, reason, love, purity of thought, and a profound understanding of life are harmoniously developed and combined with conspicuous spiritual gifts – those we call living saints.

Recently, we saw an example of just such a saint: we were witnesses to India's decisive hour and the great spirit of Gandhi. We were presented with an astonishing spectacle: a person wearing a loincloth, with no government authority, without a single soldier or servant at his command, without a roof over his head, became the conscience and the spiritual and political leader of three hundred million people. One soft-spoken word from him was enough to unite those millions in a massive, nonviolent struggle to free their country, in which the shedding of their enemy's blood gave rise to nationwide fasting and mourning.

It is easy to imagine how tragically the Indian people's historical course would have been altered if, instead of that saint, a person of a self-willed nature, like Mussolini or Stalin, had at that decisive minute stepped forward as leader – a so-called strong leader, a master of demagoguery and political intrigue, who masks his despotic nature behind fulsome speeches about the people's welfare! How skillfully he would have played on the baser instincts of the people, on their natural hatred for their conquerors, on their envy of the rich. What waves of fire and blood would have broken over India, flooding islands of high moral consciousness fostered and strengthened over thousands of years by the brightest children of that great people! And, in the end, what a tyranny such a person would have established over the exhausted country, taking advantage of the people's habit of obedience, formed through centuries of slavery. Gandhi channeled the country's thirst for self-determination and national identity down a different path. Here is the first example in modern times of the power that would gradually replace the sword and whip of state rule. That power is the loving trust a people have for whomever gives proof of the moral elevation upon which rests the authority of living saints.

I foresee a host of objections. One is as follows. Yes, such a thing was possible in India, with its unique characteristics, with its four-thousand-year religious history, with the moral stature of its people. Other peoples have different legacies, and India's experience is not applicable to any other country.

True, every people has its own historical legacy. And India's legacy has led to its people becoming a pioneer on that road. But almost every nation has encountered, either within or beside their borders, dictatorships and tyrannies of all imaginable colors and ideological masks, and each has had sufficient opportunity to realize into what a disastrous abyss a blind leadership – not enlightened by saintliness, not even meeting the minimum requirements of an average moral level – can plunge their country into. After all, government leadership demands self-renunciation, and an average moral level is too low for that. Many nations, as well, have come to realize that where, in place of dictators, political parties alternate, faces change like in a kaleidoscope. Diplomats and generals, bosses and lawyers, demagogues and business people – some are self-seekers, others are more principled, but none is capable of breathing a new, clean, and vibrant spirit into life or of solving problems related to the vital national interest. No one can trust a single one of them more than they trust themselves, because not one of them has paused even a moment to think about what saintliness and spirituality mean. They are fleeting shadows, fallen leaves blown about by the winds of history. If the Rose of the

World does not make its appearance in time on the international scene, they will be scattered by the fiery breath of willful and merciless dictatorships. If the Rose of the World does appear, they will dissolve, melting under the rising sun of its great message, because the hearts of people will trust one living saint more than a hundred modern-day politicians.

But an even greater, more dazzling effect will be exerted on the people and their destiny if three of the highest gifts – saintliness, religious vision, and artistic genius – are all combined in one person.

O, so many aspects of religion belong entirely to its past stages. One such aspect appears to be the power of strictly delineated, didactically formulated, law-like dogmas incapable of growth over people's minds. Human experience and the growth of individuality during the last centuries have led to human beings feeling cramped by and suspicious of any dogma. As a result, no matter how nondogmatic the Rose of the World's teachings will be, no matter how much they will be permeated by the spirit of religious dynamism, a great many people will have difficulty accepting them. On the other hand, many millions will respond to its call, as it will be addressed not so much to the intellect as to the heart, resounding in masterpieces of literature, music, theater, and architecture.

Works of art are more capacious and multifaceted than theosophical aphorisms or philosophical arguments. They leave more room for the imagination; they permit each person to interpret the teaching so that it is more understandable and in tune with his or her own individuality. Revelation flows down from many streams, and if art is not the purest then it is at least the widest of them. Therefore, every art form and a beautiful repertoire of ritual will outfit the Rose of the World with colorful and glittering habiliments. And for that same reason, it would be most natural for a person who possesses three of the greatest gifts – religious vision, saintliness, and artistic genius – to stand at the head of the Rose of the World.

Perhaps, such a person will never come, or will come much later. It is possible that a collective of the worthiest, and not one single person, will lead the Rose of the World. But if Providence sends a person of such great spirit to our century as it has sent them before, and the forces of evil are unable to thwart his or her mission, it will be the greatest of good fortune for the entire planet. For no one can exert a greater and brighter influence on humanity than a genius of the word who has become a visionary leader and living saint and who has been raised to the heights of being global guide of a cultural and social renaissance. That person, and only that person, can be entrusted with an extraordinary and unprecedented task: moral



supervision of all the states of the Federation and guidance of nations with a view to transforming those states into a global community.

O, we Russians paid dearly for the unconditional trust we placed in a strong-willed man whom many of us viewed as a benefactor of humanity. We will not repeat the same mistake! There are unmistakable signs that distinguish a person worthy of such a mission from an evil genius. The latter is morose; the former rejoices in spiritual delights. One consolidates power with executions and torture; the other will not spend a single day seeking power, and when that individual accepts power, no one's blood will be spilled. One will cultivate the cult of personality across the land; the other will consider such glorification ridiculous and repellent. One is unapproachable; the other is open to all. One is wracked by an unquenchable thirst for life and power and hides from imagined dangers behind impenetrable walls; the other is free from worldly temptations and calm in the face of danger, with a clean conscience and unshakable faith. They are two antipodes, the ambassadors of two irreconcilable camps.

Of course, such elected leader would be but the first among equals in the Supreme Assembly. In everything they would rely on the cooperation of many, and their own activities would be monitored by many. They would be able to assume their extraordinary post only after undergoing rigorous tests. Such a post cannot be filled by the young, not even by the middle-aged, but only by those ripened by old age. Temptations and negative emotions must be long overcome. As for the election itself, it seems to me that it could be conducted only in the form of one or another kind of plebiscite. And even during the term of office of the High Mentors, the Assembly would be keeping watch on their activities. Departure from their path would result in the transfer of their powers to the worthiest. In general, all the issues involved could be carefully thought out, the dangers foreseen, decisions precisely weighed and later adjusted. But as long as the High Mentors keep to the preordained path, they will be the mystical links between humanity and the other worlds, the revealers of the will of Providence, the spiritual guides of billions and the guardians of their souls. There is nothing to fear by uniting all spiritual and secular power in the hands of such people.

Some would say that such people appear, perhaps, only once in every five hundred years. I will go one step further: individuals of such stature who possess the sum of these above-mentioned gifts could never have existed before. An Einstein could not have appeared among the Maoris of the nineteenth century. It would be ridiculous to expect to find a Dostoyevsky, such as we know him, among the

subjects of Tutankhamen or Theodoric. He would have possessed a different sum of gifts then, and many of them would not have found outward expression in his life. People like those I am speaking of could not have realized the gifts they were endowed with even in the recent past, and their contemporaries would have remained in the dark as to their true stature and potential. The prerequisite conditions already seem to be taking shape as the new age begins; the Rose of the World will see them ripen in such a way that the social and cultural atmosphere will provide the High Mentor with a chain of successors worthy of this coronet.

Some will also say that even all the above-listed gifts are not enough for such an extraordinary position, that such people also need a versatile, sober, and practical political mind. No doubt. Such a leader will have to deal with thousands of the most varied problems; knowledge and experience – economic, financial, judicial, even technical – will be needed. But the age of Aristotle is long past; minds of encyclopedic breadth are unthinkable in our day and age. And the activities of those I am speaking of are just as unthinkable apart from the collective mind, from the Supreme Assembly. The most profound minds, those wise in the vicissitudes of statesmanship, as well as specialists from every branch of knowledge, will take part in it. It is wisdom, not encyclopedic erudition or practical management skills, that will be demanded of the High Mentors: wisdom to understand people at first sight, to go instantly to the heart of complex issues, and never for a second to remain deaf to the voice of conscience. The High Mentors should be so elevated morally that love and trust in them will replace other methods of rule. The use of coercion or force will be a torment for them; they will resort to it only in the rarest of cases.

But that is only one possible option, although it is, in my opinion, the most desirable. It is easy to imagine an alternative: leadership of the Rose of the World, a relationship with the Federation government and legislative bodies where the collective principle will be limited by nothing and no one. The task of drafting a constitution belongs to the far future, and our fortunate descendants, not us, will have the chance to choose one option from the many possible.

But isn't that a theocracy? I dislike the word “theocracy”. Theocracy is the rule of God; to use it in reference to any kind of social or political system would be absurd from the point of view of atheists and blasphemous from the point of view of believers. History has never witnessed, nor will it witness, a theocracy. Not theocracy, but hierocracy, the rule of a priesthood, should be used in reference to the ecclesiastical states of the Pope or the Dalai Lama. The system I have

described is the exact opposite of any type of hierocracy: the church will not disappear into the state which would swallow it up and rule in its name. Rather, the entire conglomerate of states and assembly of churches will gradually merge into a global community and interreligious church. Posts in the higher bodies – legislative, executive, and supervisory – will not be occupied by the upper hierarchy of a church but by the finest representatives of all nations, all faiths, all social classes, and all specialties.

Not a hierocracy, not a monarchy, not an oligarchy, not a republic: something qualitatively different from all that has come before will emerge. It will be a global-wide societal organization working toward sanctifying and enlightening all life on earth. I do not know what it will be called. The point is not in the name but in the essence. Its essence will consist of work in the name of spiritualizing individuals, all of humanity, and nature.

## ***1.2. Perspective on Culture***

Little by little, a new attitude toward everything will arise: there would not be a slightest reason for the Rose of the World to come into being if it only repeated what has been said before. A new attitude and way of thinking will emerge in regard to every aspect of life, large and small: cosmic and historical processes, planetary laws and the links between variomaterial worlds, personal relationships and approaches to personal growth, states and religions, the animal world and the environment – in a word, everything that we group under the concepts culture and nature.

A new attitude toward everything will arise, but that doesn't mean that every old way will be discarded or vilified: in many cases, such a point of view will be presented whereby past attitudes will no longer contradict but complement each other revealing each as merely a different aspect of the same reality, or even of many realities. Such an approach is often effective, for example, when examining the older religions and the realities behind them. This book is devoted in its entirety to that new attitude. The subject matter is far too broad and complex to be even briefly outlined in one chapter. Although this chapter is entitled "Perspective on Culture» and the following chapter – "Perspective on Religion", one shouldn't expect an exhaustive treatment of these subjects. All six books of this work are

permeated with a new way of looking at various spheres of culture, various historical events, various religious systems, and various kingdoms of nature. These first chapters are merely intended as a sort of introduction. They contain a synopsis of certain fundamental principles, no more.

In our century, science has assumed the dominant role in culture. The scientific method lays claim to absolute supremacy; for that reason, this chapter will begin with a description of the perspective offered by the Rose of the World on the scientific method itself. It must be stated promptly and plainly that, no matter how many illusions the partisans of the scientific method have tried to create in that regard, it has never been, is not now, nor will it ever be the only mode of inquiry or the only means to know the material world. One needs to remember that besides the artistic method – with which the scientific method now condescendingly and grudgingly shares its preeminent status – the foundations for the mode of inquiry and method to know the material world had been laid long ago. The study of that method is inextricably linked to people's work on their spiritual selves and the enlightenment of their moral selves. There is even a possibility that it will become, to a certain degree, the dominant method in the future. I have in mind not so much magic or occultism, which have been discredited by a number of misunderstandings, but rather the concept of spiritual work. Various systems and schools of that type can be found in all religions with long spiritual traditions. Having developed practical techniques in the course of centuries for bringing the will to act upon the human organism and on external matter, and guiding a person to that level only after protracted moral preparation and manifold tests, they have elevated, and elevate now, hundreds, perhaps, thousands, to what is in layman's terms called “miracle working”. That arduous method which has aroused the intense hatred of modern-day philistines is distinguished by one principle foreign to science: working on and transformation of one's own being, as a result of which the physical and etheric coatings of one's self become more pliable, elastic, and obedient to his or her will than is normally possible. That path leads to such allegedly legendary phenomena as passing bodily through threedimensional objects, levitation, walking on water, teleportation, the healing of incurable diseases and of blindness and – that highest and rarest attainment – the resurrection of the dead.

What we are dealing with in such cases is the manipulation of laws acting in our materiality, and the suspension of lower laws by higher ones, which as yet are unknown to us. And if, in the twentieth century, the majority of us live our entire

lives without encountering indisputable examples of such phenomena, it does not necessarily follow that such phenomena do not occur, or that they are impossible in principle, but only that the prevailing conditions – cultural, social, and psychological – In the secular era (especially in the West, and even more so in the countries belonging to the socialist camp) have to such an extent impeded the study and mastery of that method that the number of such phenomena has been reduced to a handful of isolated cases.

Certain truly momentous events that took place nearly two thousand years ago (they will be discussed later) are responsible for the fact that it has become impossible to usher not individuals alone but whole masses of people onto that path of knowledge. With the passage of time, the psychological climate of the secular era obstructed more and more any movement along that path. Nowadays, enormous obstacles face anyone wishing to embark on study of the method. In certain countries such study has become, for all practical purposes, impossible. But there is no reason to suppose that the method will remain that slow and arduous forever. The areligious era is not endless; we are living at its close. It is difficult to imagine anything appearing more unwieldy, unrefined, crude, and impotent than do the achievements of modern technology when compared with the achievements of the method which I am speaking of. If the incalculable material and human resources that are now swallowed up for the advancement of the scientific method were invested in the development and study of this other method, then the panorama of human life – creative work, knowledge, the organization of society, and morality – would undergo radical changes. The psychological climate of the era of the Rose of the World will create conditions more conducive than ever before to the development of that method. But that belongs to the future, and not the near future at that. Until that time arrives, we have no alternative but to use, in the main, a different method, much less refined and not leading very far but dominant everywhere at the moment.

From that follows the Rose of the World's overall perspective on science and technology at the current stage of history. Laboriously gathering facts, deducing regularities from them without understanding the nature or orientation of those regularities, manipulating them mechanically without the ability to foretell what inventions and social upheavals its discoveries will lead to, science has long been open to everyone regardless of their moral level. The consequences are in front of our eyes and above our heads. The chief consequence is that not one person on Earth can be sure that a hydrogen bomb or some other, more appalling scientific

achievement will not be dropped on them or their fellow citizens at any moment by highly educated minds. It is, therefore, only natural that one of the first measures the Rose of the World will undertake after it begins supervision of the states' activities is creating a Supreme Scientific Council – that is, a committee staffed by members from the inner circles of the Rose of the World itself.

Consisting of people who combine the respect of the scientific community with a high level of moral integrity, the Assembly will assume executive management of all scientific and technological work, serving both planning and regulatory functions.

What is involved in the protection of the vital interests of humanity, overall, appears straightforward enough, at least in its principles, and there is hardly a need to pause over it now. As for the issues involved in the protection of the interests of the animal and plant worlds, they will be discussed in those sections of the book devoted to the animal world and the world of the elementals. That is, perhaps, the only area in which the outlook of the Rose of the World and the views of the majority of contemporary scientists cannot be reconciled. The conflict, however, does not pertain to any scientific theory. Rather, it applies only to certain of science's practical methods that are incompatible with the basic demands of goodness not only in the view of the Rose of the World but also in the view of nearly every religious moral teaching and, indeed, of nearly every humane person.

Outside those purely methodological clashes, there are not, nor can there be, any conflicts between the Rose of the World and science. There is nowhere for a conflict between them to arise. They deal with different things. It can hardly be a coincidence that the erudition of the majority of this century's scientific geniuses did not prevent them from holding personal religious beliefs and from sharing and even creating bright, spiritual systems of philosophy. Einstein and Planck, Pavlov and Lemaitre, Eddington and Milne – no matter the field of their scientific inquiry, all remained, in their own way, people with a firm belief in God. I am, of course, disregarding here Russian scientists of the Soviet period, some of whom were forced to proclaim their materialism not out of any philosophical convictions but for completely different reasons, which are obvious to anyone.

Leaving aside philosophy and politics, we can say that, in areas purely scientific, the Rose of the World doesn't make any claim that science would have sufficient grounds to reject. What is being asserted is that science has been silent thus far about the realities the Rose of the World describes. But that is a situation that will not continue for long. As for the social, cultural, and moral tasks that the Rose of

the World will attempt to implement, it is impossible to imagine that they would meet with any objections in principle from authorities in the scientific community.

It is reasonable to suppose that it is not the very idea of planning scientific activities that will be the subject of debate in the future but the limits of the subject of planning as well as its practical methods. Special study could be devoted to the practices of planning and coordinating scientific work in certain states of the mid-twentieth century. But only individual features will be borrowed from their experience, if only because the Federation will be made up of many states, large and small alike, that will have just been unified, the states with varying stages of economic development, formed against the backdrop of different cultures, and possessing different sociopolitical systems. Systems distinguished by greater economic centralization will find it easier to be assimilated into the inexorable process of global socialization; others, accustomed to a laissez-faire system, will be drawn into it more gradually. That, as well as the variety of cultural traditions, will result in an extremely mixed global economy and interplay of cultural legacies during the first stage.

Deep-rooted national antagonisms will also long continue to make their presence felt. It will take time to balance and harmonize the needs of different countries and different layers of society that will benefit from, say, the priority development of such and such a branch of industry in such and such a place or the sale of their products somewhere or other. In order to reach an equitable solution to those kinds of problems, a new psychological trait will be required from those who will head the Scientific Council and the Rose of the World itself – the mastery of the inner sway of personal, as yet entirely natural, cultural-ethnic bonds, a complete impartiality toward nations that is. What effort, what moral authority and even self-sacrifice, will be necessary just to weaken deep-seated antagonisms, such as Anglo-Arab, Russo-Polish, or Turko-Armenian! What will Germans, English, Russians, or Americans have to do to make so many countries forget the hostility those Western nations have aroused in them? What educational programs will be needed to soothe the wounded pride that prevents many small or middle-sized nations from being on friendly terms with their neighbors and that escalates into aggressive dreams of attaining greatness at the expense of other countries?

But that is only one side of the coin. Many Western nations will have to rid themselves of the slightest trace of their old feelings of superiority over others. Russians will have to realize that their country is not the crowning glory of creation and is, in fact, no better than many other nations. The English will be

forced to perform colossal work on their inner selves so as to renounce their habit of favoring the interests of the inhabitants of the British isles over the interests of citizens of Indonesia or Tanzania. From the French will be required the ability to take to heart the interests of Paraguay or Thailand just as passionately as they do their own. The Chinese and Arabs will liberate their hearts and minds from the once justified, and now anachronistic, distrust of Europeans, which they have nursed for so many centuries, and will learn to bestow no less attention on the needs of Belgium or Greece than on those of Shanghai or the Sudan. The citizens of the republics of Central America will have to cease caring and complaining only about their own situation and take part in the distribution of the world's wealth, taking into account the needs of Afghanistan, Cambodia, and even Yakutia. The citizens of the United States will be expected to remember that they call themselves Christians, and that Christianity is incompatible with a savage hate for any race, blacks included. This psychological remolding will be, as anyone can see, incredibly difficult, but it is the only way freedom from wars and tyranny can be won. As one would expect, nobody can hope to take part in the work of the global planning bodies without that remolding.

Nations will even have to learn to make sacrifices – not of their blood, not, of course, of the lives of their sons and daughters, but of dollars. For the more affluent nations will be faced with the necessity of sharing their resources with the peoples of the East and South, and disinterestedly at that, without an eye to turning such aid into big business. In short, all those in the leadership of the Rose of the World must be able to feel themselves as, above all, members of the entire cosmos, then as members of humanity, and only then as members of a nation.

The overall goal of the Rose of the World – or, to be more exact, of the gigantic spiritual process that began thousands of years ago and of which the Rose of the World is but one stage – is the enlightenment of Shadanakar. And the foremost task of our age consists in establishing everywhere, without excluding a single human being, a standard of living worthy of humans, simple day-to-day wellbeing, and fundamentally decent moral relations between people. The idea that every person without exception should be assured of worthwhile work, rest, leisure, a comfortable old age, decent shelter, access to all democratic freedoms, and satisfaction of their basic material and spiritual needs will begin to be actualized more and more in everyday life.

Only much later, in the very last chapters, will I be able to shed light on concrete measures, on that program of integrated reforms whereby these principles will, I



believe, take on flesh and blood. For now, only the principles are under discussion. Thus, those in whom these principles awaken no sympathy shouldn't waste their time and energy on further reading while those in sympathy with them will be able to get a foretaste of the inner spirit of the Rose of the World before moving on to an investigation of the possible paths for making these ideals a reality.

The above is the basic attitude of the Rose of the World toward science and technology, as far as I can explain it without delving into metahistory and transphysics. That should also be the role played by the scientific method in the next few historical periods.

Several decades from now, the ever-increasing rate of economic growth will reach a level that we would be fully justified in calling global prosperity. Living standards now enjoyed by citizens of the economically advanced nations will be established in the remotest corners of the globe. The rechanneling of the massive sums that are now being spent on weapons into peaceful uses will impart almost unimaginable acceleration to economic growth. Universal elementary education will likely be achieved even before that. Eventually, even universal secondary education will be felt to be insufficient. The borders of the intelligentsia will encompass all of humanity. The development of newer and newer means of communication, along with their accessibility and practicability, will virtually eliminate the distance between nations and cultures. As the working day shrinks, new reserves of time will become available. Physiological science will devise technology that will make it possible for the human brain to memorize input quicker and indelibly. Leisure time will increase. And those matters that now occupy the majority of people – the economy, politics, product improvement, technology, the further upgrading of material comforts – will lose their interest. It is entirely realistic to think that the generations of those times will find it baffling and strange that their ancestors could have been so engrossed by and emotional about decisions relating to such boring and trivial matters. Their energy will be channeled into the creation of riches of a higher order, as the economic base, being firmly grounded and global, will not be subject to any sharp fluctuations.

Issues connected with technology and economics will cease to engage people's overriding attention. They will be dealt with in their respective committees and will be subject to public scrutiny, just as issues of restaurant hygiene or sewage are now. Humanity's gifts will be put to a different use, dictated by the thirst for knowledge, a love for all living beings, a need for higher forms of creative work, and a passion for beauty.

The thirst for knowledge, which at one time drove explorers to embark on voyages through uncharted waters and to range over unopened continents, will send them first (perhaps even before the rise of the Rose of the World) into outer space. But the other planets are inhospitable. After several exploratory missions the launches will halt, and the thirst for knowledge itself will begin to shift in focus. Methods will be devised to activate and develop the dormant organs possessed by every human being: organs of spiritual sight, spiritual hearing, deep memory, and the ability to separate at will one's inner, variomaterial bodies from the physical body. Voyages around variomaterial worlds, around the unfolding planes of Shadanakar, will commence. It will be the age of cosmic Magellans and Columbuses of the spirit.

What systematic views on the individual's value, rights, obligations, and growth will help to create a new psychological climate and hasten the dawn of the golden age?

The absolute value of individuals lies in the fact that they share with God an innate capacity for creative work and love. The relative value of individuals depends on the level they have reached in their spiritual ascent, on the sum of efforts – both their own and Providence's – spent on the attainment of that level, and on the degree to which they manifest in their lives those gifts for divine creative work and love.

The terrestrial leg of the cosmic journey of an ascending monad is that stage when its gifts for creative work and love already can and should be brought to bear in elevating its natural and human environment – that is, lessening the tendency of individual parts and units within that environment to assert themselves at the expense of others. Evil consists of just that tendency. Its forms and magnitude are almost endless in their variety, but at its root it is always the same: the attempt to assert oneself at the expense of everyone and everything else.

The older religions judged the relative value of individuals by the degree to which they obeyed the prescriptions of a given religio-moral code. Religions with ascetic leanings believed the highest stage to be sainthood, defining it as either pure monastic service or as martyrdom for one's faith. In so doing they relegated love to the background. A monk's or martyr's self-denial were performed not out of love for humanity or for all living beings but out of a yearning to merge with God and to avoid the torments of hell. I am, of course, referring here to the predominant tendency, the prevalent attitude, and not to such astonishing individual apostles of love as St. Francis of Assisi, Ramanuja, or Milarepa.

Monstrous though it may seem to us, even the eternal suffering of sinners in hell did not arouse in the majority of adepts of those religions the desire to enlighten the world's laws, including the law of retribution, or karma. Eternal punishment for temporal sins appeared to them a just act of God or in any case (as in Brahmanism) an unalterable and absolutely immutable law. Buddha burned like a torch with a flame of compassion, but he, too, taught only how to free oneself from the wheel of iron laws and not how to enlighten and transform those laws. As for creative work, its intrinsic nature was not recognized at all – such a concept did not even exist – while little importance was attached to concrete forms of creative work accessible to ordinary people, with the exception of religious works in the narrow sense of the word: acts of charity, theology, missionary service, church architecture, and religious service.

Other religions that are not given to asceticism, such as Islam and Protestantism, modified the ideal of saintliness, broadening it and, at the same time, downgrading it, making it more accessible, more popular, even going as far as to require the observance of commandments with respect to God, the state, one's neighbor, one's family, and, lastly, oneself. It should be emphasized that neither one nor the other group of religions set themselves the task of transforming society, let alone nature. Accordingly, the conception of an individual's obligations also remained deficient and narrow.

It was only natural that such tasks were finally advocated by secular teachings, though in an extremely simplistic form. A lower, internally contradictory moral standard was proclaimed that blindly mixed progressive features with others that fell below a moral minimum one would have thought long beyond question. People dusted off the old formula “The end justifies the means» and, hesitating to proclaim it openly and honestly, began applying it in practice. The moral aspect of historical events was wholly ignored when the events were subjected to scrutiny or evaluation; verdicts were passed based only on consideration of the overall progressive or reactionary orientation of the given event. No one was disturbed by the fact that such a practice led to the justification of atrocities committed by many despots of the past, even such outrageous mass slaughters as the Jacobin terror or the activities of the Oprichnina. Many time-honored achievements in social progress – such as freedom of speech, the press, and conscience – were cast aside. Generations raised in such an atmosphere gradually ceased to feel even the need for those freedoms – a symptom that speaks far more eloquently than any tirade of society's shocking spiritual decline. Thus, as society further embraced that moral

standard in the form it took in real life, those positive features that it did possess were nullified. For the future held only the prospect of the dominion of material satiety, purchased by a renunciation of spiritual freedom, by millions of human lives, and by the exile of billions of souls to the lower planes of Shadanakar, souls that had sold their divine birthright for a meager pottage.

One can only hope that humanity will learn from that terrible lesson.

The Rose of the World will teach the absolute value of individuals and their divine birthrights: the right to be free from the yoke of poverty and the oppression of power-hungry groups, the right to wellbeing, the right to all forms of free creative work and the public unveiling of the fruits of that work, the right to religious searchings, and the right to beauty. The right of people to a secure existence and to the enjoyment of the benefits of civilization is an inborn right that in itself does not necessitate a renunciation of freedom or spirituality. It would be leading people astray to assert that we are faced with a crucial dilemma here, that in order to attain what are only the natural and self-evident blessings of life we must sacrifice our spiritual and social freedom.

The Rose of the World will also teach the obligations of individuals: to consistently expand the area encompassed by their love and to foster, multiply, and enlighten what is born of their work. Thus, creative work is both a right and an obligation. Even now I am unable to comprehend how it was that that truly divine gift to humans did not receive due notice in any of the older religions, except for certain forms of polytheism, especially that of ancient Greece. If I am not mistaken, it was only in ancient Greece that creativity itself (and not productivity, as in other forms of polytheism) was deified. Great masters of the arts were even pantheonized.

It is a sad and puzzling fact that after the decline of Ancient Greece the creative gift ceased to attract the notice of religions and was no longer conceptualized in ontological, metaphysical, or mystical terms. Under the influence of the shallowly interpreted Semitic idea that after six days of creation the Divine Creative Spirit rested, theology has preferred to circumvent the question of God's further creation. The words of God recorded in Revelations, "Behold, I will make all things new," has remained the lone flight of inspiration, the lone intuition in that regard. As for human creativity, an altogether suspicious attitude was formed toward it, as if the sin of pride to which a human creator could fall victim was more dangerous and deadlier than creative sterility. Unfortunately, the view on human creativity that formed in the religions of the Indian origin was no less injurious.

The last few centuries of the Western culture – so rich in works of genius in all spheres of art, science, and philosophy – have taught us much. They have taught us to hold human creativity in reverence and human labor in respect. But the secular spirit of these centuries has fostered just what the older religions feared: creators have become afflicted by pride in their creative gift, as if that gift had been forged by them themselves. True, that conceit has nested not so much in the hearts of real geniuses, let alone artistic visionaries, as in the hearts of lesser scientific and artistic figures. A series of chapters in this book will be specially devoted to a closer examination of that problem from the point of view of the Rose of the World's teachings.

In any case, creative work, like love, is not an exclusive gift bestowed on only the chosen ones. Few possess saintliness and moral vision, heroism and wisdom, genius and talent. But all that is merely activation of the potential dormant within every soul. A sea of love, an inexhaustible wellspring of creativity, bubbles behind the consciousness of each one of us. The Religion of Epitome will seek to remove that barrier and allow those healing waters to wash over our life. A creative attitude toward everything will appear among the generations raised under it, and even labor will cease to be a burden. Rather, it will become the outward expression of an unquenchable desire to create new things, better things, and to create of oneself. All the Rose of the World's followers will enjoy creative work, teaching its joys to children and teenagers. They will be creative in everything they do: writing, architecture, science, gardening, the decoration and tempering of daily life, religious service and religious drama, the love between man and woman, childrearing, physical exercise and dance, the enlightenment of nature, and play. For all creative work, except the demonic, that is done in its own name and for its own sake is divine in nature. Through it, people elevate themselves and fill their own hearts and the hearts of those around them with God.

When it comes to spiritual growth, the majority of people move along the slow and wide path. The path runs through marriage and childbearing, work and pastimes, through the fullness and variety of life's impressions, joys, and pleasures. But there is also a Narrow Path. It is a path for those who harbor in their soul a special gift that requires strict self-denial: the gift of sainthood. Religious teachings are wrong to claim that the Narrow Path is the one true path or the highest one. Equally wrong are those social or religious systems that deny it outright and erect barriers against those who feel called to that path and to it alone. It is doubtful that monasteries will be numerous in the era of the Rose of the

World, but there will be some, so that all who are driven onto the Narrow Path by spiritual thirst will be able to work on activating powers within their soul that require years of inner work in silence and solitude to develop. If a person enters onto the Narrow Path out of fear of retribution or dreams of a personal, egoistic, and closed relationship with God, that person's victories will be meaningless.

There is no such God who rewards loyal slaves with the blissful contemplation of His glory. Contemplation of the highest spheres is nothing but transcending one's self so as to commune with the One who contains all monads and the entire world within Himself. Therefore, a follower of the Rose of the World will not feel compelled to embark on the Narrow Path by spiritual egoism or by a desire for personal salvation mingled with cool indifference toward the fate of others. Those who follow it will be motivated by the realization that, on the Narrow Path, gifts become unveiled thereby making it possible for the living saint to help the world more effectively from solitude than hundreds can in the outside world; furthermore, that after death these gifts will so grow in strength that even the powerful upper hierarchies of demons will bow before them.

There is no need whatsoever for heavy vows to accompany tonsure (shaving or cutting some or all of the hair as a sign of religious devotion, *translator's note*). There are no grounds whatsoever for condemning or vilifying someone who, after the lapse of several years, leaves the path. Those entering the path will, at first, take only a short-term vow: for three, five, or seven years. Only after successfully completing those stages will they, if they wish, be permitted to take a vow for a longer period of time. Yet, even then the realization of the irrevocability of their decision, the fear of having made an irreparable mistake will not torment or haunt them, giving rise to despair and wild bursts of as yet unmastered negative emotions. They will know that with the expiration of the vow they will be free to return to the outside world, free to choose any lifestyle, any work, free to have a family without having to fear censure or scorn from anyone.

I have endeavored to provide a glimpse of the Rose of the World's perspective on the scientific and Scientific modes of inquiry, on individuals' rights and obligations, on human creativity and labor, and on the two basic types of spiritual paths: the Wide and the Narrow. In order to complete this overview of its perspective on culture, it would be sensible to dwell on the Rose of the World's views on art in the broader sense of the word. But that subject is so important and touches on so many different levels, and is so close to my heart personally, that I have decided to devote a series of chapters to it in one of the later parts of the

book. Therefore, before moving on to the question of the Rose of the World's perspective on other religions, I will jot down just a few words about art in the imminent era.

What features might distinguish the art to be created by people who have embraced the spirit of the Rose of the World, in the near future, when the sun of the golden age will have only just begun to illumine the clouds on the horizon?

It would be naive to try to predict or summarize the variety of artistic trends, genres, schools, and styles which that sphere of culture will scintillate with toward the end of this century. But a certain dominant style will, I think, emerge. Of course, it will not exhaust all the different artistic movements (under the conditions of maximum freedom that would be impossible as well as unnecessary for the same reason). This style is destined to become the mainstream in art and literature in the last third of this century. The perception of reality intrinsic to the Rose of the World – transparent perception which distinguishes variomaterial or spiritual planes through the physical plane – will find expression in that style. Such a perception of reality will be a far cry from ostentatious optimism that is afraid to shatter its own peace of mind in heeding the dark and tragic sides of existence. Creators of that style will not seek to ignore the distressing and frightening underside of the world. They will consider it cowardly to desire to forget about the bloody path of history; about the reality of the dreadful infraphysical planes of Shadanakar; about their merciless laws which bind untold hosts of unfortunates in chains of inhuman torments; and about the ghastly fall that is being readied for the human spirit by the forces of the Antigod and that will almost certainly take place when the golden age has run its course. But a higher level of awareness will not tarnish their love for the world, it will not lessen the joy they receive from nature, culture, creative work, public service, love, and friendship. In fact, quite the contrary! Could the awareness of hidden dangers threatening the one you love ever extinguish the flame of that love? There will be wondrous, life-affirming works of unprecedented purity and joyfulness. There will appear in all the artistic genres – both those that already exist and those that will arise later – works that will sparkle like splashes of water on sunlit ponds, works by artists of the future about a love that is much more capacious than ours, works about youth, about the joys of family life and public service, about the broadening of human consciousness and the expansion of the frontiers of our perception, about friendship between people and the elementals, about the daily proximity of

the friends of our heart who are as yet unseen, as well as much more that will concern the people of those times and that we are incapable of imagining.

It seems to me that such a style – masculine in its fearlessness and feminine in its lovingness, a profound combination of joy and affection for people and the world, yet with a keen awareness of the world's darker depths – could be called either transparent realism or metarealism. And need I mention that a work of art will not necessarily have to be an example of transparent realism for people who have embraced the Rose of the World's spirit to be able to enjoy and delight in it? They will delight in everything that has the mark of talent and at least one of the following features: a sense of beauty, broad scope, profundity of thought, sharpness of insight, purity of heart, or a joyful spirit.

There will come a time when the moral and aesthetic level of society, and of artists themselves, will be such that the need for restrictions of any kind will disappear, and freedom of artistic, literary, philosophical, and scientific forms of expression will be absolute. But it will not be until several decades after the Rose of the World has assumed moral supervision over the states that the era of that ideal moral level arrives. It is not through wisdom but youthful naivete that one could arrive at the idea that society has already reached those heights of maturity when absolute freedom will not give rise to critical, irreparable abuses.

At first, it will be necessary to assign to local branches of the Global Artistic Council, besides more pleasant duties, that single checkpoint through which an artistic work will have to pass before its public unveiling. That will be, if you will, the censor's swan song. In the beginning, when national antagonisms and racial-prejudice are yet to be eliminated, and power-hungry organizations still continue to play on those prejudices, a ban will have to be laid on any form of hate propaganda against any segment of the populace. Censorship will be maintained longer over books and texts that popularize scientific and philosophical ideas that give inadequate, superficial, or distorted treatment to objective facts and thus lead uninformed readers astray. Censorship will persist over works of fiction, requiring from them, it seems to me, a minimum of artistic merit in order to protect the literary market from a flood of tasteless, aesthetically ignorant trash. Finally, an unconditional ban on pornography will likely be in place longest of all. With the removal of each of these restrictions another measure will take its place: the Global Artistic Council or the Global Scientific Council will, after the release of a work of poor quality, print an authoritative review of it. That will suffice.



Clearly, it will not be easy to devise a system to determine who will sit on such councils, a system that will ensure that people with party or conceptual biases, intolerant supporters of particular movements or philosophical schools, or champions of the creative interests of some single group, nation, or generation not interfere in any sphere of culture. I would think, however, that in the psychological atmosphere of the Rose of the World a system like that could be devised.

If, for the moment, we avoid entering into fine distinctions between the concepts of culture and civilization, we may say that culture is nothing other than the sum total of humanity's creative work. If creative work is the highest, most precious, and sanctified of human gifts, an expression of the human soul's divine prerogative, then there is not, nor can there be, anything more precious or sanctified than culture. Further, the more spiritual a given cultural level, a given cultural sphere, or a given creative work might be, the more valuable it is.

The culture of a united humanity is only now emerging. Until now, the only cultures to reach individual maturity have been those of individual suprapeoples, a suprapeople being a group of nations that are bound by a distinct, jointly created culture. But none of these cultures is confined to that aspect that exists and evolves within our three-dimensional space. Those who participated in the building of that culture here continue their creative work in the afterlife as well, though the work, of course, becomes altered in accordance with the conditions of that world or those worlds through which the soul of the human creator is passing at the time. An awareness is growing of million-strong communities of such souls, of heavenly lands and cities above each of the world's suprapeoples, and of Arimoya, the emerging heavenly land of the culture of a united humanity. A perspective on culture based on such principles is novel and outlandish. We would be right in even noting that with further crystallization and deepening it will grow to become a vast mythology, if in using the word "myth» we disaccustom ourselves from thinking of something that has no basis in reality. Here we are dealing with just the opposite: a colossal reality that is reflected hazily and superficially, but reflected all the same, in mythology.

The atmosphere established by the Rose of the World and its teachings will give rise to conditions necessary for that cultural mythology to be grasped by every mind. Even if only a limited number of minds are able to comprehend it in all its esoteric complexity, the spirit of the worldview, and not its letter, will gradually become accessible to almost everyone. And if we contemplate the prospect of instilling that worldview in the general populace, then devising a system of

measures to safeguard all spheres of culture from interference by people who have no inner right to manage those spheres, it will cease to appear a hopeless task.

### ***1.3. Perspective on Religion***

How often we use the word “truth” and how seldom we ponder its meaning. In pondering its meaning here, we will not, however, let ourselves be troubled by the fact that we are essentially repeating the question posed by Pilate. Rather, we will attempt, as best as we are able, to arrive at a deeper understanding of the concept.

We call “true» a theory or teaching that, in our opinion, presents an undistorted view on some object of knowledge. To be precise, truth is an undistorted reflection in our mind of an object of knowledge. There can exist as many truths as there are objects of knowledge.

But objects of knowledge are known through us, not through themselves. It thus follows that a truth about any object of knowledge known through us should be recognized as a relative truth. Absolute truth is the reflection of an object of knowledge that is known by some subject in itself. In principle, that kind of knowledge is possible only when the duality of object and subject is removed: when the subject of knowledge becomes identified with the object.

Absolute universal truth is the undistorted reflection in a consciousness of the Greater Universe known in itself. Absolute component truths are undistorted reflections of some part of the Universe, also known in itself.

Naturally, absolute truth of the Greater Universe can exist only in the consciousness of a subject of knowledge commensurable with it, an omniscient subject capable of being the object, capable of knowing things not only through itself but also in itself. That subject of knowledge is called the Absolute, God, the Universal Sun.

God, as an object of knowledge, is knowable in Himself only by Himself. The Absolute Truth of God, as well as the Absolute Truth of the Universe, is attainable only by God.

Clearly, any component truth, no matter how small the object of knowledge, is attainable by us only in its relative form. But this sort of agnosticism should not be viewed as immutable. When any component subject of knowledge, any monad,

ultimately merges with the Absolute Subject, it avails itself of the possibility of not only knowing through itself, but also of knowing in itself. It is, therefore, correct to speak of a phased, as distinct from an immutable, agnosticism.

There may be few or many versions of component truths – personal, individual varieties of one component relative truth. Objects of knowledge of smaller scale (in comparison with the subject) are, however, reflected in the consciousness of a number of like subjects in an identical, or almost identical, manner. It is that likeness between many subjects that dictates that their individual versions of one or another truth will be alike as well. If it were not so, it would be impossible for people to understand one another about anything. But the larger the object of knowledge (in comparison with the subject), the greater the number of versions that arise. The relative truth of the Universe and the relative truth of God give birth to as many individual versions as there are subjects of knowledge.

It should be clear that all our “truths» are, strictly speaking, only approximations of the Truth. The smaller the object of knowledge, the better it can be grasped by our consciousness, and the narrower the gap between its absolute truth and our relative truth concerning it. There is, however, a lower limit in the ratio of scale between subject and object, below which the gap between the absolute and relative truth again begins to widen. For example, the gap between the absolute truth of an elementary particle and our relative truth concerning it is enormous. The gap between the absolute truth of the Universe, the absolute truth of God, and our relative truths concerning them is boundless.

One would think that, after Kant, these ideas should be universally known and acknowledged. But if they were internalized by every religiously feeling and thinking person, there would be no claims of individual or collective knowledge of the absolute truth, no claims of the absolute truth of some one theory or teaching.

As was shown above, only the Omniscient Subject is in possession of the absolute truth. If a human subject – for instance, the collective consciousness of some historical church – possessed that truth, it would be objectively revealed in the unqualified omniscience of that collective consciousness. But the fact that not one human collective or individual is invested with that omniscience proves yet again how groundless are the claims to absolute truth by any teaching. If the representatives of the Rose of the World ever think to assert the absolute truth of its teachings, such claims would be just as groundless and absurd.

But the claim that all teachings or some one teaching are false is just as groundless and absurd. There are not, nor can there be, any wholly false teachings. If there appeared an opinion that lacked even a grain of truth, it would never become a teaching, a system of ideas communicated to someone else. It would remain the invention of the person who brought it into being, as sometimes happens, for example, with the philosophical and pseudoscientific imaginings of the mentally ill. Only individual component statements can be false, in the strict sense of the word. Such statements maintain the illusion of truth with light borrowed from true component statements that enter into the same system. There is, however, a certain ratio of quantity and weight between true component statements and false ones whereby the latter begin to nullify the grains of truth contained in the given teachings. There are, furthermore, teachings in which the false statements not only nullify the elements of truth but consign the whole system to the category of spiritual negatives. It is customary to call them “left-hand teachings”. The future teaching of the Antigod, by which, it appears, the penultimate period of the world history will be marked, will be formulated in such a manner that a minimal weight of component truths will, by their light, lend the appearance of truth to a maximum number of false statements. The end result will be that the teaching will entangle the human consciousness in webs of lies stronger and stickier than any other.

Religions that are not left-hand teachings differ from each other not by virtue of the truth of one and the falsity of all the rest, but rather in two altogether different respects. First, they differ by virtue of the varying stages of their ascent to absolute truth – that is, in accordance with the decrease of subjective, temporal elements within them. That developmental distinction can be provisionally labeled a vertical distinction. Second, they can differ by virtue of the fact that they speak of different things – they reflect different sets of objects of knowledge. This type of segmental distinction can be provisionally labeled a horizontal distinction.

One should always bear in mind these two types of distinctions as we examine the Rose of the World's perspective on other religions.

Scientific progress presents itself to us as a continuous process whereby relative component truths are accumulated, elaborated, and fine-tuned. At each successive stage it is the custom to repudiate not the set of facts accumulated earlier but merely their outdated interpretation. Instances when a previous set of facts was cast into doubt and repudiated – as happened, for example, with alchemy – are comparatively rare. But in the history of religion, other practices have, unfortunately, prevailed. Rather than seeing a continuous succession of

interpretations of spiritual facts not subject to doubt, what we usually witness is that the repudiation of large numbers of relative component truths that were grasped earlier as a new set of truths, with the inclusion of a certain number of old ones, is presented as absolute. That is particularly true in regard to the supersedence of the so-called pagan religions by monotheistic systems.

It should be obvious to all that observance of such practices in the context of the expanding horizons of the twentieth century would at best lead to the creation of yet another religious sect. It would, of course, be ridiculous to apply the scientific method to religion, just as it would be ridiculous to apply the artistic method to the field of science. But it has long been time for us to adopt the scientist's good habit and not repudiate but rethink sets of relative truths accumulated earlier.

From the above it follows that no teaching (except left-hand teachings, which are recognizable, above all, by their spiritually corrupting influence) can be rejected outright. They should be recognized as inadequate, as clouded with subjective, human contaminants of a temporal, classist, racist, or individual nature.

Nevertheless, a grain of relative truth, a grain of knowledge “through us» of one or another aspect of the transphysical world, is present in each religion, and each of those truths is a precious jewel belonging to all humanity. At the same time, it is natural that the weight of truth in systems that take shape as the sum of the experience of a great many individuals is, as a rule, greater than the weight of truth in systems found only among small groups. An exception to the rule are new systems that might be in the process of gaining wider acceptance but naturally must first pass through an esoteric or infant stage.

In the worldview of the Rose of the World, such widely embraced systems are called myths, a point that will be explained in detail a little later. One or another transphysical reality always lies behind the myths, but it cannot help being distorted and muddled through contamination of the myth by the “all too human”. It is hardly possible, at least, at present, to formulate strictly and precisely a method to liberate the transphysical kernel of a myth from its human-made husk. The necessary set of criteria that would obtain in every case has yet to be devised. In addition, it is doubtful that such an intricate mystical task could be performed with the help of rational analysis alone. It is true that we could, by drawing on the teleology of history, devise a system of classification of religions that would allow us to group the highly developed religions together and thus convince ourselves that there are beliefs professed, though with different degrees of purity and stress, by the entire group. Among such beliefs are the oneness of God, the plurality of

different spiritual hierarchies, the plurality of variomaterial worlds, the infinite plurality of evolving monads, and the existence of some universal moral law which is characterized by the rewards or punishments people receive before or after death for what they do during their lives. As regards everything else, even the interpretation of the shared beliefs just listed, the myths either contradict one another or speak of different things.

If, however, in many cases the individuality of the subject contaminates the image of the object with something extraneous, something exclusively human, there are just as many instances when a spiritual truth can be intuited only by a mind of a definite cast. Individuality then becomes a factor that does not cloud intuition but, to the contrary, makes it possible. The teleological process in the history of human religions has partly consisted in readying the consciousness of individual persons, peoples, races, or eras by means of historical and biographical factors to make possible for it to intuit a given truth, a given transphysical reality. To other individuals, peoples, races, and eras, a consciousness readied in that manner and its religious experience may seem strange, distorted, or naive, and fraught with every sort of aberration.

From the hundreds of those possible, I will, for the time being, cite only one particularly illustrative example: the idea of reincarnation. An intrinsic part of Hinduism and Buddhism, and present in the Kabbala of the esoteric Judaism, the idea of reincarnation is rejected by orthodox Christianity and Islam. But must one conclude on the basis of the idea's non-universality that it is no more than a racial or temporal-cultural aberration of the Indian consciousness? The problem is that in order to reconcile the beliefs of different religions one must, first of all, learn to sift out the primary from the secondary, the common from the particular. The common, primary aspect of any belief consists of the seed of the idea, a seed which displays remarkable tenacity over the centuries. Sowed in the soil of different cultural milieus, it sprouts in different ways, all of which are varieties of the given belief. If there is any teleological aspect to history at all, then, of course, that aspect should first and foremost inform the life of just those tenacious spiritual seeds – in the widely embraced core of an idea professed by millions of individuals.

The seed of the idea of reincarnation is the teaching about a certain self that completes its cosmic growth, or a segment of it, through stages of successive existences in our physical world. Everything else, such as the spiritual-material nature and structure of the reincarnating self, the dependence of reincarnation on

the law of karma, the application of the principle of reincarnation to the animal world – all these are merely variations of the core idea. And it is easy to see that one will encounter genuine aberrations more often in those variations and details than in the seed, on whose intuition by the Indian people the teleological forces labored for many centuries, expending fantastic amounts of energy to weaken the partition between waking consciousness and deep memory – the repository of memories of the soul's journeys up to the moment of its last reincarnation.

The error of religious doctrines lies, for the most part, not in their contents but in their claim that the law stated by the doctrine is in universal force and must be professed by everyone who desires salvation. The above leads us to acknowledge the genuine nature of the spiritual experience that was molded into the idea of reincarnation. Yes, such a formative path does exist; there is in principle nothing in the essence of the idea unacceptable to Christianity and Islam, save, perhaps, the fact that no utterances by their founders about the idea have reached us. (Which, in any case, proves nothing in itself, because, as is known, far from everything they said found its way into the Gospels and Quran.) But it categorically doesn't follow that the path of reincarnation is the single possible and real formative path for an individual spirit. The Indian people's consciousness, readied in such a manner as to intuit that type of path, expressed its discovery, as often happens in such circumstances, in absolute terms and turned a deaf ear to intuitions of other types of formative paths. The exact opposite happened with the Jewish and Arab peoples. Intuiting the truth of other formative paths, on which incarnation on the physical plane occurs only once, the consciousness of these peoples expressed this second type of path in absolute terms that were just as unwarranted. The fact that one or the other path can, generally speaking, predominate in different human metacultures also led them to do so. As a result, an apparently irreconcilable dispute has arisen between the two groups of world religions. In actual fact, both these seemingly contradictory ideas are true at their core, having pinpointed two paths of those possible, and beyond a renunciation by each side of claims to the universal exclusivity of their ideas nothing is needed to resolve the "conflict".

Thus, one of the historical bases for supposedly irreconcilable conflicts between religions consists in the unwarranted expression of a belief in absolute terms. Another basis is as follows.

One of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity is, of course, the teaching of the Holy Trinity. The founder of Islam rejected that doctrine, because he suspected it

of being a relapse into polytheism and, more importantly, because his own spiritual experience did not contain any positive indication of such a truth. But in this twentieth century there can hardly still be a need to reiterate the arguments of Christian theologians who, in their time, proved and explained the fundamental distinction between the doctrine of the Trinity and polytheism. It is a point so elementary that one can only suppose there are no longer any Muslim thinkers who, having studied the Christian creed, would persist in making that erroneous claim. As for the second argument – that Muhammad's spiritual experience contained no confirmation of the Trinity – it is logically unsound. No one person's experience can contain a confirmation of all truths that were arrived at earlier in the course of humanity's collective intuitions about God and the world. There is a limit to every individual's knowledge. Only the wisdom of the Omniscient encompasses the entirety of truth “within Himself”. Therefore, the fact that Muhammad did not encounter anything in his personal spiritual experience that supported the Trinity doctrine should not in itself serve as sufficient grounds for rejecting the idea, even in the eyes of orthodox Muslims. Instead of the statement, “The Prophet, in intuiting the absolute oneness of God, recognized the falsity of the Trinity doctrine,” one should, in all fairness, rephrase the statement as follows: “The Prophet, in intuiting the absolute oneness of God, did not receive any indication of the truth of the Holy Trinity.”

It is entirely natural that the Christian creed not only has no objections to the Muslim doctrine of the One God but wholly concurs with it. But Christianity supplements that belief with an idea whose persistence for two thousand years and whose acceptance by millions of individuals point to the truth of the core concept. So what does the conflict between these two fundamental doctrines of the two religions resolve itself to? Doesn't it boil down to the arbitrary and unwarranted denial of one's truth by the other, a truth that has no mention in the latter's own positive experience?

Now, we see the second historical and psychological basis for deep-rooted disputes between different faiths: the unwarranted denial of the truth of a differing belief solely because we don't have any positive evidence for it.

Unfortunately, disputes founded solely on that logical and epistemological inconsistency are beyond count. Let us examine another well-known instance. Both the Sunni sect of Islam and Protestantism deny the truth of the cult of the saints, yet almost all other religions embrace it and in one or another form give expression to it. Objections to the cult can be reduced to two: first, people have no



need of mediators between themselves and God; second, worship and prayer offered not to God but to those who were once human is sinful, as it leads to the deification of persons. But what exactly is meant by that famous statement that “people have no need of mediators”? If the one who gives voice to that thought has no need of them, then what right does he or she have to speak for others, even for all humanity? Who invested that individual with the authority? Certainly not the millions of people in almost every country and religion who have felt a vital, daily need for such mediators – a need that has made the existence of the cult of the saints psychologically possible. If we don’t feel a need for something (there are people, for example, who don’t feel a need for music) and become indignant with all those who do, regarding them as fatuous dreamers, self-interested liars, or unenlightened ignoramuses, what are we proving but our own ignorance?

The second argument concerns the sin of offering up divine worship and prayers to those who were humans. But divine worship, in the monotheistic sense, is not offered up to the saints; no one equates them with God. The very idea is ludicrous and, for people raised in Christian countries, inexcusably uninformed. True, there is in Hinduism the concept of the avatar – an incarnation of God in human form – but avatars are not saints. We kneel before saints as people who were able to overcome the human in themselves, or as instruments of God’s will, as celestial messengers.

Protestantism denies the concept of sainthood altogether. But here we are dealing with an argument over particulars rather than the essence of the matter. For, in rejecting the ideal of monastic asceticism, Luther and Calvin didn’t belittle earthly saintliness, though they understood it, on the one hand, in a wider sense than did Catholicism and, on the other hand, in a somewhat lower sense: the Narrow Path as such was rejected.

The dying Muhammad forbade his followers to invoke his spirit in prayer. That shows the purity and sincerity of his purposes, but it goes directly counter to the basic principles of a religious-moral worldview. For if saintliness, as the highest form of self-sacrifice for the sake of humanity, is faultless and selfless service of God, and if we understand it thus, then it would be silly to deny that it exists on Earth and that it occurs, however rarely, in life – if that is so, then it is impossible to imagine the soul of a saint resting in idle bliss after death. Saints will help those still living and those below them in their ascent with all the powers of their souls, including those powers that are revealed only after death. It is as natural as an adult helping a child, and just as little does it diminish or demean those to whom

the help is proffered. The Prophet Muhammad could hardly have been unaware of this. One can only suppose that certain abuses and excesses that he observed in the cult of the saints moved him to forbid his followers to establish anything of the sort. He may have thought that the prohibition would be balanced by the fact that deceased saints do not necessarily need reminders from people at prayer in order to extend them unseen help.

Every teaching that preaches the truth of the soul's immortality and of a higher moral law can suppose that the spirit of a saint will in the afterlife become indifferent and unresponsive to those still living only by going counter to all logic and its own principles. The denial of the truth of the cult of the saints makes sense only from the point of view of materialism. On the other hand, to express the cult of the saints in absolute terms as obligatory is unwarranted. There can be protracted legs in the journey of a soul, or in the journey of an entire people, when there is no need of "mediators," when a soul, consciously or unconsciously, feels that the growth of its independence, energy, freedom, and spiritual will precludes any need to appeal to anyone for help other than God Himself. On what basis and by what right will we force such an individual to take part in the cult of the saints?

A much greater difficulty is posed by the fundamental dispute between Christianity and other religions concerning the belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ and the worship of Him as the incarnation of one of the hypostases of the Trinity. It is well known that the other religions either recognize Jesus as a prophet among other prophets or ignore Him, sometimes even going so far as to positively deny His Providential mission. Christianity, for its part, citing the words of its Founder that no one can come to the Father except through the Son, denies all non-Christians the possibility of salvation.

It is possible, however, to avoid many misunderstandings and vulgarizations of ideas if we examine each utterance of Christ that has reached us, asking ourselves: did Christ, in the present instance, speak as a person, as a concrete historical figure who lived in a particular country at a particular time, or does the voice of God that He hears in Himself become transformed through His mind and lips into human words? Every one of Christ's utterances requires examination in just such a vein. Does He speak in the present case as a person or as a Herald of truth from the spiritual world? For it is impossible to imagine that at every moment of his life Jesus spoke only as a Herald and never as a simple human being. There can hardly be any question that in His anguished cry on the cross, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" the pain of one of those minutes is recorded when he,

Jesus the man, experienced the tragedy of separation, the tragedy of the cutting of the link between his human self and the Divine Spirit. On the other hand, in His teachings given at the Last Supper one hears clearly God the Son, the Planetary Logos behind the first-person singular pronoun.

All Christ's words recorded in the Gospels should be grouped into one of these two categories. It then becomes perfectly clear that His saying that no one can come to the Father except through the Son should not be understood in the lower, narrow, literal, and merciless sense that no human souls besides Christians are going to be saved. Rather, this must be heard in the majestic, truly spiritual, cosmic sense that every monad that reaches full spiritual maturity immerses itself in the depths of God the Son, the Heart and Demiurge of the Universe, and only after that crowning act returns to its source, to God the Father, and in a manner unfathomable for us merges with Him and the entire Holy Trinity.

Keshab Chandra Sen, one of the most prominent leaders of Brahmo Samaj, an Indian religious-philosophical society, voiced a profound insight when he said that the wisdom of the Hindus, the meekness of the Buddhists, the courage of the Muslims all come from Christ. In referring to Christ, Sen clearly meant not the historical figure Jesus, but the Logos who found expression chiefly, but not exclusively, in Jesus Christ. That idea, in my opinion, provides the intimations of a path to an outlook whereby Christians and many Eastern religious movements can arrive at mutual understanding.

Certain expressions that have become rooted in Christian theology, that are repeated almost automatically by us, and that are exactly what is unacceptable to other faiths also require reexamination and clarification. What is meant, for example, by the word embodiment in reference to Jesus Christ? Do we continue to think even now that the Universal Logos was contained within the form of a human body? Can we grant that a bodily instrument, an individual physical organism, a human brain capable of accommodating the Universal Reason was created after generations of teleological preparation? If so, then one must conclude that Jesus was omniscient in His human lifetime, which does not concur either with facts from the Gospels or with His own words. Do we not consider the disproportionate scale – the mixture of cosmic categories, in the very extreme sense of the word, with categories belonging to the local-planetary, the narrowly human – preposterous? And preposterous not because it surpasses the limits of our reason but, to the contrary, because it is all too obviously the product of thinking at a definite, long-past period of culture when the universe appeared a billion times

smaller than it is in reality, when it seemed quite possible for the solid firmament to fall upon the Earth, and for a dreadful hail of stars to come loose from the hooks on which they were hung. Would it not then be more precise to speak not of the embodiment of the Logos in the person of Jesus Christ but of the Logos's expression in Jesus through the medium of the great God-born monad that is the Planetary Logos of the Earth? We call Christ the Word. But a speaker doesn't, after all, take shape in a word but expresses himself or herself through it. Similarly, God is expressed, not embodied, in Christ. It is in that sense that Christ is in truth the Word of God, and thus yet another stumbling block to reconciling Christianity and certain other religious movements disappears.

I have touched on only four interreligious disputes. With the exception of the last one, which springs from a moot and insufficiently precise formulation, these disputes are founded on discrepancies in the spiritual experiences of the great prophets, on the fact that while viewing certain objects from different vantage points in Shadanakar, from different spiritual points of view, these visionaries see different aspects of the given objects. Such disputes can be provisionally labeled as horizontal conflicts, meaning by that the validity of the points of view and their illusory contraposition.

Yet another example. Throughout their existence, Christianity and Islam have been battling with what they call paganism. Over the centuries, the idea that monotheism and polytheism are irreconcilable and incompatible has become impressed on humanity as a kind of axiom. Discussion of why and how that came to be would lead us to digress too far. What is important is the question, on what basis did the religions of Semitic origin, while affirming the existence of spiritual hierarchies and devising a detailed description of them – both angelology and demonology – in the Middle Ages, restrict their number to those few that found a place in medieval schemata? Is there even a shadow of consistency in their denial in principle of truth to all other experience of spiritual hierarchies? There are absolutely no grounds for it, except references, once again, to the Gospels' and the Quran's silence on the subject. It was because there were insufficient grounds for a blanket denial that the Christian Church, in the first few centuries of its existence, did not so much deny the existence of the gods of the Olympic pantheon as identify them with the demons and devils of Semitic canonical texts. In doing so, the Church, contrary to the facts, ignored the character of the divinities as it was intuited by the polytheistic spiritual tradition, arbitrarily ascribing to them demeaning and shameful traits or deliberately overemphasizing the all too

anthropomorphic element the subjects of knowledge – polytheistic humanity – had introduced into the images, an element which by that time had been preserved only in its lower, popular aspects. As if acknowledgment of the existence of hierarchies of nature, of the great elementals, or of national guiding spirits could undermine the oneness of God, the Creator and Builder of the Universe, the source and estuary of the earthly flow of life, more than would acknowledgment of God's other beautiful children – angels and archangels, not to mention those demons of the Bible!

Unfortunately, even today that ancient misunderstanding has not been cleared up. For a long time now, nothing has remained of classical polytheism. But a hardened, narrow-minded intolerance lacking all wisdom is discernible every time the Christian churches – or, at least, those persons who speak in their names – have occasion to pass judgment on the Hindu, Chinese, Japanese, or Tibetan systems. The two other religions of Semitic origin are just as intolerant. What we are dealing with here is a typical example of horizontal differentiation between religions. Without contradicting each other in the essentials, without clashing with each other in the boundless spiritual cosmos, Christianity and Hinduism, Buddhism and Islam, Judaism and Shinto speak of different things, of different spiritual lands, of different parts of Shadanakar. But human ignorance interprets this as a contradiction and pronounces one of the teachings true and the rest false: “If there is one God, then other gods are nothing but shams. They are either devils or figments of the human imagination.” How naive! God is One, but there are many gods. The writing of that word with both a capital and small “g” testifies in clear terms to the differing connotations attached to it in both cases. If someone is frightened of repeating the word in different senses, let that person substitute some other for it when speaking of polytheism – “great spirits” or “great hierarchies” – but nothing will be changed. That is, nothing will be changed if we discount the possibility that the use of the word “spirit” could in certain cases lead to misunderstandings, as many of those gods are more than spirits – they are powerful beings possessing material form, though they do so on other, transphysical planes of being.

All these disputes arising from misunderstandings across religions bring to mind an analogy I once saw in a religious text, though I do not remember which one. It told of several hikers who each climbed different slopes of one and the same mountain, saw and studied its different faces, and upon their return argued about who among them saw what really existed and who saw nothing but figments of the

imagination. Each believed that the mountain was exactly as he or she had seen it, and that the testimonies of the other hikers about the other slopes were lies, absurdities, and traps to snare human souls. Thus, the first conclusion that follows from our examination of interreligious disputes reveals a path to eliminating those that arise either from a simple misunderstanding or from a discrepancy between the religious objects of knowledge experienced – that is, horizontal conflicts.

Not only polytheism but animism and preanimism, too, consist of more than vague, random, subjective images that arose in the minds of prehistoric humans. Transphysical reality lies behind them as well. Providence is Providence for just the reason that it has never left peoples and races to be the dupes of fantasies and illusions without any possibility of contact with a higher reality. One would have to posit in place of God a dark, evil power as the true shepherd of humanity if one were to think that prehistoric humanity was barred for tens of thousands of years from the possibility of experiencing anything spiritual, or at the very least variomaterial, of coming into contact with something besides the physical world and our own fantasies.

But if this is so, how can the spiritual experience of so-called savages enrich us, who stand on such a high level of spiritual knowledge compared to them? By that which was intuited back then, in that milieu, by that inimitable psyche, but was not passed on and not included by succeeding spiritual traditions in their treasury. Research specifically devoted to theurgic beliefs and the tradition of proto-logical thought could help not only to “rehabilitate” those ancient beliefs in their essential features but could also establish a place for them in the synthesized religious worldview that is now beginning to take shape. It would come to light, for example, that the belief of the Arunta tribe of Australia in a single living substance that flows between matter constantly and everywhere, from being to being, from object to object (and, in essence, the religion of that tribe consists entirely of such beliefs) is one of humanity's oldest revelations about the transphysical cosmos. It is a vivid, brilliant revelation, more definitive than any later ones about that single life force. The Australians called it “arungviltá”, the more highly developed religion of Hinduism calls it “prana”, and we have yet to hear what science will call it in twenty or thirty years from now.

That dispute – the belief in arungviltá-prana by the oldest faiths and the denial of it by the overwhelming majority of later religious teachings – can be viewed as a developmental dispute, a vertical conflict between different levels of religious knowledge. But here we also encounter the same error, the same faulty approach

to another tradition that we saw when we examined the question of Islam's denial of the cult of the saints and the concept of the Trinity. Here, too, behind all the arguments (Incidentally, if the Gospels do not speak of arungvilita-prana in so many words, they do recount in detail many cases when Christ and, later, the apostles put the substance to use. It is incomprehensible how orthodox Christian believers could account for the variomaterial mechanism that the performers of miraculous cures employed if they deny the existence of a life force flowing everywhere and through everything.) brought against those ancient revelations, lurks the same naive way of thinking, something along these lines: as the canonical texts that are authoritative for me say nothing about arungvilita-prana; there is, therefore, no such thing. That way of thinking is, at the very least, foolhardy, because one is then forced to deny the existence not only of arungvilita-prana but of radio waves, elementary particles, a host of chemical elements, other galaxies, and even, for example, the planet Uranus, for the canonical texts maintain strict silence concerning all of them.

It also becomes clear that it is absolutely necessary to take into consideration what was disregarded back during the formation of the older, classical faiths: the experience of prehistoric spiritual revelation. In addition, we must consider something that could not be taken into account previously: the experience derived from the centuries-long evolution of religions on every continent, from world history, and from science. The material taken from those various experiences teaches us to treat all doctrines and beliefs dynamically, to see every belief as a link in the chain of religious-historical evolution, and to separate them into three layers. The deepest layer is the core idea which contains the relative component truth. The next layer is the particular coloring, molding, or specification of the idea to the extent that its individual, racial, or temporal features are justified, as it was precisely that racial or temporal cast of mind that made it possible for the people to intuit the idea at all. The third and outermost layer is the husk, the aberrations, the unavoidable haze of the human mind through which the light of revelation passes. Therefore, experience from every stage of development, including polytheism, animism, and others, must be freed from its outermost layer, rethought, and included in the Religion of Epitome's teachings.

The principles on which such work would be done have barely been outlined here. The set of criteria requires a vast deal of work. Besides, such a reexamination of our religious legacy is a colossal undertaking requiring the combined labor of many, many people. At present, there are not enough people even qualified for the

task, not to mention the absence of other necessary conditions. But if the task is huge, then it is better to undertake the preliminary work sooner rather than later. The difficulties should not be underestimated, but there is every reason to hope that with the commitment, energy, and initiative of those involved, the gulfs and rifts that now separate all religions will gradually be filled in and that, though each religion will preserve its uniqueness, a kind of spiritual union will in time unite all right-hand teachings.

It is well known that many Japanese who profess Christianity remain at the same time faithful to Shinto. An orthodox Catholic or Protestant, and a Russian Orthodox, too, are appalled by such a thing. They cannot comprehend how it is psychologically possible, and they even sense something blasphemous in it. But, far from any blasphemy, such a thing is possible and even natural, because the Christian tradition and the Shinto tradition differ from each other horizontally: they speak of different things. Shinto is a national myth. It is an aspect of the world religious revelation that was unveiled to the Japanese people, and to them alone. It is a conceptualization of the spiritual or, better yet, transphysical reality that presides over the Japanese people and them alone, manifesting itself in their history and culture. One will not find in Shinto answers to questions of a cosmic, planetary, or international nature – questions about the Creator, the origin of evil and suffering, or paths of cosmic growth. It deals only with Japan's metahistory, its metaculture, the hierarchies guiding it, and with the heavenly assembly of enlightened souls that have risen from Japan to the higher worlds of Shadanakar. The syncretism of the Japanese – that is, their simultaneous profession of Shinto and Catholicism or Shinto and Buddhism – is not a psychological contradiction. Quite the opposite: it is an intimation of how the traditions and truths of various religions will harmoniously complement each other.

Before the union of Christianity and other right-hand religions and faiths is realized – and that is one of the Rose of the World's historical tasks – it would, of course, be natural to bring about the reunification of the Christian churches. The Rose of the World will do the theological, philosophical, cultural, and organizational preparation for such a reunification with untiring commitment. Until the reunification of Christianity has taken place, until the Eighth Ecumenical Council (or several subsequent councils) has reexamined the entire mass of old doctrines and has adopted a number of beliefs based on the spiritual experience of the last one thousand years, until the highest authority of a reunified Christianity has sanctioned the Rose of the World's teachings – until that time those beliefs can



be, of course, professed, propounded, and preached, but they should not be molded into a fixed, final form to be offered up for profession to all Christians.

The Rose of the World sees its suprareligiosity and interreligiosity in the reunification of Christian faiths and in the further union of all religions of the Light in order to focus their combined energies on fostering humanity's spiritual growth and on spiritualizing nature. Religious exclusivity will not only be foreign to its followers, it will be impossible. Co-belief with all peoples in their highest ideals – that is what its wisdom will teach.

The structure of the Rose of the World will therefore suggest a series of concentric circles. No followers of any right-hand religion should be considered outside the global church. Those who have not yet reached an awareness of suprareligious unity will occupy the outer circles; the middle circles will be composed of the less active and creative of the Rose of the World's followers, the inner circles will be for those who have equated the meaning of their life with conscious and free divine creative work.

May a Christian enter a Buddhist temple with reverence and respect. Eastern peoples, separated from the centers of Christianity by deserts and mountain ranges, have over thousands of years intuited through the wisdom of their teachers the truth about different regions of the heavens. Glimmering through the smoke of incense are statues of the high guardians of other worlds and the great messengers who spoke to people of those worlds. Few Western people have had contact with those worlds. May the knowledge preserved in the East enrich their minds and souls.

May a Muslim enter a Hindu temple with a peaceful, pure, and solemn feeling. Those are not false gods that gaze on them there, but provisional images of great spirits perceived and passionately loved by the peoples of India. Other nations should accept testimony about them with joy and trust.

May an orthodox follower of Shinto not pass by the nondescript building of a synagogue with disdain or indifference. There, another great people that has enriched humanity with profound treasures preserves their knowledge of those truths through which the spiritual world revealed itself to them and no one else.

One can compare the Rose of the World to an upturned flower, the roots of which are in heaven and the petals here, among humanity, on Earth. Its stem is revelation through which flow the spiritual juices that feed and strengthen its petals, our fragrant chorus of religions. Besides the petals, it has a heart: its own teachings. Its

teaching is not a random blend of the highest beliefs of various theosophies of the past. In addition to a new perspective on our religious legacy, the Rose of the World will establish a new perspective on nature, history, the destiny of human cultures and their tasks, on creative work, love, the paths of cosmic ascent, and the gradual enlightenment of Shadanakar. In some cases, the perspective will be new because, although various figures of the past have spoken of them before, they will be adopted and professed by a religion, by a church, for the first time. In other cases, a perspective of the Rose of the World will be new in the full sense of the word, because no one has ever voiced it before. These new perspectives flow from new spiritual experience, without which, instead of the Rose of the World, only a rational and sterile religious eclecticism would be possible.

But before moving on to the contents of that spiritual experience, to the principles of that teaching, we must first investigate by what paths of the soul that experience is acquired and by what methods we can facilitate or accelerate our acquisition of it.

## **Book II:**

### **On the Metahistorical and Transphysical Methods of Knowledge**

## ***2.1. Some Features of the Metahistorical Method***

The phrase religious feeling is a commonly used but misleading expression. There is no general religious feeling but, rather, a vast world of religious feelings and experiences, endless in their variety, which often contrast with one another, differing in emotion, focus, intensity, tone, and what we might call their tint. Those who haven't had any personal religious experience and make inferences about it on the sole basis of others' testimony don't have the slightest idea of the breadth and variety of that world. Such third-party testimony, in conjunction with the absence of personal experience on the part of the listener, is almost always greeted with disbelief, preconceptions, and the tendency to interpret it in accordance not with the claims of the testifiers themselves but with the dogmatic tenets of areligious schools of thought.

The variety of religious feelings is matched by the variety of methods of religious knowledge. To set forth these methods would necessitate writing an exhaustive research work on the history and psychology of religion. Such a task in no way enters into the aim of this book. But one aim of this book is to help the reader arrive at an understanding of those particular methods of religious knowledge that seem to me to have the greatest creative potential at the current stage of history.

It would be most unfortunate if anyone suspected me of laying claim to the role of founder of a great historical, cultural, and social enterprise – that is, the creation of what we are calling the Rose of the World. The reality of the situation is altogether different. The Rose of the World can and will arise only as the result of the combined efforts of an enormous number of people. I am convinced that an identical process is taking place not only in Russia but also in many other parts of the globe, the foremost of which appear to be India and North America. The grandiose reality of other worlds is bursting into the human consciousness: at first, the consciousness of standalone individuals, then of hundreds of people, and later of millions. Yes, now, at this very minute, people who as yet know nothing of each other, who are sometimes separated by great distances and national borders, and sometimes merely by the walls of a few houses, are experiencing startling breaches in their consciousness and are gazing on transphysical heights and depths. And some are endeavoring – in accord with their own abilities and inner cast – to express or depict their experience, if only approximately, in works of literature, art, or music. I don't know how many, but clearly already more than a

few people are standing under that shower of revelation. As for my aim, it is to set forth that revelation exactly as I have been experiencing it – no more.

Therefore, this chapter will not deal with the scientific mode of thought and inquiry, or even with the artistic, but with things whose understanding requires a definite rethinking of the ideas that have reigned supreme in Russia for the past forty years.

I believe that serious investigation by researchers at the forefront of contemporary physiology and psychology into the large mass of apocalyptic literature, the autobiographical testimony of ecclesiastical authors and religious figures who underwent like experiences, and the unbiased study of material scattered throughout works on comparative religion will, in time, lead to the development of a scientific method on the basis of which it will be possible to lay the foundation for an epistemology of religious and, in particular, metahistorical knowledge. It is realistic to expect the emergence of an educational system geared toward mastering the mechanics of that knowledge, providing individuals who will have theretofore played a passive role in that process with techniques to initiate and control it, if only occasionally. But that all belongs to the future, and not the near future at that. The only thing certain for now is that the process varies in relation to both the subject and the object of knowledge.

It is impossible to seize the unseizable. I can speak here only of those varieties of the process with which my own life has brought me into contact. Although I would prefer to avoid it, I must, therefore, introduce to this book a greater autobiographical element. In doing so I will focus on three types of religious knowledge: metahistorical, transphysical, and ecumenical. However, it will be impossible, as well as unnecessary, to draw a clear boundary between them.

First of all, what exactly is meant here by metahistory? According to Sergei Bulgakov, perhaps the only Russian thinker to address the question openly, metahistory is "the noumenal side of that universal process, one aspect of which reveals itself to us as history (1. S. Bulgakov, *Two Cities*, Moscow, 1911, p. 103.).

However, I think that the application of Kantian terminology to questions of this type can hardly help to clarify the essence of the matter. The concepts of the noumenon and phenomenon were formulated by a different train of thought and engendered by different philosophical needs. Objects of metahistorical experience can be fit into the system of that terminology only through recourse to procrustean methods.

It would be just as ill-advised to equate metahistory with some variety of the philosophy of history. The philosophy of history is just that – philosophy – while metahistory is always concerned with myth.

In any case, in this book the term metahistory is used in two senses. First, it is the sum of processes – as yet outside the field of vision, interest, and methodology of science – that take place on planes of varioreality existing in other time streams and other dimensions and are sometimes discernible through the process we perceive as history. Those otherworldly processes are bound in the closest fashion to the historical process, and to a significant degree they determine it. But by no means are they identical with it. They are most fully revealed by means of that same method of knowledge that is called “metahistorical”.

The second meaning of the word metahistory refers to the teaching about those varioreality’s processes, a teaching, obviously, in the religious, not scientific, sense of the word.

It should come as no surprise that the ability to apprehend these processes varies from individual to individual in accordance with a number of psychological and perhaps even physiological factors. We are clearly dealing here with a kind of inborn predisposition; we have as little chance of summoning or destroying it as, for example, we do an inborn gift for music. Such a gift, however, can in the course of one's life be stifled or simply left unused like the talent buried in the ground. Or it can be fostered, sometimes in an extremely accelerated fashion. The educational system possible in the future would promote the development of that ability.

As it is now, we have little choice but to grope almost blindly for some means to influence that ability in a conscious fashion, and there would still probably be no noticeable progress toward that end in the whole course of one's lifetime if not for certain forces that, acting in concert with our efforts, take upon themselves the tremendous task of cultivating within us the corresponding organs of perception. Nevertheless, it appears quite probable that something else besides inborn traits and the active cooperation of Providential powers, something we ourselves must acquire – for example, a modest yet definite store of positive historical data – is necessary for the process of metahistorical knowledge to take place. The metahistorical method is closed to any person totally unaware of and having no opportunity to recognize his or her link with history, whether that person lives in the Australian desert or within the labyrinths of modern-day megalopolises. For now, the role of science in the psychological process under examination (or to be

more exact, in the preparation for the process) is limited to participation in the accumulation of that same store of historical data. The process itself or, at least, that variation of it which I am familiar with, has no relation whatsoever to scientific forms of knowledge. I wish to repeat and emphasize that.

The process consists of three consecutive stages.

The first stage is a sudden inner experience that occurs involuntarily and, it would seem, without any preparation, although, of course, in reality such preparation must have already taken place beyond the limits of our consciousness. The experience consists of revelations – lightning-quick yet encompassing enormous stretches of historical time – of the essence of great historical phenomena. This essence cannot be divided into categories or expressed in words. The experience may take a minute or an hour, and it overflows with dynamically bubbling images. The individual feels like a person long confined to a quiet, dark room who is suddenly thrust outside at the peak of a storm – a storm terrifying in its power and immensity, almost blinding and, at the same time, brimming with a feeling of breathless euphoria. Before such an experience, an individual will have had no idea of the fullness of life, of even the possibility of such fullness. Entire eras – in a manner of speaking, an entire metahistorical cosmos of those eras with great powers battling within it – are simultaneously captured and synthesized. It would be a mistake to assume that these images must always take visual form. A visual element and, perhaps, an aural element as well are a part of them. But the images to those elements are what, for example, an ocean is to the hydrogen which its water is composed of. Because of the lack of close analogies with anything more familiar, it is extremely difficult to convey to the reader an idea of the experience.

The experience has a tremendous effect on one's whole inner being. Its revelations so far surpass everything else that previously entered the range of the individual's consciousness that they will nourish the inner world of the person who underwent the experience for many years to come. They will become his or her inner treasures.

This first stage of metahistorical knowledge might be called “metahistorical enlightenment”. Such a designation, however, shouldn't be seen as an attempt to attach a positive connotation to the said psychological phenomenon. I will speak more on that a little later.

The yield of the enlightenment is stored in the depths of one's mind, not as memories but as something vital and alive. From there, individual images, ideas,

and entire systems gradually, over many years, float up into the range of one's consciousness. But far more remain deep down, and the individual understands that no mental framework will ever be able to encompass and exhaust the cosmos of metahistory that has come ajar for him or her. It is these images and ideas that become the focus of the second stage of the process.

The second stage doesn't have the same momentary character as the first. It is a sort of chain of inner states – a chain running through weeks and months, its links appearing almost daily. It is inner contemplation, intense familiarization, rapt examination – sometimes joyful, sometimes painful – of historical images, which are perceived not in isolation but in the context of the second metahistorical reality that lies behind them. I am using the word “examination” here provisionally while by the word images I mean, again, not merely visual perceptions but synthesized perceptions that possess a visual element only in so far as what is being examined can have a visually perceptible form at all. In connection with this, it is extremely important to note that the objects of such contemplation consist of a significant number of phenomena from variedimensional planes of materiality. Clearly, these cannot be perceived with the physical organs of sight and hearing; they are perceived with other organs which are part of our being but are usually separated from our waking consciousness by a thick wall. If the first stage of the process was characterized by the passive role of the individual who became, as it were, the inadvertent witness to an astonishing spectacle, at the second stage it is, to a certain extent, possible to consciously manipulate the process. For example, one might choose one or another object for contemplation. But more often, and as it so happens, during the most rewarding hours, the images surface involuntarily, radiating, I would say, such mesmerizing power and revealing such multileveled meaning that the hours of contemplation turn into watered-down versions of the minutes of enlightenment. In the case of a subject with a creative bent, the images can become the source, lever, or axis of artistic works. And no matter how dark or bleak some of them might be, the power of the images is such that it would be difficult to find something equal to the pleasure afforded by their contemplation.

It seems to me that the second stage of the process might be called just that: “metahistorical contemplation”.

The composite arrived at in that manner is similar to a painting on which certain individual figures and perhaps the overall motif may be well-defined, but other figures are blurred, and there are gaps between them, while other sections of the background or individual details are missing altogether. The need then arises to

explain the unclear links, to fill in the remaining blanks. The process enters its third stage, the one most independent of the influence of suprapersonal and supranational powers. For that very reason, the most errors, unwarranted additions, and overly subjective interpretations will then occur. The main trouble is the inevitable distortion by reason. Its effects are almost impossible to escape entirely. But it is sometimes possible to discern the inner logic of metahistory and redirect even the work of the reason along its lines.

It would be natural to call that third stage metahistorical formulation.

Thus, metahistorical enlightenment, metahistorical contemplation, and metahistorical formulation are the three stages on the path to knowledge under question here.

I will mention yet another kind of possible state, one variety experienced during the first stage. It is a special kind of enlightenment associated with revelations of the demonic in metahistory. (Some demons have great power and a wide sphere of activity.) That state which could accurately be called "an infraphysical breach of psyche" is extremely painful and is, for the most part, fraught with a feeling of peculiar horror. But, as in the other cases, it too is followed by stages of contemplation and formulation.

The books that I have written in a purely literary style are based on the metahistorical knowledge revealed personally to me. The worldview that forms the skeleton of this book has been derived in its entirety from those revelations. Where did I come up with its images? Who instilled these ideas in me, and how? What right do I have to speak with such confidence? Can I provide some kind of proof of the authenticity of my experiences? Now, I will attempt to answer these questions as best I can. Going into autobiographical detail holds no attraction for me, so I will try to keep such details to a minimum. But that minimum will include, of course, a brief account of where, when, and under what circumstances I experienced my hours of metahistorical enlightenment.

The first experience of that kind – an experience that played a colossal and, in many respects, even decisive role in the growth of my inner world – took place in August of 1921, before I was fifteen years old. It happened in Moscow as the day waned when I, who by that time had come to very much love wandering aimlessly around the city daydreaming, stopped by a wall along one of the gardens that encircled the Church of Christ the Saviour and overlooked the river embankment. Muscovite old-timers will still recall what a wonderful view it gave onto the river,



the Kremlin, and Zamoskvorechye, with its dozens of bell towers and colorful domes. It must have been already past six, for the church bells were ringing for vespers. The experience revealed before me, or, rather, above me, a raging, blinding, incomprehensible world that conflated the historical reality of Russia into a strange oneness with something immeasurably larger above it.

For many years afterward, my inner self was nourished on the images and ideas that gradually floated within the range of my consciousness. My reason could long make no sense of them, attempting to create newer and newer constructs that were supposed to reconcile the contradictory nature of the ideas and interpret the images. The process entered the formulation stage too quickly, almost bypassing the intermediate stage of contemplation. The constructs turned out to be flawed, my reason proved unequal to the ideas bombarding it, and more than three decades of supplementary and illustrative revelation were needed for me to arrive at a correct understanding and explanation of the depths of what had been revealed to me in my youth.

I had a second experience of that nature in the spring of 1928, in the Church of Our Lady of Levshin, where I first stayed for the early liturgy after the Easter matins. That service, which begins at about two o'clock in the morning, is notable for the annual reading of the first chapter of the Gospel of John: "In the beginning was the Word." The Gospel is recited line by line in different languages – both living and dead – by all the serving priests and deacons in turn who stand in different parts of the church. That early liturgy is one of the pinnacles of the Russian Orthodoxy, of Christianity as a whole, and of religious services on Earth as a whole. If the matins that precede it can be compared to the sunrise, then the early liturgy is verily a spiritual midday, full of light and joy. The inner experience I am describing was altogether different from the first, both in tone and content. It was much broader, linked, as it were, with the entire panorama of humanity and with the apprehension of Global History as a single mystical stream. Through the exultant movements and sounds of the service being performed in front of me, I was able to perceive that higher region, that heavenly land in which our entire planet appears as the Great Church and where an eternal liturgy is celebrated without cease by enlightened humankind in splendor beyond our imagination.

In February of 1932, during my brief employment at a Moscow factory, I fell ill, and one night, while feverish, I was the recipient of a revelation that the majority of people will, of course, consider nothing more than delirium. But for me it was horrifying in content and unquestionably authentic. As in my previous books, I

will use the expression “the Third Witzraor” to refer to the creature that the revelation concerned. I did not think up that strange, foreign-sounding name by myself. It came to me at the time. Simplified, I would define that gigantic creature, which somewhat resembles the monsters of ocean depths, yet far surpasses them in size, as a demon of state power. That night was to remain for a long time afterward one of the most painful experiences I have ever known. I think the term infraphysical breach of psyche would be quite applicable to that experience.

In November of 1933, I chanced to stop by a small church on Vlashevsky Lane. There, an acathistus to St. Serafim of Sarov was in progress. Hardly had I opened the door when a warm wave of choral music descended on me and surged straight to my heart. I was overcome by a state that is very difficult for me to write about, let alone describe without tears. Although I had previously disdained to engage in genuflection – my emotional immaturity having led me to suspect something servile in the custom – an irresistible impulse caused me to kneel. But even that wasn’t enough. And when I prostrated myself on the rug, which was faded and worn by thousands of feet, as though some secret door in my soul swung open, and tears of blissful rapture, comparable to nothing else I had ever known, gushed forth uncontrollably. In truth, I care not how experts of various kinds of ecstasies would label what then followed, and into what categories they would place it. During those minutes, I was raised to the Heavenly Russia and presented before its Synclite of the enlightened. I felt the unearthly warmth of spiritual rays pouring from the center of the land which is accurately and fittingly called “the Heavenly Kremlin”. The great spirit who had at one time lived on Earth in the person of Serafim of Sarov, and who is now one of the brightest lights on the Russian Synclite, approached and bent down to me, wrapping me, as if with a vestment, in streaming rays of light and gentle warmth. For almost a whole year, until the church was closed down, I went every Monday to the acathistus of St. Serafim and, incredibly, experienced that same state every time, again and again, with undiminished strength.

In early 1943, I took part in the crossing of the ice of Lake Ladoga by the 196th Rifle Division and, after a two-day journey across the Karelia Isthmus, entered besieged Leningrad late at night. During our march through the dark, deserted city to our station, I experienced a state whose content was reminiscent of the experience in my youth by the Church of the Saviour, but it was colored far differently. It was bleak and dark in tone. It burst through the distinctive nocturnal wartime setting, at first showing through it and then swallowing it up. Within it

two irreconcilable camps – one of the Darkness and one of the Light – confronted each other. Their staggering size, and the great demonic being that glared at the rear of one of the camps, made me tremble with fear. I saw the Third Witzraor clearer than ever before, and only the first glimmers from its approaching enemy – our hope, our joy, our protector, the great national guiding spirit of our homeland – saved me from a complete mental breakdown (I tried to depict that experience in my poem "Leningrad Apocalypse," but the dictates of art forced me to unwind, as it were, the individual threads from the fabric of the experience. The opposing images that appeared simultaneously could only be portrayed in temporal succession, and a number of elements that, though they didn't go counter to the essence of the experience, were, in fact, absent from it, were added to the general tableau. The bombing of the Engineer's Castle (at which I was not present) as well as the wounding of the protagonist of the poem can be numbered among those arbitrary additions.).

Lastly, something similar, but completely devoid of metahistorical terror, happened to me one night in September of 1949 in a small prison cell in Vladimir while my lone cellmate was sleeping. The experience reoccurred several times between 1950 and 1953, again at night, and in a communal cell. The experience I had acquired on the previously described path of knowledge was insufficient to write *The Rose of the World*. But movement along that path brought me to the point where I was able, from time to time, to interact consciously with certain members of the Providential forces, and the hours of those spiritual meetings became a source of more precise metahistorical knowledge than the path I have just described.

The etheric body's departure from its physical vessel and its travel through other planes of the planetary cosmos occurs relatively often to many people during deep sleep. But, upon waking, the traveler doesn't have any clear recollections of what was seen. These recollections are stored only in deep memory which is sealed off tightly from the consciousness of the overwhelming majority of people. Deep memory (the anatomical center of which is located in the brain) is the repository of memories of the soul's prior existences and of transphysical journeys similar to the above. The psychological climate of certain cultures, such as those of India and the Buddhist countries, and the centuries-long religious-physiological study they have conducted have made it possible for them to weaken the barrier between deep memory and waking consciousness. If one puts aside easy skepticism, it is impossible to ignore the fact that in these same countries one can often hear

claims, even from very simple folk, that knowledge of their prior lives is not completely closed to their waking consciousness. For Europeans – raised, first, on a Christianity that circumvented the issue, and then on secular science – there was nothing to weaken the barrier with between deep memory and waking consciousness except the individual efforts of rare people.

I must say straight out that I personally haven't made even these efforts, the reason being simple: I didn't know where to begin and I had no teachers to consult. But for me there was something else instead, something that I undoubtedly owe to the efforts of unseen actuators of the Providential will: a small opening, a narrow crack, as it were, in the door between my deep memory and consciousness. No matter how unconvincing this may sound to the vast majority of people, I don't intend to hide the fact that weak, disjointed, yet indisputably genuine flashes from my deep memory began to inform my life from my childhood years, became more frequent in early adulthood, and finally, at the age of forty-seven, began to illumine the days of my existence with a new light. That doesn't mean that my organ of deep memory became completely unblocked – I am still a long way from that – but the meaning contained in the images that surfaced from it became so tangibly clear, and the images themselves sometimes so lucid, that their qualitative, fundamental distinction from ordinary memories and the work of the imagination is, for me, beyond question.

How can I not be grateful to destiny which consigned me for a whole decade to conditions that are cursed by almost all who experience them? Those conditions were hard for me, too, but they, at the same time, served as a powerful lever to budge open the spiritual organs of my being. It was in prison, in my isolation from the outside world, with my unlimited free time, my fifteen hundred nights spent lying awake in bed among sleeping cellmates – it was in prison when a new stage in metahistorical and transphysical knowledge began for me. The hours of metahistorical enlightenment became more frequent. Long rows of nights were transformed into sessions of uninterrupted contemplation and formulation. Deep memory began to transmit clearer and clearer images to my consciousness, illuminating with a new meaning both the events of my own life and those of history. Waking up in the morning after a short but deep sleep, I knew that my sleep had been full not of dreams but of something else, of transphysical journeys.

If one embarks on such travels through the demonic planes without a guide, while under the influence of the dark desires of one's soul or in answer to the treacherous call of the demonic, then, upon waking, one has no clear recollection of anything,

bringing back from the journey only an alluring, seductive, sickeningly sweet sensation. Actions that will, in the afterlife, long bind the soul to those worlds may later sprout, as from a poisonous seed, from that sensation. There were occasions in my youth when I strayed onto those planes, and the journeys gave rise to such actions. I deserve no credit for the fact that the winding path of my life on Earth subsequently led me further and further away from those plunges into the abyss.

If the descent is undertaken with a guide – with one of the members of the national Synclite or the World Synclite – if it has a Providential purpose and function, then travelers, waking and experiencing sometimes the same sickeningly sweet, alluring sensation, are, at the same time, aware of their temptation. Moreover, they are able to find in their memories a counterweight to the temptation: the comprehension of the terrible meaning of those worlds and of the genuine face behind their mask. They don't attempt to return to those lower planes by means of moral transgressions during their waking existence. Instead, they turn the experience into an object of religious, philosophical, and mystical formulation, or even into material for their artistic works, which, alongside with other meanings, necessarily fulfill a cautionary function.

At forty-seven years of age, I recalled and grasped the meaning of some of the transphysical journeys I had completed earlier. Until then, my memories of them had been mostly vague, patchy, jumbled, and incoherent half-images. As for the more recent journeys, they frequently left a clear and authentic trace in my memory, exciting my whole being with the feeling of secrets revealed, as no dream, even the most vivid, can leave.

There is an even more advanced mode of travel through the planetary cosmos, involving the same departure of the etheric body, the same journeys with a great guide through planes of ascent or descent, but with full maintenance of waking consciousness. Upon their return, such travelers bring back memories even more indisputable and, so to speak, exhaustive. This is possible only in those cases when the spiritual organs of the senses are already completely unblocked and the locks on deep memory are broken for good. This is true clairvoyance. I, of course, haven't experienced such a thing.

As far as I know – and I may be mistaken – of European writers, Dante alone was blessed with this gift. It was his mission to write *The Divine Comedy*. But his spiritual organs came completely unblocked only toward the end of his life when the monumental labor on his poem was already nearing completion. He saw the numerous mistakes and inaccuracies, the vulgarization of meaning, and the

gratuitous anthropomorphism of his images, but he had neither the time nor the energy to correct them. Nevertheless, the basic features of the framework he set out can be taken as a panoramic view of the variomaterial planes of the Roman Catholic metaculture.

Without daring even to dream of anything similar for myself, I did, however, have the greatest of good fortune to talk with some of those who left us long ago and at present belong to the Synclite of Russia. I hesitate to set down in writing the overwhelming experience of having them near. I will refrain from giving their names, but the presence of each of them was colored with an inimitable and individual tone of feelings. Our meetings occurred in the daytime as well as the night, and I, in my crowded prison cell, was forced to lie down on the bed with my face to the wall to hide the tears of breathless joy streaming from my eyes. The presence of one of the great brothers caused my heart to pound and my body to tremble with exultation and veneration. My whole being welcomed another with warm, tender love, as a dear friend who saw through my soul and loved it and brought me comfort and forgiveness. The approach of the third made me feel a need to kneel before him as someone powerful who had ascended incomparably higher than I, and his presence was accompanied by a solemn feeling and unusual sharpening of my attention. Lastly, the approach of the fourth gave rise to a feeling of joyful celebration and tears of rapture. There is much I can call into question and much I can doubt about the authenticity of my inner life, but not those meetings.

Did I actually see them during those meetings? No, I didn't. Did they speak with me? Yes, they did. Did I hear their words? Both yes and no. I heard them, but not with my physical sense of hearing. It was as though they spoke from somewhere in the depths of my heart. I repeated many of their words back to them, especially unfamiliar names of various planes and spiritual hierarchies in Shadanakar, trying as closely as possible to convey their sounds through physical speech, and then asking, "Is that right?". I was forced to repeat some names and words several times; there were also some that I was unable to reproduce accurately with the sounds of the Russian language. Many of the strange words pronounced by the great brothers were accompanied by light effects – not physical light, although one could compare them in some cases to flashes of lightning, in others, to a distant glow, and in still others, to moonlight. Sometimes, they were not at all like words in the sense to which we are accustomed but entire chords, as it were, of phonetic consonances and meanings. Translating such words into our language was out of

the question, and all I could do was select one meaning and one syllable from all the meanings and all the harmoniously sounding syllables. But our talks consisted not of single words but of questions and answers, of entire sentences expressing very complex ideas. Entire sentences undivided into words seemed to flash and imprint themselves on the silver paper of my consciousness, illuminating with an unusual light the gaps and ambiguities that my questions addressed. In truth, they were more like pure thoughts than sentences, thoughts that were transmitted to me directly, without words.

Thus, my path of metahistorical enlightenment, contemplation, and formulation was supplemented with transphysical journeys, meetings, and talks.

The spirit of our century will waste no time in responding: "Let's grant that what the author calls his experience appears genuine to him. But can it have any more objective significance than the "experience" of a resident of a mental asylum? Where is the proof?"

But there is something strange here. Do we demand proof for all manifestations of spiritual life and culture? And if not for all, then why for this particular one? We do not, after all, demand proof from an artist or composer for the "authenticity" of their artistic vision or musical inspiration. In the same way, there are no proofs in the communication of religious and, in particular, metahistorical experience. Those people whose inner world is even slightly consonant will believe the experience of another without any proof. Those whom that inner world is foreign will not believe it and will demand proof, and even if they are given proof they will continue to disbelieve. Only science insists on faith in its testimony, forgetting at the same time how often today's conclusions are overturned by the conclusions of tomorrow. Other spheres of the human spirit – art, religion, metahistory – reject the necessity of such faith. They offer limitless inner freedom.

On the other hand, it would be the grossest of errors to mix these spheres together, to suppose, for example, that the metahistorical mode of knowledge is some unique and rare variety of artistic creativity. They may interact at certain stages, it is true. But it is possible for the metahistorical process of knowledge to be entirely free of elements of artistic creativity while examples of artistic creativity that have no relation to metahistory are innumerable indeed.

But in the realm of religion, as well, there have been only a few varieties truly enriched by metahistorical knowledge. It is interesting to note that the word "revelation", which is synonymous with the Greek apokalypse, hasn't prevented

the latter from becoming firmly entrenched in the Russian language. Each word has traditionally carried a special shade of meaning. The word revelation possesses a more general meaning. If we don't confine ourselves within narrowly religious limits, we will have to include such events as the visions and ecstasies of Muhammad and even the enlightenment of Gautama Buddha in the list of historical instances of revelation. As for apocalypse, is only one kind of revelation: the revelation not of regions of universal harmony, or of spheres of absolute wholeness, or even of groups of stellar or other cosmic hierarchies. It is revelation of the destinies of peoples, realms, churches, cultures, all humanity, and of those hierarchies that take part in these destinies in a most active and direct manner. It is the revelation of metahistory. Apokalypse is not as universal as ecumenical revelation; it is, hierarchically speaking, lower. It deals with the more particular, with what lies closer to us. But for that very reason it answers the burning questions of those people whose destiny it is to be thrown into the crucible of historical cataclysms. It fills the gap between one's apprehension of universal harmony and the dissonances of historical and individual existence.

As is known, only a few peoples at rare times were rich in such revelation: apokalyptika seems to have arisen among the Jews about the sixth century B.C., gripped early Christianity, and endured longest of all in the medieval Judaism feeding off the fiery spirit of its messianism.

As for Christianity, and in particular the Eastern Church, the apocalyptic mode of knowledge almost entirely disappeared as early as the beginning of the Middle Ages. It suddenly burst into small, wavering, smoking flames again in the first century of the Great Russian Schism. This is not the place to analyze the complex and numerous reasons for that tragedy, but it is impossible to ignore the link with the antihistorical attitude prevalent in the religious consciousness and in the world of religious feelings of that time. We can observe this attitude as far back as the time of the Byzantine Fathers of the Church. It is glaringly evident even among the greatest representatives of Russian Orthodoxy, those whose saintliness and higher spiritual experience is not subject to doubt. Antihistoricism approached the status of an obligatory canon of religious thought. It is instructive to recall the unresolved conflicts between the official antihistoricism of the Russian Church and the inherent, irrational pull toward the apocalyptic mode of knowledge and metahistory in the spiritual and artistic life of such lay Orthodox writers and thinkers as Gogol, Khomyakov, Leontyev, Dostoyevsky, Vladimir Solovyov, and Sergei Bulgakov.



But there is comfort in the fact that contact with metahistory can be made in ways altogether different from what has been discussed here. The element of metahistorical experience that one can uncover at times underneath the enormously thick layer of antihistoricism, be it seeming or genuine, testifies to that fact. Tyutchev wonderfully describes the feeling of being a participant in some kind of historical and mystical drama, a participant in the creative work and struggle of the great spiritual, or rather, transphysical powers that most fully manifest themselves at crucial junctures in history. Could Joan of Arc have really performed her heroic deeds without having experienced that feeling? Could St. Sergiy of Radonezh – an avowed hermit and ascetic in every other respect – really have taken upon himself such a decisive, leading role in the political tempest of his time? Without that feeling could the greatest of popes have tried, century after century, to bring the idea of a global hierocracy to fruition? Could Loyola have fathered an organization that consciously strove to gain control of the mechanism guiding the historical progress of humanity? Without that feeling, with reason alone, could Hegel have written “The Philosophy of History” and Goethe – the second part of “Faust”? Could the self-immolation of Old-Style Believers have been conceivable if the icy wind of eschatological, metahistorical horror had not chilled in them all attachment to this world, which, it seemed to them, had already fallen under the sway of the Antichrist?

A vague metahistorical feeling, unilluminated by contemplation and formulation, often leads to distorted ideas and contradictory actions. Do we not sense a certain metahistorical fervor in the tirades of French Revolutionary leaders, in the doctrines of utopian socialism, in August Comte's cult of Humankind, or in the calls for global renewal by means of the destruction of all established order? (On the lips of Bakunin, such calls took on a tone reminiscent of the passionate appeals of the Jewish prophets, although the nineteenth-century valor attached a new meaning to those appeals, one directly counter to the ethic of those ancient prophets.) There are hundreds more similar questions one could ask. The answers that necessarily follow lead us to two important conclusions. First, it becomes clear that an undercurrent of apocalyptic experience can be uncovered throughout both Western and Russian culture in a countless number of phenomena that are, at first glance, even alien to it in spirit. Second, it becomes clear that metahistorical feeling, metahistorical experience – unconscious, vague, confused, contradictory – is from time to time woven into the creative process, whether it be artistic, religious, social, and even political.

In speaking of the metahistorical method of knowledge, I unintentionally touched upon the transphysical. The journeys and meetings I spoke of belong in part to the realm of transphysical knowledge. As I said earlier, it is by no means always possible to classify these phenomena into distinct categories. Indeed, were it not for the desire to introduce some clarity to a complex and little-studied group of problems, it would be entirely unnecessary.

Perhaps, some readers are puzzled by my use of the term transphysical instead of the more common word spiritual. But in the strict sense of the word, spiritual properly refers only to God and monads. As for the term transphysical, it is used in reference to everything that possesses materiality, but materiality different from ours, and in reference to all those worlds that exist in different dimensions and time streams. By transphysics (in the sense of an object of knowledge) I mean the sum of those worlds, irrespective of the processes taking place within them. Metahistory comprises those processes that are linked with the evolution of Shadanakar; those linked with the evolution of the Universe make up metaevolution; the knowledge of metaevolution is ecumenical knowledge. Transphysics, in the sense of a religious teaching, refers to the teaching on the structure of Shadanakar. Objects of metahistorical knowledge are related to history and culture; those of transphysical knowledge are related to our plane's natural environment and the environment of other planes in Shadanakar; those of ecumenical knowledge relate to the Universe. Thus, those phenomena that I called transphysical journeys and meetings can be classified, depending on their content, either as metahistorical, transphysical, or ecumenical modes of knowledge.

Now, after that brief aside, nothing hinders us any longer from moving on to an examination of the two remaining types of religious knowledge – but only, of course, those varieties with which I am personally familiar.

## ***2.2. A Brief Description of the Transphysical Method***

There would appear an endless variety of attitudes among people toward nature – individual attitudes that sometimes harbor internal contradictions. But if we trace the evolution of those attitudes throughout the history of global culture, from the

invention of script to the present day, we may detect a number of patterns, or rather, phases. I will permit myself here to outline, in a very simplified manner, the general features of three or four of the most important phases as I see them. It will not be a painstaking reproduction of how attitudes have changed over cultures and time but only a few quick brush strokes, the purpose of which is more to introduce the reader to the issues involved than to provide him or her with the necessary historical background.

The earliest phase was characterized by a conception of the universe as extremely small and of the Earth as the only inhabited planet. The world, however, possessed, besides our physical plane, a number of other planes, also material but with a materiality of a different nature and possessing different properties than ours. This was the first approximation of the transphysical reality of Shadanakar. None of the planes, including ours, were thought to evolve. They had been created once and for all and were inhabited by good and evil beings. Humans lay at the center of those beings' interests and were, so to speak, their apple of discord. Humans were not conscious of Nature as something distinct from themselves and didn't contrast themselves with it. Individual natural phenomena evoked, of course, one or another feeling – fear, pleasure, awe – but it seems that Nature was almost never perceived as a whole, or was perceived so in a purely aesthetic sense, and even then only by individuals who were highly gifted artistically. For that reason, one rarely finds among artistic works of those eras lyrical poetry about Nature, and even more rarely does one find landscape painting. In the main, the cultures of antiquity, as well as certain later cultures in the East, belong to that phase. As for religion, polytheism was typical of this first phase.

Typical of the second phase were the monotheistic systems which either ignored Nature or else were hostile to it. The growth of individuality led to the conception that humans could grow spiritually. Nature, on the other hand, showed no signs of spiritual growth. It was stagnant and static; it was amoral and irrational; it was under the power of the demonic; and if the spirit itself was not to be vanquished, that part of a person's being that was coessential to Nature had to be vanquished by the spirit. This was the anti-nature phase. The Christian, Buddhist, and Hindu peoples all passed through it; Jewry (meaning believers in Judaism) still remains in it. The latter, however, like the Muslim peoples, didn't so much declare war on Nature as simply disregard it.

The Semitic attitude to nature has, generally speaking, been marked by a poverty of feeling. It has long been remarked how lacking the authors of the Bible and the

Quran were in their feeling toward nature compared to those who wrote the great epics of ancient Greece and of India in particular. The Semites gave Nature what they considered its due, sanctioning procreation with the blessing of their religion, but in their religious philosophy and art they strove to ignore it, and with grave consequences. They virtually banned sculpture and portraiture because they feared anthropolatry and abhorred the deification of nature. Alongside with other Semitic elements, this anti-nature mindset spread to Europe with Christianity, stamped out the nature cults of Germanic and Slavic paganism, and reigned there until the end of the Middle Ages.

But the East was also to pass through that phase, though those societies colored it in their own way. The asceticism of radical varieties of Hinduism, the struggle of Buddhism to liberate the human self from the power of Nature – all this is too well known to dwell on here. Thus, we can say that in the first phase people were almost never conscious of Nature as a whole, and only poeticized and deified individual natural phenomena while in the second phase they viewed it as hostile and under the sway of the demonic.

The third phase is associated with the era of scientific supremacy and with the impoverishment of the world of religious feelings. Having inherited a hostile attitude toward nature from Christianity, people of the third phase freed it of its religious overtones. They didn't undertake to overcome the elements of Nature in their own being. They established a strictly utilitarian view of Nature. Nature was, first of all, an object of rational (scientific) research; second, it was a mass of lifeless powers to be harnessed for human use. Our physical horizons expanded immeasurably, knowledge of the structure and laws of our plane reached dizzying heights; that is the value of the third phase.

But there is no point in speaking of natural scientists' love of Nature. One can experience intellectual love only for products of the intellect: one can love with one's mind an idea, a thought, a theory, or a scientific field. In such a manner one can love physiology, microbiology, even parasitology but not a lymph node, or bacteria, or a flea. Love of Nature can be of a physiological nature, of an aesthetic nature, and lastly, of a moral and religious nature. But one thing it cannot be is intellectual. If individual specialists in the natural sciences do love Nature, then that feeling has no relation whatsoever to their specialty or, more generally, to the scientific method of knowledge of Nature. Rather, it is a feeling of a physiological or aesthetic nature.

Civilized (or at least, Western) humanity attained the greatest degree of alienation from Nature not, as it might seem, in the twentieth century but in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries. Never were fashions so artificial as in the age of the powdered wig. Never were sections of Nature neighboring humanity disfigured so rationally and unnaturally as in the age of the Park at Versailles. It is just as impossible to picture an aristocrat from the age of Louis XIV sunbathing or walking barefoot as it is to imagine a Spartan woman from the period of the Greco-Persian wars wearing a corset and high-heeled shoes. The ascetic attitude toward Nature that had become ingrained in Christianity was wholly responsible, but it was an attitude that in the course of development had replaced spiritual snobbery with the snobbery of civilized society and replaced religious pride with the pride of reason, experiencing nothing but amused contempt for anything that didn't bear the stamp of rationality.

The philosophy of Rousseau marks the turning point. But another century and a half had to pass and the world had to enter the age of the metropolis in order for most of humanity to experience a longing for Nature. The Lake poets of England, Goethe and the Romantics in Germany, Pushkin and, especially, Lermontov in Russia loved Nature with a higher aesthetic, and for some, pantheistic love. The Barbizon school of painting emerged, and by the end of the nineteenth century aesthetic love had become firmly established in culture.

In the twentieth century bodily love came into its own as well. Passive contemplation of Nature became insufficient; the need arose to experience it in a tactile, active manner, with one's whole body and through the exercise of one's muscles. The need was, in part, met by hiking and sports. Finally, in the first half of our century, the beach, with its physiological evaporation of people into a mixture of sunlight, warmth, water, and play, became an entrenched and lasting part of our everyday life. It is the same enjoyment of the beach that in the days of Ronsard and Watteau would have appeared to be the indecent eccentricities of lunatics and in the Middle Ages would have been equated with the witches' sabbat on Bald Mountain or with a Black Mass. If one imagines Torquemada suddenly transported as a spectator to the beach in Osten or Yalta, then there can hardly be a doubt that into the mind of that guardian of human souls would pop the thought of promptly organizing an auto-da-fe for those thousands of brazen heretics.

Perhaps, nothing so graphically illustrates the narrowing of the rift between humans and Nature during the last hundred years as the evolution of fashion. Overcoats and headwear, at one time the inseparable accompaniments of

"cultured" people, even on summer middays, began to be used only when climate dictated. Fifty years ago it seemed improper to leave the house without gloves; now people use them only in cold weather. In place of suits and starched fronts, which our grandfathers roasted in for the sake of decorum even in ninety-degree heat, people began going to work in short-sleeve shirts with open collars. Feet that had been cramped in fashionable boots were treated to the delight of slippers and sandals. Women were liberated from the nightmare of corsets. Dresses shortened at the legs and open at the neck became the fashion in summer while long dresses survived only as evening wear. Boys whose great-grandfathers had at the same age paraded about wearing school blazers and a cap even in July now run about barefoot, with no top, kissed dark by the sun. People in large cities, separated from Nature as never before by such great distances and missing its warm embrace, have begun returning to it, as yet almost unconsciously, propelled by an instinctive bodily love, but carrying the seeds of a new, more mature relationship with Nature within the historical experience amassed in their hearts. That is the fourth phase.

Thus, there have been roughly four phases: the pagan, the ascetic, the scientific-utilitarian, and the instinctive-physiological.

We can summarize thus: by the second half of our century in the educated and semi-educated classes of those nations belonging to the Roman Catholic, German Protestant, and Russian spheres of cultural influence, two attitudes toward Nature that thus far have almost never conflicted with one another have become entrenched. One of them, the scientific-utilitarian attitude which is utterly devoid of love is older. It has focused its attention on exploiting the energy resources contained in Nature and measures everything against the criterion of material benefit for humanity or, what is still worse, for certain antagonistic groupings within it. From that point of view, it also approves of sport, the beach, and hiking. Partisans of that attitude calmly dissect live cats and dogs out of a desire to answer the question, "How does that work?" and shoot rabbits and partridge to satisfy an atavistic hunting instinct. Perhaps, in the former case love for humanity is also involved. An Everest of canine corpses may yield, in the end, a grain of knowledge concerning, for example, conditional reflexes. That is the cost to be paid, as is said, to enlighten the inquisitive mind and spur medical progress. But there is not even a hint of love for Nature to be found there. I will go further: such an attitude toward Nature is immoral because, besides humans, the interests of no living being are taken into account, and because it leads to a view of all Nature as a cow to be milked. Fortunately, that attitude has begun to be tempered by a newer

one: an unconscious egoistic-bodily love of nature, at times mixed with aesthetic elements.

But that evolution has not yet brought people to a recognition that it is possible and necessary, while maintaining the older shades of love of Nature (with the exception, of course, of the amoral utilitarian attitude), to infinitely enrich our attitude with moral and religious meaning. Not with pantheistic meaning, in which people have but a vague intuition of the presence of some impersonal, evenly distributed divine force in Nature. No. That stage is past, and prehistoric preanimism is proof that the pantheistic feeling possessed by some people nowadays is nothing other than a modification of the ancient experience of arungvilt-prana. No! We are dealing with something different here. We are dealing with an attitude that is incomparably more moral and conscious, more coherent, developed, and refined, more joyful, more responsible. It can be founded only on the experience people have when they come into direct contact, through Nature, with the rich and multifarious worlds of the elementals. By “come into contact” I mean to enter into a relationship with the elementals, understanding better and better the opportunities for rewarding and creative friendship with them, our wonderful responsibility toward them, and our grievous, age-old guilt.

True, a vague feeling of guilt toward Nature, and animals in particular, has begun to have some effect. Societies for the humane treatment of animals have sprung up, love for them has even begun to be encouraged within the school curriculum, and that “renowned wellspring of love” known as the State has assumed guardianship of the environment. Unfortunately, it is doing so only out of economic considerations. As for the humane treatment of animals, these charitable organizations were taught a brutal lesson by the natural scientists: after heated debate, vivisection without prior authorization has occupied a leading place among the methods of science. Citing the benefits to humanity as justification, scientists have firmly established this disgrace to all humanity in universities, laboratories, and even in those same high schools where children are taught to love cats and dogs.

What is the attitude toward Nature of the worldview that could serve as the foundation for the teachings of the Rose of the World?

This is a very broad question, but it is not difficult, I think, to deduce what the chief component of that attitude will be. The perspectives of the Rose of the World are, after all, distinguished, first and foremost, by a sense of the transparency of the physical plane, by the experience of the transphysical planes showing through

it, by a passionate love of that experience and its painstaking cultivation. That sense of transparency, in encompassing the fields of culture and history, will be molded into a metahistorical teaching. In being directed toward the Sun, the Moon, and the starry sky, it will become the basis for an ecumenical – that is, metaevolutionary – teaching. In encompassing terrestrial Nature, it will find expression in the teaching about the elementals. The teaching about the elementals is but one branch of a broader teaching about the structure of Shadanakar – a transphysical teaching.

No matter how much the ancient beliefs about the elementals (nature spirits in the broadest sense) were muddled by impurities introduced by the limitations of the human mind and imagination, no matter how many aberrations distorted the images of nature divinities in the pantheons of polytheistic religions – at the very heart of these beliefs lies the truth.

But it is our task, of course, to apprehend and show reverence for the worlds of the elementals in a manner completely different from that of the peoples of antiquity. Subsequent experience has enriched us, broadened our knowledge, and sharpened our mystical awareness.

The chief distinctions between our belief in the elementals and the belief of ancient peoples are as follows.

The ancients anthropomorphized their images of elemental divinities. We will no longer feel the need to attribute human forms to them.

The ancients viewed these worlds as forever constant and unchanging. We will recognize that they evolve, though in a manner unlike the evolution of our organic world, and we will strive to apprehend the path of their evolution.

The ancients were able to experience their link with individual planes of the elementals but drew ill-defined boundaries between them, and they had no idea about the spiritual growth of these monads. Strictly speaking, they had no clear conception of the plurality of these planes. For us, the plurality of and interconnection between these planes and the spiritual growth of monads abiding on them will become objects of transphysical knowledge.

The ancients were incapable of drawing a rough map of our planetary cosmos. We will distinguish each plane in a much more precise manner and include it together with all its unique features in the overall panorama of Shadanakar.



The ancients were unable to reconcile belief in these worlds with belief in the One God. For us, there will be no conflict between these two beliefs.

It should also be added that the ancients regarded propitiation and praise, and nothing else, as their spiritual duty toward the elementals. For our part, we will strive to actualize our link with them through a readiness to participate in their play and creative work, through encouragement of their beneficent participation in our lives (possible paths to achieving that will be set forth in the relevant chapters) and last, through aid to the elementals of the Light and through work in enlightening the dark elementals.

Such an attitude toward Nature combines a paganistic joy for life, monotheistic spirituality, and the breadth of knowledge of the scientific age. All these elements will come together in a higher synthesis through the spiritual experience of the emerging Religion of Epitome.

There is a widespread misconception that all religious outlooks are hostile to this life and that they substitute the values of the afterlife for the values of this world. There is no more justification for that generalization than for the claim, for example, that the art of painting distances one from this world, a claim based on the fact that it is partly true of the painting of the Middle Ages. Only religious credos of a particular phase have been hostile to life, and even then only in their more extreme manifestations. This outlook I am speaking of will not distance people from this world but will teach them to love it with a passionate and selfless love. It doesn't contrast "other worlds" with this one but sees them all as a magnificent whole, as a necklace on the breast of God. Do we like a crystal icon lamp less because it is transparent? Will we really love our world less because other worlds show through it? For people who feel that way, this life is good, and death is not an enemy but a dear guide, for a worthy life on earth predetermines an ascent to other worlds fuller, richer, and more wonderful.

But in what manner, on what paths, can humans achieve transparent perception of the world? Does it come independently of our will and efforts, like a lucky gift of fate, or can we knowingly cultivate it within ourselves and whole generations?

Until the combined efforts of a great many people are channeled into that cultivation, the joy of transparent perception will indeed remain a matter of the grace of God, and we will expend hardly any effort in acquiring it. Only through the protracted labor of the invisible friends of our heart, the actuators of the Providential will, do organs capable of such perception come unblocked in some

of us, though often, much more often, the organs occasionally open a narrow crack and then close back up. But even these small cracks are enough for transparent perception of the physical world to begin and for those fortunate enough to experience it to resemble the blind who can see.

To initiate the process entirely at will – in oneself or others – is hardly possible, at least for the present. But we can work in such a way that in each one of us and in our children our labors will complement the labors of the Providential powers. Thus, a tunnel through the psychophysical strata will be dug, as it were, simultaneously from two ends: by us and by the friends of our heart.

The colossal task of creating such a pedagogy can at present only be designated as one of the tasks of a future civilization. An immense amount of preliminary work related to the study and systematization of experience in that area is still needed. I will treat that in greater detail in one of the last sections of the book. At this time, I will only provide some necessary information concerning two or three possible varieties of that methodology. These varieties and many others not mentioned here can, of course, be combined to complement each other.

There is one prior condition without which efforts in this direction will lead nowhere. It is the desire personally to apprehend the transparency of that crystal vessel we call Nature. The process is therefore open either to those who themselves admit the possibility that worlds of the elementals exist (otherwise, one would not seek the transparency of the physical plane, but, to the contrary, would hope for nothing to happen, so that one's scientific skepticism could triumph) or to children, provided their trust of the elements and love of Nature is reinforced from an early age by the example of their elders. Naturally, they who deny beforehand the existence of those worlds will not waste time and energy on such experiments. And even if, for the sake of experiment, it entered their heads to make some efforts toward that end, they would achieve nothing, because their personal disbelief would constantly inform the results obtained. They would ascribe the results to self-suggestion or something of that sort. It would be no more than a step forward followed by a step backward, or running in place.

Thus, if that necessary inner condition is met, we must then concern ourselves with creating the necessary external conditions. It is easy to guess that what we are referring to here are those periods (six to eight weeks a year) when modern-day men and women are freed from earning a living and can permit themselves time alone in Nature. I would think that summer conditions are more conducive, because it is in summer, with its longer days, lush plant growth, and full

awakening of earth and water, that the elementals' activity increases many times over as more and more planes become reanimated. Also, is usually summertime when people go on vacation – that is, they have the chance, if only for a month, to spend time with Nature. But it should be stated from the start that one will not make much headway in a month, and there is no point whatsoever in embarking on such efforts during a two-week holiday. Of course, those who feel more affinity for the winter months' should make allowances for that preference.

Someone might be expecting precise instructions from me: get up at such a time, go to bed at such a time, keep to such and such a daily schedule. I would prefer to avoid going into such niggling recommendations. What is our task? It is to immerse ourselves as deeply as possible in Nature, in the life of the elements, not as a sower of death or inquiring researcher but as a son or daughter who has returned home after years of wandering in foreign climes. To accomplish that task one individual will find it more natural and effective to do one thing, someone else, another. I would only like to relate what circumstances aided me personally.

Having secured for my summer holidays a "homebase," as they say, in a beautiful and, obviously, remote place, I, first of all, endeavored to avoid cluttering my heart and mind with sundry worldly cares. I minimized my links to the outside world, listened to the radio less often, and tried to get by as long as possible without newspapers, provided, of course, the world wasn't in the midst of a dangerous crisis. It was imperative to simplify my lifestyle, wear as little clothing as possible, and forget completely about the existence of shoes. I bathed two or three times a day in a river, lake, or the sea, finding a spot where it was possible to be alone with Nature.

I read books that induced a peaceful, benevolent mood and helped my thoughts attune themselves to Nature. Literature dealing with the natural sciences would be of no help during such times, as it puts one in a completely different frame of mind. The study of the exact sciences and technology would lead one even further astray. Best of all is good poetry and certain classics of prose: Turgenev, Dickens, Erckmann-Chatrian, Tagore (but not Stendhal, Zola, Swift, or Shadrin, and the like). It is a good time to reread children's classics, such as "Tom Sawyer" or "Treasure Island", and books about children. All in all, spending lots of time with children and playing and talking with them can only help matters. I may scare off some with one injunction, but unfortunately it is firm: minimal consumption of meat and fish products and moderation in the use of alcohol. And one categorical requirement: no hunting or fishing whatsoever.

That was the atmosphere in which my travels began. It doesn't feel right to use the words "hike" or "excursion" to describe them. I would be gone for the entire day, from sunrise to sunset, or on a three- or four-day trip in the forest, roving down country roads and field paths, over meadows, through woods, villages, farms, across rivers on slow ferries. These travels included chance meetings and casual conversations, and overnight camping, perhaps, beside a campfire on the banks of a river, or in the fields, or in haystacks, or on some village hayloft. I tried to avoid any sort of contact with machines, conversations on technical topics, and reading of that sort, with the exception of occasionally resorting to mechanized transport. Then back to my remote homebase for a few days of rest and relaxation, listening to the crow of roosters, the rustle of treetops, the voices of children and villagers, reading tranquil, deep, and innocent books – then off for more of the same roving.

That style of living can sometimes arouse in others puzzlement and snickering. One would not expect to be understood. People busy with farm work will even be inclined to view such eccentrics as no-good loafers: the majority of countryfolk are as yet capable of viewing only their own duties as real work. One should not take it too much to heart. One must know enough to ignore the opinions of others when sure of the rightness of one's actions.

But those are all external considerations. You can spend the whole summer tramping over hill and dale till you drop and still end up with nothing to show for it. Outside circumstances must be supplemented by efforts of the heart and mind. What sort of efforts are needed?

What people need to do is gradually train themselves to perceive the sounds of an ocean of trees, the swaying of the grass, the glide of clouds, and the flow of rivers, every voice and movement of the visible world, as alive, fully aware, and kindly-disposed toward them. A feeling that invariably oversees the emergence of new thoughts and feelings will grow stronger, gradually enveloping all one's days and nights: a feeling that, in lying down on your back, you are letting your head sink lower and lower into soothing depths that glimmer with soft light-loving, intimate, depths that have existed since time immemorial. A feeling of simple joy, of profound calm will absorb the smallest spill of everyday cares. These are good times to lie on the bank of a river, oblivious to time, and gaze lazily at the cool water glittering in the sunlight. Or, lying somewhere under ancient pines to listen to the organ-like music of the treetops and the knocking of woodpeckers. One must have faith that the elementals of Liurna are overjoyed at your coming and will speak to your body as soon as it enters their flowing bodies, that the

elementals of Faltora and Arashamf are even now singing you songs through the rustle of leaves, the buzzing of bees, and warm breaths of wind. When you are returning home from a long hike at dusk over fields smelling of freshly cut hay, climbing sun-warmed knolls and descending into the coolness of ravines, and a soft mist begins to flood over everything but the tops of haystacks – it feels good to take off your shirt and let your hot body be caressed through the mist by those who are fashioning the mist above the nodding meadows.

I could describe hundreds of other such times – from sunbathing on the sand to berry-picking, my mind divided between action and contemplation – but whoever embarks on that carefree and bright path will recognize them without any prior description. After all, such a path is possible not only in Central Russia but in the countryside of any country, from Norway to Ethiopia, from Portugal to the Philippines and Argentina. Only the specifics of the path will vary, but they can vary as well within the confines of a single region, depending on one's personal preferences. What is important is to generate that radiance and easygoing frame of mind within oneself and, if possible, to repeat those periods each year.

“What utter nonsense!” some will say. “As if we were not in possession of definite facts concerning why and how mists, the wind, or dew come about. As if we didn't know by what processes rain, rivers, and vegetation occur. To serve up such fairy tales with a straight face in the middle of the twentieth century! No wonder the author hints that he feels more at ease in the company of children: an adult would never put up with listening to such drivel!”

They are mistaken, those absolutists of the scientific method of knowledge: not a slightest contradiction of science is to be found here. To repeat: I mean here objective and critical science, as distinct from the philosophical doctrine of materialism. After all, if some rational microscopic being existed that was studying my body and was itself a part of it, it would be right in saying the moment I moved my arm that the arm is a lump of matter composed of such and such molecules that moved because certain of its parts – the muscles – contracted. They contracted because such and such a reaction occurred in the nerve centers and the reaction arose from such and such reasons of a chemical nature. And there you are! Clear as day. And, naturally, the researcher would be scandalized if it occurred to anyone to point out that the “lump” moved because such was the wish, free and conscious, of its owner while the muscles, nerves, chemical processes, and the rest merely served to transmit the owner's will.

Physiology is concerned with the study of the mechanics of the process. That doesn't preclude the existence of psychology – the science dealing with the consciousness that puts the mechanics to use. Meteorology, aerodynamics, hydrology, and a number of other sciences concern themselves with the study of the mechanics of natural elements. That should not and will not interfere in time with the emergence of a teaching about the elementals, about that consciousness that puts the mechanics to use.

It all began for me personally near the town of Tripolye in the Ukraine on a sultry summer day in 1929. Weary but content after a hike of many miles through open fields and over slopes with windmills, from where a panoramic view opened onto the bright-blue branches of the Dnieper and the sandbars between them, I climbed the ridge of yet another hill and was all of a sudden literally blinded. Before me, motionless under the streaming rays of the sun, stretched a vast sea of sunflowers. At the same moment, I sensed an invisible ocean of vibrant joy quivering above that magnificent scene. I stepped up to the very edge of the field and, my heart pounding, pressed two bristly sunflowers to my cheeks. I stared at the thousands of earthbound suns, almost breathless with love for them and for the beings whose joy I felt above the field. I felt something strange: I felt that those invisible beings were leading me with joy and pride, like a guest of honor, to a fantastic celebration that resembled both a ceremony and a feast. I gingerly took a couple of steps into the midst of the flowers and, closing my eyes, listened to their touch, to their barely audible rustle, and to the celestial heat that was blazing all around.

It all began with that. True, I can recall experiences of that kind from my younger days when I was a teenager, but they were not nearly as powerful. But both before and after the experience in Tripolye – not every year, but sometimes several times in the course of one summer – the minutes of strange, inebriating joy came upon me while alone in Nature. They occurred, for the most part, when I had already covered hundreds of kilometers on foot and then chanced upon unfamiliar places distinguished by the lushness and wildness of vegetation growing unchecked. Transported by ecstasy and trembling from head to foot, I made my way, oblivious to everything, through dense thickets, sunbaked marshes, and prickly bushes, finally throwing myself down into the grass to feel it with my whole body. The most important thing was that during those minutes I was aware with all my senses that the invisible beings whose existence is mysteriously linked to the vegetation, water, and soil loved me and flowed through me.

In the years that followed, I spent the summers, for the most part, in the Bryansk Forest region. The memory of all that happened to me there is the joy of my life. But I am particularly fond of recalling my encounters with the elementals of Liurna which at the time I called “river spirits”.

Once, during a drought, I set off alone on a one-week camping trip in the Bryansk Forest. The smoke of forest fires stretched out in fingers of bluish black, and sometimes whitish puffs of smoke, slowly curling and twisting, would rise above the huge fir forests. It so happened that I walked for several hours along a hot dirt road without seeing a spring or brook. The heat, as stifling as in a greenhouse, gave me an agonizing thirst. I had brought a detailed map of the area, and I knew that I would soon come across a small stream – one so small that even on my local map it didn’t have a name. Sure enough, the woods began taking on a different look: fir trees gave way to maples and alders. Suddenly, the scorching road that was burning my feet began to slope down, the green of a meadow appeared up ahead, and skirting a clump of trees, I caught sight of a bend of the long-anticipated stream a dozen meters ahead. The road crossed it at a ford. What a pearl of creation, what a delightful child of God laughed at my coming! A few steps wide, shaded everywhere by the low-hanging branches of old willows and alders, it streamed as if through green caverns, softly gurgling and glittering with thousands of sparkles of sunlight.

Throwing my heavy knapsack down on the grass and tearing off my light clothing on the run, I entered the water up to my chest. When my overheated body plunged into the cool wetness, and dapples of shadow and sunlight flitted over my shoulders and face, I felt some invisible being, composed of what I don't know, embrace my soul with such innocent joy, with such laughing playfulness, as if it had long loved me and been waiting for me. It was like the rarefied soul of the river – all flowing, all trembling, all caressing, all coolness and light, carefree laughter and tenderness, joy and love. And when, after my body had long been in its body, and my soul in its soul, I lay down with eyes closed on the bank under the shady branches of the trees, my heart felt so refreshed, so cleansed, so purified, so blessed as it could only have been during the first days of Creation, at the dawn of time. And I realized that what had happened to me this time was no ordinary bathing in a river but a true ablution, in the very highest sense of the word.

Some might reply that they, too, have spent time in the forests and bathed in rivers, that they, too, have walked through woods and fields and, standing on the mating ground of grouse, have felt at one with Nature, but that they have never

experienced anything resembling the elementals. If it is a hunter speaking, it is no wonder: the elementals see only an enemy and desecrator in that destroyer of Nature, and there is no surer way of repelling them than taking a hunting rifle into the forest. If those who speak are not hunters, let them carefully reconstruct the weeks they spent in Nature and they will discover their own breaches of the conditions I set forth at the start.

It is impossible, of course, to predetermine the duration of the stages of that process of knowledge: the lengths of time vary depending on many circumstances, both objective and individual. But sooner or later the first day will arrive, and you will suddenly feel all of Nature as if it were the first day of Creation, and the Earth were celebrating its heavenly beauty. It could happen at night by the campfire or during the day in the middle of a rye field, in the evening on the warm steps of a porch or in the morning in a dewy meadow, but the nature of the moment will everywhere be one and the same: the dizzying joy of one's first cosmic awakening. It will not yet mean that your inner vision has come unblocked for good. You will still see nothing besides the customary landscape, but you will experience with your whole being its multiplaned reality and permeation by spirit. The elementals will become even more accessible to those who undergo that first awakening. Such people will become more and more aware of the constant proximity of those wonderful beings through organs of the soul that have no names in our language.

But the essence of a first awakening lies in something else, something higher. It concerns not only transphysical knowledge but also what I am unable to find a name for other than the old word "ecumenical". Many authors have attempted to throw light on similar states. William James calls it a breakthrough of cosmic consciousness. It can clearly take on very different shades for different people, but the experience of cosmic harmony lies at its heart. The methods I have described in this chapter are, to a certain extent, capable of hastening that hour, but there is no reason to hope that such joys will become frequent guests in the home of our soul. On the other hand, a soul can be overcome by such a state without any conscious preparation. Such an instance is described, for example, by Rabindranath Tagore in his *Memoirs*.

It is easy for people who have more than once experienced a feeling of all-out harmony with Nature to think that this is what I am referring to. No, far from it. A breakthrough of cosmic consciousness is an event of colossal personal significance, such as can occur in a person's lifetime only an extremely limited number of times. It dawns on one suddenly. It is neither a mood nor pleasure nor



happiness nor even a joy of astonishing dimensions – it is something bigger. More so than the breakthrough itself, recollections of it will have a powerful effect on one's being. The breakthrough itself is full of such bliss that it would be more accurate to speak of it not as astonishment but enlightenment.

Such states occur when the Universe – not the Earth alone, but the whole Universe – reveals itself in its higher aspect, reveals the divine spirituality that permeates and envelops it, erasing all the painful questions of suffering, conflict, and evil.

In my life such an experience took place on the moonlit night of July 29, 1931, on the banks of the Nerussa, a small river in the Bryansk Forest. I usually try to be alone when in Nature, but that time it so happened that I had taken part in a camping trip with a small group. It was composed of teenagers and young adults, including an aspiring artist. Each of us was carrying a knapsack with food, and the artist had also brought along a sketch pad. We wore nothing heavier than pants and shirts, and some had even taken off their shirts. We walked along quickly and silently, in single file, like tribespeople along the wild paths of Africa. We were not hunters or explorers or mineral prospectors – we were simply friends who wanted to camp by a fire on the famed banks of the Nerussa.

As always happens in the Bryansk Forest along the flats of a river, a fir forest as vast as the sea gave way to a deciduous wood. Century-old oaks, maples, and ashes rose up before us; aspens that resembled palm trees, with their crown of leaves at a dizzying height, enchanted us with their grace and stature; the roundish canopies of kindly willows shone silver as they hung over the water of creeks. In individual clumps, thickets, and glades, the forest approached the river as though with loving care. There were no villages, no signs of civilization. The wilderness spell was broken only by the barely distinguishable path left by mowers and by the rounded tops of haystacks, rising here and there in the fields in preparation for the winter when they would be transported by sled to the villages of Chukhrai or Neporen.

We reached the banks of the river at the close of a hot, cloudless day. We took a leisurely dip, then gathered brush, and, building a fire two meters from the quietly flowing river under the canopy of three old willows, prepared a simple meal. The sky darkened. A low July full moon glided out from behind the oaks. Little by little the conversations and stories died down; one by one my companions fell asleep around the crackling wood. I was left awake at the fire, lazily waving a branch to ward off the mosquitoes.

When the moon, noiselessly moving behind the finely patterned, leafy branches of the willow, entered the range of my vision, those hours that come close to being the most wonderful of my entire life began. Breathing softly, having laid back on a handful of hay, I heard the Nerussa flowing not behind me, a few paces back, but as if through my own soul. That was the first unusual thing I noticed. Everything on Earth and everything that must exist in the heavens poured exultantly and noiselessly through me in a single stream. In bliss barely supportable by the human heart, I felt as if slowly revolving, graceful spheres glided through me in a universal dance, and everything I could think of or imagine merged in a jubilant oneness. The ancient forests and clear rivers, the people sleeping by the fire, the peoples of countries near and far, cities waking up and busy streets, cathedrals with sacred icons, seas tossing tirelessly, and steppes with blowing grass – everything indeed was within me that night, and I was within everything. I lay with eyes closed, and beautiful white stars, large and blossoming, not at all like those we are used to seeing, also floated along the world-turned-river like white water lilies. Although the sun was not visible, it was as if it, too, were flowing somewhere just outside the range of my vision. Everything was suffused not by its glow but by a different light, one I had never seen before. Everything flowed through me and, at the same time, rocked me like a child in a cradle with all-soothing love.

In trying to express in words such experiences, one understands better than ever the poverty of language. How many times have I attempted through poetry and prose to convey to others what happened to me that night! And I know that no attempt, including this one, will ever succeed in communicating to anyone else the true significance, dimensions, and profound effect that occurrence had on my life.

Afterward I tried with all my might to summon the experience again. I recreated all the same outside circumstances under which it took place in 1931. Many times in the years that followed I camped in the exact same spot on the very same nights. It was all in vain. But twenty years later, just as unexpectedly, it came on me again. This time it was not during a moonlit night by a forest river but in a prison cell.

Oh, that is only the beginning. It is not yet the enlightenment after which a person seems to become someone new, a person enlightened in the higher sense of the word, the sense attached to the word by the great peoples of the East. This is the holiest and most mysterious of enlightenments it is the opening of one's spiritual eyes.

There is no greater joy on Earth than the complete opening of one's inner vision, hearing, and deep memory. The joy of people born deaf or blind who suddenly, in middle age, experience the opening of their physical eyes and ears is but a dim echo of it.

I can only repeat what I know of it by what others have said. There is a wonderful passage in Edwin Arnold's book "The Light of Asia" in which such a state is described, a state that turned one searcher of the truth into the one now known by all humanity as Gautama Buddha.

Here is the description. It deals with Buddha's entry into the state of abhidjña:

*Insight vast  
To spheres unnamed,  
System on system, countless worlds and suns  
Moving in splendid measures, band by band  
Linked in division, one yet separate,  
The silver islands of a sapphire sea  
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.  
He saw those Lords of the Light who hold their worlds  
By bonds invisible, how they themselves  
Circle obedient around mightier orbs.  
Star to star  
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life  
From centers ever shifting unto cirques  
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld  
With unsealed vision.  
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale  
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas – terms of time  
Which no man grasps.  
Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights he passed  
Marking – behind all modes, above all spheres,  
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb.  
That fixed decree of silent work which wills  
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,  
To fullness void, to form the yet unformed,  
Good unto better, better unto best  
By wordless edict; having none to bid,  
None to forbid; for this is past all gods*

*Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,  
A Power which builds, unbuilds and builds again,  
Ruling all things accordant to the rule  
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.*

What is there left to say? It would be not pride but sheer naivete to hope even in the innermost corner of our heart that someday such an hour will strike for us as well. Yet, comfort can be taken from the fact that every human monad without exception, sooner or later, even if after an almost endless period of time, perhaps in another, nonhuman form, in another world, will attain that state, surpass it, and continue on.

In the meantime it is our duty to share with others the best that we possess. My best is what I experienced on the paths of transphysical and metahistorical knowledge. That is why I am writing this book. In these last two chapters I have described as best as I could the major signposts on my inner path. Everything that follows will be the presentation of what was understood on that path about God, about other worlds, and about humanity. I will try to avoid any further discussion of how it was understood; the time has come to speak of what was understood.

## ***2.3. Points of Departure***

### **Multiplaned Reality**

Our physical plane – a concept synonymous with what astronomy calls the Universe – is characterized, as we know, by tridimensional space and one time stream. In the terminology of the Rose of the World, the physical plane is called “Enrof”.

In modern science and philosophy debate continues about the infinity or finiteness of Enrof in time and space and whether the whole Universe is contained within Enrof, whether all forms of being are exhausted by its forms. The discovery of antimatter; the appearance and even extraction of physically material particles from out of a physical vacuum, particles that had hitherto existed in the world of negative energy; the experimental corroboration of the theory that the physical vacuum of space in Enrof is awash with oceans of particles of a different

materiality – all these facts are signposts on the route that plodding science is following away from the ideas of classical materialism toward those that differ greatly both from them and from the views of the old idealistic philosophy. It is highly probable that the muddle the proponents of the philosophy of materialism have made of the issue by claiming that all its opponents are merely rehashing the old arguments of idealism is one of the tactics in the last stand of the materialistic consciousness before it "steps on the brakes," as they say, abandoning one position after another, and, at the same time, reassuring all that the classic thinkers of materialism had foreseen and long affirmed those very same things. It will be particularly interesting to see what acrobatics philosophy will have to resort to in the near future when it is forced by the weight of evidence to incorporate antimatter into its system.

The primacy of matter over consciousness, the knowability in principle of the entire Universe, and, at the same time, its infinite and eternal nature – these naive doctrines of materialism which were conceived during past stages of science are still regarded as current owing only to contrived manipulations and, more important, to the intervention of authorities that are associated not so much with philosophy as with the police state. On the other hand, many doctrines of traditional religion will not bear up under the scrutiny of modern science to the same degree. The new methods of knowledge – metahistorical and transphysical – will not intrude on fields of scientific knowledge or in any way contradict science in its essentials. At the same time, they will anticipate science's answers to certain questions.

A conception of the Universe as multiplaned lies at the heart of the Rose of the World's worldview. By plane is meant a material world whose materiality differs from that of other planes by virtue of the number of its dimensions and time streams. For example, there are interconnected planes neighboring ours, planes in which space has the same three dimensions but time has not one stream, as on our plane, but several. That means that on such planes time flows as several parallel streams of differing speed. On such a plane, events take place simultaneously in all its time streams but their locus is situated in only one or two of them.

It is not easy, of course, to visualize what this means. The inhabitants of such a plane, although they act predominantly in one or two time streams, exist in and are aware of them all. The synchronicity of their being wakens them to the fullness of life to a degree unknown to us. At the risk of getting slightly ahead of myself, I will add that a large number of time streams in combination with a minimal

number (one or two) of dimensions has the opposite effect, causing the inhabitants of such planes to suffer. This suffering resembles an awareness of one's limitations, a searing feeling of powerless spite, a constant reminder of the enticing opportunities one is not in the position to take advantage of. Some of us would call it being "so close yet so far" or recognize it as the torment of Tantalus.

With a few exceptions, such as Enrof, the number of time streams on a plane far exceeds the number of dimensions. If I remember correctly, there are no planes in Shadanakar with more than six dimensions. As for the number of time streams on the highest of the planes in the bramfatura it rises to an astronomical height of 236.

In extrapolating the specific features of Enrof onto other planes, it would be a mistake to think that all partitions separating plane from plane must be as difficult to pass through as the partitions separating Enrof from planes of different dimensions. True, there are partitions surrounding some planes that are even more difficult to pass through and that block them off from others even more securely. But such planes are few. There are far more groups of planes in which movement from plane to plane does not require death or a difficult material transformation, as with us, but only the attainment of special inner states. There are also those from which movement to neighboring planes requires no more effort than, say, travel from one country of terrestrial Enrof to another. Several of those planes together form a system. I am accustomed to using the Indian term sakwala when referring to each of those systems of planes or series of worlds. Along with sakwalas, however, there also exist solitary planes like Enrof.

Planes and entire sakwalas also differ from each other in the amount of space they occupy. Not all of them encompass the same cosmic area Enrof does. Difficult as it is to imagine, many of them do not extend beyond the limits of our solar system. Others are even more localized: they are immured, as it were, within the confines of our planet. There are even several that are linked not to the planet as a whole but to only one of its physical strata or regions. There is obviously nothing on those planes that can be likened to the sky.

Bound together by shared metahistorical processes, the majority having two rival spiritual poles, as it were, all the planes of every heavenly body together form a gigantic, tightly integrated system. I have already mentioned that such systems are called "bramfaturas". In some of them the total number of planes does not exceed single digits while in others it numbers several hundred. Besides Shadanakar, where the total number of planes now stands at 242, bramfaturas of the Sun, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, the Moon, and certain moons orbiting the larger

planets exist at present in the solar system. The bramfatura of Venus is in the embryonic stage. The remaining planets and moons are as lifeless on their other planes as they are in Enrof. They are either the ruins of former bramfaturas that were abandoned by all their monads or else they have never been bramfaturas.

Multiplaned systems of materiality somewhat analogous to bramfaturas, but incomparably larger, encompass certain solar systems – for example, the majority of the stars of Orion or the system of Antares' double suns and its many planets. Even larger are the galactic systems and the system of the entire Universe. They are macrobramfaturas. There are macrobramfaturas known to have an enormous number of variomaterial planes – up to eight thousand. There is nothing in the macrobramfaturas that can be likened to so-called vacuum, areas of extreme material paucity in Enrof. It is easy to see that macrobramfaturas are beyond the comprehension of even the greatest of the great human souls that now dwell in Enrof. No one can directly glean any concrete information about them except in the form of distant presentiments. Such information sometimes comes to us from the higher spirits of Shadanakar, those immeasurably greater than us, through the medium of the invisible friends of our heart. But even these accounts are extremely difficult for us to comprehend. Thus, it was nearly impossible for me to understand the strange and sorrowful communication that there is in the macrobramfatura of our Galaxy a material plane where space exists but time does not – a kind of hole in Time where movement is yet possible. It is the plane of torment of great demons, the realm of eternal darkness. But it is eternal not in the sense of endlessly flowing time, but in the sense of the absence of any time (I would like to point out in passing that the difference between these two senses of the word eternity has thus far barely been grasped in our philosophical thought).

That eternity is not absolute, as Time can arise there, and therein lies one of the tasks of the grand cycles of cosmic evolution. For only the emergence of Time will make it possible to liberate the great sufferers imprisoned in their galactic hell.

Molecules and some types of atoms form microbramfaturas: minute systems whose existence in our time is sometimes exceedingly brief. They are, however, quite complex worlds, and one should be aware of the fact that elementary particles are living beings, some of whom possess free will and intelligence. But it is practically impossible to communicate with them, let alone personally enter microbramfaturas directly. There is no being in any of the planes of Shadanakar who is capable of that at the present time: it surpasses for now even the power of

the Planetary Logos. Only in the macrobramfaturas of the Galaxy are there spirits of such unimaginable power and grandeur that they are capable of descending simultaneously into multitudes of microbramfaturas. To do so such a spirit must, while maintaining its oneness, incarnate simultaneously in millions of those minuscule worlds, revealing itself in all its fullness in each one of them and within the tiniest fractions of time.

I have, in one way or another, been talking exclusively about material planes as spiritual planes as such do not exist. The difference between matter and spirit is more a question of degree than of kind, although spirit is created by God alone and emanates from Him while monads create materiality. In its initial state, free of any coating we could call material, spirit takes the form of a substance that we could roughly, and only as a first approximation, compare to the subtlest of energy. Only God and monads are of the spirit – monads being the countless hosts of God-born and God-created higher selves, indivisible spiritual entities. They differ from each other in the degree of their inborn potential, the inexhaustible variety of their material coatings, and the paths their lives take. A monad that has ascended to great heights can be here, there, at many points of the Universe at once, but it is not omnipresent. Only the Divine Spirit is truly omnipresent. It abides even where there are no monads – for example, in those ruins of bramfaturas abandoned by all monads. Nothing can exist without Him, not even matter we call dead. If the Divine Spirit left it, it would cease to be – not in the sense of a transformation into another form of matter or energy, but absolutely.

## **The Origin of Evil, Planetary Laws, Karma**

If we examine the myth of the rebellion and fall of Lucifer within the context of the spiritual history of Shadanakar, it fails to shed light on anything. Never in the metahistory of our planet have any events taken place that could be said to have been mirrored in that myth. Something else did take place once, a long time ago, and recollections of it, though distorted, have been preserved in certain other myths – for example, in the legend of the revolt of the Titans. That will be discussed in more detail, however, in regard to something else. As for the legend of the rebellion and fall of Lucifer, those events took place at one time on an ecumenical scale, on the level of that macrobramfatura that encompasses the



Universe, a level that surpasses all categories of our reason. What happened was translated by the seers of olden times into narrow human concepts specific to their era and took shape as the myth. Those time-specific conceptions have become outdated as the scope of our knowledge has broadened immeasurably, and if we now wish to discern the eternal and true seed of the idea within the myth, we must disregard all the time-specific features introduced into it and focus only on the one central fact affirmed by it.

It was only natural that the knowledge even the wisest of those times possessed concerning the magnitude and structure of the Universe lagged so far behind contemporary knowledge that the ecumenical information that filtered into their minds through the efforts of the invisible friends of their heart was flattened and compressed into the narrow confines of their empirical experience, of their powerful, but as yet unenlightened and unsubtle, minds. On the other hand, the task of anyone who attempts nowadays to convey in human words and concepts even an echo of the ecumenical mystery of the rebellion of the so-called Morning Star could hardly be much easier. Such an attempt would consist of two stages: first, a search in the ocean of our concepts for words and phrases that mirror better than others that fantastic reality; second, a search in the ocean of our language for words and phrases that are capable of even slightly mirroring, in turn, those elusive concepts. But the success of such an undertaking is dependent on a person's inner growth and on his or her ecumenical insight. It cannot be accomplished on a whim.

I feel myself capable of only the beginning stages of such a work. I, therefore, cannot state anything concerning ecumenical events of that nature except to give simple confirmation of an event that at one time occurred. Back in the forgotten depths of time, a spirit, one of the greatest whom we call Lucifer or Satan, in exercising his free will, which is the inalienable attribute of every monad, rejected its Creator in order to create another universe according to its own plan. He was joined by a host of other monads, both great and small. They began to create another universe within the confines of this one. They tried to create worlds, but those worlds proved unstable and collapsed, because, in rebelling, the monads that turned from God in so doing also renounced love – the single unifying, bonding principle.

The ecumenical plan of Providence leads a great many monads up to a higher oneness. As they ascend the steps of being, the forms of their unions evolve: love for God and for each other bring them closer and closer together. When each of

them immerses itself in the Universal Sun and co-creates with Him, the most perfect of unions takes place: merger with God without the loss of one's unique self.

The ecumenical design of Lucifer is exactly the opposite. Each of the monads that allied themselves with Lucifer is but a temporary ally and a potential victim. Every demonic monad, from the greatest to the lowest, clings to the dream of becoming the ruler of the Universe; pride prompts it to think that it is the one with the potential to be the strongest of all. It is ruled in its actions by a kind of categorical imperative, which can to a certain extent be reduced to the formula: "There is 'I' and 'not-I'; all which is 'not-I' must become 'I'". In other words, everything and everyone must be swallowed up by that single, absolutely self-asserting self. God gives of Himself; the powers that rejected God try to absorb everything into themselves. That is why they are, first and foremost, vampires and tyrants, and that is why a tyrannical tendency is not only inherent in any demonic self but is one of its essential attributes.

Therefore, demonic monads temporarily join forces, but deep down they are rivals to the death. That antagonism surfaces when some limited power is seized by their group. A free-for-all then begins, and the strongest triumphs.

The hopelessness of the demons' cosmic struggle also springs from the fact that God is always creating more and more monads and, as the demons are incapable of creating even one, the balance of power is constantly shifting against them. There are not, nor will there ever again be any more falls. That is absolutely guaranteed, and I deeply regret that the extreme complexity of the question prevents me from finding the concepts necessary to present it in some kind of intelligible manner. In any case, all the demonic monads are of very ancient origin. They are all veterans of that great rebellion. True, something like a fall but, in fact, different has taken place since and takes place now: a highly conscious being, sometimes, even a whole group of them, temporarily choose to oppose the Providential will. That choice against God is not made by the monad itself but by the lower self, by a limited mind. For that reason, its rejection of God takes place not in the spiritual world but in the material worlds which are subject, by the will of those same demons, to the law of retribution. The mutiny is thus doomed to failure, and the mutineer embarks on a long road of atonement.

Gradually, in the course of their struggle, the futility of trying to create their own universe became apparent to the demonic forces. So, while continuing to create individual worlds and expending incredible amounts of energy to stabilize them,

those forces set themselves another goal: to take over worlds already in existence or in the process of being created by the Providential powers. Their goal is the takeover, not the destruction, of those worlds. But destruction is the objective end result. Bereft of the bonding principles of love and co-creation, held together only by the conflicting principle of coercion, such worlds cannot exist for any extended period of time. There are galaxies in the process of disintegration even now. And when astronomy begins to observe intergalactic nebulae over a longer period of time than it does now, the process of those galactic catastrophes will be revealed to science. There are planets either dead or dying – Mars, Mercury, Pluto – the ruins of bramfaturas. All the monads of the Light were driven out from those systems that had fallen under demonic rule after which a final catastrophe ensued, and the demon legions were left to roam homeless in space, seeking a new bramfatura to invade.

On the other hand, there are macrobramfaturas and whole galaxies where the legions of the rebel have been unable to force a breach. Orion – a macrobramfatura of extraordinary spiritual light – is a solar system within our Galaxy that has entirely freed itself of the demonic. Those who gaze through a telescope at the great nebula of Andromeda will see with their own eyes a galaxy that has never been invaded by demons. It is a world that from start to finish has been ascending steps of ever-increasing bliss. There are many such worlds among the millions of galaxies in the Universe, but our Galaxy, unfortunately, is not one of them. Long ago expelled from the macrobramfatura of the Universe, the forces of the rebel are waging a continuous, relentless war against the forces of the Light in the worlds of our Galaxy. This battle has taken millions of forms. Shadanakar also came to be an arena of warfare.

Shadanakar became such arena far back in those distant times when the Earth was no more than a semimolten globe in Enrof while other planes in Shadanakar, as yet numbering in the single digits, had only just been created by the great hierarchies of macrobramfaturas. There was no law of survival on those planes. There, in the worlds of those beings now known to us by the generic term “angels”, the principles of love and friendship between all ruled. There was no law of death: everyone moved from plane to plane by means of a painless material transformation that did not rule out the possibility of returning. In those worlds – which, at the time, had only three dimensions and were consequently almost as dense as Enrof – there was no law of retribution: mistakes were rectified with the help of the higher powers. A glimmer of recollections of that time, floating up into

the consciousness of ancient sages from their treasury of deep memory, but vulgarized and simplified by that consciousness, became crystallized in the legend of Paradise Lost. In reality, it was not a paradise but a gorgeous dawn rising not over terrestrial Enrof, which back then was devoid of organic life, but over the world that is now called “Olrna”. The dawn glowed and was preserved in the memories of those few human monads who did not, like most, come later to Shadanakar, but who began their journey in times before the distant past – and not in Enrof, but in angelic Olrna. That community of protoangels can be called, in a certain sense, the first humankind of Shadanakar.

A great demon, a cohort of Lucifer's named Gagtungr, irrupted into Shadanakar with legions of lesser demons. The long and fierce battle that ensued ended in a partial victory for him. He was unable to drive out the forces of the Light from the bramfatura, but he did succeed in creating several demonic planes and turning them into impregnable fortresses. He succeeded in tampering with the emergence and evolution of life on terrestrial Enrof and in leaving his mark on the animal world. The planetary laws that the forces of the Light were using to create organic life on Enrof were warped beyond recognition. It is wrong and blasphemous to attribute the laws of survival, retribution, and death to the Godhead, for “God is Light, and in Him there is no darkness.”

From God comes only salvation. From God comes only joy. From God comes only grace. If we are shocked by the cruelty of the world's laws, it is because the voice of God cries out in our soul against the work of the Great Torturer. The infighting between demonic monads, the victory of the strong over the right, and the expulsion of the vanquished down into the chasm of torment – that law of Lucifer's forces was carved on the face of organic life in Enrof and took the form of the law of survival.

All the suffering that beings experience, all their pain and agony, emit radiations – both here, in Enrof, and there, in the worlds of the afterlife. Every feeling, every emotional response necessarily emits corresponding radiations. Radiations from anger, hate, greed, or animal and human lust sink to the demonic planes, replenishing the energy of their various classes and groups of inhabitants. True, those radiations are barely sufficient to replenish the energy of individual demonic groups. But the radiation from suffering and pain, or gavvakh, is capable of satisfying hosts of demons of almost all types and sizes. Gavvakh is essentially their food.

In laying his claws on Shadanakar's laws, Gagtungr warped them in such a way as to generate and increase suffering. He made them onerous, cruel, and unbearable. He resisted the establishment of the law of transformation in Enrof; death arose as the resultant vector of the two opposing forces and became law. He resisted the principle of universal friendship: the law of survival arose as the resultant vector of the two forces and became a law of life. Finally, the demonic forces tampered with the life of other planes in Shadanakar – those planes through which travel beings who have incarnated at least once on terrestrial Enrof. Those planes were transformed into worlds of retribution where tormentors reign and imbibe the pain of those who suffer there.

Among the various types of gavvakh, the one associated with the shedding of physical blood occupies a particularly significant place. When people and animals bleed, a burning radiation of especial intensity is released in the first few minutes. Therefore, certain categories of demons are not so much interested in the death of living beings in Enrof, or in the suffering of their souls in the afterlife, as they are in bloodshed. Not one bloodbath in history has occurred or will occur without the subliminal instigation of those bloodsuckers of the afterlife. Further, the bloody sacrificial rites of some ancient cultures were horrifying not only because of their cruelty but also because it was not gods but those very same demons that were feeding on them.

To replenish the power of the Light, the Planetary Logos – the first and greatest of Shadanakar's monads – created a new plane and laid the foundations for a new humankind. Enrof was left to the animal world; the new plane was populated by Titans whose external appearance was similar to ours, only larger and more majestic. In a world resembling Enrof, but one still wrapped in twilight, their glowing figures moved against the backdrop of a bluish-gray sky up the slopes and around the curves of the desert hills they worked on. The Titan humankind numbered a few thousand. They had no gender – the birth of new Titans was in no way connected with the sexual union of two adults. But Gagtungr succeeded in fomenting among them a mutiny against Providence. They were motivated by the idea that they were the seed and nucleus of a new universal power, a third power that opposed both God and the demons. They hungered for absolute freedom but despised the cruelty and malice of the demons. The mutiny ended with the forces of Gagtungr invoking the law of retribution to draw the Titan's souls down to deep planes of torment. Their suffering lasted more than a million years until with the aid of the Providential powers they were able to break out of captivity. The

majority of them are now completing their journeys among humanity, standing out from the general mass of people by the magnitude of their genius and its somber, though far from dark, tint. Their creative work is marked by dim recollections of their struggle against God, scorched, as it were, by an ancient fire. It is astonishing in its power. Their spirit differs from demonic monads in its striving for the Light, its scorn for the base and its thirst for divine love. (I could name a few such people from among the number of giants of world culture: Aeschylus, Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Goethe, Beethoven, Wagner, Ibsen, Lermontov, and Lev Tolstoy.)

In the last millennium before Christ, the power of Gagtungr was so great that retribution was stripped of its temporality in the afterlife planes of many of humanity's metacultures. All exit from the planes of torment were shut tight, and the sufferer there were deprived of all hope.

The law of retribution, the iron law of moral cause and effect – those effects that can manifest themselves in one's present life but most fully manifest themselves in the afterlife and even in subsequent reincarnations – can be referred to by the Indian term “karma”. Karma is just as much a result of two opposing wills as are the law of death and the law of survival. Hadn't the demonic forces encountered continuous resistance from their enemies, the laws would have been even harsher, because the demonic purpose of the laws is to generate gavvakh and paralyze any manifestation of the Light by the souls that fall afoul of them. The laws have another side – their cleansing nature, a vestige of the ancient protolaws of the Light laid down by the great hierarchies that created the world. The goal of those hierarchies, and of all the forces of the Light in Shadanakar, was and is the mitigation and enlightenment of the laws. The goal of the demonic forces is their harshening.

Providence's design is to save all victims. Gagtungr's design is to turn all into victims. The divine-humanity of the next global era will be a voluntary union in love of all. The satanic humankind – its rise at the end of the current era appears to be unavoidable – will be an absolute dictatorship of one.

The cosmos is the maturing ground of monads. The anticocosmos is a universal union of rivals and a host of crippled monads of the Light held captive by them in worlds over which demons rule. The captives have been deprived of the most sacrosanct of their attributes: freedom of choice.

Gagtungr is not dismayed by the disparity in magnitude between himself and Lucifer. He, like all demonic monads, sees his comparatively small stature as only temporary. Blind faith in his boundless growth and ultimate victory is an inseparable part of his self. Every one of those monads, no matter how minuscule it may be at present and no matter what lowly post it may occupy within the rebel hierarchy, believes in like manner in its future macrogalactic triumph. For that reason, all of them, including Gagtungr, are tyrants not only in their dreams and not only at a given moment, but at every stage of their path to the extent permitted by the power they wield at that stage.

Tyranny produces a more copious supply of gavvakh than any other form of rule. The ingestion of gavvakh increases the energy of demons. If they were to replenish their energy by imbibing other psychic radiations – from joy, love, self-sacrifice, religious devotion, ecstasy, or happiness – their essence would be transformed and they would cease to be demons. But that is exactly what they do not want. Through tyranny and tyranny alone can they bridle the centrifugal forces within the legions of demons subordinate to them. For that very reason, defections from and uprisings against Gagtungr by individual demonic monads sometimes take place in metahistory (and are reflected in history). The forces of the Light cannot come to the aid of such uprisings, as any one of those monads has the potential to become just such a planetary demon. If it proved stronger than Gagtungr, it would become an even worse tormentor than he. One should bear in mind, however, that incidences of uprisings by individual demonic monads not against Gagtungr, as such, but against the demonic world order in general are not so rare. Such uprisings are nothing other than the conversion of demonic monads to the Light, and it goes without saying that they are afforded every available means of help from the Providential powers.

Despite all the satanic cunning of Gagtungr's cosmic designs, those designs are flawed for the reasons given above. The chances that the planetary demon will be able to master all the demonic monads of the universe, and eventually Lucifer himself, are incredibly slim. But his relentless pursuit of dominion over the Universe affords him the only joy he can understand: he experiences such joy every time the smallest victory appears to bring him another step closer to the ultimate goal. Those victories consist of his enslavement of other monads or their souls: the demonic monads as half-allies, half-slaves, and the monads of the Light as prisoners and objects of torment. As far as Gagtungr can picture the future of the cosmos, he sees himself as a kind of sun around which countless monads orbit,

one after another falling into him and being swallowed up, with the entire Universe entering into orbit around him and being swallowed up, world by world, by the monstrously swollen hypermonad. The demonic mind is powerless to picture anything further. The smaller demonic monads are incapable of visualizing even that apotheosis. With unshakeable faith in their own ultimate victory over the Universe, they focus their will and thoughts on stages that are more immediate and easier to envision.

## **On Free Will**

There exists a misconception, a particular mindset held by a large number of people in our time, that has been assiduously inculcated into the minds of many peoples over the last four decades. It is a train of thought that leads the thinker to the conclusion, which in time grows into an axiom and dogma, that religion supposedly deprives people of their freedom, demands blind obedience to higher powers, and makes them wholly dependent on those powers. Furthermore, so the thinking goes: as those powers are only figments of the imagination, it is people's dependence on all the very real human institutions that endeavor to exploit the ignorance of the masses that is actually increased. That is the essence of "religious slavery", from which humanity is supposedly liberated by science and the philosophy of materialism.

To dispute this argument would require writing a tract refuting the basic tenets of materialistic philosophy. Such tracts have already been written, and if they have been insufficiently known in Russia, then the reason for that has more to do with politics than philosophy.

As for the claim that all religions demand submission to higher powers, there is no doubt that some religious doctrines have indeed preached predestination and the virtual absence of free will among humans. That is a fact, and I least of all am inclined to defend without discrimination any and all religious forms. But to make that charge against religion as a whole is no more justified than to claim, for instance, that literature is essentially reactionary, and to substantiate that claim by citing examples of individual reactionary writers and schools.

I would like to explain forthwith the fallaciousness of such an accusation in relation to the worldview of the Rose of the World.



First, I would like to voice some puzzlement: no science or philosophy (except subjective idealism), materialism included, disputes the assertion that the human will is dependent on a host of material factors. That very same philosophy of materialism even takes special pains to emphasize the will's heavy dependence on economic factors. Yet, no one is bothered by human subordination to natural and historical necessity. No one expresses outrage at humanity's bondage to the law of gravity, the law of the preservation of matter, the law of evolution, the laws of economic development, and so forth. Everyone understands that there is still enough room for the exercise of our will within the bounds of these laws.

The worldview of the Rose of the World, however, does not add a single new, supplementary factor to the list of factors that determine our will. What is important is their interpretation, not their number. That boundless and endlessly diverse something that is summed up by the phrase “the higher powers” acts on our will not so much through supernatural intrusions as through the medium of those same factors – those same laws of nature, evolution, and so forth – that we have just agreed to regard as objective facts. To a great extent, those sets of factors determine not only our consciousness but our subconsciousness and supraconsciousness as well. They are the origin of the voice of conscience, duty, instinct, and the like, which we hear within ourselves and which determine our behavior in a tangible manner. That is how the link between “the higher powers” and our will operates. True, there are some phenomena that could at first glance appear to be violations of the laws of nature by the higher powers. They are called miracles. But in cases when such phenomena, as opposed to tricks of the mind, do occur, they are not at all “arbitrary” violations of natural laws by the higher powers but the actions of those powers through a number of other laws as yet unknown to us.

What frequently appears to us to be the single, monolithic, and indivisible mover of our actions – for example, conscience – is, in reality, an extremely complex result of the interaction of various factors. Conscience is primarily the voice of our monad. But whether it gains access to our waking consciousness is determined by other factors – for example, some incident that serves as a shock to waken us to the monad's voice: a manifestation of Providence, the action of powers of a Providential nature.

Thus, people's choices are predetermined by three sets of forces: the Providential powers which utilize the laws of nature and history to achieve their purposes and which gradually enlighten those laws; the demonic powers which utilize those

same laws and work to strengthen them more and more; and the will of our own monad, transmitted within the range of our consciousness by the voices of our heart and reason with the help of the Providential powers. Therefore, whether we view the laws of nature and history as mechanical, lifeless necessities or as the tools of living, individual, variomaterial or spiritual beings, the degree of our freedom will neither decrease nor increase.

It follows that the degree of our freedom of choice is no less from the point of view of the Rose of the World worldview than it is from the point of view of materialism. But the determining factors are interpreted differently and are more precisely broken down into their component parts.

If the materialist is not bothered by the limitations placed on our freedom by utterly impersonal and lifeless laws of nature, then how can we view as demeaning the limitations placed on our freedom by the will of the Providential powers? Only the limitations placed on our freedom by the will of the demonic powers are insulting to us. It does indeed insult us, but after all, they are those powers, those age-old enemies of ours, the disarming, conversion, and enlightenment of whom is our goal. We will cease to feel insulted only when we render ourselves insusceptible to their influence. The evolution of life on Earth raises groups of beings up from a minimal degree of freedom among the simplest forms. The voice of a microbe's monad almost always fails to reach its embryonic consciousness, and its behavior is primarily determined by demonic powers acting on it through the medium of the laws of nature. The higher animals are much freer than a microbe; the amplitude of their conscious action is far greater. In humans, conscious action is increased to an incomparable degree.

Opponents of religion as such argue that it demands the renunciation of our individual will and the subordination of that will to God's. In regard to some religions of the past, they are right. But the Rose of the World is not a religious teaching of the past. It is a religious and social-moral teaching of the future. The Rose of the World will not demand submission to the will of God, for only what humans do voluntarily, not under compulsion, is of value.

It will not be demands for slavish submission to God's will that will sound from the churches of the Religion of Epitome. From there will sound forth a call to universal love and free divine co-creation.

The Divine Spirit is our unchanging, inexpressible, and highest yearning. It is the power that creates spirit, that is active in all souls, that is not silenced even in the

depths of demonic monads, and that is directing worlds and worlds – from microbramfaturas to supergalaxies – toward something more perfect than good and something higher than bliss. The higher the stage reached by a monad, the closer its will coincides with the creative will of God. And when, having begun its cosmic journey from the simplest forms of animate matter, it passes through the stages of human being and national, planetary, stellar, and galactic demiurge, it merges, through the agency of God the Son, with God the Father, and its will completely coincides with God's will, its power with God's power, its image with God's image, and its work with the work of God.

Divine co-creation is the creative work of the Light of all ascending monads of the Universe, from humans, the elementals, and enlightened animals to giants of unimaginable grandeur, the galactic demiurges. That is why one sees here so often the word Demiurge, a word almost never used in the older religions. Everyone who works for the greater glory of God, out of love for the world and its Creator, is a demiurge.

God is absolutely good. The old theology also asserted that God is omnipotent. But if God is omnipotent, He is then responsible for the evil and suffering in the world. Therefore, He is not good.

It would seem impossible to find a way out of that vicious circle.

But God creates of Himself. All the monads flowing out of His depths possess, as inalienable attributes, all the properties of those depths, including absolute freedom. Thus, divine creation itself limits the Creator, it fixes His power at a line beyond which the freedom and power of His creations begin. But freedom is freedom for the very reason that it offers the possibility of different choices. For many monads, it took the form of a negative choice, through their assertion of self only, through their rejection of God. That is the origin of what we call evil in the world, the origin of suffering, the origin of barbaric laws, and therein lies the possibility that evil and suffering can be overcome. The laws protect the world from descending into chaos. The demons, too, are forced to operate within them, if worlds are not to crumble into dust. For that reason, they do not try to overturn laws but to strengthen them. Laws are blind. And they cannot be enlightened in the blink of an eye, not by a miracle, not by divine intercession. They can be enlightened through the protracted cosmic process whereby monads that have rejected God renounce their evil will.

In God, all-embracing love and inexhaustible creativity are blended into one. All living beings, humans included, draw closer to God through the exercise of three divine properties innate to each: freedom, love, and divine co-creation. Divine co-creation is the goal, love is the means, and freedom is the condition.

Demonic monads are as free as all monads, but their love is grossly disfigured. It is directed exclusively inward: a demon loves only itself. As the entire great reservoir of love in its spirit is focused on that single object, a demon loves itself with a degree of intensity no human is capable of achieving.

Demonic monads have also not lost their ability to create. But divine co-creation evokes nothing in them but extreme hostility. Every demon creates for its own sake and in its own name only.

People's creative work becomes divine co-creation from the moment and to the extent that their irresistible creative impulse is guided by their will and faith not toward the attainment of one or another egoistic goal-fame, pleasure, riches, the service of a cruel and base teaching – but toward the service of the God of Love.

Freedom, love, and divine co-creation are the three words that sum up the Rose of the World's perspective on art, science, education, marriage, family, nature, and even on those aspects of modern life ignored by all religions: social justice and harmony.

## **Being and Consciousness**

What I have said supplies us with a new point of view on the centuries-long debate over the primacy of being or consciousness.

"Consciousness determines being" was the formula of the idealistic schools. During the next, secular stage of culture, the formula was turned on its head, but its content remained untouched. It was the same juxtaposition of two components, and so the new formula inherited the simplism of its predecessor. The question is much more complex than those formulas. At the same time, it is simpler than the ungainly edifices of premises and conclusions constructed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries for the extraction of such modest gains.

“Being determines consciousness.” “Consciousness determines being.” Whose being? Whose consciousness? Of a specific individual? Of humanity? Of the world? Of living, conscious matter? Everything is so jumbled, so imprecise.

The consciousness of specific individuals (for simplicity's sake, we will speak only of humans) is not determined by any one consciousness or by being in general but by a set of factors. These factors are:

- (a) the individual's own physical being;
- (b) the individual's natural and cultural environment;
- (c) the consciousness of a large number of people, both living and dead, for by their efforts these consciousnesses determine, to a significant extent, the cultural milieu in which the individuals live and that affect their being and consciousness;
- (d) the consciousness of x number of other beings who influence the natural environment and transform it;
- (e) the being and consciousness of the hierarchies that create worlds;
- (f) the supraconscious individuality inherent in the monad of the individual;
- (g) the being-consciousness of the One God, in whom being and consciousness are one, rather than different, conflicting categories.

If the question refers not to individuals and their being and consciousness but to the Universe (or, to be more exact, the emergence of consciousness in the organic matter of worlds in the Universe), then, clearly, as the Universe is determined by the nature of the One God, the conflict between being and consciousness vanishes, for the above-mentioned reason. As the Universe is determined by the work of God-created monads, the question concerning the emergence of consciousness after some period of unconscious existence becomes irrelevant. For if there were no God-created monads with their consciousness and being, then no matter, neither organic nor inorganic, could come into being either.

We could today afford to chuckle over the simplism of the classical formulas if one of them had not become the philosophical dogma of political despotism and caused untold harm, stifling the independent thought of a host of people and barring spirituality from access to their consciousness. The other formula, just as flawed, is, nevertheless, not as dangerous for the very reason that it is more spiritual. But that does not at all excuse the older religions and their philosophizing, their waste of so many centuries on intellectual speculation

without coming a step closer to understanding the relationship between being and consciousness.

## **The Variomaterial Composition of Humans**

Among the numerous planes of Shadanakar, there is a multidimensional world wherein human monads – indivisible and immortal spiritual entities, the higher selves of humans – abide. Created by God and God alone, with some (a very few) mysteriously born of Him, they enter Shadanakar, coating themselves in rarefied matter, or rather, energy. This is a substance that permeates all of Shadanakar; every individual spirit, when entering our bramfatura, must coat itself in it. The world where our monads abide is called “Iroln”.

Creative work toward the eventual enlightenment of the Universe is the task of every monad, except demonic ones. There are no demonic human monads. Human monads do that enlightening work in lower worlds assigned to them, creating material coatings for themselves there and acting on the environment of those planes by means of the coatings.

The monad first creates a shelt from five-dimensional materiality, then an astral body from four-dimensional materiality. We often group these two coatings together under the word “soul”. A shelt is the material vessel of the monad with all its divine properties and capacities. It is not the monad, which remains in fivedimensional Iroln, but the shelt that begins the journey on the lower planes. The shelt is created by the monad alone.

Mother Earth, the great elemental, takes part in the creation of the astral body. She takes part in the creation of astral bodies for all beings of Shadanakar: humans, angels, daemons, animals, the elementals, demons, and even the great hierarchies when the latter descend to planes where an astral body is required. The astral body is the higher instrument of the shelt. Concentrated within it are the gifts of spiritual sight, spiritual hearing, spiritual smell, deep memory, the ability to levitate, to communicate with the Synclites, daemons, the elementals, and angels, and to perceive cosmic panoramas and perspectives.

Mother Earth, fertilized by the spirit of the Sun, next creates an etheric body for the incarnating monad. No life in three and four dimensional worlds is possible without it. When the shelt with all its coatings, including the etheric body,

abandons the physical body – the last, outermost, and shortest-lived of its vessels – nothing but a corpse remains in Enrof. Our physical body is created for us by the angelic hierarchies – they create the matter – and by Lilith, the great elemental of humanity who forges the family chain from three-dimensional materiality. The monad itself, through the shelt, contributes to the process by bestowing individuality on a given link in the chain.

Once the process of descent has concluded, the process of ascent begins. A monad can assume a physical body either just one time or over and over again. An etheric body is created anew only if the bearer, in falling afoul of the law of retribution, is forced to embark on a journey through the great planes of torment. As for the path of ascent, the etheric body accompanies the bearer through all the worlds of Enlightenment, all the way up to the zatomes – the abodes of enlightened humankind, the celestial cities of the metacultures. The etheric body is composed of a living substance that is not everywhere uniform, differing as it does in all three and four dimensional worlds. It would be proper to call it, in recalling the ancient revelation given to humanity, “arungvilt-prana”.

The astral body accompanies the bearer higher, up to and including the sakwala of the Higher Purpose. Higher than that, only the shelt is left to achieve final enlightenment and merge with the monad. Then the monad departs from Iroln and, coated with an extremely rarefied shelt, rises up the stairway to the highest worlds of Shadanakar.

All these planes will be discussed in later parts of the book; many of them will be described in as much detail as possible. But I am, unfortunately, incapable of throwing more light on the interaction between the various coatings of the monad and on their functions and structure.

## **Metacultures**

The structure of Shadanakar (a vast area of investigation that we shall soon enter) will remain unintelligible at the most basic of levels if the meaning of the words “suprapeople”, “metaculture”, and “transmyth” is not firmly grasped beforehand.

The term “suprapeople” refers to a group of nations united by a common, jointly created culture, or to an individual nation, if that nation alone has created a culture

that has reached a high level of distinction and maturity. It goes without saying that completely isolated cultures do not exist. Cultures interact with each other. But, on the whole, each culture is entirely unique and, despite the influence it exerts on other cultures, it remains, in all its fullness, the achievement of only one suprapeople which is its creator.

It would not be necessary to introduce “the suprapeople” concept if it did not possess metahistorical, as well as historical, significance. Its metahistorical significance rests in the fact that the distinctiveness of a suprapeople is not limited to its own cultural sphere of influence in Enrof but also affects many variomaterial planes, both of ascent and descent, for certain parts of those planes are subject to the activities of one suprapeople alone. One should bear in mind that the term suprapeople not only includes those individuals, our contemporaries who belong to it now. A great many of those who belonged to it earlier, even at the very dawn of its history, and who afterward, in the afterlife, have acted and act now on transphysical planes linked to that suprapeople. A staircase of planes common to all suprapeoples rises above humanity, but the complexion, landscape, and function of each plane varies above each suprapeople. There are even planes that only exist above a single suprapeople. The exact same is true of the demonic worlds of descent which exist, as it were, beneath suprapeoples. Thus, a significant portion of Shadanakar consists of individual multiplaned segments. In each of those segments the Enrof plane is occupied by only one suprapeople and its culture. Those multiplaned segments of Shadanakar are called metacultures.

Every suprapeople has its own myth which does not take shape in the culture's infant stage alone. As the traditional use of the word “myth” does not match the meaning attached to it here, it is necessary to explain carefully in what sense I use the word.

When we speak of a tightly integrated system of rich symbols that embody some comprehensive international teaching and that find expression in legends and ritual, in theology and philosophy, in monuments of literature and art, and lastly, in a moral code, we are speaking of myths of the great international religions. There are four such myths: Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, and Muslim.

When we speak of a tightly integrated system of rich symbols that define the relationship of one suprapeople to Enrof and to the transphysical and spiritual worlds, a system molded into a definite religion that has played an enormously significant role in the history of the given suprapeople but has rarely spread beyond its boundaries, we are speaking of national religious myths of individual



suprapeoples. Such are the Egyptian, ancient Iranian, Jewish, Germanic, Gallic, Aztec, Incan, Japanese, and some other myths.

When we are referring to symbols just as rich and perhaps also tied, although not as closely, to ideas of a religious and moral nature, which, though they have not evolved into a strictly formulated system, reflect, nonetheless, a group of common moral, transphysical, metahistorical, or cosmic truths in connection with the specific nature and role of that culture, we are dealing with shared myths of suprapeoples. Such are the myths of the South-Western (Roman Catholic) suprapeople, the North-Western (Germanic Protestant) suprapeople, or the Russian suprapeople (in some cultures, the Greco-Roman or Babylonian-Canaanite, for example, their myths had already passed the “shared” stage of development but did not take shape in a system strictly formulated enough to allow the Olympic or Babylonian myths to be numbered among the national religious myths of suprapeoples).

Last is the fourth and final group – shared national myths. They are myths of individual ethnic groups within a suprapeople that have created, as a supplement to the shared suprapeople myth, their own particular, very restricted variations of that myth, variations that have not evolved into any strictly formulated system or religion. One could cite as examples the pagan myths of the Slavic tribes, the Finnish tribes, the Turkish tribes, as well as the myths of some isolated and primal tribes in India. Ethnic myths in their embryonic state can be observed among many ethnic groups, but they rarely achieve any clear expression.

We will not use the word myth in reference to any other phenomenon in the history of culture.

The last three groups of myths are concerned with one specific culture. The first group – the myths of international religions – are (with one exception) mystically linked to planes in Shadanakar above those segmented sections called “metacultures”.

It seems to me that the concept of national religious myths can be grasped without too much difficulty. As for the shared myths of suprapeoples, for the sake of clarity, a pair of supplementary definitions are in order.

Defined inductively, the shared myth of a suprapeople is the sum of its beliefs concerning the transphysical cosmos and the part the given culture and each self belonging to that culture play within it (The very concept “given culture” can be no more precisely formulated than it was, for example, by the Greco-Romans that

distinguished between themselves and the rest of humanity, whom they lumped together as barbarians).

The culture elaborates these beliefs, molding them into cycles of religio-philosophical ideas, iconography, socio-moral systems, state-political institutions, and cycles of national lifestyle manifested in ritual, daily rounds of life, and tradition.

Defined deductively, the shared myth of a suprapeople is an awakening by the suprapeople, in the person of its most creative representatives, to a second reality above them, of which the suprapeople is a part and in which the direction of its growth and the roots of its fate are hidden. This awakening is made groggy by additives foreign to it issuing from unattuned human nature. We can give that second reality, which serves as the object of transphysical, metahistorical, artistic, and philosophical apprehensions, the provisional name “transmyth”.

It goes without saying that the discrepancy between myth and transmyth can vary considerably. The limitations of those who apprehended the transmyth through intuition, dreams, artistic inspiration, religious meditation, or metahistorical enlightenment; the national, temporal, class, and individual peculiarities of their conscious and subconscious minds (the latter playing an active part in the process); the impossibility of finding words or three-dimensional images to convey precisely the reality of variedimensional worlds – can not all that lead to countless aberrations, to the cluttering of the myth with a mass of chance, inaccurate, anthropomorphic, simplistic, and even simply wrong ideas? But myths are dynamic. They exist in time, evolving and changing in appearance, and their later phases, as a rule, approach more closely the transmyth, because the minds that apprehend it have over the centuries become subtler, richer, keener, and broader.

But, in the meantime, the transmyth is also evolving. The reality behind our reality is seething with movement, and there can be no question of it remaining static. The landscapes, edifices, and activities within a transmyth at the time of its emergence differ from those at the end of its metahistorical development as much as the city-fortresses of the Merovingians differ from modern-day Paris.

But two different realities, two different planes, two poles of the metacultural globe exist at every stage of the transmyth development together with the people on Enrof who apprehend it.

There are also other planes around those planes and between them, but each of them either appeared at a later time or has undergone radical changes. Some have even disappeared. Only three realms are stable and enduring. First, the suprapeople in Enrof; second, the abode of its enlightened souls, the holy cities and celestial land of its metaculture in the variodimensional space above them; and third, down below, in the worlds of descent, the antipode of the heavenly land – a bastion erected in worlds bound to strata deep within the planet's physical body. It is the focal point of the demonic in the given metaculture. The heavenly lands and everything contained within them are called “zatomises”; the subterranean bastions are called “shrastrs”.

Of these two poles, it is the zatomises that are usually reflected in a more detailed and distinct manner in myths. The images of shrastrs often do not take a finished form. As for the zatomises, the abodes of the Synclites of metacultures, they can be found in the myths of every suprapeople, in both religious and shared myths. Such is Eanna of the Babylonians: the ziggurat in the city of Erech was, in the view of the Sumero-Akkadians, a model of the mountain of the gods, Heavenly Eanna. Later, the Babylonians saw an analogous meaning in the chief religious edifice of their great city – the seven-storied temple of Esagila. Such is Olympus of the Greeks and Romans. Such is Sumera, or Mount Meru, of the Indians – the Indian Olympus, on the slopes of which glitter the celestial cities of Hindu gods. Such are the images of Paradise and Eden in the Byzantine and Roman Catholic metacultures, Jannet in the Arab-Muslim metaculture, Shang Ti in the Chinese metaculture, Monsalvat in the North-Western metaculture, and Kitezh in the Russian metaculture.

As we attempt to descry the heavenly land of the North-Western metaculture through the thick haze of art, religion, mythology, and societal orders, we should always bear in mind that suprapeoples, while they exist in Enrof, never cease creating their myths. The forms of expression change. New groups of people enter the historical scene as depictrors of the myths. From the anonymous creators of folklore and customs, the task of myth-building passes to thinkers and artists whose names are washed by waves of national love. But the myth lives on. It lives on, deepening, injected with new content, revealing new meaning in old symbols and introducing new symbols, in accordance with the higher level of overall cultural development of those apprehending it and, secondly, with the continuing metahistorical growth of the transmyth itself.

The heavenly land of the North-Western culture appears to us as Monsalvat, an eternally illuminated mountaintop where, through the centuries, righteous knights have guarded the Holy Grail, which contains the blood of the Logos Incarnate that Joseph of Arimathea collected at the Crucifixion and which was committed to the charge of the pilgrim Titurel, the founder of Monsalvat. In the distance, towers an eerie castle built by the sorcerer Klingsor. This is the focal point of the forces that reject God and strive with dogged resolve to crush the power of the Monsalvat community – the keepers of the greatest of the holy relics and mysteries. These are the two poles of the shared myth of the North-Western suprapeople which came down from the anonymous composers of Old Celtic legends, through Wolfram von Eschenbach, and down to Richard Wagner. The claim that Wagner's Parsifal is the last word on the myth is far from indisputable and surely premature. The Monsalvat transmyth is evolving; it is becoming ever more magnificent. We can only hope that thinkers and poets whose metahistorical enlightenment will allow them to apprehend and depict the heavenly land of Monsalvat as it is today will yet emerge from among the peoples of the North-West.

It is easy to see that the majority of even the greatest human images in the North-Western myth do not and cannot have a direct connection to the image of Monsalvat. To expect a direct connection in every case would be to reveal a narrow and formalistic approach to the question, even a complete failure to grasp what a shared myth of a suprapeople (not a national religious myth) is. Basically, every human image created by a great writer, artist, or composer, an image that continues to live on in the conscious and subconscious minds of millions of people and has become the inner acquisition of all who creatively perceive the image – every such image is a mythical image. Kriemhild and Ophelia, Macbeth and Brandt, Rembrandt's Esther and Goethe's Margaret, Egmont and Mr. Pickwick, Jean Christophe and Jolyon Forsyte are mythical to the same degree as Lohengrin and Parsifal. But what is the connection between the iconography, as well as the philosophical and social ideas, of the North-Western culture and the poles of the North-Western myth – Monsalvat and Klingsor's castle?

The poles of every suprapeople myth are ringed by a large number of circles, by whole worlds of images whose connection with the myth's focal point springs from their inner affinity with it – not from the role they play in the particular story – and from our ability to interpret and apprehend them through metahistorical contemplation within, or next to, the center of the myth.

Faust, of course, is not Merlin; Byron's Cain is not Klingsor; Peer Gynt is not Amfortas; and it would be strange indeed, at first glance, to compare Hauptmann's Emmanuel Quint with Parsifal. The image of Kundry, so central to the myth, has not been given equal treatment anywhere on the myth's outskirts. On the other hand, we will not find any prototypes of Hamlet or King Lear, of Margaret or Solveig within the center of the North-Western myth. But their gaze is directed toward it. One can discern a reddish glow on their clothing, a reflection of either the Holy Grail or the sorcerous fires of Klingsor. These colossal figures, rising up from various stages of artistic realism, at various stages of mystic illumination, resemble sculptures that guard the approach up the landings of the stairway to the sanctuary where the greatest mystery of the North-Western peoples is kept: the holy relic that sends out spiritual waves of Providence and grace to countries wrapped in thickening gloom.

Do we really discern the glow from the light of the holy relic – or from the light of the other pole of the myth, the satanic castle of Klingsor – on the legends of the Knights of the Round Table alone? Or on the Bayreuth operas alone? If Monsalvat ceased to be for us a mere poetic image among images, just an enchanting tale or musical melody, and assumed its true significance – the significance of a higher reality – we would discern its glow on Gothic abbeys and Baroque architecture, on the canvases of Ruisdal and Durer, in the landscapes of the Rhine and Danube, Bohemia and Bretagne, in the stained glass windows behind church altars, and in the austere liturgy and ritual of Lutheranism. The glow would be visible to us as well in the sanitized, soulless palace grounds of the Sun King and in the skylines of cities rising across the ocean like a Palmir of skyscrapers. We would see it in the lyrical poems of the Romantics and in the works of the great playwrights, in Masonry and Jacobism, in the systems of Fichte and Hegel, even in the doctrines of Sainte-Simon and Fourier. It would require a separate volume to illustrate how the power of contemporary science, the wonders of technology, and the ideas of socialism, even communism, on the one hand, and Nazism on the other, are contained within the myth of Monsalvat and Klingsor's castle. Nothing, no modern scientific discoveries, including the splitting of the atom, takes North-Western humanity outside the limits circumscribed by the prophetic symbolism of its myth. I imagine that other interconnections, as yet undisclosed, will reveal themselves to those who read through this book.

I have touched on one of the metacultures with its myth and transmyth only to help readers comprehend in a concrete manner the concept of the heavenly lands

of humankind located on enlightened planes at the summits of the respective metacultures and to help them grasp the significance of their antipodes – the bastions of the powers that reject God, that are actively engaged in constructing their anticocosmos and in struggling with the forces of the Light within all the suprapeoples of Enrof, on every plane, and in every metacultural region.

But the stairway of planes in Shadanakar does not end where the segments of metacultures reach their zenith. Above them rise five and six-dimensional worlds, which have also been reflected, though hazily, in the religions and myths of humanity. The title “transmyth” is also used in that sense in reference to many of these planes. But the word “transmyth” is used in a narrower and higher sense in reference to one sakwala in particular: a system of fivedimensional worlds with an immense number of time streams. It consists of five magnificent, wondrous, translucent pyramids which seem to glow with an inner light and which tower imposingly over Enrof. From there, not only Enrof but the heavenly lands of the metacultures, too, seem to be shrouded in murk far below. Those worlds are the highest aspects of three (not four) great international religions and of two religions that have, for a number of historical reasons, almost never broken out of their national confines, but that are illuminated by the glow from both their zatomis and that incomparably higher sakwala. More will be said about that sakwala in one of the later chapters.

I would also like to mention something as an aside. I imagine that many readers of this book are wondering why all the new words and names used to refer to the lands of the transphysical world and the planes of Shadanakar, even the names of almost all the hierarchies, do not sound Russian. That is because the Russian metaculture is one of the youngest. By the time its Synclite had begun to form, everything had already been named by others. One most often hears in these words sounds suggestive of Sanskrit, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, and, sometimes, even more ancient tongues of which no philologist as yet has any inkling. I don't know them either, of course. I have based my judgments concerning their strange phonetic construction only on individual words.

It now seems to me that everything necessary has been said to allow subsequent parts of the book to be fully intelligible. We have before us four parts almost wholly devoted to a description of the structure of Shadanakar – a kind of transphysical geography. Only by gaining an understanding, if only approximate, of the theater of and participants in the metahistorical drama can we proceed to those parts that are devoted to the metahistorical processes themselves – in

particular, the metahistory of Russia and its culture, as well as the metahistory of modern times. This is connected with the tasks and concrete program of the Rose of the World and with an account of those historical paths that make possible the bloodless unification of humanity, global prosperity, the ennobling education of younger generations, and the transformation of the planet into a garden and the global state into a family. From there a bridge will be built to the final chapters: to certain distant historical prognoses, to the problem of the final catastrophe of global history, and to the inevitable, cataclysmic passage of Enrof to a different, higher material plane of existence. The last few pages are devoted the cosmic panorama that will unfold when that happens.

# **Book III:**

## **The Structure of Shadanakar:**

### **The Worlds of Ascent**

#### ***3.1. The Sakwala of Enlightenment***

I have, at times, met people who have the same kind of cracklike opening in their deep memory, but not one of them has summoned the courage to speak of it with any but those closest to them. It has never even occurred to them to attempt to set those recollections down in writing. What has prevented them was both a conviction that such disclosures would evoke only ridicule and the natural diffidence of the inner self, which shrinks from holding up to the judgment of skeptical strangers what is intimate, inviolate, and, at the same, time unverifiable. For a long time I, too, viewed the matter in the same light, and even now I am undertaking the task without the least pleasure. However, as positively everything I speak of in this book comes from the same unverifiable source, I see no reason to remain silent about the breaches in my deep memory. I should either have not begun the book at all or, once having started, I should, despite my apprehensions, speak of everything. In addition, I am encouraged by the hope that those readers who do not trust me stopped reading during the first chapters, and that only people who are favorably disposed will continue to read further.

My last death occurred approximately three hundred years ago in a country at the head of a different, very old, and powerful metaculture. I have suffered my entire present life, since earliest childhood, from homesickness for my former homeland. It may be that I feel that homesickness so strongly and deeply because I lived not one but two lives in that country, and very full lives at that. But in departing from Enrof three hundred years ago, I was, for the first time in my entire journey through Shadanakar, free of the obligation of expiatory descents after death to the depths of planes where sinners unravel – sometimes, for centuries, even millennia – the karmic knots they tie during their lives. For the first time, I succeeded in unraveling the knots in time – that is, while still in Enrof – having paid for the wrongs and mistakes of my youth with long years of suffering and painful personal losses. For the first time, I died with a light heart, though according to the religious beliefs of that country, a truly horrific afterlife should have been awaiting



me. But I already knew that, through expulsion from my caste and a forty-year life lived among the pariahs, I had atoned for everything. My death was replete with serenity and hope.

It was a prophetic hope, the kind that does not deceive. To the present day, I have been unable to recall anything about the first hours, even the first few days, of my new existence. But I do remember some sections of the new plane on which I existed for a long time afterward.

Although it is common to all the metacultures, this plane differs widely from one metaculture to another. In the ancient, tropical, immense metaculture that twice played host to my life on Earth, it resembled the metaculture's natural environment in Enrof, only milder, without its extremes of harshness and splendor, without its violent tropical storms and the deadly aridity of its deserts. I remember white clouds of unusually full and glorious forms on the horizon, towering almost motionless up to the middle of the sky. Days and nights passed, and still the gigantic, radiant towers hovered there, their outlines barely changing. The sky was not light or dark blue, but a deep green. And the sun there was more beautiful than here. It glittered with slowly and smoothly alternating colors, and I am unable to explain why the color of the light source had no effect on the color of what the light illuminated: the landscape looked almost the same as ours, the dominant colors being green, white, and gold.

There were rivers and lakes. There was an ocean, though I never did get a chance to see it: once or twice I made it only as far as the shore of a sea. There were mountains, forests, and wide open spaces reminiscent of the steppe. But the vegetation in these areas was almost transparent and as sparse as in the northern forests of Enrof in late spring when plants have only just begun to don their leafy mantle. The mountain ranges and even the soil were just as airy and translucent, as if they were the etheric bodies of those elements whose physical bodies we know so well in Enrof.

But there was no trace of bird, fish, or animal. Humans were the sole inhabitants. I say "humans" meaning not such as we are while in Enrof but such as we become after death in the first of the worlds of Enlightenment. On that plane, I, at last, discovered firsthand that the comfort older religions offer us in the prospect of being reunited with loved ones in the afterlife is neither fable nor delusion, but it occurs only if our actions during our lifetime do not draw us down to the woeful planes of atonement. Some of my loved ones were there waiting to welcome me, and whole periods of my life on that plane were taken up by the joy of being with

them. The plane is a very old one, at one time having been the home of the angelic protohumankind. It is called Olirna, and that melodious word seems to me a fitting choice for its name. Being with loved ones did not give rise to any of the tension, sorrow, petty worries, or misunderstandings that tarnish it here. The experience was true communion, sometimes accompanied by speech, but more often by silence, the kind we know here only at especially tender moments with the few to whom we are joined by an especially deep love.

Our life was entirely free of worries about the daily necessities of life, worries that play such a pivotal role in Enrof. The mildness of the climate eliminated any need for shelter. That may not be true in the Olirna of some other metacultures, but I cannot say for sure. The wonderful vegetation served as food, and springs and brooks, which, as I recall, tasted different from our water, served as drink.

Clothing – or, rather, that beautiful, living, softly glowing material that we try to replace in Enrof with garments of wool, silk, or linen – was produced by our very own body, by that same etheric body of which we are here almost never aware, but which in the afterlife becomes just as visible and seems just as vital as the physical body is for us. Life is impossible without it both in the worlds of Enlightenment and in Enrof.

Nevertheless, my first while in Olirna was clouded by thoughts of those I had left behind in Enrof. I had left behind children and grandchildren, friends, and my elderly wife – the woman I treasured above all other people in Enrof, the woman for whom I had violated the laws of caste and become an untouchable. After our separation, I was constantly beset by anxiety for their fates, but I soon learned to distinguish their figures through the haze as they stumbled down thorny paths in Enrof. Some time later, it was my turn to welcome my wife, as young as she had once been, only more beautiful. Her journey in Enrof had come to an end a few years after mine, and now there was nothing to tarnish the joy of our reunion.

One after another new sense organs came unblocked: not those organs of sight and hearing that in the etheric body coincide exactly with the corresponding organs of the physical body. No! These organs of sight and hearing had been working since the first minutes of my arrival, and it was with them that I perceived Olirna. What came unblocked were those organs we call spiritual vision, spiritual hearing, and deep memory; what the wisest of the wise strive to unblock in Enrof and what is successfully unblocked by only a few out of millions; what gradually comes unblocked in each one of us in Olirna. Spiritual vision and hearing can penetrate

the partitions between many planes. It was with them that I perceived the life of those I had left behind on Earth – as yet hazily, but perceived nonetheless.

I enjoyed spending time in the enlightened natural surroundings – never have I seen such picturesque beauty in Enrof. But, strangely enough, I felt there was something missing, and soon I realized what: a variety of life. With sadness I recalled the singing and chirping of birds, the buzzing of insects, the darting of fish, the graceful bodies and unconscious wisdom of the higher animals. Only then did I realize how much the animal world means for us and our relationship with nature. However, I was assured by those who knew more than I that humanity's ancient, vague dream about the existence of planes where animals are enlightened and intelligent is not a dream at all but an intuition of the truth. In time I, too, would be able to enter those planes.

Later – quite recently, in fact – I was reminded about certain areas in the Olirna of all metacultures. They are regions that resemble rolling steppe, and those who were too engrossed in their own personal growth in Enrof, whose karmic knots have been unraveled but whose soul is too constricted and cramped, remain there for a time. Now nothing prevents them from redressing that inner imbalance amidst the transparent, silent hills and under the magnificent sky, absorbing the rays and voices of the cosmos and stretching the limits of their ever expanding selves.

I was also reminded about areas in Olirna that resemble alpine country. Those who were able only after death to believe in – or, to be more precise, to personally experience – the existence of a different reality, work on themselves there, in the valleys. From down below, they gaze up to the mountaintops, mountains that appear not as we see them but in their spiritual glory. The powerful spirits that hold sway there pour forth into the gazers streams of their own energy. And the faculties of the gazers' souls, which had been paralyzed by a lack of faith, come unblocked over days and years of direct contemplation of the multiplaned universe and of the glorious majesty of other worlds. But I have no clear recollection of all that, perhaps, because I was only a guest there. Also, I cannot be entirely sure from the source of the information that the information itself was not simplified and thus distorted to facilitate my understanding of it.

Besides enjoying nature and the company of humans, I also spent time working on my own body. I needed to prepare it for transformation, as the path out of Olirna to the next, higher worlds lies not through death but through transfiguration. I understood that the verses in the Gospel that tell of the Ascension of Jesus Christ

hint at something similar. His Resurrection from the dead altered the nature of His physical body. Upon His ascension out of Olirna, it was transfigured a second time, together with the etheric body. I, like everyone else, was to undergo the transfiguration of my etheric body alone, a transfiguration similar to the one the Apostles once saw with vision that penetrated into Olirna but could not yet reach the worlds lying beyond. How else could the Evangelists have expressed the passage of our Savior from Olirna to higher planes if not by calling the event His Ascension into heaven? And I, raised under strict Brahmanism, began to understand what strange and inexhaustible truth the Christian myth contained.

The image of the great betrayer, which I had hitherto taken to be mere legend, became reality in my eyes. I learned that he lives there in total seclusion, on a desert island amidst the seas of Olirna. His journey through the planes of torment took more than sixteen centuries. He was hurled down to the deepest of them all by the weight of his karma, a karma unparalleled in its gravity, and neither before nor after did he encounter a solitary human being. He was subsequently raised by the One he had betrayed on Earth, but only after the Betrayed had attained in His afterlife the incredible spiritual strength needed for it, strength that no one in Shadanakar had ever attained before. Raised higher and higher up the stairway of purgatories by the forces of the Light, he finally reached Olirna, having atoned in full for his betrayal. Having not yet had any contact with its inhabitants, he is preparing himself on the island for his further ascent. I saw the island from a distance: it has a forbidding appearance. Strange cliffs, the tops of which all point in one direction, rise upon it. The tops are jagged, and the cliffs are a dark color, even black in places. But no one in Olirna has seen Judas himself: only the glow from his vigils can be seen above the island at night. In the future, when the rule of the one whom it has become customary to call the Antichrist has begun in Enrof, Judas, accepting an important mission from the hands of the Betrayed, will be born again on Earth and, after performing his task, will die a martyr's death at the hands of the Prince of Darkness.

But I am unable to say through what exact efforts I arrived at my own transformation and what actually happened to my body at that moment. At present, I am only able to recall what then took place before my eyes: a crowd of people, perhaps, hundreds, gathered to see me off on my journey upward. The attainment of transformation by anyone living in Olirna is always a cause for celebration for others as well; a bright and joyous atmosphere surrounds the event. As I recall, it took place in the afternoon, on a height like a hill and, as with everything else in

Indian Olirna, in the open air. I remember the rows of human faces turned toward me slowly beginning to blur as they seemingly receded into the distance, though it must have been I rising above the ground who was moving away from them. I could see a mountain range far away on the horizon, translucent as ever, as if it were of crystallite. Suddenly, I noticed that the mountains had begun to radiate a marvelous light. Quivering rainbows crisscrossed the low horizon, out of nowhere wondrous luminaries of different colors appeared high above me, and the resplendent sun could not outshine them. I remember experiencing a mixed feeling of breathtaking beauty, incomparable joy, and astonishment. When my gaze wandered down, I saw that the crowd of well-wishers was no longer there beneath me; it was a different landscape altogether, and I realized that the moment of my passage to the next, higher plane was already past.

I had earlier been told that my stay on that plane would be very short, as all those passing through it leave after only a few hours. But during those hours the entire plane – it is called Faer – would be immersed in rejoicing for me who had reached it. It is a great celebration prepared for every ascending soul – not only for human souls but also for those of other monads of Shadanakar that are climbing the stairway of Enlightenment, even those of higher animals. Faer is, in a certain sense, a parting of the ways: reincarnations in Enrof can still take place afterward, but only when there is a definite mission to perform. Subsequent falls or revolts are not precluded. Neither is a deeply conscious – and thus all the more grave – betrayal of God. A blind fall, however, will never be possible again, and spiritual paralysis is struck from the list of potentialities forevermore. This spiritual paralysis, which manifests itself in the psyche of those living, has through the centuries changed its complexion and name in Enrof. In our century it is primarily, but not exclusively, defined as materialism.

If one searches for a familiar image even distantly analogous to what one sees in Faer, it is impossible to settle for anything less than a holiday fireworks display. There is hardly a need to add that the most lavish fireworks display on Enrof compared to Faer are no more than a few lamps compared to the constellation Orion.

I saw a great many beings in their doubly and triply enlightened forms. They had come there from higher planes out of a desire to share in my joy. The enlightened are capable of sharing others' joy to an incomparably greater degree and intensity than we are. Every soul that reaches Faer arouses rejoicing in millions of those who have already passed through it. How can I convey my feelings when I saw

hosts of the enlightened rejoicing because I, insignificant I, had reached that world? It was not gratitude, not embarrassed joy, not even shock – it was more like waves of that blissful emotion that causes mortals in Enrof to burst into silent tears.

I do not recall the time or manner of my passage to the next plane. The overpowering experience of Faer brought on a deep exhaustion and a relaxation, as it were, of the tissue of my entire soul. Everything that I can now reconstruct from my memory of the experiences at the next stage of my ascent can be reduced to a single state, yet one that lasted very long, perhaps, for many years.

Radiant calm. Doesn't it sound like a contradiction in terms? We associate an abundance of light with activity, not rest – with movement, not calm. But that is here, in Enrof. It is not like that everywhere. Besides, the word "radiant" itself is not as precise as I would like. For the light of this next plane, called Nertis, is radiant and, at the same time, inexpressibly gentle. It combines the enchanting softness of moonlit nights with the bright airiness of blue springtime skies. As if lulled by something more soothing than the softest music, I sank into a contented sleep, feeling like a child who, after months of neglect, suffering, and undeserved pain, is cradled in his or her mother's lap. Feminine tenderness permeated everything, even the air, but it radiated with particular warmth from those who hovered around me, like caregivers who look after the sick and weary with inexhaustible love. They were beings who had earlier risen to even higher planes and had descended from there to Nertis, to such as me, to perform works of tenderness, love, and joy.

Nertis is the land of great rest. Imperceptibly, without any efforts on my part, but as a result only of the work of the friends of my heart, my etheric body slowly underwent changes, becoming ever lighter, more permeated with spirit, and more obedient to my wishes. It is in Nertis that our etheric body acquires the form it takes in the zatomises, the heavenly lands of metacultures. And if the loved ones I had left behind in Enrof could have seen me, they would have known it was I. They would have caught an elusive resemblance between my new appearance and the one they were familiar with, but they would have been astounded to the bottom of their hearts by the otherworldly brightness of my transfigured self.

What remained from before? My facial features? Yes, but now they shone with everlasting, unearthly youth. The organs of my body? Yes, but two soft blue flowers, as it were, glowed on my temples – my organs of spiritual hearing. My brow seemed to be decorated with a magical glittering jewel – my organ of

spiritual sight. My organ of deep memory, located in the brain, was not visible. The changes that my internal organs underwent were also not visible, as all those adapted to feeding and procreation either disappeared altogether or were subjected to radical changes and took on new functions. Eating resembled breathing, and I replenished my energy by absorbing radiations of the Light emanating from the elementals. Procreation as we know it is not to be found in any of the worlds of ascent. There is something else, and I will speak of it when we have reached the chapter on the Heavenly Russia.

After a long period of time, I began to feel with joy my strength growing ever greater, as if mysterious and long-awaited wings were opening. The reader should not take me too literally: I am not referring to anything resembling the wings of flying beings on Enrof. I refer to the ability to move freely through four-dimensional space. It was still only something to look forward to – immobility lay on me as before – but the possibility of flight turned from a vague dream into a definite prospect.

I learned from the friends of my heart that my stay in Nertis was drawing to a close. It seemed to me that the cradle-like something in which I was resting began slowly to swing up and down, as it were, with every swing higher than the previous one. The motion aroused in me an eagerness to taste the even greater happiness I was soon to experience, and I realized that I was already on another plane, in Gotimna, the last of the worlds in the sakwala of Enlightenment. It was filled with gigantic flowers, as it were, whose size did not deprive them of a wonderful softness, and the spaces between them revealed endless heights and expanses of nine colors. All I can say about the two colors that lie outside our spectrum is that the impression produced by one of them is closest to a sky blue, and the impression from the other is distantly reminiscent of our gold.

Entire forests of the enormous flowers of Gotimna bob up and down, swing and sway, making sounds of unimaginable rhythm. Their rustling is like the softest of music, never wearying, as peaceful as the sound of forests on Earth. Yet, it is full of inexhaustible meaning, affectionate love, and concern for all those living there. We moved with a lightness and ease that no being in Enrof is capable of approaching, gliding, as it were, between the singing flowers in any one of the four directions of space or pausing to talk with them, for we came to understand their language and they understood ours. There, in sky-blue meadows or next to huge, softly glittering gold petals, we were visited by those who descend to

Gotimna from the zatomises to prepare us, their younger brothers and sisters, for the next legs of our journey.

Gotimna is called the Garden of Higher Fate, for the destiny of souls for a long time to come is decided there. I arrived at a crossroads, one that lies on the path of all who ascend to that plane. For many centuries afterward it is impossible to change.

That was the path I chose. I understood that I had agreed to shoulder a burden that would be impossible for me ever to throw off without serious repercussions for myself and others.

From the Indian Gotimna I was taken to the Russian Gotimna where preparation for the mission that my higher self had undertaken was to be completed. But falls, revolts, and betrayals are possible after moral lives of the Light as well, because what slept in the sunlight can later awaken in the soul. Such falls also took place on my journey after Gotimna. I will have to shed light on that, however, in other chapters of the book. Now it is time to speak of the zatomises, the heavenly lands of the metacultures.

I have been able to speak of the sakwala of Enlightenment on the basis of what I have been able to recall from experience. In contrast, my memory contains only infrequent, sporadic images of the zatomises' sakwala, images imprinted in my mind much later, during the transphysical travels I made while asleep here, in the Enrof of Russia. Those hazy images were supplemented by another, invaluable source of information: transphysical meetings and talks. The autobiographical style is not suited to the presentation of this material. Thus, the following chapters will unfortunately be formal and dry, like the chapter on points of departure.

### ***3.2. The Zatomises***

The summits of metacultures, the zatomises, to a certain extent follow the geographical contours of their respective cultures in Enrof. All zatomises have four dimensions, but they each differ in their number of time streams. The materiality of the sakwala is created by the Principalities, one of the angelic hierarchies. The zatomises themselves are slowly built through the combined efforts of hierarchies, heroes, geniuses, saints, and a broad spectrum of people



capable of creative work, both while the suprapeople that produced them continues its historical journey and after, when that journey comes to an end, and millions of its immortal monads continue to ascend from one height of universal knowledge and creative work to another. Each of the zatomises was founded by a great human spirit.

From a distance, the planes bear a remote semblance to our natural environment. The natural element on Earth that best describes the zatomis landscape is clouds in the sky. Regions of soft mist glowing with an inner light are the equivalent of our oceans and seas. They are the souls of the marine elementals. The place of rivers of Enrof is taken by the rivers' own souls, forms of inexpressible beauty to which the words "shimmering mists" do not do justice. The vegetation bears little semblance to ours: it is the souls of the elementals which we will speak of later. I think it sufficient for now to state that the souls of some elementals abide in the zatomises in the intervals between incarnations.

The alternation of night and day takes place on the planes in the exact same manner as here, resulting as it does from the identical rotation of the planet on its axis. The weather fluctuates between pleasant and gorgeous.

Higher humankind – the Synclites of metacultures – is our hope, our joy, our buttress, and our aspiration. Saints, as well as some kin-guardians and heroes, enter zatomises almost immediately after their death in Enrof, quickly passing through the worlds of Enlightenment. History makes no mention of the overwhelming majority of such souls, those who lived quiet lives among the people, leaving no traces in chronicles or legend but only in the memory of those who knew them or heard of them from eyewitnesses. They are the unsung heroes of our life. To think otherwise – in other words, to picture the Synclite of a metaculture as a kind of "celebrity" gathering – would only go to show that our moral-mystical mind is still fast asleep.

Others, in particular, the recipients of special gifts who have fallen into the depths of purgatories after death are raised up by the forces of the Light, which shorten the duration of their expiatory cleansing so they may join the Synclite. Some geniuses of the arts, many kin-guardians and heroes, and all saints unraveled their karmic knots while still in Enrof, having expiated the weight of their sins. For them, death was a wide-open gate to the zatomises.

Death caught others still burdened, and thus unprepared, for the higher planes. Such people must first pass through a series of planes in the upper purgatories

(upper relative to the terrible circles of magma and the Earth's core, but lower relative to where we are). After finally reaching Gotimna, thousands of those souls do not choose to descend anew to Enrof, choosing instead to work and contribute to the great struggle from within the zatomis communities.

A third group of people did not burden their souls in Enrof with any mortal sins, but their outlook, the scope of their knowledge, and their sense of the cosmic – expanded though they were in Olirna – need to grow still more. For them, departure from Olirna marks the beginning of travels, sometimes long, lasting even centuries, until they are capable of internalizing the tasks and wisdom of their Synclite. Thus, from the time of their death in Enrof until they join the Synclite, these souls do not undergo atonement but the expansion and enrichment of their selves.

Reincarnation is far from a universal law. The majority of monads do proceed along that path, however. They have already undergone a number of births among different peoples in Enrof, in different metacultures, even in different millennia in different corners of the globe, and many of them journeyed through other dominions of Shadanakar before their human cycle. Their shelts could even have presided over beings of the plant or animal worlds. Others have experienced, in times immemorial, incarnations as Titans, protoangels, or daemons. Recollections of their garland of births are stored in their deep memory, and the spiritual stature of such monads is especially great, the well of their memories is especially deep, and their future wisdom is distinguished by particular breadth. All recipients of a higher gift of artistic genius have woven such garlands of past reincarnations. Saints of Christian metacultures, unlike the saints of some Eastern metacultures, embark primarily on a different journey of ascent, one that brings them to Enrof but once. But during travels through other planes, that journey reveals to their eyes such heights of the universe that the memory burns within them like a star, and its rays disentangle their hearts from all webs of darkness during their one life in Enrof.

The activities of the Synclites are boundless in variety and scope and are in many respects beyond our power to comprehend. I can point to three branches of their activities: help, creative work, and struggle.

Help is for everyone who has not yet reached the zatomis. The angels of darkness, keepers of the purgatories, would not release their victims for centuries to come if not for the tireless efforts of the Synclites. Those suffering in the horrifying worlds of the magma and the Earth's core would be imprisoned there right up until the

third global period. (We are now only approaching the end of the first.) If it were not for the Synclites, those living in Enrof would be encased in an almost impenetrable shell of spiritual darkness.

But that work – rescuing and relieving some, protecting and enriching others, and enlightening still others – is only one branch. Another branch is the creation of independent things of value, the significance of which cannot be exaggerated. But contemplating, let alone understanding, the works of the Synclites is possible for us only to a minimal degree. To convey their meaning using our concepts is completely out of the question.

Somewhat easier to grasp is the third branch of the Synclites's activities: their struggle with the demonic powers. One might say that they fight in the literal sense, but their weapons, of course, do not have a single thing in common with weapons in Enrof. They vary greatly according to both the degree of control they have over one's own being and those against whom they are directed. They all operate on the same principle, however, which is the concentration of volitional radiations to paralyze the adversary. Synclite members cannot die in battle. In the case of defeat, what can happen is prolonged captivity in the dungeons of demonic strongholds.

The zatomis landscapes are dotted with a sort of equivalent of cities. They bear little resemblance to ours, however, especially as there is no housing in the strict sense of the word. The buildings there serve a very special function: they are primarily meeting places for Synclite members and the spirits of other hierarchies from other worlds. The buildings where their enlightened meetings with monads of the elementals take place are called “sheritals”.

Zatomis architecture is, nevertheless, suggestive of styles we are familiar with, only raised to an incomparably higher level. It is the result of two parallel processes that are difficult, but necessary, to understand. It so happens that the great architectural masterpieces of Enrof, in being saturated with the radiations of many human psyches, acquire a soul, or more precisely, an astral body. These astral bodies abide in the zatomis. But there are also buildings in the zatomises that have no twin in Enrof, for example, these same sheritals. There are also those structures that builders in Enrof envisioned, designed, and set about constructing on Earth, but history placed insurmountable barriers in their path.

Synclite members can penetrate as far down as the magma in the worlds of descent and can rise up to very high planes known as the Highest Aspects of the Transmyths of the Global Religions.

Oral communication takes place in each zatomis in the transfigured language of the corresponding country in Enrof, but it is a language both of sound and light. There would be nothing strange in applying our concept of "vocabulary" to these languages, but their vocabulary, with its distinct, incomparably richer store of concepts, differs greatly from ours. Besides these metacultural languages, there is also a lingua franca: the names of the planes, beings, and hierarchies have their origin in it. The speed and ease with which foreign languages are mastered there cannot be compared to the same process in Enrof, for it takes place effortlessly, by itself. It is customary to call the zatomis lingua franca the language of the World Synclite, though the name is not entirely accurate: the World Synclite, which we will speak of much later, possesses methods of communication that have nothing in common with any kind of oral language. But the members of the World Synclite descended from their heights to zatomises of metacultures to oversee the creation of a common zatomis language, and that is why the provisional name of the language is associated with them.

Besides the Synclites, other beings abide in the zatomises: future angels. They are wondrous creations of God, and if we recall the Sirins and Alkonosts of Russian legends, we will approach an image of those whose presence adorns life in the Byzantine and Russian zatomises, an image of beings destined later to become "solar archangels." Other beings, no less beautiful, abide in other zatomises.

There are nineteen zatomises, and I shall say something here of each.

Maif is the oldest of the zatomises, the heavenly land and Synclite of the Atlantis metaculture, which existed in Enrof from approximately the twelfth to the ninth millennium B.C.

Atlantis was an archipelago; the largest and most important of its islands approached Sicily in size. It was populated by a so-called Red people. It was a slave-based society, which, at first, comprised a number of lesser states that were later unified under a dictatorship. Its worldview was polytheistic, with an important role reserved for magic. Its pantheon of gods and religious life were tainted by devil worship. Of those cultures known to us, Atlantis most closely resembled Egypt and, in part, the Aztec civilization, only grimmer. Architecture, sculpture, and dance were the principal art forms. Their civilization could by no

means be called advanced, though its people, taking advantage of the chain of small islands running between Atlantis and America, maintained contact with the continent of their origin. Later, they were to reach West Africa, and the legend of Atlantis subsequently came to Egypt via the ancient Sudanese civilization which remains unknown to this day but whose ruins may still be unearthed in the future. Images of merciless and greedy divinities left their mark on the moral code of Atlantis, and ritual cannibalism played an important role in their religious life. In a late period of its history, semi-esoteric religious movements of the Light emerged. But because of the active presence of the demonic, the overall spiritual picture was rather bleak.

The main island and the smaller ones surrounding it were destroyed by a series of catastrophic earthquakes. A few small groups of inhabitants escaped to America, and one group to Africa where it was assimilated into the black population of Sudan. At present, Maif, which has already existed for almost fifteen millennia over a certain section of the Atlantic Ocean, has attained immense power of the Light. Its emblem consists of a red temple on a black background; four white-clad figures stand in front of the temple with arms upraised. The figures represent the cults of the four divinities of the Light. It was through these cults that spirituality flowed down into the Atlantis culture.

Linat is the name of the zatomis of Gondwana, by which I mean not the ancient continent that existed in the Indian Ocean long before the emergence of humans but, rather, the metaculture whose centers in Enrof were Java, Sumatra, South Hindustan, and certain cities that now lie on the ocean floor. The Gondwanese culture existed as late as the sixth millennium B.C.

This culture was composed of a federation of states – a commercial oligarchy with a slave-based economy. In addition, the advanced state of Gondwanese marine navigation made it possible to establish commercial and cultural links with the coast of Indochina, Ceylon, and many Indonesian islands. As in Atlantis, polytheism was dominant, as were the same three art forms, though in Gondwana dance developed into religious drama. But the bloodthirstiness and demonic, mystic cruelty of Atlantis was alien to Gondwana. They were a sensuous, sanguine, life-loving people, richly gifted in the arts, and possessed of a very active sex life. Sexual mysticism permeated both their religious and everyday life and attained genuine sumptuousness at the civilization's height. Not Atlantis, not even Babylon or Egypt knew such luxury. It seems to me that the Gondwanese race could be called proto-Malaysian. In any case, taut, brown' skin covered their

high cheekbones and full lips, their oblong eyes were slightly slanted, and their bodies were well proportioned and muscular, with broad shoulders, slender waists, and very strong calves. They were a people blessed with the full-blooded and passionate beauty of the south.

Some millennia later, the Indo-Malaysian culture arose in the same region which in some ways resembled its predecessors, but was much more spiritually mature.

The emblem of Linat is a violet-clad woman and a green-clad man on a gold background. They are under the lower half of a red sun, their arms around each other's shoulders.

Violet here represents a mix of dark blue and red. Dark blue symbolizes the powers of Universal Femininity whose emanation into the Gondwanese metaculture marked the first time in the existence of humanity that such an event had taken place with such intensity. Red symbolizes the elements – not the elementals of Nature but the extremely active presence of certain elementals linked with humanity. Green represents the same intense activity by the elementals of Nature. Gold is the hieratic background that speaks of the already developed spiritual reality existing behind the suprapeople.

Ialu is the zatomis of the metaculture of Ancient Egypt. (If I remember correctly, it also has another name which sounds something like “Atkheam”.) This culture, which utterly eclipsed Atlantis in size and splendor, had created, even before the end of its historical existence, a huge Synclite and dazzling zatomis.

The demonic powers, however, dealt it a serious blow in the fourteenth century B.C. when the Providential powers, operating through the great kin-guardian and prophet Akhenaton, made the first attempt in world history to enlighten the minds of the people with the truth of the One God. If Akhenaton's reforms had succeeded and met with worthy successors, Christ would have undertaken His mission several centuries earlier, and he would have done so not on the banks of the Jordan but in the Nile River valley.

I would like to mention that the Egyptian belief in the Heavenly Nile was based on experience of a higher reality. The magnificent river flowing through Ialu, the mythical Land of the Blessed – that is, the metaculture's zatomis – is multiplaned: it is both the great spiritualized elemental of the terrestrial Nile and the Collective Ideal Soul of the Egyptian people.

The emblem of Ialu depicts a white barge with sails on a blue river that flows into the sun.

Eanna is the zatomis of the ancient Babylonian-Assyrian-Canaanite metaculture which arose, it appears, in the fourth millennium B.C. The seven-tiered temples/observatories, which were the centers and pinnacles of the great cities of the Tigris-Euphrates region, mirrored, like a terrestrial reflection, the grandiose heavenly city built by the Synclite of the zatomis. But the ziggurats in the cities of Babylonia and the collective of initiates who absorbed the radiations of the cosmic powers of the Light on top of their mystical observatories were also not shielded from the extremely harmful radiations coming from the galactic anticocosmos whose center in Enrof is located in the Antares system. That tainted the already ambivalent religion even more and injected a subtle poison into the essence of those exposed, encrusting and weighting their inner self with doubt and pessimism.

The Babylonian metaculture was the first in which Gagtungr was able to effect the incarnation of a witzraor, a powerful demonic being, in the subterranean four-dimensional plane bordering the Babylonian shrastr. The descendants of that demon have played and continue to play a huge and deadly role in the metahistory of humanity. To a significant degree the witzraor was to blame for the general spiritual decline that distinguished the culture in Enrof. And although Ereshkigal, the goddess of the underworld, was defeated in the end by Astarte, the goddess of the Light who, in a burst of sacrificial love, descended to the Babylonian transphysical planes of torment, their beliefs about the afterlife of all human souls, excluding those of kings and priests, was nevertheless steeped in a pessimistic, almost nihilistic despondency: it was an intuitive understanding of the paralyzing power of the demonic.

The emblem of Eanna pictures a seven-tiered white ziggurat. The seven stories represent the seven planes that were clearly intuited by the religious consciousness of the Babylonian suprapeople.

Shang Ti is the zatomis of the Chinese metaculture which has existed in Enrof since the second millennium B.C. It began to grow significantly in strength in the last centuries prior to Christ when Confucianism created a lasting code of morality and everyday conduct that made it possible for the people's overall moral level to rise. However, a very low ceiling was placed on the free development of the higher aspects of the soul. Confucianist law, in gradually fossilizing, became not so much a vehicle for ascent as a brake to it. This explains why the size and strength of the Chinese zatomis, in spite of its long history, are not as great as one would expect. Another zatomis that coexists with Shang Ti encroached upon

geographical China after the spread of Buddhism. In the last few centuries, it has admitted many more enlightened souls than the national zatomis. The emblem of Shang Ti is the face of a beautiful woman wearing a lotus-shaped crown.

Sumera, or Meru, (I do not know which of these names should be considered correct) is the zatomis of the Indian metaculture, the most powerful of all zatomises in Shadanakar. In earliest mythology, the summit of Mount Sumera was topped by the city of Brahma, and the cities of other Hindu deities were on its slopes. But the Heavenly India was not limited to them, for it encompassed several large tracts of land separated by water.

At present, the Heavenly India overlooks a geographical area of Enrof that stretches far beyond the borders of the Indian state.

Over the course of 4,000 years, the spiritual life of the Indian peoples, who are exceptionally gifted in the religious sense, has resulted in two metacultures separating from it and becoming independent systems of planes. In the meantime, the Heavenly India itself has been reinforced by such a huge number of enlightened that by the twentieth century the influence of its Synclite had come to outweigh the power of all the demonic forces combined. India is the only culture in Enrof that has unwaveringly developed along a high moral path. Much earlier the power of the Indian Synclite prevented the forces of Gagtungr from creating, as they did in the other metacultures, planes of eternal torment. Before Christ, it was the one metaculture with purgatories and the only one whose lower extremity did not extend as far as the magmas.

Meru has two major centers – one above the Himalayas and one above the Nilgiri mountains in central India – and a host of lesser ones. In addition, the Indian Synclite possesses a stable base of support in Enrof in the form of a fluid collective of people that moves along a kind of geographical curve from age to age. Prior to the Second World War, it was located in Pamir, and it is now located in south India.

The landscape of the Heavenly India resembles that of the Heavenly Russia, but the natural environment is lush. Both the tropical character of the corresponding countries in Enrof and the zatomis' longer history account for this. The Heavenly Ganges, which has the same double meaning for the Indian metaculture as the Heavenly Nile has for Egypt, flows through the entire zatomis.



The emblem of Sumeru depicts three white mountain chains, each higher than the previous one, each topped by golden cities. The first chain is the zatomis, and the second and third are very high worlds, the highest aspect of the Hindu transmyth.

Zurvan is the zatomis of the ancient Iranian (Zoroastrian) metaculture.

The insufficiently precise formulation of the idea of the One God in this nevertheless lofty and pure religion did not allow it to lay the necessary groundwork for Christ's mission to take place in Iran. A later attempt by the Iranian metaculture to make up for that failure through the creation of a new international religion – Manicheanism – ended in a second failure when demonic involution gained access to the creative consciousness of its founders. By the time of the Muslim conquest, the Iranian culture had exhausted its forward momentum. During the centuries that followed, its only base of support in Enrof has been a Parsi community in India. As one would expect, the number of people entering Zurvan through the worlds of Enlightenment is now extremely small while Zurvan itself has almost detached from its geographical area in Enrof.

Zurvan's emblem: a sacrificial altar with a burning fire.

Olympus is the zatomis of the ancient Greco-Roman metaculture. The name Olympus refers both to the center of the zatomis, a great city of the enlightened that is indeed connected to the geographical site of Mount Olympus, and to the entire heavenly land of the Greco-Roman metaculture. Having been, at the time of ancient Greece and Rome, the abode and theater of activity of those nonhuman hierarchies that were reflected in the persona of the Greco-Roman pantheon, the zatomis gradually became, in the millennium after Christ, the abode of the Synclite. The hierarchies that at one time abided there have, in the course of centuries, completed a great journey of ascent. They now abide and work in incomparably higher worlds, and, at the same time, they overlook Olympus and involute beneficent energy to its Synclite.

Apollo is the name of the demiurge of the Greco-Roman metaculture. Pallas Athena is the name of the Collective Ideal Soul of the suprapeople.

The emblem of Olympus is a white temple, in the classical style, on a mountain against a blue sky.

Nikhord is the zatomis of the Jewish metaculture. It is the lower plane of the Synclite of Israel.

The great human spirit Abraham was the founder of Nikhord. The ancient teachers of Judaism were involtated by the demiurge of the suprapeople, but the purity of the involtation was tainted first by elemental emanations from the “genius” of the Sinai mountains and then by emanations from the Jewish witzraor.

Nonetheless, one should still regard the “I” of the Old Testament as the Almighty. Monotheism, as the soil without which Christ's task could not be implemented in Enrof, was essential for all humanity. Nikhord was able to instill the idea of the One God into the people's consciousness at the cost of a massive expenditure of energy which exhausted it for a long time afterward. That is the reason for their not always successful struggle with the demonic and of the tragic nature of Jewish history. In the century that witnessed the life and death of Jesus, that geographically small region was the site of a ferocious battle between the forces of Gagtungr and God. That will be discussed in more detail elsewhere. Christ's Resurrection was greeted in Nikhord with great rejoicing. The attitude of the Jewish Synclite toward the Planetary Logos is the same as in all other zatomises – there can be no question of any other. But the revelation of Christ's truth awaits those in Olinra who are destined to enter Nikhord later. They did not accept this truth while on Earth, and it is so astonishing that many are unable to come to terms with it for a long time afterward.

The destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish kingdom gave rise to mourning in Nikhord, but with an awareness of the logic of events. No other fate was possible for the aggressive but weak Jewish witzraor after it entered into irreconcilable battle with the demiurge of the suprapeople during the years of Christ's mission on Earth. There have been no more Jewish witzraors since the final defeat of the Jews by Hadrian. But behind the Witzraor stood another, more terrible demonic hierarchy – the spawn of Gagtungr and true rival of the demiurge – which continued to influence Jewry even during the diaspora. Medieval Judaism continued to develop under the influence of two opposing wills: that demon and Nikhord. At present, Nikhord admits a very small number of new members who do, nevertheless, enter the worlds of Enlightenment through Judaism.

Geographically, Nikhord is still linked to the Palestine region. But the refounding of the state of Israel in the twentieth century has nothing whatsoever to do with Nikhord. The restored temple is a showpiece, no more. No new Israeli witzraor has appeared, but a similar role is being played by one of the beings to be discussed in the chapter on egregors. It is under the powerful influence of the main camp of demonic forces.

Nikhord's emblem depicts a tent-like structure surrounded by trees with large red fruit. The tent is the Ark of the Covenant, the symbol of the first enduring revelation in history of the One God; the fruit-laden trees are the Promised Land which awaits the suprapeople not on Earth but in the zatomis.

Paradise is the provisional name of the zatomis of the Byzantine metaculture. Like other zatomises of Christian metacultures, it is one of the staircases rising from different directions to an extremely high world called Heavenly Jerusalem, which is nothing other than the Higher Aspect of the Christian Transmyth. This will be discussed more a little later.

Paradise is an ancient, powerful plane, a section of which exists in part over Russia as well. Its founder is the great human spirit who in Enrof was John the Baptist.

The victory of Jesus Christ, though only partial, gave rise to a great mobilization of forces in the demonic worlds. In particular, their efforts were aimed at preventing the planes of torment of the Byzantine metaculture from being turned into temporary purgatories. Their efforts were crowned with success, but the end result was the collapse of the Byzantine culture in Enrof. The lack of purgatories and the unavoidable descent by sinners after death to the endless tortures of the magma and core gave rise among the more spiritually gifted of the Byzantine people to a constant feeling of horror toward the most venial sin. To a significant extent, that was what led to their extreme asceticism.

Metahistorically, the southern Slavs are located in a transitional area bordering the Byzantine, Russian, Roman Catholic, and Muslim metacultures. Their Synclites are in Paradise.

The emblem of Paradise is of a stream running through a garden in blossom, in which people are clad in golden garments. Their clothing symbolizes the transfigured body, and the color gold represents the body's permeation by the power of the Creator of the Universe.

Eden is the provisional name of the zatomis of the Roman Catholic metaculture, and it is one of the staircases to Heavenly Jerusalem. Several peoples of various ethnic roots belong to the metaculture: Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, Irish, Croats.

The founder of Eden is the great human spirit who in Enrof was the Apostle Peter.

The emblem is the same as for Paradise, but the dominant color is light blue. Light blue represents the dense permeation of Catholicism by the spirit of Universal Femininity.

Monsalvat is the zatomis of the metaculture of North-Western Europe, North America, Australia, and some parts of Africa. Geographically, it is the largest and most dispersed of all the zatomises. The founder of Monsalvat is the great human spirit Titurel who had close ties with Christ long before our Savior's incarnation in Palestine. Like Lohengrin and Parsifal, he is not a fictional hero but a person who did at one time live in Enrof (though not in Palestine). The Holy Grail contains the etheric blood that Christ shed on Golgotha.

The division of the planes of Eden and Monsalvat is based, for the most part, on national and cultural distinctions between the Romanic and Germanic peoples. But the greater or lesser part played by the ecclesiastic or lay segments of the populace led to a host of changes taking place in the afterlife fates of the people of Western Europe, especially since Monsalvat appeared several centuries after Eden. France is in an interim stage; its tragedy lies in the fact that it has no Synclite of its own. Some of the ascending monads from France rise to Eden after death, and others to Monsalvat.

The center of Monsalvat, which had earlier been connected with the Alps, was relocated far to the East at the end of the Middle Ages and is now located near Pamir. (The reasons for this are very complex.) But a host of other, lesser metacities shine above Europe and America. Some of them overlook centers in Enrof that are small in size but spiritually powerful, such as Heidelberg, Cambridge, and Weimar.

Monsalvat's emblem is a Gothic cathedral, white in color, on a mountain peak. In the foreground is a cup glowing red.

Zhunfleya is the zatomis of the Ethiopian metaculture which for two thousand years has struggled to survive under exceptionally unfavorable historical and geographical conditions: a small island of Christianity between two hostile oceans, Islam and the paganism of African tribes. The metaculture has not been able to realize even one-tenth of its potential. At present, a distressing metahistorical process is taking place: Zhunfleya is being relocated to another sakwala, the sakwala of developmentally arrested metacultures in Enrof. An exceptionally fortunate combination of historical circumstances could still reverse the process.

Its emblem is a white circular building draped in fluttering cloths. The building represents the zatomis, and the cloths represent subtle materiality.

The zatomis of the Islamic metaculture is Jannet. Islam differs from the other global religions in that it lacks a higher aspect of its transmyth – that is, there is no world dedicated specifically to Islam in the very high sakwala of the worlds of the higher transmyths of the global religions. That accounts for the poverty of Muslim mythology, for the lack of originality of most transphysical images and themes formulated in it, which were borrowed primarily from Judaism and Christianity. Islam, which is in many respects a regression in relation to Christianity, nevertheless, offers a soul the possibility of ascent, makes it possible for spiritual energy to flow through it into our world, and in the course of its history has created a very bright, if not powerful, zatomis and a dazzling Synclite.

Its emblem is a white mosque between two symmetrically bending palms with people clad in green and white. The mosque represents the zatomis; the palms represent the two chief branches of Islam.

Sukhavati – which, in the Buddhist mythology, is the western paradise of Amitabha Buddha – is the zatomis of the metaculture associated with northern Buddhism, known as the Mahayana. It overlooks Tibet and Mongolia and coexists over China and Japan with Shang Ti and Nikisaka, the Japanese national zatomis.

Sukhavati separated from its parent Indian metaculture in the ninth century A.D. when the centers of Buddhism moved once and for all out of India into Tibet and China. It particularly grew in strength three to four centuries later when the Himalayan metaculture, which had had a brilliant beginning, started to show signs of a premature decline, and the leading role of the Tibetan and Chinese centers of Buddhism was reaffirmed.

The zatomis of Sukhavati is one of the most populous and strongest. It is one of the two staircases to the high world of the Higher Aspect of the Buddhist Transmyth which is called Nirvana and of which we will speak later.

The emblem of Sukhavati is the sun dawning over lotus flowers.

Aireng-Dalyang is the zatomis of the prodigious Indo-Malaysian metaculture, which is as yet relatively unknown here in Russia. Having separated from the Indian metaculture around the fifth century A.D., it encompassed the Hindu-Buddhist kingdoms of Java, Indochina, and Ceylon, at one point taking historical form as the Shailendra Empire. The metaculture was later seriously weakened both by the succession of Java, which fell under Islamic control, and by predatory

demons – the European witzraors – at the end of the nineteenth century. The metaculture is still smoldering within the Indochinese kingdoms, but a favorable historical climate could give rise to a renewed blossoming.

Its emblem depicts laughing children in the garden of a temple-palace.

The Heavenly Russia will be described in more detail than the others a few paragraphs below.

Unfortunately, I know virtually nothing about the zatomis of the Black metaculture, not even its name. I know that it is young and still very weak. After the collapse of the Sudanese culture, together with its religion, which had made it possible for spirituality to flow down not only among the elite but even among the masses of the Black peoples of equatorial Africa, Blacks were for a long time deprived of the possibility of ascent after death. The possibility arose for them again only a few centuries ago in connection with the fact that some tribes had reached the stage where their hazily formulated polytheistic systems became capable of assimilating the first manifestations of spirituality. The door to an ascending afterlife was opened to the Black peoples to an even greater extent by the spread among them – unfortunately weak – of Islam and Christianity. The founding of Liberia was also of metahistorical significance, establishing as it did a small but stable center of Christian spirituality in equatorial Africa. The Black population of North America is also connected with the Black zatomis. White people rise to the zatomis only in rare instances. Harriet Beecher Stowe, for example, after having reached Monsalvat, left it for the Black zatomis where her work has for a long time been of great significance, and her position has partly resembled that of a queen and partly that of a high priestess.

Its emblem is a stairway leading from a lake to an orange circular building. The lake represents the materiality of the suprapeople and the building represents the zatomis. The color orange is a blend of the gold of the sun with the scarlet of the elementals linked not with the natural realms but with humanity.

The last of the great zatomises is in the midst of construction. It is Arimoya, the future zatomis of the global metaculture, which is connected with the emergence and dominion of the Rose of the World, the future interreligion. As in the other zatomises, the materiality of Arimoya is being created by the Principalities, one of the angelic hierarchies. The great human spirit who was Zoroaster in his last reincarnation on Earth is overseeing the creation of what I will provisionally designate with the term “great design”.

The emblem of Arimoya is a white, multitowered cathedral, with one main central tower, colonnades, and stairways. It is surrounded by a number of large string instruments resembling golden lyres. The towers represent the zatomis of humanity; the central tower is Arimoya; the colonnades are the worlds of daemons, angels, the elementals, and enlightened animals; the lyres represent all the peoples of the Earth.

The Heavenly Russia. Its emblem is a pink-white city of many churches on a high bank overlooking the dark blue bend of a river.

Like the other zatomises, the Heavenly Russia, or Holy Russia, is linked with the three-dimensional territory that roughly follows the contours of our country. Its great centers correspond to certain of our cities; between them are beautiful regions of enlightened nature. The principal center is the Heavenly Kremlin which overlooks Moscow. Its cathedrals shine with unearthly gold and white. And high above meta-Petersburg, in the clouds of that world, soars the lofty white sculpture of a galloping horseman. It is not intended to be a representation of anyone in particular; it is, rather, a symbol of the direction of our metahistorical journey. Lesser centers are scattered throughout the entire zatomis, including the metacultural summits of other nations that together with Russia form a single suprapeople. There abide the Synclites of the Ukraine, Georgia, and Armenia. Recently, the Synclite of the Bulgarian people, along with its own heavenly cities, has begun to merge with the zatomis. I do not know the total population of the Heavenly Russia, but I do know that about half a million enlightened souls now abide in the Heavenly Kremlin.

Yarovet, the Demiurge, takes the form of a transparent ocean of energy in the air of that world, passing from horizon to horizon and flooding all hearts with the Light. His power is concentrated in the temples of the demiurge. There he assumes individual features, his voice becomes audible, and interaction takes place between him and the enlightened, interaction that imparts to them strength and higher wisdom.

Another hierarchy similar to the demiurge manifest themselves in the same way. They are the great guiding spirits of the individual nations that are also part of our metaculture. Ones older than Yarovet can be found among them, as can the young guiding spirit of the Ukraine.

But neither Navna – the Collective Ideal Soul of the Russian people – nor her sisters – the Collective Souls of the other peoples – are there. They are prisoners

behind thick walls of state power in the citadel of the witzraor, the demon of statehood, in the underworld of Russian antihumankind. Only their distant voices and weak light reach the Heavenly Russia.

There, seas of glowing ether – the souls of the elementals, which shine with colors beyond our imagination – lap against structures that bear a remote resemblance to the azure and white hulks of mountains. The Russian church sings of that world when it sends the deceased on their final journey, so that the Lord may give them rest in “a place of light, a place of plenty, a place of calm, so they may know neither sorrow, nor grief, but life everlasting.”

Newcomers to the Heavenly Russia materialize in special sanctuaries as children, not infants. Their inner world is similar to that of children. As for aging, it is replaced by growth in enlightenment and spiritual strength. There is neither conception nor birth. Guardians, not parents, make provision for the conditions necessary for the enlightenment of souls rising up from Gotimna.

One can discern in the external appearance of some Synclite members features that their lives in Enrof have made famous: now those features are radiant and dazzling. Rarefied and softened, they shine with spiritual glory. Their clothing, produced by their transfigured body, glows of itself. They move freely in all four directions of space in a manner that is vaguely reminiscent of the soaring of birds, but which surpasses it in ease, freedom, and speed. They have no wings. A great many planes are within the sight and hearing of the enlightened. Among the planes of descent are purgatories, the magma, and terrible Gashsharva. The worlds of Enlightenment, the circles of angels, daemons, and the elementals, the worlds of involtations from other bramfaturas, and the worlds of the Higher Aspects of Global Transmyths are among the planes of ascent. Synclite members can enter the dark shrastrs, the worlds of antihumankind, where the inhabitants can see them but are powerless to destroy them. They can enter our Enrof as well, but humans can perceive them only with spiritual sight.

The love between man and woman in Enrof, which is worthy of the title of greatness, continues there as well, growing and deepening, liberated from all things that may burden it here. There is bodily intimacy between some as well, but it has been freed of any procreative function and has nothing whatsoever in common with physical intimacy in Enrof. Many bodily organs have by that time undergone radical alterations in their structure, function, and purpose, including organs concerned with the consumption and digestion of food, as the replenishment of bodily energy there resembles breathing. Growth in spirituality



eventually brings the enlightened to the next great transfiguration of the body, which leads to higher worlds, to Heavenly Jerusalem, and still higher – all the way to the World Synclite and the Elite of Shadanakar.

There is nothing in the zatomises resembling our technology; its place is taken by something extremely difficult to grasp. I can, nevertheless, state with surety that, instead of creating mechanical devices from external matter, it operates on the principle of developing the manifold abilities of one's own essence. There, only that which is to a certain extent comparable to our works of architecture is created from external matter.

The souls of churches that were built on Earth, or were supposed to have been built, gleam everywhere there. Many temples, however, serve a function difficult for us to comprehend. There are sanctuaries for interaction with angels, the World Synclite, daemons, and the upper hierarchies. A few large temples are reserved for meetings with Jesus Christ who descends there from time to time, assuming a visible, humanlike form. Other temples are for meetings with the Virgin Mary. A magnificent temple is now being erected, destined to be the sanctum of the Great Feminine Spirit who will take on an astral and etheric body from the marriage of the Russian demiurge with the Collective Ideal Soul of Russia. I have been accustomed since childhood to calling it the Temple of the Universal Sun, but the name is wrong. It properly refers to a different and even more majestic building, the one destined to be built in Arimoya. As for the temple being erected in the Heavenly Kremlin, it is called the Sanctum of Zventa-Sventana, and I will later explain the meaning of that name. That great Feminine Essence has by now already entered one of the highest worlds of Shadanakar. She will never incarnate physically in Enrof but will be born in the Heavenly Russia and assume human form. She will not be our queen or goddess; she will be the light, divine grace, and celestial beauty.

Staircases of wondrous worlds, each visible through the other, rise from the altars in the Temple of Femininity, the Temples of Christ, and the Temples of Yarosvet, the demiurge. The staircases rise up through Heavenly Jerusalem to the threshold of the World Salvaterra.

From time to time, great human spirits are born in the Heavenly Russia: those who have completed their journey in Shadanakar, having reached its highest worlds, and who now co-create with the Planetary Logos. They leave the Elite of Shadanakar to help those below and, in order to carry out missions beyond the comprehension of the greatest mystical minds of humanity, they materialize in the

zatomises. There they assume the same enlightened bodies as the Synclite members but far surpass them in the speed with which they reach full spiritual maturity and in their inner stature. Their paths in the zatomises resemble the lives of geniuses among the masses of humanity. The Synclites are notified ahead of time of their arrival and await them with gladness and rejoicing.

Those who were geniuses and messengers on Earth continue their work in the zatomises after atonement, enlightenment, and transformations.

The bliss of the Gamayuns and Sirins themselves increases when they see the masterpieces being wrought by great spirits that last walked the Earth in the persons of Derzhavin and Pushkin, Lermontov and Gogol, Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, Rublev and Surikov, Glinka and Mussorgsky, Kazakov and Bazhenov. Shining waves of inconceivable sounds swell in places as if from out of the heart of the celestial mountains. They usher souls into a state of such spiritual joy that a heart on Earth would burst from it, and, rising and twisting like clouds of glory, they plunge down into love and quiet bliss.

The great architect who, at one time, undertook construction of the Church of the Body, Soul, and Spirit on the Vorobyov Hills in Moscow, and who lived through the death of his dream, exile, oblivion, and impoverishment, is now at work on the most sacred of all things in the Heavenly Kremlin: the inner chapel of the Sanctum of Zventa-Sventana.

Only a handful of enlightened souls in the Heavenly Russia would be recognized by those of us familiar with the history of our Motherland. The names of the rest will mean nothing to us.

In the monasteries of Kievan and Muscovite Russia, as well as in those of later times, quiet souls, not gifted enough to blaze forth like saints, lived their lives unnoticed, silently, and humbly contributing in their small way to the religious work and to the collective labor of the spirit.

Down the roads of Russia throughout the centuries roamed pilgrims and searchers, raconteurs and minstrels, the anonymous authors of fairy tales and uplifting poetry, of songs and legends, of unrecorded stories, now lost, about the heroes and ideals of those times. The brilliant masters of spinning, engraving, and icon-painting; the carpenters and builders of splendid terems, humble wooden churches, and brightly decorated houses; masons, cabinetmakers, potters, weavers, jewelers, and copiers; people who loved their work and pursued it in studios, shops, monastery cells, and in the open air; whose works, stamped with the joy of the

creative process and a passionate love for life, have pleased and delighted entire generations – where else can those creators be and what could they be creating now if not the everlasting treasures of Holy Russia?

Throughout every period in Russian history, thousands of peasants, slash-and-burn farmers, hired hands, serfs and free alike, have lived simple and pure lives, have done the sowing and reaping as a duty laid on them by God, with veneration for and gratitude to Mother Earth, and have died simply and peacefully, believing in God and forgiving everyone.

Throughout those centuries, thousands of mothers have borne their cross, raising children worthy of the name “human” and seeing their life's purpose in that calling. Is that not one of the highest forms of creative work?

When schools began to be built, hundreds of people abandoned their customary surroundings and way of life and left for (one could say, descended into) the lower levels of society, shutting themselves off for their whole life in remote areas, amidst chronic ignorance where there was no one with whom to exchange an intelligent word: all for the sake of educating the uneducated.

And what of medical practitioners who worked one to an entire district? And doctors who displayed their heroism during epidemics? And those revolutionaries who were motivated not by fanaticism, hate, and a thirst for power but by a genuine love for the people and by anguish at sight of their afflictions? And those priests who, to the extent the gifts given them by God allowed, were models of a pure and simple life, cultivating in many the best that was in their simple hearts? It is impossible to list all the paths by which travelers on Earth arrive, sooner or later, at the Synclite. It is only a question of time, of stages still to be passed through on the way to that goal. It is a goal that people are not fully conscious of but that is known to their immortal monads and thus draws them onward.

Oh, it is pointless to imagine the Heavenly Russia as a never-ending, monotonous series of solemn liturgies and prayer sessions. We have no idea of the spiritual delights they enjoy there or of the jokes, laughter, and even games, especially among the children.

I could list the names of some Russian cultural and historical figures who have entered the Heavenly Russia in the last forty years. Let those-who-will laugh over the information. After all, I have long been accustomed to having a reputation of a lunatic. So here are the names of some of those who did not descend in their afterlife, and, instead, entered the Synclite through the worlds of Enlightenment

immediately upon their death in Enrof: Leskov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Kluchevsky, Gumilov, Voloshin, Rachmaninov, Anna Pavlova, Sergei Bulgakov, John of Kronshtadt, Patriarch Tikhon, Prince Alexei Nikolayevich, several masters of the arts, and thousands of heroes who died at the hands of Stalin. Here are the names of only a very few of those who joined the Synclite after a brief time in the upper purgatories: Fet, L. Andreyev, Alexander Blok, Shalyapin, Alexander II, Konstantin Romanov, Professor Pavlov.

I know, as well, the names of some of the enlightened ones, who have risen to special heights in the Heavenly Russia: Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Lev Tolstoy, A. K. Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, the Aksakovs, Vitberg, Kutuzov, and Chemezov, a little-known engraver of the eighteenth century who died young.

The following are, at present, closer than the rest to the great transformation that will raise them to Heavenly Jerusalem and the World Synclite: Lermontov, Vladimir Solovyov, the Emperor Ivan VI, as well as two spirits whose names surprised me but which were twice repeated: Shevchenko and Pavel Florensky.

During the whole existence of the Russian zatomis, a few dozen people have risen through it to the World Synclite. Of these, the following names are known to me: Saint Vladimir, Yaroslav the Wise, Antony and Feodosy of Pechery, Nestor the Chronicler, Sergiy the soldier who was the author of “The Tale of Igor’s Campaign”, Alexander Nevsky, Sergiy of Radonezh, Andrei Rublev, Nil Sorsky, Lomonosov, Alexander I, Ambrosius of Optina, and Serafim of Sarov.

Our sight, once it bursts the fetters of our space, can discern the heavenly lands of other metacultures in the distance, beyond the borders of the Russian metaculture, lands just as radiant and full of unique variety. Preparations through love and mutual understanding for the creation of holy Arimoya, the heavenly land of all humanity – this is the bond that now joins together the Synclites and cities of different metacultures. The greatest of the children of humanity, after completing their work in their holy cities, leave their metaculture. Rising up to the World Synclite from different directions, as it were, they come together at last, but still long before they have reached that world. The world where they meet is called Gridruttva, the white chamber where they devise the overall plan for the ascent of humanity. Their further ascent takes them to planes where their wisdom and power surpass those of demiurges. The Higher Providential Plan, which we can sometimes distinguish in history as the pattern behind the individual plans of the demiurges, is the product of their creative work. They are the World Synclite.

While maintaining full clarity of spiritual consciousness, they co-create with the Planetary Logos Himself.

The work on Arimoya in four-dimensional worlds has only just begun; its historical reflection on Earth will constitute the meaning and goal of the coming century. It is for that very purpose that the energy of the Eternal Virgin Mother, energy that is concentrated within one divine monad, flowed down from transcosmic spheres into the highest planes of Shadanakar. It is also for that purpose that a fabulous temple is being erected in the Heavenly Russia – in order to receive Her whose birth in the four-dimensional worlds is the goal and purpose of the future marriage of the Russian demiurge and the Collective Soul. In historical terms, it is through the manifestation of the Great Feminine Spirit in the Rose of the World that the transformation of the governments of all peoples into a global community will begin. In all that, the Russian Synclite is being helped and will be helped by the Synclites of all the metacultures. In turn, the World Synclite will inherit and continue their work, so as to crown it with the appearance of a global Divine humankind.

There is, however, another sakwala of zatomis in Shadanakar besides the nineteen great ones. These are the zatomis of metacultures whose development was tragically arrested in Enrof. If it becomes clear that the Providential forces of a given metaculture cannot withstand the onslaught of the demonic, its zatomis is transferred to a plane in that other sakwala. Its cultural and, sometimes, state institutions in Enrof dissolve little by little into the cultures surrounding it, its witzraors die, the underworld shrastrs hunger in miserable inactivity and, eventually, die off. But the zatomis continues to develop; its Synclite continues and intensifies its creative work. Souls that have not yet attained a level at which the zatomis of such a metaculture opens its doors to them may complete the necessary stages of growth outside of Enrof or undergo incarnations in other metacultures and countries. But, in the end, they always ascend to their own zatomis. There are also instances when the cultural-historical base in Enrof continues to exist while experiencing gradual decay, and the zatomis maintains an active link with it. In such cases, it is still possible, under favorable circumstances, for the zatomis to be restored to its former sakwala, and its suprapeople to historical life. Something like that is now taking place with Zhunfleya, as I have already mentioned.

It remains for me to list briefly the fifteen zatomis of that second sakwala.

Nanzbata is the zatomis of the Ancient Sudanese metaculture which developed very slowly, barely smoldering under very unfavorable conditions in the Niger Valley, in the vicinity of Lake Chad, and in Cordophan between the ninth and fifth millennia B.C. It collapsed under the centrifugal forces that exhausted it during continuous internecine wars. That first attempt in the history of humanity to unite antagonistic and ethnographically diverse peoples through a common interethnic religion (polytheistic, of course) failed because of the intense demonic influence emanating from the religion's extremely ambivalent pantheon. Archaeological ruins of the culture may still be unearthed.

Its emblem is a circle of naked black dancers on an emerald-green background.

Tsen-Tin is the zatomis of the proto-Mongolian metaculture ("proto-Mongolian" in the geographical, not ethnographic, sense). Its people were Asiatic, but both anthropologically and spiritually they were more closely related to the peoples of Gondwana than to those of later Mongolia. Its people settled northern China and the Amur region in the fourth or third millennium B.C. and were in the process of converting from a nomadic to a settled way of life. Small cities had already begun to spring up. The culture had a remarkable beginning. It was not a demiurge of the suprapeople at the head of their hierarchy but a powerful demonic being that was to convert and had already begun to convert to the Light. Yet, the being perished at Gagtungr's hands, and the suprapeople were crushed by hordes sweeping over from Central Asia.

Its emblem is a winged dragon with its head thrown up to the sun, all awash with the sun's rays.

Pred is the zatomis of the Dravidian metaculture, which is a provisional designation, as it comprised peoples of various ethnic roots, including some closely related to the Sumerians. The cities of Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa belong to the later stages of the metaculture. Its collapse (at the beginning of the second millennium B.C.) resulted from factors both internal (I have no idea of their nature) and external (the invasion of the Aryans).

I did not see clearly the emblem of Pred. But I did see a pink pagoda.

Asgard, which is, sometimes, incorrectly referred to by the more popular name Valhalla, is the zatomis of the ancient Germanic metaculture which was crippled by the spread of historical Christianity. Disaster overtook it in the twelfth century A.D.

Its emblem is a golden hall in the clouds.

Tokka is the zatomis of the ancient Peruvian (pre-Inca) metaculture, which developed historically in the centuries immediately prior to and after the birth of Christ. There is, perhaps, no reason to bewail the collapse of the culture in Enrof, for the influence of the demonic was very strong in it (That culture was supposed to have greatly advanced the task of enlightening the animal world, but, historically, it came to deify it and degenerate into widespread cannibalism).

Its emblem depicts the stone statue of a seated puma.

Bon is the zatomis of the ancient Tibetan metaculture, which was destroyed by Buddhism, but elements of it were assimilated by the Mahayana culture.

The Bon emblem depicts red and blue bolts of lightning crisscrossing above the orange tent of a king. The blue lightning represents Buddhism and its spirituality; the red represents the pre-Buddhist Tibetan religion, which was tainted to a very great extent by demonism. The tent represents royalty which fell as a result of the meeting of those two powers.

Gauripur is the zatomis of the small Himalayan metaculture, which separated from India too soon, yet had immense potential. It was there that the brightest centers of Buddhism were at one time kindled. There, in the context of the teaching, those metahistorical processes took place that fashioned it into a religion in the full sense of the word – that is, a teaching that was not only moral but transphysical and spiritual as well. The moral aspect of Buddhism was raised in the Himalayas to a height known only in the purest forms of Christianity.

The Himalayan metaculture collapsed under the two-pronged onslaught of state demons: the Turkic witzraors from the north and west, and the witzraors of the Great Mogul Empire from the south. At present, the metaculture is dying out in Nepal.

Its emblem is a crowned mountain peak beneath the constellation Orion.

Yunkif is the zatomis of the Mongolian metaculture, which immediately fell prey to an unusually powerful witzraor. Disaster overtook it in the thirteenth century.

Yunkif's emblem is a rolling line of hills, with two flocks, white and red, battling above them.

Yiru is the zatomis of the ancient Australian metaculture which for two thousand years existed in central Australia in total isolation from the rest of humanity. Their society reached the level of a slave state. The metaculture collapsed as the result of the extremely active role played by the demonic elementals – the spirits of deserts

and impenetrable thickets. For many centuries, two religions – "right hand" and "left hand," polytheistic and demonic – were locked in struggle within the culture. The latter offered human sacrifices to those same malevolent elementals that were engaged in destroying the metaculture. Toward the end, it was that religion that prevailed, and resistance to the encroachment of the desert and thickets was proclaimed taboo. The culture in Enrof died out from internal desiccation. The most refined of their arts was painting. It was, to a certain extent, reminiscent of Cretan painting but was more distinctive and imaginative. The ruins to be unearthed will not be extensive enough to permit a picture of the civilization to be reconstructed.

Its emblem is a cloud above a volcano, representing the suprapeople and its Synclite.

Taltnom is the zatomis of the Tolteko-Aztec metaculture. Its emblem is the face of a hero crowned by the sun.

Kertu is the zatomis of the Yucatan (Mayan) metaculture. Its emblem depicts a blue serpent twined around a golden tree. Not every people has regarded the serpent as a dark symbol. The golden tree represents the spiritual (transphysical) world. The blue serpent symbolizes the suprapeople who, through a spiral-like growth, rise into the spirit.

Intil is the zatomis of the Incan metaculture whose collapse in Enrof, strange as it may seem, saved the world from great peril. (This will be discussed in another part of the book.) Its emblem is a red-clad figure wearing a miter, with arms uplifted to the sun. Red here symbolizes majesty, and the miter – the high priesthood.

Daffam is the zatomis of the metaculture of the Great Lakes Indians. (That culture was specially charged with combating Voglea, the female lunar demon. That accounts for the suprapeople's exceptional chasteness and their rejection of urban-based civilization.)

Its emblem is a group of warriors pointing their spears at the crescent of a waning moon.

Lea is the zatomis of the Polynesian metaculture which was doomed by its extreme geographical dispersion. Embers of that metaculture are still smouldering on Hawaii, Tahiti, and other archipelagoes. Its emblem is a golden mountain on an island in a blue sea.



Nikisaka is the zatomis of the Japanese metaculture which was seriously wounded twice – by Buddhism and by Europeanism – and thus has not been able to realize its full potential. Shinto is, in essence, the veneration of Nikisaka as the Japanese Synclite. The goddess Amaterasu, properly understood, is none other than the Navna of Japan. The transfer of Nikisaka to the sakwala of developmentally arrested metacultures in Enrof is now taking place. The Rose of the World will be able to provide real assistance in revitalizing the zatomis: it is still entirely possible for the process to be reversed.

Its emblem is a blossoming cherry tree beside a pond.

### ***3.3. The Middle Planes of Shadanakar***

Before attempting to draw a general picture of the demonic sakwalas, which play such a colossal role in the transphysics and metahistory of Shadanakar, as well as the sakwalas of the elementals, some of which are closely bound with the demonic, I consider it advisable to give the reader some notion of certain sakwalas of ascent that succeed, as it were, the zatomis sakwalas. These sakwalas are extremely diverse, but together they comprise the middle planes of Shadanakar.

It is only natural that the higher the planes, the more difficult it becomes to apprehend them, and the fewer analogies with Enrof can be found in their landscapes, in the form and appearance of the beings abiding there, and in the manner of life they lead. Nine-tenths of what is seen or otherwise perceived remains beyond our comprehension. In the majority of cases, one has no choice but to confine oneself to a straightforward presentation of the essential facts, without attempting to reveal their consistency or deeper meaning. Therefore, this chapter promises to be virtually nothing more than the dry enumeration of the names of a few sakwalas and the planes they comprise.

I seem to recall, for example, that within Jewish mysticism can be found the concept of the egregor; however, it is difficult for me to judge how closely the term corresponds to the meaning given to it here, if only because of my less than superficial knowledge of Jewish theosophy. In any case, what is meant here by egregors are variomaterial formations that take shape over large collectives from certain emanations of the human psyche. Egregors do not have monads, but they possess a volitional charge of a limited duration and the equivalent of

consciousness. Every state, even Luxembourg, has its own egregor. They are essentially static, passive beings. The majority of egregors do not take part in the struggle between the demonic and Providential forces in Shadanakar. There are some, however, that side with the demonic camp.

When egregors disintegrate, their equivalent of consciousness disappears as well, dispersing into space. They do not experience any pain at such times.

To the extent that it is possible to speak of the landscape of those planes, the sakwalas of egregors are characterized by yellowish swirls of space in which the egregors themselves stand out as somewhat denser than their surroundings.

The seven planes that compose that sakwala can be listed in the following order:

Zativ is the region of the egregors of primal tribes which die out as the tribes are assimilated by larger nations or are destroyed physically. The egregors of humanity's oldest cultural-political formations used to abide there, egregors that have by now already dissolved into space.

Zhag is the region of state egregors. In addition, egregors of certain large contemporary social-political organizations, like the Indian National Congress Party, can also be found there.

Foraun is the plane of the egregors of churches. They form from the dark-ether radiations that issue from the mass of humans belonging to some church, radiations released by every person who has not reached the level of sanctity. The radiations arise when a soul's religious feelings become tainted with mundane preoccupations, material concerns, acquisitiveness, negative emotions – in general, with what the Fathers of the Church termed “worldly cares”. It often happens that egregors act as serious brakes or weights on the ascending path of churches. In time, there will also be in Foraun an egregor of the Rose of the World. It is unavoidable, as the interreligious church of the future will be composed not only of saints but of hundreds of millions of people at different stages of their spiritual growth.

Udgrogr is the plane of egregors of the anti-churches and the power-hungry mass parties of modern times.

One plane, whose name I do not know, is inhabited by egregors generated by the psychic activity of the shrastrs' demonic populace. I also do not know the name of the plane of egregors that form from the psychic activities of the world of daemons – that second, brighter humankind to be briefly discussed below.

The last of the egregor planes is called Tsebrumr. It is as yet empty. In time, there will appear the egregor of the future Anti-Church, the church in which will be done the quasireligious, demonic worshippings of Gagtungr. This will be, at the end of the first eon, the nucleus and foundation of the future satanic humankind.

A different, higher humankind of Shadanakar abides in a sakwala of three- and four-dimensional planes with an immense number of time streams. Unfortunately, my knowledge of them is meager to say the least. A host of unanswered questions that arise in connection with them has left a large gap in the picture I have been drawing of Shadanakar. These beings are called daemons. They are proceeding along a path of development similar to ours, but they began it much earlier and have achieved greater success in their spiritual growth. It appears that the key to this is the fact that Jesus Christ's mission, which in Enrof was curtailed almost at the start through the efforts of Gagtungr and which ended in only a partial victory, was brought to a successful conclusion in the daemon world. That had occurred at a much earlier time than when Christ was incarnated in the person of Jesus. His victory in the daemon world removed the burdensome obstacles Gagtungr had placed on their path of ascent, and, at present, these beings have left us far behind. The length of time and number of trials necessary for them to reach spiritual maturity have been reduced many times over. There have been no signs of social disharmony among them for a long time, and their energy is channeled into spiritual and moral growth and into helping other planes, particularly, the humanity of Enrof.

Daemons are winged people who, though they partly resemble angels in their external appearance, are different from them. In addition to many distinguishing characteristics, daemons are divided into two sexes. The chief plane of their existence, which corresponds to our Enrof, is called Zheram. Its natural environment, which is similar to ours, has been elevated to artistic and moral excellence while their technology is spiritualized by an inner wisdom concerning the various energies and planes of Shadanakar and by the cultivation of higher abilities within their own being. The daemons are aware of everything essential about humanity in Enrof.

Ever since the completion of Christ's mission in Zheram, the daemons have been freed from the necessity of descent into the demonic worlds of retribution after death. The multiplaned sakwala of purgatories, which the majority of us know from experience but have forgotten, has been replaced for them by a single plane, called Urm, where some of them undergo expiatory cleansing after death. Kartiala,

the world of enlightened daemons, their heavenly land, parallels the zatomis of our humanity. From there a staircase opens to the sakwala of the Higher Purpose, and, lastly, to the World Synclite.

The daemons' active involvement in the struggle against witzraors and antihumankind in the shrastrs constitutes one of the many tasks undertaken by the daemons of Kartiala in relation to other worlds in Shadanakar. Their inspirational and guiding influence upon the creators of our artistic culture constitutes another. The apostrophe some poets use to address their daemon, and others their Muse, is by no means a poetic device. It is a testimony to genuine transphysical facts. I do not know if the nine sisters of Apollo ever existed in the Olympus zatomis – it is entirely possible that they did – but there can be no doubt that the female daemons (muses) or the male daemons (Socratic daemons in the narrow sense of the word) have aided our artists and thinkers in plumbing their inner creative depths. Only the blindness of materialism could cause us to pass over the countless testimonies to this fact given by our poets, writers, musicians, and philosophers, beginning even before Socrates and ending with Gogol and Alexander Blok.

Once they have completed their task, the majority of daemons-inspirers leave those they inspired. Sometimes, a kind of union occurs, an extremely rare phenomenon very difficult to explain.

It is common for human shelts to weave an incarnation in the daemon world into their garlands. They are ordained such an incarnation so as to consolidate the gains their souls have made on their paths of the Light.

But there is also another race that abides in the daemon sakwala, one that is less in number and has lagged behind in development. They are the wards, as it were, of the daemons. I do not have a clear notion of how they came to be in those worlds. It seems that they, too, are daemons, ones who at some time in the distant past went astray, lost their wings, and are now undoing the harm they caused themselves on a special road of atonement. These wingless beings barely differ in appearance from humans.

Here I come to a fact that will inevitably evoke scoffs and even exasperation in most readers of this book. But if it is true that a song suffers from the loss of a single word, then this book will suffer from the loss of a single thought. Those beings whom I referred to as a lower race of daemons can in part be characterized as the metaprototypes of certain heroes and heroines of global literature and art in Enrof. It sometimes happens that the intuition of artists in Enrof – albeit, an

intuition of geniuses alone – penetrates to Zheram, sees one of those beings, and records its image in human art. The image becomes a kind of magic crystal that acts as a locus for radiations people emit at times of active perception. These radiations rise up to Zheram and supply the metaprototype with energy to grow. If such an image is not created, the metaprototype's growth slows and, in some cases, it may even have to leave the daemon sakwala and embark on a lengthy journey through Enrof.

The majority of human representations in our painting and sculpture have no metaprototypes: they are portraits of people, no more. But works of art like the Mona Lisa, for example, are, in addition to their human prototype, connected with prototypes in Zheram that have been apprehended by the intuition of the genius. This is the origin of the extraordinary eloquence and power of these masterpieces. It is regrettable that the Mona Lisa was painted by Leonardo da Vinci in such a way that the prototype ended up debased, with the portrait absorbing certain elements from Duggur – one of the worlds of the demonic elementals – as a result of which the prototype fell from Zheram to Urm, for that plane serves as a purgatory for metaprototypes as well as for daemons. The proto-Mona Lisa, raised back up to Zheram and higher through the afterlife efforts of Leonardo da Vinci, now abides in one of the planes of the Higher Purpose. Venus de Milo is already in the World Synclite, as it was to the daemon Kartiala that the soul of the Greek woman who posed for the sculptor rose up through Olympus after the historical demise of the Greco-Roman culture. Merging in Kartiala with her metaprototype, she began to climb the staircase of ascent through the upper planes. In time, the same will happen with all the souls of such metaprototypes.

The situation is even more complex and various with paintings of the mythological, psychological, historical, and folk genres. Morozova, the noblewoman in Surikov's painting, had a metaprototype in Zheram, as did some of the secondary figures on the canvas, and the metaprototype has been raised up to Kartiala thanks to the artist's work. In addition, Surikov is, at present, working in the Heavenly Kremlin on a dazzling variation on the picture.

Repin's depiction of Ivan the Terrible's murder of his son tied a knot that Repin has been unable to unravel to the present day. This he must do in Drokkarg – the shrastr of the Russian antihumankind counterposed to the Heavenly Kremlin where Ivan the Terrible now abides as captive and slave.

The situation is worse still for the Fallen Demon of Vrubel – a stunning, unprecedented case of a demonic infraportrait. To unravel the knot, Vrubel was

forced to descend to Gashsharva, to the angels of darkness. It is a terrible thing to have to say, but it might be better, despite the brilliance of the work, if it were destroyed in Enrof.

Landscape painting, in spite of its immense cultural and psychological importance, very rarely possesses any transphysical meaning. Such meaning is present either in those cases when the artist is able to communicate to the viewer his or her feeling for the worlds of the elementals visible in Enrof through nature, or to hint at the landscapes of some other plane through the use of unique combinations of lines and colors. In my personal opinion, the Russian artist who succeeded best in that was Roerich, and, at times, the dubious, scorned, even untalented artist Churlonis.

As for literature, in the overwhelming majority of works, there are no metaprototypes behind the characters. For example, almost all Soviet literature, with a few exceptions, has none. As well, characters of a historical nature – for example, Pushkin's Boris Godunov or Shakespeare's Julius Caesar – cannot have a metaprototype. But Macbeth has one, because the work is not historical. Generally speaking, the presence of a metaprototype in a work entails a sharp departure from historical accuracy in attributing particular depth to the personage and a greatness of character that does not have any basis in the historical prototype. That is not to be found either in Pushkin's play or Julius Caesar, which is proof of the lack of metahistorical depth in those works.

After the death of artistic geniuses in Enrof, the metaprototypes of their works in Zheram meet and spend time with them, as the karma of artistic creation draws them together. Many great artistic geniuses have in their afterlife had to assist the prototypes of their heroes or heroines in their ascent. Dostoyevsky spent an enormous amount of time and energy to raise up his metaprototypes, for the suicides of Stavrogin and Svidrigailov, dictated by creative and mystical logic, threw proto-Stravogin and proto-Svidrigailov down into Urm. At present, all Dostoyevsky's heroes have been raised up by him: for example, Svidrigailov has been raised to Kartiala, and Ivan Karamazov and Smerdyakov to Magirna, one of the worlds of the Higher Purpose. Also there are Sobakevich, Chichikov, and other heroes of Gogol, and Tolstoy's Pierre Bezukhov, Andrei Bolkonsky, Princess Maria, and Natasha Rostova whom Tolstoy raised from Urm at the cost of tremendous exertions. Goethe's Margaret already abides on one of the upper planes of Shadanakar while Don Quixote long ago joined the World Synclite, which Faust, too, will soon enter.

I would like to take this opportunity to say a few words about the transphysical meaning of the dramatic arts. Christianity's traditionally negative attitude toward such forms (regardless of how it has been explained by cultural historians and even religious teachers) arose because the early and medieval Christians, in a manner of speaking, sensed unconsciously with their religious intuition the close relationship between the dramatic arts and the ancient orgasm that is partly linked with Lilith, and partly with an even darker demonic world called Duggur. (In a later chapter, I will describe that world in more detail.) Duggur is bound up with human sexuality, and although it was not discerned clearly in the Middle Ages, its diabolical radiations evoked fear, disgust, and shame in the people of that time. Properly speaking, theater can possess, on a transphysical level, widely varying, even contradictory, meanings. Shaliapin was fully justified in fasting and praying after performing the role of Mephistopheles. The play "The Life of a Man" was harmful for the playwright, the cast, and the audience because it lacked what the ancients called catharsis. All drama that takes actors and the audience through catharsis – that is, spiritual elevation and enlightenment, however brief is deeply vindicated. As for metaprototypes, the effect of performances in Enrof are like that experienced by Dostoyevsky's Smerdyakov. While he was in Urm, thrown down there by the mystical-creative impulses of Dostoyevsky, the performance of his role on stage pained, burdened, and slowed the actor. Now it is of no consequence. The performance of morally uplifting roles or roles leading to catharsis are good for everyone, including metaprototypes.

With the daemon sakwala, my account will, for a time, leave the four-dimensional worlds. Fongaranda, a lone five-dimensional plane that is not a part of any sakwala, is now before us.

A warning is in order here: we are about to deal with concepts that are far from customary. For Fongaranda is the abode of shelts of masterpieces of architecture. There they possess the ability to move and grow; they evolve in the sense of spiritual maturation. Their external appearance closely resembles that of the enlightened elementals, but they are not fluid in form as those spirits are, nor are their bodies interpenetrable. The reader should bear in mind that the construction of their images in Enrof by architects of genius, whose intuition caught their gleam in Fongaranda, gives them an etheric body, which forms inside the physical body of the buildings after many years of receiving radiations from thousands and millions of people. If enough time has passed for such an etheric body to form, the destruction of the physical body in Enrof is no longer of any transphysical

consequence. The shelt in Fongaranda dons the etheric body and moves to one of the zatomises. After the turn of the eon (the global period when the zatomises will cease to exist as such) the shelts of those monads, together with their coatings, which by then will have been completely transformed, will merge with their monads on one of the planes of the Higher Purpose and subsequently enter the Elite of Shadanakar.

It is primarily the shelts of churches and palaces that abide in Fongaranda. There are, for example, spectacular prototypes of an Orthodox monastery, an Egyptian pyramid, a ziggurat, a gopuram of South India, a Catholic abbey, and a Rhenish castle. But there are also shelts of some individual buildings, for instance, St. Peter's Cathedral, the Cathedral of St. Basil the Blessed, the Temple of Heaven in China, even the palaces at Versailles and Tsarskoe Selo (a town with a former Russian imperial family's residence near St. Petersburg, *t/n*). There are also shelts such as those of the Parliament buildings in London and the Admiralty in St. Petersburg.

After a strange world like Fongaranda, the concept of a sakwala of angels will probably seem familiar and like nothing out of the ordinary. There are two such sakwalas. The first and lower of the two comprises three planes. It is called Angels of the Lower Circle. In essence, they are, chronologically speaking, the first humankind of Shadanakar who, at one time, lived on planes of denser materiality, though not in Enrof. Their era preceded the era of the Titans. It is beyond our capacity to fully comprehend the manner of their lives now, in their enlightened worlds. We can only apprehend that aspect of their work that has a direct bearing on us. The first of these planes is inhabited by cherubim, the guardians of people performing missions of the Light. They are just that – guardians; it is the daemons who are the inspirers! We have heard of guardian angels since childhood, and it is not our fault if we thought that such an angel hovered over the right shoulder of every one of us. They have the same external appearance described in tradition, and their world is a landscape of gorgeous colors that we cannot perceive but that are vaguely reminiscent of pink and violet.

Another plane – a land of white-gold pierced everywhere by beams of light – belongs to seraphim, the guardians of certain human communities: churches, religious groups, some charitable organizations, and those very few cities whose spiritual integrity and moral purity are of particular importance in the eyes of the Providential powers. There are times when a guard of seraphim encircles a city because taking place within it is one or another metahistorical event or



transphysical process that requires special assistance or protection. When the process or event is completed, and a new era begins, the guard of seraphim is withdrawn. There were guards over Kiev during the reign of St. Vladimir, over Moscow during the reigns of Prince Daniil and Ivan Kalita, and several times over Jerusalem, Rome, and many other cities. Benares, a city of tremendous metahistorical significance, is one of those rare instances when the guard of seraphim does not leave a city for several centuries. Of course, from a narrowly Christian point of view, statements like the preceding can only give rise to perplexity. In appearance seraphim resemble six-winged angels.

The sakwala concludes with the world of the so-called Thrones whose appearance nearly matches our image of archangels, and whose abode is greenish blue, pierced by playful beams of light. The Thrones are the guardians of nations. There are many of them – the spiritual maturation of every nation is overseen by a host of those resplendent beings.

Moving on to the second sakwala – the Angels of the Upper Circle – I find that I cannot even resort to such meager visual images as I used for the first sakwala to help the reader form an idea of this one. All I can say is that they are the abodes of hierarchies of the Light of tremendous power, those same ones who create the materiality of the three-, four-, and five-dimensional planes in Shadanakar.

First come the Astrals, known in the Christian mysticism as the Principalities. They are the creators of materiality for Enrof. Next come the Powers, creators of materiality for the daemon sakwalas, and the Dominions, creators of materiality for the worlds of Enlightenment (except Olirna). The sakwala of Angels of the Upper Circle concludes with the world of the Virtues, who create materiality for the zatomises, and the Archangels, those same beings who were Sirins, Alkonosts, and Gamayuns before their transformation in Paradise, Eden, Monsalvat, Zhunfleya, and Holy Russia – the zatomises of Christian metacultures. They create materiality for the worlds of the Higher Purpose. The materiality of the angelic worlds themselves, as well as that of the upper planes of Shadanakar, is created by the hierarchies of the metabramfatura.

I realize that, despite the similarity in nomenclature, the above is not concordant with the traditional Christian angelology. I am sorry that it is so. But I am not writing on the basis of my own knowledge and cannot make any alterations until that single Voice I trust with all my heart tells me otherwise.

Our survey has arrived at the sakwala of the Higher Purpose. These worlds are common to people, angels, daemons, the elementals, and even to enlightened animals. They soar far above those distinct segments of Shadanakar called metacultures. Naturally, my knowledge of them is scant, if not to say beggarly.

I am not even sure of the name of the first of these worlds. It sounds something like Usnorm, but I can't make it out more clearly. The spinning of the planet on its axis is evident there as it is here. It must have been nightfall at the time I was there, because I vaguely remember seeing a glowing mist of stunning majesty, as though the creative heart of our Universe had revealed itself to me in visible form for the first time. It was Astrafire, the great center of our Galaxy, which is hidden from our sight in Enrof by dark clouds of the cosmic matter.

I also saw a scattering of countless stars, but not as we see them here. Indeed, they were not stars, but bramfaturas. They were not bright pinpricks in the sky but systems of concentric spheres visible through each other. When my gaze rested on one of them, it grew huge and distinct, just like a cinematic close-up. It seems to me now that they were all spinning slowly, harmoniously sounding and calling to each other with multi-toned voices. But that may only seem so now, and may be the result of preconceptions about the harmony of the celestial spheres, an idea that came to me not from experience but from human legends. In any case, those harmonies could barely be heard above the surges of an incredible choir that was sounding right there around me, rising from depths to heights that I could neither comprehend, nor measure with my eyes. All this is my recollection of the plane which is a temple reserved for the humankind's eternal liturgy.

Oh, not only humankind's! There were, I guess, millions of beings there, and – I do not know how many exactly – probably more than half of them had never been, nor were destined to be human. There were enlightened souls of the elementals and animals, wondrous daemons, and angels of various circles. When we read the prophecy in the Apocalypse about animals gifted with intelligence performing the liturgy around the altar in another world, it may be a symbol, but it is also a hint at reality, a reality that did not yet exist at the time the author of the Apocalypse was living. For Usnorm, the temple common to all, is the brainchild of that same great human spirit who was John the Evangelist in his last incarnation on Earth.

While there were millions of worshippers, those performing the service at the church altar numbered in the thousands. Everyone who reaches the sakwala of the Higher Purpose eventually performs the liturgy in Usnorm, and is then followed by the next in order.

The most uplifting and joyous services in the churches and temples of the higher religions are but dim reflections and echoes of the eternal liturgy of Usnorm. There is indeed an oral element in the liturgy, but the words are in the language of the World Synclite, which we cannot reproduce, and in which words are not simply individual sounds but chords of meaning, as it were, and some appear, at the same time, as flashes and waves of light. There is an element of movement in the liturgy, the heavenly prototype of sacred dance. But as Usnorm is five-dimensional, movement occurs not along a horizontal surface, as it does here, but in all five dimensions. There are elements of light and color in the liturgy, but it is impossible to convey a description of these colors outside the seven visible to us. What can I say that would do justice to the symphonies of light, beside which even the fireworks of Faer seem monotone and feeble? What can I say about the spiritual fragrances? About the incense of Usnorm, which rises from gigantic floating and swinging thuribles up to Astrafire itself.

Usnorm is the first world where those who are ascending no longer absorb material radiations but, rather, purely spiritual ones. These issue from the very highest transcosmic spheres, which one could call the Empyrean, if that ancient word is not taken to mean a fantastic “world of motionless stars” but, rather, the all-embracing abode of pure Spirit – that is, the Holy Trinity.

The worlds of the Higher Purpose are way stations between the zatomises, Kartiala of the daemons, and Hangvilla of enlightened animals on the one hand, and the worlds of the Higher Transmyths of the Global Religions on the other. Above Usnorm is Gridruttva, the white chamber where the great creative plan for humanity is devised. After it comes Alikanda which resembles the heart of a flower; Tovia, which resembles foam, hoarfrost, a white garden, or falling snow; and Ro, which resembles huge singing crystals. The most beautiful works of music in Enrof, in Olirna, among the daemons, even in the zatomises are but echoes of these crystals. These three planes are the abode of human monads that have merged with their mature souls.

Magirn, a plane that resembles illumined ocean depths, is the abode of monads and metaprototypes that have merged with their shells and transfigured astral bodies. The monads of animals merge with their mature souls in Kaermis, which could be described as a land of living sphinxes. The same happens in Deitragt to the monads of daemons and in Sibran to the monads of angels, about which I can only say that it is an unbelievable choir of rejoicing. The monads of the elementals abide in Flauros, of which the words “solar flares” can give an intimation. The

sakwala of the world of the Higher Purpose also includes Niatos: violet heights where the monads of our former enemies – demons who have converted to the Light – merge with their shelts. I have already mentioned the powerful demonic spirit, the great “dragon” of the proto-Mongolian culture. Cast down by Gagtungr into a plane of torment known as the Rain of Endless Misery, it was long ago rescued from there by the Providential powers and now shines in the world of violet heights as one of its most beautiful lights.

As far as I can recall, Iroln, splendid and immense, is also a part of the sakwala. It is the abode of human monads before they merge with their mature souls. Iroln is the initial destination of the individual spirit of each person when it leaves the heart of the Creator and enters Shadanakar. It resembles a multitude of suns gliding and spinning. And now I am not sure: it seems to me that Iroln is not five but six-dimensional, and my inclusion of it into the sakwala of the Higher Purpose is a mistake, an aberration on my part.

Higher on the staircase of hierarchies in Shadanakar are situated, one after another, the sakwalas of cosmic involtations. What are they? Other bramfaturas have been acting on Shadanakar in a tangible manner throughout its multimillion-year history. These bramfaturas are either more powerful than ours, or more advanced, or commensurable with us in size and the level of ascent; but, as they are located not too far from us in space, they, therefore, interact with our bramfatura. The materiality of the worlds of involtations is created by the forces of the Light of other bramfaturas. The bramfaturas are inhabited by higher beings who can travel great cosmic distances without difficulty. These visitors from other bramfaturas are the great allies and friends of the forces of the Light of Shadanakar.

Other than to list a few names, I have literally nothing to say about some sakwalas of involtations. For example, there is a sakwala of involtations from Orion. Orion is a system of bramfaturas of immense power that has freed itself completely from the demonic, and it plays a prominent role in the life of the Galaxy. Of course, listing the names of the ten planes that make up the sakwala cannot evoke in the reader anything but disappointment in its meagerness. But how do I know? Perhaps, even these names will be of some use in the future: Yumaroya, Odgiana, Ramn, Vualra, Ligeia, Fianna, Eramo, Veatnor, Zaolita, and Natolis.

Despite the huge disparity between our conditions and those that reign on the physical plane of Jupiter or Neptune, we must accustom ourselves to the idea that many of the planets and their moons possess bramfaturas. Jupiter is even inhabited on our plane, in Enrof, by intelligent life forms, but they are so different from us

and live under conditions so unthinkable that no contact will ever occur between us and them in Enrof. But contact does take place on the five-dimensional planes of both bramfaturas. The Elite of Jupiter and its moons have created two planes of involtations within Shadanakar, one plane has been created by Saturn and its moons, and one each by Uranus and Neptune. All of them together make up the sakwala of planetary involtations.

A special place is occupied by the three planes of Iora, Achnos, and Gebn. They form the sakwala of involtations from the transfigured planet Daiya which no longer exists in Enrof. The planet used to be situated between Mars and Jupiter. Long ago, the efforts of its demiurges led to the expulsion of the demonic powers to the bramfatura of Daiya's moon. Daiya entered its third eon – that is, it underwent a physical transformation and disappeared from cosmic Enrof. As for the moon, it suffered a catastrophic break-up (the asteroids are fragments of it) and the demonic hordes were scattered into outer space. When our scientific instruments become powerful enough to observe planets in other solar systems, we will, sometimes, witness the sudden disappearance, in the space of a few hours, of some of these planets. No doubt, scientists will advance a number of clever hypotheses to explain away the phenomenon before they admit that the same thing that is happening in these cases at one time happened to the planet Daiya.

The sakwala of solar involtations numbers nine planes. Again, I can give only names: Raos, Flermos, Tramnos, Gimnos, Areya, Nigveya, Trimoya, Derayn, and Iordis.

I can also list the names of the four planes of involtations from Astrafire, the center of the Galaxy: Grezoar, Malein, Viruana, and Luvarn.

One particular system is in part connected with the sakwalas of involtations. It would be more correct to call this system a bramfatura, though, at present, it is a part of Shadanakar being encompassed within its five- and six-dimensional planes. It is the Lunar Bramfatura.

I do not know when exactly the development of lunar humankind – Selenites – came to an end in Enrof. In any case, it was in the very distant past, almost a million years ago. But evolution there proceeded at a much slower pace, though the time required between the appearance of organic life on the surface of the Moon and the emergence of intelligent life forms was far less than for the corresponding process on Earth. Generally speaking, the idea that physically smaller worlds should in every case evolve more quickly is not always true of

individual periods of development of organic life, let alone of the tempo of the evolution of intelligent life. But H. G. Wells's intuition of the external appearance of these beings, which he describes in his fascinating book, is amazing, especially if one considers the rationalist complexion and scientific-like superficiality of his thinking. He correctly envisioned their overall insect-like appearance: the soft, elastic consistency of their physical tissue, their bodies' ability to metamorphose in accordance with the task at hand, the advanced state of their technology, and even the fact that toward the end of their civilization they had begun partly to exploit the interior of the Moon.

The Selenites' tragic end resulted from the victory of Voglea, the female lunar demon. One might well wonder how it was that the activities of a female demon found an outlet in their rationalistic society. But there exists a particular variety of rationality, one that can be denoted as female, and not everywhere is its expression so weak as among our humanity. It took root among the Selenites with special resiliency, and its effects could particularly be seen in the fact that their technology was based far more than ours on the principles of magic.

The stages of the Selenites' spiritual and cultural decline went from the satanic humankind to degeneration to death under the weight of their technology. Their deepening spiritual bankruptcy caused the Selenite society to descend into anarchy, lose the ability to run their own machines, and finally die of cold and hunger. But to this day, the world of Voglea remains a part of the Lunar Bramfatura. For an extremely long time, it maintained a singular kind of neutrality, at times warring with both the powers of the Light and Gagtungr. But over the last while the planetary demons of Shadanakar and Voglea have been moving toward a truce and, in fact, an alliance to join forces and drive the powers of the Light out of Shadanakar. One demonic plane in Shadanakar, Duggur, is closely linked with the emanations of Voglea. At present, the bewitching, vampire-like, blue-gray female demon is rebuilding a special plane – the lunar hell. There, with Gagtungr's consent, the victims of Duggur will descend. Until now, some of those victims have met with an even worse fate: ejection from Shadanakar into the emptiness of the Galaxy.

The three other planes of the Lunar sakwala counterpose Voglea's world. Soldbis can be seen on the surface of the Moon from the zatomis; it is the abode of a great many of those enlightened ones whose spiritual growth was too slow and who, therefore, met with tragedy. Their last incarnation in Enrof occurred during the period of the lunar satanic humankind and degeneration, and since then they have

spent a vast length of time on rehabilitation and gradual enlightenment in Soldbis. Another world, Laal, is for the Lunar Elite. A great many Selenites have already risen even higher, to the Elite of Shadanakar. Finally, there is Tanit, the abode of the lunar goddess and the third and brightest of the lunar worlds.

If through careful observation we unravel into separate strands what we feel at nights when the moon is full, we will awaken to certain threads of feeling. First is a sense of harmony, which is the effect Soldbis and Laal have on us. Second is a subtle nostalgia for the heavens, which is Tanit calling to us. Third is the lure of sexual transgression, which is Voglea haunting and tempting us. She fears the Sun, always retreating from its light to the dark side of the Moon. During a full moon, only diminished emanations from Voglea – those that pass through the Moon's crust – reach us. But when the Moon is waning, Voglea moves together with the darkness to the side facing the Earth. That is why the waning of the Moon and a new moon have for many such a sickening, sinister, and depressing effect on the subconscious.

Our survey of the structure of Shadanakar has, at last, arrived at the grandiose sakwala that I am forced to refer to by the painfully cumbersome title of the Worlds of the Highest Aspects of the Global Religions. It is the world of their purest transmyths.

Many years ago, long before the Second World War, when I was still quite young, a mysterious, beautiful, and persistent vision began appearing to me. Seen from an endless distance away, it looked like a bluish crystal pyramid with the sun shining through it. I sensed the magnitude of its significance, the waves of grace, power, and beauty pouring forth from that shining center, but I had no idea what the vision could mean. Later, I even thought that it was a glimmer of the World Salvaterra refracted by my limited human mind. How naive! Those whose souls are illumined by a glimmer of the World Salvaterra become saints and prophets. And, of course, its glimmer can in no way be likened to anything earthly.

It was only many years later, quite recently in fact, that I learned that the pyramid is not alone, that there are others in tandem, as it were, with it, five in all, and there will never be a sixth in Shadanakar. But there is only one blue pyramid. The rest are other colors, and it is impossible to say which is the most beautiful. Of course, for us, transmyths are in themselves transcendental. It may very well be that “in themselves” they bear no resemblance to any geometric forms. But it was in the form of those gigantic crystal pyramids that they imprinted themselves on my mind, and the adoption of just those images must contain some deeper meaning.

Later, I was struck by something else. One of the pyramids, smaller in size but of a wondrous, unearthly white, is the higher transmyth of a religion that I personally would never have thought to include among the global or higher religions: the transmyth of Zoroastrianism. My puzzlement has yet to be dispelled. To this day, I have been unable to learn how that local religion, which left the historical scene a long time ago and, it seems to me, is not, mythologically speaking, all that rich, could prove to be a reflection of an immense reality professed by it alone. My puzzlement notwithstanding, its world is called Azur.

Another pyramid, which I better understand, is also comparatively small in size, but it is gold in color. It is the highest aspect of Judaism, the aspect that has left far below the anti-Christian intransigence of its lackluster and turbid earthly twin. It is the golden world of heavenly glory whose light penetrated into the visions of the great mystics of the Kabbala and the prophets, and for which the winding thread of the Talmud is as the dust of valleys is for a lord of mountain heights. The name of the golden pyramid is Ae.

The highest aspect of the Hindu transmyth is a huge pyramid whose color is reminiscent of our violet. That complex world is layered, the outermost of its layers being the ultimate goals of Vedanta and yoga, and the highest layer being the ultimate goal of the Synclite of India, an intimation of which we might find in Indian philosophy under the name of Nirukta. Concerning another layer, Eroya, and yet another, whose name I do not have the right to pronounce, I can only say that, though they who were once humans also abide in those worlds, they are more like guests there. Shatrittva, the last layer of the violet pyramid, is the abode of many hierarchies of the Hindu pantheon. But one can speak of the exact correspondence of the pantheon images to the hierarchies of the transmyth only in part, in certain individual cases. For example, hierarchies of entirely different heights, powers, and cosmic levels – from “the National Aphrodite” of India to the Virgin Mother of the Universe – are worshiped in Enrof under one and the same name, Kali-Durga.

No less huge is the green pyramid, the world of the higher aspect of Buddhism, which comprises two layers. There is a popular misconception that Buddhism or, at least, its southern variety is atheistic. In reality, there is, of course, no atheism to be found at the highest levels of Hinayana or Jainism. But beginning with Gautama and Mahavira, thinkers and disseminators have judged that it is in the best interests of the masses to emphasize the immateriality of the question of God in one's spiritual salvation, so that the efforts people themselves have to make are



not shunted onto God. And how could they not believe in God, they whose Nirvana is the first of the two layers of the great green pyramid? The second layer belongs to the Dhyani Bodhisattvas, the hierarchies that guide the peoples of Buddhist metacultures. We should treat with caution the claim made by the spiritual shepherds of Tibet that the majority of Dalai Lamas are reincarnations of the Dhyani Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara. To take that claim literally would show that the clarity of our thinking has not yet risen above the clarity that is attainable within definite religious limits. But we will not be far from the truth if we regard the proposition that Avalokitesvara is reincarnated in a successive series of Dalai Lamas as a sort of intimation that most Dalai Lamas are inspired by that great hierarchy, an intimation designed to accord with the level of mass understanding. The second to last of the Tibetan spiritual leaders was not wholly inspired while the one ruling at present (1957) is nothing other than an impostor, which accounts for his behavior.

As for the blue pyramid that has been beckoning to me for the last twenty years – it is Heavenly Jerusalem, the higher transmyth of Christianity. It is what lies behind the Christian creeds shared by Catholics, Orthodox believers, Protestants, Ethiopians, and the future followers of the Rose of the World. I said "creeds," but that is not precise, because it is almost impossible to express that single, common truth in words. Heavenly Jerusalem is the highest plane of the Synclites of Christian metacultures, and yet it is still not the Church. The Church is the highest plane of Shadanakar. And before undertaking to describe it, we must do an about-face and go down, far down into fire and darkness. For without a notion of the frightful and dread demonic sakwalas, we will also be unable to gain a proper notion of the higher planes of Shadanakar.

## **Book IV:**

### **The Structure of Shadanakar: the Infraphysical Planes**

#### ***4.1. The Demonic Base***

One fact that our religious consciousness has failed to take into account to this day is that the Trinity intrinsic to God recurs or is duplicated in some of the monads He creates. The crude saying “The devil is the ape of God” has a profound and multifaceted meaning. The warped, inverted imitation of the Trinity, the inner mystery of the Divine Spirit, by the great demonic monads constitutes one of its most important significancies. I cannot, of course, shed any light on the triune of Lucifer. It is on a level so infinitely beyond all the powers of our comprehension that it is scarcely possible to apprehend anything about it other than the very fact of its existence, the fact of its fall in times immemorial, and its continuous struggle against God.

Despite the tremendous gap between the dimensions of his being and ours, the nature of Gagtungr, the great demon of Shadanakar, may, under favorable circumstances, be apprehended to a somewhat greater extent. Most importantly, his triunity becomes evident, though the cause, origin, and purpose of that triunity (if it does indeed have a purpose) remain a mystery.

What comes to light first of all is that we are dealing with a kind of blasphemous parody of the hypostases of the Holy Trinity. But the nature of the Divine Triune – arguably, the most complex issue in theology – will be discussed, if only briefly, in another section of the book. Thus, for now it is impossible to shed light on the nature of the parody I have just mentioned. I will only say that Gagtungr endeavors to counterpose his first person, the Great Torturer, to the First Hypostasis of the Divine Trinity; his second person that could best be described by the name the Great Harlot to the Second Hypostasis; and the antipode called Urparp – to the Third Hypostasis of the Trinity. Urparp is the implementer of the demonic plan and, in a certain sense, might be called the principle of form. It is that aspect of the great demonic being that manifests itself in the life of various planes in Shadanakar as a power that actively works toward transforming their

nature in accordance with the designs and purposes of the Torturer. It is the formative power. Fokerma, the Great Harlot, is that aspect of the demonic being that pulls and draws souls and fates into Gagtungr's orbit. The first aspect, Gisturg, the Great Torturer, is the ultimate depth of the demonic self, the repository of its higher will, power, and desire.

His external appearance, as seen by the spiritual vision of those few humans who have gained entry to the dark heights of Digm, his abode, is dreadful beyond all description. Reclining, as it were, over a raging purple ocean, with black wings stretched from horizon to horizon, he raises his dark grey face up to where a blaze of infrapurple light pulses and flares, while above it all blazes a luminary of an inconceivable color vaguely reminiscent of violet. Woe to those whom Gagtungr fixes with his gaze and who return that gaze with open eyes. If I remember correctly, of all the human agents of dark missions later brought to Digm, only one, Torquemada, found the strength at that moment to call to mind the name of God. All the other monads became slaves to the devil for untold centuries to come.

Besides Gagtungr, the elect of evil also abide in Digm. They are the monads of a very few humans that have merged with their demonized shells and the few souls of certain beings of a demonic nature, including the grand igvas, the dark leaders of antihumankind who have already completed their journey on various denser material planes. There they together devise the plan for the struggle against God; there they prostrate themselves before Gisturg, take pleasure in the intimacy with the Great Harlot, and are initiated into depths of knowledge in contemplating the face of Urparp.

There is yet an even higher demonic plane in Shadanakar: multidimensional Shog whose materiality was created by the great demons of the macrobramfatura. Powerful currents of dark inspirations, involutions come out of the depths of the Universe into the plane, and no one other than Gagtungr can enter it. All others are only able to see it from the outside, and even then only at rare moments. At those moments, they no longer perceive as spherical that same luminary of indescribable color that blazes over Digm. Rather, they perceive it as a pulsating arc stretching from one end of the plane to the other, with its light still akin to violet. It is the galactic anticocosmos, the seat of power within the Galaxy of Lucifer himself. At times, the arc sags inward, as it were, and Lucifer's energy pours into Shog. Thereupon Gagtungr, imbibing it, raises his wings up to the black sky. That, at least, is how those who see Shog from the outside perceive it. The manifestations and forms of that world themselves are in actuality transcendental for us.

There are, however, other planes in Shadanakar from where the galactic anticosmos is visible, though in a different aspect. The anticosmos of all bramfaturas, Shadanakar included, are two-dimensional: they are endless geometrical planes, as it were. They all intersect along the same line, which could be called the demonic axis of the Galaxy. To help the reader visualize it, I will employ a kind of structural model. Take a book, stand it up vertically on its spine, open it and spread its pages out, and in your mind imagine the two dimensional plane of each of its pages extending on to infinity. All the planes will intersect at different angles, but all along the same vertical line somewhere on the spine. The demonic axis of the Galaxy, its anticosmos, is the cosmic prototype for the line of intersection of all these planes. Naturally, it will be visible to any being abiding on any of these two-dimensional worlds, including the corresponding plane in Shadanakar.

The two-dimensional plane in Shadanakar is, sometimes, called «hell», but the term is not entirely appropriate. The plane is not where human souls suffer in the afterlife; rather, it is the abode of most of the demonic beings of our planet. It could be called the anticosmos of Shadanakar, but that is not quite correct either, because the anticosmos is not that one plane alone but all the demonic worlds that counterpose the Divine Cosmos. It is only, so to speak, the chief demonic stronghold. Its real name is Gashsharva.

One could, if one likes, consider the beings there to be incarnated. On the other hand, the concept of incarnation is extremely relative. Their monads always remain high up in Digm and Shog, while their shelts, for the most part, languish between incarnations in the Pit of Shadanakar, a horrible one-dimensional world.

Gashsharva is the nucleus of the system of worlds created by the demonic powers of Shadanakar to counter the Divine Cosmos and eventually subvert it. No human being could help viewing that dismal yet awesome world as anything but horrific. The combination of a large number of time streams with only two dimensions produces a peculiar spiritually stifling atmosphere. Every monad experiences great pain when its shelt enters that world, a pain reminiscent of the sensation that would arise if a body were forced into a tight iron corset. The fewer the dimensions, the denser the materiality of the world. The atmosphere of that world, however, still resembles air, while the completely flat and uniform ground is harder than any matter in Enrof. There is no equivalent of our vegetation. The radiation of the beings themselves and certain mechanical devices serve as light sources. Blue and green are not visible there, though two kinds of infrared are. I

will give one of them the provisional name of infrapurple, stressing as I do so that it has no relation to infraviolet. The impression it produces is like that of a very thick, dark, and intense purple.

The galactic anticocosmos, which is visible from Digm as a luminary of an absolutely inconceivable and indescribable color, and from Shog in the form of a titanic blazing and pulsating infrapurple arc stretching across the sky, appears to Gashsharva as a section of the horizon that emits infrapurple light of uniform strength from infinitely distant regions.

All the inhabitants of Gashsharva are bound together by the tyranny of Gagtungr and, at the same time, by a kind of union of shared interests. They hate Gagtungr, yet not as much, of course, as they hate God. The keepers of the lower purgatories, magma, and core – the three sakwalas of Retribution – abide there.

Vrubel's "The Fallen Demon" has a twofold meaning. It is both a memory of Digm, of Gagtungr with wings stretched to the horizons, and a metaportrait, or rather, an infraportrait, of a lesser demon: a keeper of one of the purgatories. They are called angels of darkness, and the name captures their appearance perfectly. There is something human-like about them, they have large wings of astonishing beauty, and one senses something regal in the purplish and reddish color of their wings. But in Vrubel's picture these extraordinary wings are broken. The artist's brilliant intuition conveyed through this detail the chief disability crippling Gashsharva's inhabitants. Their wings are, in actuality, undamaged, but the possibility of using them is painfully limited, for they can only struggle laboriously, but not fly, through the plane's dense yet transparent atmosphere. The ashen pallor of their faces is loathsome and terrible; their predatory and merciless nature is wholly revealed in their facial features. These keepers of the lower purgatories replenish their energy by imbibing the gavvakh of humans drawn down to the purgatories by their karma. In passing from Gashsharva to those purgatories, they enter a less dense atmosphere in which crooked, uneven flight, all zigzags and jerks, is nevertheless possible.

Other inhabitants of Gashsharva, ryphras, the keepers of the magma, bear absolutely no resemblance to humans. Each of them individually resembles most closely a moving ridge of hills. They have something like a face, but the features are very indistinct.

The reader might criticize me next for my lack of imagination or for faithfulness to Christian tradition just where it is the most suspect. But it is that very same free

play of the imagination that I am trying to banish from these pages, and the fewer the fancies they contain, the better. As for the Christian tradition, what is retained here does not depend on my personal preferences but on corroboration by my spiritual experience. Unfortunately, the existence of certain beings popularized in Christian demonology has also received such corroboration. Strange as it may seem, beings resembling the devils of our legends do in fact exist, complete with, believe it or not, horns and tail. They abide in Gashsharva where they have the dubious pleasure of being the keepers of the Core – the sakwala comprising the most horrific planes of torment in Shadanakar. Generally speaking, many of the legends we are accustomed to treating with a smile or, at best, regarding as symbolic should be taken quite literally. Now, there is a challenge that is beyond the powers of the modern rational mind!

Gashsharva is inhabited by a wide range of fantastic beings. Among them, I also know of powerful female demons to whom I am accustomed to giving the provisional name of velgas. They are giants. They, sometimes, manifest themselves in human history as fomentors of violence and anarchy. In no way do they resemble humans or even the monsters of our world here. They are more like huge, coiling, blanketing cloaks of black and purple. Every people, as I recall, has only one velga. In any case, in Russia, there is only one, a very ancient one. Their incarnations in Gashsharva – if we can consider them incarnations – last for centuries.

At one time, all those beings lived on the Earth's surface – not in Enrof, but on a plane of approximately the same density and even remotely resembling it. Created by Gagtungr at the very beginning of Shadanakar's history, that plane has long ceased to exist. The demonic beings were smaller in size in that world and were, on the whole, somewhat different in appearance. But they were unable to feel at ease there. They were pressed and cowed by the light. Their essence would have been transformed under its influence and would, eventually, have ceased to conform to their demonic natures. They do not have an easy life now in Gashsharva, but there they, nevertheless, remain who they are.

Still other beings make that plane their home, but I know nothing about them, though I do know that some of those who were humans in Enrof abide there. They are the agents of special dark missions. Contrary to expectation, they experience virtually no suffering there. They have a different purpose for being there. In Gashsharva they are meticulously groomed by the powers of Gagtungr for their next incarnation among humanity.

What could bring a human shelt to accept such a mission? D'Anthès accepted his out of fear. Having descended after death through all the planes to the Pit of Shadanakar, he was, through the efforts of Urparp, taken up from there to Gashsharva and some time later was born yet again in Enrof. I don't know if he has died yet this time, but quite recently he was living in Russia where, in performing a new dark mission, he brought several greatly gifted people to ruin. Sometimes, a dark mission is accepted voluntarily, out of a thirst for power or blood, out of an inborn predisposition for evil. Such was the case, for example, with Tamerlane who after death passed through the same circles as D'Anthès, only more slowly. Raised up finally to Gashsharva, he had no choice but to accept a new mission. That mission was of far less importance than the first. Gagtungr loves to make a mockery of everyone, including his puppets.

The forces of the Light are frequently forced to descend to Gashsharva. To descend thus is very painful but necessary: events in the struggle with Gagtungr's legions require it. The inhabitants of Gashsharva see their enemies penetrating into their world, but they are powerless to prevent it.

The Demonic Base comprises yet another world, a world of one time stream and one dimension. It is the Pit of Shadanakar, the plane of torment for demonic shelts and for those few people who have performed dark missions.

The Pit came into being at the very dawn of our bramfatura through the efforts of Gagtungr and other, more powerful dark forces. It is composed of the densest materiality possible. In Enrof, only the materiality of stellar cores or that of the monstrous bodies of our Galaxy known as “white dwarfs” can to any extent be likened to it. It is difficult to imagine how movement could take place under such conditions. It does, though it is movement that is painful to the highest degree. It is necessary for the maintenance of their level of energy; otherwise, they are sucked into a kind of cavity that leads to an even more wretched place: the Pit of the Galaxy.

That all serves to clarify once and for all the relativity of the concept of incarnation. Demons, having incarnated in Gashsharva or on certain other planes of three and even four dimensions, sink to the Pit after death, where a new body, the densest possible, awaits them. That is the law of karma whose double edge is turned back on the demons themselves. To replenish his energy, Gagtungr himself imbibes the radiations of their sufferings in the Pit. Why not rebel against the law of karma? It is that same karmic law which supplies them with energy during their incarnations on all the other planes. To fight the law would be tantamount to

renouncing gavvakh as food, tantamount to entering into conflict with the entire demonic camp and the whole anticosmos – that is, it would be tantamount to ceasing to be a demon.

There is such a pit in every bramfatura in our Universe, except in those that are free of the demonic. Thus, there are millions of such pits in the Galaxy. Just as the two-dimensional cosmic planes of many anticosmoses or gashsharvas intersect along a common line, all the cosmic lines of galactic pits converge at a single point. The point is located in the Antares solar system. It is no coincidence that the star, also called the Heart of the Scorpion, served as the embodiment of sinister, even diabolical powers in many mythologies of antiquity and the Middle Ages. That immense solar system is the focal point of the Galaxy's anti-God forces, their abode in the three-dimensional world. It is also a gigantic metabramfatura of demons, the anticosmos of our Milky Way to the degree that the anticosmos is manifested at all in Enrof. I have already said that bramfaturas in which demons have been victorious are not long-lived, and the large planet revolving around Antares that is presently involtating the Pit of Shadanakar will soon break up, but another will take its place. The one that involtated the Pit at the time of Shadanakar's founding perished millions of years ago.

Antares is visible in our latitudes low on the southern horizon in late spring and summer, and many may remember well its brightly pulsating wine-red rays. Neither the sun, nor any other heavenly bodies are visible from the Pit of Shadanakar – only motionless Antares, on which one end of the Pit rests. In the Pit, it appears infrared. In the opposite direction, the one-dimensional world fades as it approaches the surface of the Earth.

Nothing is visible in that direction. That is where the cavity to the timeless Pit of the Galaxy lies concealed.

It is difficult to imagine how a body, denser than any other, could resemble the simplest thing we are capable of imagining: a kind of black line. It is even more difficult to conceive how it is that those beings retain the equivalent of sight and even touch. The most incomprehensible thing, I would think, is how they are able to see at all through that densest of atmospheres. It is from that atmosphere that they replenish their energy. Interaction between them is possible but extremely limited. Their suffering is beyond description.

Not only the Pit but all the worlds of the Demonic Base appeared, as I have mentioned, while the physical body of Shadanakar was cooling. Before the



emergence of organic life in Enrof, Gagtungr centered his activities around attempts to establish a demonic plane on the surface of the Earth and, when that failed, to reinforce and expand Gashsharva and other planes connected with the lower layers of the crust, the magma, and the core of the planet. When organic life did emerge in Enrof, he focused his efforts on gaining sway over the animal realm – efforts that were in part successful – and on making the demiurges' laws more oppressive. The resultant of those two forces formed the basis for the laws of Nature and karma under which we live.

The Semitic religions are disposed to attribute to God responsibility for the severity of the laws. Surprising as it is, their severity itself, at least the severity of the laws of retribution, did not arouse any protest, and were not even recognized as overly harsh. Even the saints of Christian metacultures reconciled themselves with inscrutable calm to the idea of eternal suffering for sinners. Their minds were not troubled by the absurdity of eternal retribution for temporal evil, while their conscience – I do not know how – was appeased by the idea of everlasting immutability, that is, the inevitability of these laws. But that mode of reasoning and conscience is long past. The idea that the Law, in the form it has taken, was created according to God's will should seem blasphemous to us now.

Yes, not a hair of your head will be lost, nor will a single leaf on a tree rustle except through the will of God. But we should understand that to mean not that the universal Law in its entirety is the manifestation of God's will, but that the maturation of free wills that make up the Universe is sanctioned by God. The existence of a great many free wills gave rise to the possibility that some of them would deny God. Their denial led to their struggle with the forces of the Light and to their creation of an anticosmos counterposed to the Cosmos of the Creator.

From the very moment life emerged in Enrof, Gagtungr and his horde left their imprint on the laws governing that life. They were unable to change the laws of the middle planes of Shadanakar, but many species and classes of animals and some planes of the elementals fell under their sway, either wholly or in part. That is the origin of the duality of what we call Nature: beauty, spirituality, harmony, and peacefulness on the one hand; living beings killing each other on the other. Is it not obvious that both these aspects are equally real? Is there even one person with a brain and conscience, no matter how deeply he or she might love Nature, who would venture to say that its harmony eclipses and alleviates the boundless sea of suffering that is evident to the unprejudiced eye? And could even one person be found who, despite that sea of suffering – so glaring, so indisputable, so

incessantly bombarding our ears with the groans and cries of living beings – has not even once in a while still experienced the inexplicable harmony and incomparable beauty of Nature? How is it that to this day people have failed to understand and resolve that crucial paradox? Isn't it because in the West religious thought for more than twenty centuries has been held in thrall by the idea of God's absolute omnipotence and by consequent preconceptions about the oneness of Nature? And in the East, isn't it because a deep-rooted philosophical monism has not permitted people to approach an understanding of Nature's duality?

#### ***4.2. The Worlds of Retribution***

During the prehistoric era, the demonic powers were occupied with slowing human development and preparing the planes of transphysical magma and the core to receive millions of human souls in the future. Later, during historical times, the shrastrs and witzraor sakwalas were created. The majority of purgatories appeared at even later times.

Our survey of the worlds of retribution begins with the purgatories, because they are closer to us than the other planes. They are more commensurable with our customary notions, and in the case of a descent after death, it is in the purgatories that the descent begins. In the majority of cases, it ends there as well.

The word “purgatory” is borrowed from Catholicism, but many of the Catholic beliefs invested in it do not coincide with the overall picture of what is to be described. The term “sheol” could also have been used in reference to those planes, but the Judaic images of those shadowy lands of the dead will also find no parallel in my description.

The purgatories of the various metacultures differ somewhat from each other. Taken separately, each of them also undergoes substantial changes over the course of centuries. In addition, they took shape in different historical periods. There were none at all in the metacultures of antiquity, the Byzantine metaculture included. To be more precise, the worlds of eternal suffering existed in their place, and a distinct echo of the mystical knowledge about the planes of eternal suffering can be heard in the majority of ancient religions.

The oldest of the purgatories belongs to the Indian metaculture. It was the Indian Synclite that first attained the power of the Light necessary to prevent Gagtungr's forces from turning into planes of torment their sakwala of afterlife atonement – a sakwala that the Indian metaculture had inherited from the daemons and Titans, the most ancient of humankind. Later, some planes in the metacultures of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam were converted into purgatories. The key role in that was played by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, His descent into the demonic worlds, and the struggle that ensued over several centuries between the Christian Synclites and the demons over mitigation of the Law of Retribution. But the struggle did not end in victory in the Byzantine metaculture. The enemy camp offered stubborn resistance. As a result, the Byzantine metaculture broke away from Enrof.

I mentioned before, in passing, the implications of the Byzantine Orthodox Church's refusal to embrace the idea of purgatories when it arose in the Western Church. The horrifying prospect of the eternal torments awaiting the soul of a sinner should be regarded as the impulse for the extreme asceticism with which the Byzantine religious spirit burned to the very end of its history. Yes, the eschatological depths, with all the extremes of its demonic cruelty, unfolded before the eyes of Byzantine prophets. One can only be surprised not at the desperate ascetic excesses of that culture but at the fact that such excesses did not take place in all the metacultures that lacked purgatories.

The first sheol in the Russian metaculture was created in the twelfth century, after having been converted from a plane of torment through the efforts of Christ. Its appearance has changed somewhat over time, and the karmic weights that draw the dead down into that world have changed as well. Be that as it may, the mechanics of the Law of Retribution have, of course, remained always and everywhere the same: it dictates that a violation of moral laws encumbers the etheric body of the perpetrator. While such a person is still alive, the encumbered etheric body remains afloat, as it were, on the surface of the three-dimensional world, with the physical body playing the role of life preserver. But as soon as that person's link is severed by death, the etheric body begins to sink deeper and deeper, from plane to plane, until it reaches equilibrium with its surroundings.

These are the basic mechanics. But there are also beings who oversee its smooth operation: the enforcers of karma. Among the various demons of Shadanakar, they are a class unto themselves. They are newcomers. When the demonic hordes of the planet Daiya were expelled to the bramfatura of its moon, and the moon soon after broke up into a mass of dead fragments (asteroids), its demonic inhabitants

scattered into space in search of a new haven. A group of them entered Shadanakar after concluding a sort of pact with Gagtungr's forces. They are beings of superior intellect, but they are as cold as ice emotionally. They know neither hate nor love, malice nor compassion. They assumed supervision of the mechanics of karma, replenishing their energy with emanations from the mental suffering of people who have been forced to descend to Skrivnus, Ladref, and Morod – the upper planes of the purgatories – after their life in Enrof. The enforcers of karma are immense in size, they are as translucent and grey as frosted glass, their bodies are rectangular, and, strangely enough, their faces somewhat resemble those of guard dogs: pointy ears and alert eyes. They enter into battle with the forces of the Light only when those forces embark on mitigating the laws of karma and transforming purgatories.

The first of the purgatories is called Skrivnus. It is the very picture of a stark, Godless world and society: a colorless landscape, a leaden grey sea that is always calm. Withered grass, stunted bushes, and moss call to mind our tundra. But at least in the spring, the tundra is covered with flowers. Not a single flower has sprouted from the soil of Skrivnus. Hollows surrounded by short but unscalable slopes serve as the dwelling places of the millions who were once people.

Skrivnus knows neither love, nor hope, nor joy, nor religion, nor art. Nor has it ever seen children. Interminable labor is interrupted only by sleep, but the sleep is without dreams, and the labor is without creativity. Huge, frightful beings keep watch on the other side of the slopes. From time to time, they toss out piles of objects that seem to float through the air. On its own, each object finds the one who is to work on it: mending old clothes no one needs, washing things that look like bottles caked in grease and dirt, stripping pieces of broken metal. Both work and sleep take place primarily in long barracks, sectioned off inside by waist partitions.

The inhabitants fully retain their human appearance, but their facial features are smudged and flattened. They remind one of identical-looking pancakes. Be that as it may, the memory of life in Enrof is not only preserved in the hearts of the inhabitants; it gnaws at them like the dream of paradise lost. The most relentless of the torments of Skrivnus is the weariness of interminable slavery, the tedium of the labor, and the absence of any hope for the future.

It is not a hopeful prospect, but the nightmare of an ever present threat that offers the only seemingly realistic way out of that place. A black, box-like ship appears on the sea and quickly and noiselessly glides into the shore. Its sighting sends the

inhabitants into a horrified panic, as none of them can be sure that they will not be swallowed up in the pitch black of the ship's hold. Having rounded up a number of them – they whose karmic weight condemns them to suffer on deeper planes – the ship casts off. Those confined in the hold do not see the route being taken. They only sense their horizontal motion giving way to a spiraling descent, as if the ship were being sucked into a whirling maelstrom.

Skrivnus is restricted to the expiatory suffering of those whose conscience has not been sullied by the memory of grave sins or crimes but whose consciousness in Enrof was insulated from the will and influence of its shell by a thick wall of worldly cares and exclusively material concerns.

The next plane resembles the previous one, but it is darker, as if it were suspended in nebulous murk on the edge of everlasting night. There are neither buildings, nor crowds here. Everyone, however, is aware of the unseen proximity of a great many others: tracks like footprints betray their presence. That purgatory is called Ladref, and tens of millions spend a brief time there. Descent to Ladref is the consequence of religious skepticism, which does not give spirituality the power to penetrate into a person's essence and lighten his or her etheric body.

They who are doomed to a further descent have the impression of falling asleep and then suddenly waking up in unfamiliar surroundings. In actual fact, demonic beings – the enforcers of karma – transport them while they are in a stupor into a different time stream, though the number of dimensions – three – remains constant in all the sheols.

Those expiating their karma find themselves in a darkness where only the soil and sparse equivalents of vegetation emit a dim phosphorescent light. Glowing cliffs do lend a grim beauty to the landscape in places. That is the last plane with vestiges of what we group under the name “nature”. The planes that follow will consist solely of urban settings.

In Morod, that next plane, absolute silence reigns. Everyone in that world is convinced they are utterly alone, there being no signs of any other inhabitants. An overpowering feeling of forsakenness encases them like a suit of armor. In vain do they scramble about, pray, call for help, or seek out others – all are left alone with their own soul. But their souls are corrupt, their memories are sullied by the wrongs they did on Earth, and there is nothing more frightening for such souls than solitude and quiet. There, everyone comes to a full realization of the meaning and repercussions of the wrongs they committed on Earth and drains the cup of

horror their sins instill. Nothing distracts the unfortunates from that endless internal monologue, not even the struggle for survival. There is no struggle – there is food all around in abundance in the form of certain kinds of soil. As for clothing, in the majority of planes, Morod included, the etheric body itself radiates a material coating – a coating for which clothes are a substitute in our world. And if, in the worlds of Enlightenment, this coating is beautiful and radiant, the creative handicap of the inhabitants of Morod allows only for the creation of etheric rags. In point of fact, the astral-etheric essence of those undergoing expiation was already clothed in such tatters back in Ladref.

They whose conscience Morod does not cleanse can no longer expect a smooth passage into the next plane. Instead, they experience a sudden and terrifying plunge down into it. It is as if a quagmire opens up underneath the unfortunates and sucks them down: first their legs, then their bodies, and last their heads.

Our survey of the purgatories has arrived at Agr, a plane of black vapors, where the dark mirror images of the great cities of Enrof dot the landscape like islands. Agr, like all the purgatories, does not extend into outer space, so neither sun, nor stars, nor moon can be seen there. The sky appears as a solid firmament wrapped in constant night. Some objects glow of themselves; the ground also emits a dull glow, as if it were saturated with blood. There is one dominant color there, but we in Enrof are unable to see it. It gives an impression close to dark crimson and might well be the color we know as infrared.

I am only slightly acquainted with infra-Petersburg. As I recall, it also has a large river, but it is as black as ink, and there are buildings that emit a blood-red glow. It could, in a way, be likened to the light given off by the fires on Vasilievsky Island on national holidays, but it is a ghastly likeness. Those who have fallen into that world have retained their human features, but their bodies are deformed and repulsive. They are short in height and their movements have slowed. Their bodies no longer radiate any kind of material substitute for clothes, and unrelieved nakedness reigns everywhere. One of the torments of Agr is a feeling of impotent shame and a constant awareness of one's own wretched state. The inhabitants are also tormented by the beginnings of a stinging pity for others like them, as it dawns on them that they share the blame for their tragic fate.

The unfortunates are afflicted by a third torment: fear. It is instilled by volgras, demonic predators also present in Agr. When we had come near the building that constitutes the dark-ether body of the Engineer's Castle, I saw a huge creature the size of a dinosaur sitting motionless on its roof. It was a female, one droopy and

flabby with grey, porous skin. Forlornly pressing a cheek to the tower and hugging it with its right paw, the poor thing was staring blankly into the distance with what appeared to be empty eye sockets. It seemed very unhappy. I had the impression it desperately wanted to cry out or howl, but it had no mouth or orifice of any kind. To feel pity for it, however, was in itself very dangerous. The crafty predator was on the lookout for prey, and any of those who had been humans were potential victims. The poor beings, wild with fear of the volgras and hardly daring to breathe, were hiding behind corners or skulking at the base of the buildings the monsters had chosen to rest on. To be eaten, or rather, to be sucked in by a volgra through its porous skin, is to die in Agr, but only to reappear even lower, in Bustvich or in horrible Rafag.

I later learned that there were a great many volgras, that they are, to some degree, intelligent, and that the primitive, dark civilization that characterizes Agr is their creation. They had virtually no mechanical devices to facilitate their labor. They erected the buildings that I saw all around by hand, using material similar to the trunks of California's giant redwoods, and every piece of that material, once it had been fixed to the other pieces, began to glow with a dull crimson light that illuminated virtually nothing. What connection exists between the buildings in the human cities of Enrof and the volgras' buildings in Agr remains a mystery to me.

They have no oral language, of course, but they do use a kind of sign language. They must have built the buildings for shelter from the brief showers that poured down every few minutes. The rain was black.

Also strange is the fact that volgras have three sexes, not two. The male impregnates the neuter that carries the embryo for a period of time and then passes it on to the future mother.

But, here and there, silent buildings that do not glow at all dot the civilization like islands. The volgras did not go anywhere near them. There must have been something I could not see that was hindering them. Such buildings were standing on the site of St. Isaac's Cathedral and certain other churches in St. Petersburg. They are the only refuge where the tormented of Agr can feel safe from the volgras, if only for a short time. Who built them? When? Out of what? I do not know. Hunger did not permit the unfortunates to hide long in those shelters, but drove them out in search of the edible mold that grows on the base of buildings in that bleak city.

If those who were human are not doomed by a heavy karma to fall prey to a volgra and come to in the next world of descent, then they are destined sooner or later to undergo a transformation that will lift them up. The bodies of those who are nearing completion of their atonement gradually begin to change. They grow in height, the facial features they used to have begin to form anew, and the volgras do not dare go near them. The transformation itself takes place with the assistance of brothers and sisters from the Heavenly Russia. Descending to Agr, they surround the ones who have completed their ordeal. Only those others who themselves will soon be raised from there in the same way are allowed to be in attendance. While they watch from the wings, it seems to them that the members of the Synclite lift those freed onto their wings or into the folds of glittering sheets. The volgras, gripped by mystic fear and trembling, watch from a distance, unable to understand what is happening.

The staircase of ascent is not closed to a single demonic monad, not even to volgras. But such a conversion requires a high level of consciousness, which is hardly ever in evidence there.

Something completely different is, sometimes, in evidence there instead. The landscape is broken in places by glowing puddles that resemble small pools of waste. There is something nauseating about the green in them. It is Bustvich, the next lowest plane, visible through Agr. Everything there is rotting, but nothing decomposes completely. The sensation of rotting alive combined with a spiritual lethargy constitutes the torment of Bustvich. They whose soul, encumbered by indulgence of unenlightened physical desires, did not fashion any kind of counterweight during life on Earth, unravel the knots of their karma in Bustvich. There, the prisoner is gnawed at by an overpowering feeling of self-disgust, because its etheric body has taken the form of excrement. For, horrifying and revolting as it may be, Bustvich is, essentially, nothing more than the volgras' cesspool.

Physical torments begin to commingle with mental ones. The prisoners are extremely restricted in their mobility, and in their means of self-defense. But self-defense is of primary necessity for every one of them, for abiding with them there, between incarnations in one of the worlds of the demonic elementals, are the souls of small, human-like demons coated in a dark-ether body. They look like human worms, and are about the size of cats. They eat alive those who, at one time, were humans in Enrof, and they do it slowly, a little at a time.



At that time (that is, in 1949), the Emperor Paul I was in that plane's twin copy of the Engineer's Castle. (There is one in Bustvich as well.) He had already passed through a cycle of torments on the deeper planes and was being slowly raised up to Drukkarg, the shrastr of Russian antihumankind. I was astonished by the harshness of his fate. But it was explained to me that if the agony of his murder on the night of March 12<sup>th</sup> had not relieved him of a part of his karmic weight and if, instead, he had continued to tyrannize the country right up until a death by natural causes, the weight of his crimes would have drawn him down even deeper, until he had reached Propulk, one of the most horrific of the planes of torment.

Bustvich is followed by the purgatory of Rafag where the karmic consequences of betrayals and self-serving loyalty to tyrants are expunged. Rafag is the torment of constant affliction by debilitating illness of a sort that might find on our plane a distant parallel in cholera. Rafag is the last plane in which the landscape is even faintly reminiscent of our cities, but there are no shelters such as were scattered throughout Bustvich and Agr. The mantle of humanity's prayers does not reach Rafag; only the powers of the Synclites and upper hierarchies of Shadanakar can penetrate beyond it.

Angels of darkness rule over the lowest three purgatories.

Shim-big, the first of these planes, is a slow stream flowing through an inexpressibly oppressive world enclosed under a high vault. It is hard to tell what the source of its drab, colorless half-light is. A drizzle sprinkles on the stream, raising tiny bubbles on its surface. It is no longer the covering of the souls being tormented there but the souls themselves, in their decomposed etheric bodies, that resemble wispy brown rags. They stumble back and forth, grabbing hold of whatever they can to keep from falling into the stream. It is not only fear that torments them. They are afflicted even more by a feeling of shame of unsurpassed intensity and by a desperate longing for their real body and for the soft, warm world – memories of the joys of life on Earth.

The feeling of pity also intensifies there.

In the meantime, the mouth of the stream can be seen up ahead. The stream itself, and the entire tunnel-shaped world, breaks off just as a subway tunnel breaks off where a trestle begins. But the water does not fall anywhere: the water and the banks and the vault – everything – dissolves into a grey, featureless void. Nobody can exist there, and there is not even a hint of any kind of ground or atmosphere.

Only one thing does not disappear there: the spark of self-consciousness. In that purgatory, Dromn, the soul experiences the terrifying illusion of non-existence.

In Shim-big, atonement is done by those who were responsible for a few human deaths (even the deaths of criminals), whether by passing death sentences or by denouncing someone to the authorities. In Dromn can be found those whose violation of the Law would seem, in our view, incomparably lesser. The arithmetic of karma is strange indeed! What draws one down to Dromn is not heinous crimes or bloodshed but only the karmic consequences of a zealous atheism, an aggressive repudiation of spirituality, the active promotion of the false idea of the soul's mortality. The secret behind that surprising and seemingly disproportionate punishment is that those acts of will sealed tight, as it were, the breathing holes of the soul while it was still in Enrof, resulting in an even greater encumbering of the etheric essence than occurs even as the result of individual crimes taken separately. To prisoners of Dromn, it appears that nothing exists anywhere, that they themselves do not exist – just as they imagined it during their lives. Only after tremendous efforts taking up no brief span of time are they able to come to grips with the astonishing fact that, contrary to all reason and common sense, their conscious self does not disappear even there, in the void.

In so doing, they begin to understand, vaguely at first, that it could all have been very different if they had not chosen that nonexistence, or semi-nonexistence, themselves.

But the misery of self-inflicted aloneness that colors their stay in Dromn begins to give way, little by little, to alarm. The self feels as if it is being drawn somewhere down and to the side and as if it is turning from a dot into an elongated body pointed downward. The absence of any points of reference prevents it from knowing whether it is falling slowly or descending at a rapid speed. The only orientation it has is an inner voice, which howls louder than any logical thought, that it is moving neither up nor horizontally, but down.

Down below, an area of pink comes into view. For several seconds the color may even appear inviting. But then a blood-chilling guess takes hold of the unfortunate self: it realizes that it is falling helplessly into a calm sea of molten iron. It gains in weight, and it hits the molten-red surface of Fukabirn, the last plane in the sakwala of purgatories, and plunges deep down into it. Besides the burning sensation, the torment consists of a feeling of horror at descending into eternal torture, a descent that rings of finality.

Commencing after Fukabirn is the sakwala of transphysical magma. These circumscribed worlds coexist in three-dimensional space, though in different time streams, with belts of molten rock within the planet's crust. I would like to repeat and stress that in all the metacultures, except the Indian, the suffering in those worlds was without end until Jesus Christ undertook His liberating descent into them, which in the Church tradition is called “the descent of the Savior into the dead”. From that moment on, it became possible, though only at the cost of tremendous efforts, for the forces of the Light to extricate sufferers from those abysses after the period of time necessary for them to unravel the knots of their personal karma.

The first of the magmas is Okrus, the muddy bottom of Fukabirn.

As far back as in Dromn, the shelt had been left without any of its old coatings and a new bodily essence had begun to form. Its formation nears completion in Okrus, but there is nothing even remotely human in its appearance. It is a spherical object of animate inframetal.

Who are the torments of Fukabirn and Okrus for? There are actually few such sufferers. Millions suffered in Skrivnus and Ladref, but hundreds, perhaps only dozens, suffer here. The condemnation of ideological enemies to horrible tortures, the condemnation of the innocent, the torment of the defenseless, the torture of children – that is what is expiated through suffering in Okrus and Fukabirn.

There, the tormented remembers well the religious teachings and the warnings they were given on Earth. They are sensible of bodily pain as retribution but have already begun to recognize the dual nature of the Law and the demonic, not Divine, responsibility for its harshness. Their consciousness begins to waken. That is the Providential side of the Law, the ancient basis for it that was established by the demiurges back before Gagtungr's invasion of Shadanakar. The wakening of consciousness, the wakening of conscience, and the growth of spiritual thirst are those aspects of the Law of Retribution that the forces of the Light did not cede to the dark forces and thanks to which the Law, despite everything, has not become an absolute evil.

In its infraphysical state, the magma is very similar to its physical counterpart. Prisoners there, at first, retain their freedom of movement, but there is as yet no need to make efforts to sustain their existence. They absorb energy from their surroundings automatically. The same is true of Gvegr, the second belt of magma, a motionless lava sea.

I would, however, like to remind the reader that suffering of any kind in Enrof alleviates torments in the afterlife, primarily by reducing their time span, but, sometimes, also through a change in their “quality.” On the whole, the length of a soul's expiatory punishments after death is determined by the number of the victims that suffered from its actions in Enrof. Mass crimes result in descent to a lower plane of retribution. For example, Urkarvire can take the place of Okrus, or Propulk can take the place of Gvegr. For the bodily suffering that began in Fukabirn and increased in Okrus and Gvegr reaches its zenith on the next plane, the seething magma of Urkarvire. There, the corrupters of lofty and enlightened ideas that bear the blame for warping the transphysical paths of thousands and millions do atonement. Urkarvire, likewise, harbors the ones guilty of those heinous deeds known, in our dry, lifeless language, as conscious sadism – that is, not only did the criminals experience a feeling of pleasure from causing others suffering, but they were fully aware of the immorality of the pleasure at the time. They were aware, but that did not prevent them from enjoying it, nor from indulging in it time and again.

Fortunately, time flows much more quickly there. For example, a world famous writer of modern times who was not guilty of conscious sadism, of course, but of corrupting ideals, of perverting ideas and poisoning a great many minds with lies, had the impression that he had spent only a few days there, and not the ten years it was in Enrof's time.

Next comes the hard magma of Propulk, the world of expiatory suffering for mass butchers, the instigators of bloody wars, and the torturers of entire peoples. All freedom of movement is lost. Their bodies feel as if they were lodged in a hard substance and pressed from all sides. But even this horrible bodily suffering is surpassed by the suffering of the soul. They feel a stinging remorse and longing for God that is impossible on any of the planes above it. Fortunately, few descend to Propulk. Need I say that Yezhov or Beria's cohorts are there? Amazingly, only a short while ago, Malyuta Skuratov was still suffering there. In the Propulk of the Western metacultures, not only Robespierre and Saint-Just, but even some of the sixteenth-century inquisitors were still unraveling their karma.

The magma sakwala concludes with the superheavy magma of Yrl. The bodily suffering there is completely overshadowed by spiritual torment. Yrl was created for the punishment of those who in our legal tongue are called “repeat offenders”: those who, having once already fallen to the magma and returned to Enrof, again encumbered themselves with unspeakable crimes.

The magmas end there.

Below the magmas begins the sakwala of worlds corresponding to the physical core of the planet, worlds common to all metacultures.

First come the infrared caves of Biask, the direst of the red infernos, as we might designate the entire staircase of planes from Fukabirn down to Biask. There, the body again metamorphoses, sprouting the semblance of a head and four limbs. But the gift of speech is lost, for there is no one with whom to converse. Each of the prisoners is held in solitary confinement and sees only his or her tormentors who, strangely enough, resemble the devils of our legends. Sitting here in Enrof in relative security, we can afford to chuckle as much as we like about people believing in those horned villains, but do not wish even your sworn enemy a closer acquaintance with them. The victims that fall to Biask number at most in the dozens, but because there is a great throng of devils in need of their gavvakh, these devils wring gavvakh out of their victims by every means they are capable of devising.

The victims of Biask are those who in Enrof were tempters of the spirit. Such crimes are judged so harshly because they do great karmic damage to thousands of human souls. Even butchers at whose hands hundreds of people have died physically do not do as much harm as those about whom it is said in the Gospels: “Whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in me to sin, it would be better for him to have a great millstone fastened round his neck and to be drowned in the depth of the sea” (Matt.18:6). And even if Yaroslavsky or Bedny had been good people in their private lives, it would not have saved them from the fate that awaits tempters of the spirit in the afterlife.

Beneath Biask gape the vertical cracks of Amints. Those who fall there get stuck, as it were, and hang there completely helpless. As the cracks lead down to Gashsharva, the unfortunates find themselves hanging right over the lair of the demonic powers in Shadanakar. In Amiuts are those who combined conscious sadism with an immensity of heinous deeds.

But there are side tunnels leading from the vertical cracks of Amints. They are Ytrech, the planetary night which will last until the end of our planet's existence in Enrof – that is, until the end of the second (future) eon. There have been very few there, Ivan the Terrible, for instance. Further, there is yet another, very special plane. Only this plane could be equal to the crime of Judas Iscariot. It is called Zhursh, and no one except Judas has ever entered it.

It goes without saying that we do not have even the slightest inkling of the suffering experienced on the planes of the Core.

Our survey has now arrived at the graveyard of Shadanakar, the last of the planes. I could not clearly make out its name. Sometimes, it sounded like Suiel, sometimes, I thought it was closer to Suietkh, and the question has remained unresolved in my mind. Those who persist in doing evil descend there from the lower planes of torment. Their shelts – what is left of them – are abandoned by their monads. The monads leave Shadanakar for good, to start anew in places, times, and forms beyond our conception. Yet, that is still better than falling through the Pit of Shadanakar into the Pit of the Galaxy. At least, in the former case the monad does not leave cosmic time.

But the shelt is alive. It is a conscious, albeit lesser, self. It is barely stirring in Sufetkh, as little by little the last of its energy expires. It is that same second death mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. A spark of consciousness flickers to the end, and the magnitude of its suffering surpasses even the imagination of the demons themselves. To this day, no one of the Light, not even the Planetary Logos, has been able to penetrate into Sufetkh. It is, sometimes, visible to members of the Synclites, but from neighboring planes, not from within. At those times, they can descry a desert, over which glows the dim purple sun of Gashsharva, Gagtungr's anticosmos.

Fortunately, in the entire history of humanity, the total number of monads that has fallen to Sufetkh does not exceed a few hundred. Of them, only a few have left any trace in history, for all the prominent chronically descending monads are brought to Gashsharva. Those, whom even Gagtungr has no use for, go to Sufetkh. I know of only one historical figure among them: Domitian who, in the incarnation following his fall to Propulk, became Marshal Gilles de Retz, the one who, at first was, a comrade in arms of Joan of Arc, but was later a villain and sadist who bathed in tubs made from the innards of children he had murdered. Cast down to Yrl, he soiled himself again in his next incarnation in Enrof with atrocities committed during the Inquisition. After his third death, he sliced through all the planes of the inferno for the third time, reached Sufetkh, and was ejected from Shadanakar like slag.

I know full well that the humanitarian spirit of our age would prefer to be presented with a very different picture from the one I have described in this chapter. Some will find it objectionable that, departures notwithstanding, my testimony seems to resemble too closely traditional images from historical

Christianity. Others will be shocked by the savagery of the laws and by the bodily character of the horrible agonies endured on the planes of torment. But I am prepared to ask of the former: did you seriously think that the teachings of the Fathers of the Church were based on nothing but figments of a spooked imagination? Only a mind as empty of spirit as a tractor or a rolling mill could suppose, for example, that we can reduce “The Divine Comedy” to a collection of artistic techniques, political diatribe, and poetic fantasy. In the first part of his book, Dante revealed the staircase of infraphysical planes extant in the Roman Catholic metaculture in the Middle Ages. One must learn to separate the impurities introduced into the picture to satisfy artistic demands or as the result of aberrations inherent to the age from the expression of genuine, unparalleled, and staggering transphysical revelation. And I do not consider it out of place to mention that the one who was Dante now numbers among the few great human spirits that have it within their power to penetrate unhindered down to the very Pit of Shadanakar.

As for those who are upset at the severity of the laws, I have only one thing to say: work to enlighten them! Of course, it would be easier to sell the intellectual mindset of the humanitarian age on an image of so-called spiritual, rather than physical, torments: pangs of conscience, despair over the inability to love, and the like. Unfortunately, these barbaric laws were clearly established without consideration for the sentiments of the twentieth-century intelligentsia. It is true that spiritual suffering also plays a large role in the planes of descent. Essentially, only the great criminals of history are primarily subjected to bodily suffering, suffering that is, in addition, worse than any physical pain of ours, because etheric pain surpasses the physical both in intensity and length. But we could also ask: given the amount of pain these people caused their victims in Enrof, what pangs of conscience or, as Dostoyevsky thought, despair at not being able to love could counterbalance that mountain of suffering on the scales of the impartial Law of Karma?

And each of us is free to join those who are working to mitigate that Law.

### *4.3. Shrastrs and Witzraors*

I am about to describe worlds of special significance for humanity, its history, and for all of Shadanakar. These are the worlds designed by the demonic forces to be frontline weapons in the realization of Gagtungr's global plan. They are, properly speaking, two sets of worlds, two sakwalas of infraphysical planes closely linked to one another.

I have already mentioned that within every metaculture there is a sort of antipode to its zatomis, a sort of demonic stronghold where the holy cities of the Synclites are reflected upside-down, as it were, in black mirrors. I am referring to shrastrs, the abodes of antihumankind.

Shrastrs are separate regions of a single four-dimensional world, but each region possesses its own unique number of time streams. The ring of shrastrs is metageologically connected with the lower layers of the Earth's crust, with its countervailing prominences, and they are the dark twins/antipodes to Eanna, Olympus, Paradise, Monsalvat, the Heavenly Russia, and the other Zatomises. The peaks and ridges of the countervailing prominences, which offset mountain ranges on the Earth's surface, point to the center of the planet. In Enrof, those regions are devoid of life: there is basalt, lava, and nothing else. But that is not true of the four-dimensional world. Below them, toward the center, is empty space – a reddish and pale orange cavity that blazes with darting waves of light and heat. The resultant of two gravities operates on the Earth's inner surface: gravity toward the crust and toward the core. The inhabitants' conception of up and down differs from ours. Infrapurple and infrared, almost black, luminaries glow motionless in the subterranean orange-reddish sky – this is how Gashsharva and the planes of torment of the Core appear to the eye from the shrastrs. By the rays of those moons, the populous societies and monstrous hierarchies that manifest themselves before our eyes in the form of great states, tyrannical regimes, and the faceless vampires of global history live and fortify their strongholds.

What is Nature like there? What is the predominant landscape on the underside of the world? There are no blues and greens; they would not be visible to the inhabitants. Instead, they have two colors not visible to our eyes. There is also something resembling vegetation, but it is fiery and dreadful: clumps of huge, dark crimson bushes and large, waving flowers of flame that stand alone in places. The land is very rugged. Lakes and seas of white and pink lava dot the crust's surface. On the whole, the landscape has a distinctive geologic-urban character: gigantic



cities with populations in the millions. In infra-Russia, for example, the chief city encompasses almost the entire countervailing prominence of the anti-Urals, another corresponds to the Caucasus, and cities are now under construction on the prominences countervailing the mountains of Kazakhstan and the Tien Shan. There are also cities situated beneath our lowlands, but they are less common, as those areas are for the most part flooded by lava.

Antihumankind, basically, consists of two very different races or species. The principal race is composed of small but highly intelligent beings that proceed through a circle of reincarnations in the shrastrs where they assume a four-dimensional form somewhat reminiscent of ours. That form, the equivalent of our physical body, is called karrokh. It is composed of the materiality of those planes which was created by the great demonic hierarchies. The shrastr inhabitants have upper and lower pairs of limbs, though they have a different number of fingers and toes than we do. In addition, they are equipped with something like wing membranes. Their stalked red eyes, bulging cylindrical heads, mouse-gray skin, and puckered, tube-like mouth might evoke disgust in humans. But they are beings of keen intellect and the builders of a civilization that in certain respects is more advanced than ours. They are called igvas.

Igvas first appeared in the shrastr of the Babylonian-Assyrian metaculture. Another race, the ancestors of the contemporary raruggs, of whom I will speak a little later, inhabited the older shrastrs. But I do not have a very clear notion of the actual origin of the igvas: we are dealing here with concepts so strange that they lie beyond the grasp of our reason. Thus, although no human monads are demonic by nature, it sometimes happens – albeit very seldom – that a person will at some point in his or her journey voluntarily become an igva. To do so requires a strong desire, tremendous clarity of mind, and singular ability in specific areas. Such was the founder of antihumankind, an individual who lived in a very real sense in Erech and Babylon where he was a priest of Nergal, and behind whom stretched a long chain of incarnations in more ancient cultures and in the Titan humankind.

The igvas originated from the union of that person with Lilith. She is sometimes capable – though very rarely and only at the bidding of Gagtungr – of assuming a female form in denser worlds. When she appeared in Babylon, for human eyes it was as if she had suddenly materialized out of nowhere. Three people saw her: the future father of the igvas, and two others, one of whom went insane, the other of whom was put to death. The one for whom she had assumed that ghost-like physical form joined his astral, and then etheric, body with hers. She then

descended, all wrapped in flame, to an empty infraphysical plane where she disgorged the first pair of igvas. The father of the race did not incarnate again in the shrastrs or Enrof. He is now in Digm, and his contribution to the design and realization of the demonic plan is great indeed.

The igvas have a unisyllabic oral language. The human language it most closely resembles phonetically is probably Chinese, but because of the tube-like shape of the igvas' mouths, vowel sounds like "o," "u", and “ū” predominate.

The igvas, sometimes, wear clothes, but they more often go about naked. Their extreme intellectualism has completely sterilized their sex life. Their method of procreation resembles the human method, but it is more unsightly. They copulate almost on the run, without feeling any need for privacy, for they have no feeling of shame. Their feelings of love, affection, and pity have remained in the embryonic stage. Brief unions take the place of families, and children are raised in minutely equipped and scrupulously systematized educational institutions.

Theirs is a slave-based society. It is composed of two classes: the upper intelligentsia – which includes scientists, engineers, clergy, and, if such a word can be used, administrators – as well as the subservient majority that act only on the directions of the leadership. Yet, even the leadership is strictly subordinate to the will of the so-called grand igvas (a kind of succession of high priests/emperors) and the monsters of the neighboring plane – the witzraors.

The grand igvas are virtually the absolute rulers in every shrastr. A shrastr is neither a monarchy, nor, of course, a theocracy; it is a satanocracy. The principle of dynastic succession is entirely alien to the igvas. Successors are systematically selected and prepared over the course of decades with astonishing forethought. The grand igvas' clarity of mind is immense, though they have an inverted – that is, demonic – conception of the world. They can see as far down as the anticosmos of the Universe. They are constantly being involtated by Gagtungr himself. After their death, the grand igvas rise straight up to Digm.

It would be incorrect to say that the equivalent of our science and technology can be found in the shrastrs. Rather, it is our science and technology that are the equivalent of the igvas'. The different conditions and natural laws on that plane have dictated a scientific approach different from ours, but our scientific research methods and technological principles are very similar. Having far outstripped us in the field, they have knowledge of techniques and methods that smack of magic and that would seem like sorcery to many of us. But they also apply the principles

of the screw, the wheel, and the rocket engine. They have vessels for traveling on the lakes of infralava. Ridiculous as it may seem, scheduled flights between shrastrs have long been in operation, and even hiking is popular – for exploration, not aesthetic purposes, of course. Aviation is also advanced, though the igvas themselves can fly at great speeds, often hovering upside-down and clinging like flies to the ceilings and walls of buildings.

Science has allowed the igvas to penetrate to the Earth's surface as well. The surface is as lifeless and desolate on their infraphysical plane as the Moon's surface is on ours. As the shrastr sakwala does not extend beyond the limits of our solar system, there are no stars in the sky. But the igvas have seen the planets and the Sun, though to them they look very different. The temperature in the shrastrs is very high (it would be unbearable for us) and, therefore, the Sun, which appears to the igvas as a pale infrared spot, emits far from sufficient heat for them. In spite of all the protective measures taken against the cold, the igva explorers suffered horribly on the Earth's surface, which is just as inhospitable for them as Antarctica is for us. They do have the prospect, however, of settling the surface of the planet, and not on their own plane, but on ours.

Their scientific instruments have already registered echoes of Enrof. It is possible, even almost inevitable, that, in time, they will make their presence known to us, and exchanges and contact will arise. In that way, they will, of course, try to manipulate humanity, for their most cherished hope, the dream that binds them, is to expand their realm, with the help of the witzraors and Gagtungr, to include all the planes of Shadanakar. What is envisioned is the great Antigod of the future who is being readied in Gashsharva for birth as a human in the not too distant future, and who will produce a pair of half-people, half-igvas in Enrof. They will be the origin of the igva race on our plane. Multiplying like flies, they are gradually to replace people, turning the Earth's surface into the abode of the satanic humankind.

Igvas proceed through a circle of incarnations in the shrastrs, but in the intervals between them they all endure the same fate: their shelt and astral body fall into the Pit (no incarnation is possible in the superheavy materiality of the Pit without an astral body), speeding through the magma and Gashsharva down a tangent, as it were, so that they barely come into contact with them. During the descent, their etheric body rapidly flakes apart. Cases of enlightenment among igvas are so rare as to be almost nonexistent, but in those cases they, of course, undergo a different fate in the afterlife. All of them, except some of the grand igvas, have an inverted

view of God as a universal tyrant more terrible than Gagtungr. Christ, who they hear of from the grand igvas, takes the place in their minds of the Antichrist – a violent and very dangerous despot. Generally speaking, everything is turned on its head. It is, therefore, natural that their religion primarily consists of ecstatic demon worship, radiations of which rise up to Gagtungr.

Do not think that the igvas' civilization is limited to science and technology. It also possesses some art forms. A gargantuan sculpture soars in front of the grandiose, cone-shaped temple in Drukkarg, the capital city of Russian antihumankind, a city situated in a hollowed-out mountain. It is a sculpture of a proto-igva riding a rarugg. If we apply our standards of measurement (and it is quite legitimate to do so in many cases), we could say that the eyes of the igva in that sculpture are vermilion-red stones the size of a two-storey house while the dark crimson eyes of the rarugg are many times larger than that.

But the rational cast of the igvas' mind and their sterile emotional life have impeded the development of art. In conjunction with the overall grotesqueness of their tastes, all this has led their art down paths on which our aesthetic standards are not applicable. Architecture is the furthest advanced of art forms in the shrastrs. Their cities are composed of structures of superhuman size but bare geometric forms. Part of the cities are mountain sides, hollow inside and finished on the outside. Cubes, rhombuses, and truncated pyramids shine with finishes of red, gray, and brown. The constructivist school in human architecture may provide the reader with a mental picture of the style in the shrastrs. The powers of the Light in Fongaranda needed to greatly intensify their inspiration of peoples' creative subconscious in order to keep human architecture from succumbing to the emanations rising out of the shrastrs and from turning the cities of Enrof into pitiful imitations of the igvas' stereometrical cities.

Music, predominantly percussion, blares in these cities as well. To our ears, it would sound like cacophony, but it does sometimes achieve rhythmic melodies capable of mesmerizing some of us, too. Dance plays an even bigger role in the life of the igvas, if we can speak of their appalling bacchanalias as dance. And their demon worship, which combines stunning light effects, the deafening roar of enormous instruments, and ecstatic flights of dance in four-dimensional space, turns into mass frenzies that attract angels of darkness. The energy radiated from it is imbibed by Gagtungr himself.

Besides the igvas, there are other beings dwelling in the shrastrs: raruggs. They are the aborigines of that inverted world, an ancient race who in part resemble

centaurs, in part angels of darkness, but most of all, I think, flying dinosaurs. They fly, but not as pterodactyls once flew on their bat-like wings in Enrof. The raruggs' wings are powerful and jut straight out from the sides of their inordinately huge bodies. A creature of such size could not fly under the laws of gravity operating in Enrof.

It is no coincidence that they resemble dinosaurs, for raruggs are those same dinosaurs. After a protracted cycle of incarnations in the bodies of allosaurs, tyrannosaurs, and pterodactyls, some of them – the most predatory species – embarked on a path of further development on the infraphysical planes. Over millions of years, they have achieved a degree of intelligence, but it is still a far cry from the acute intellectualism of the igvas. On the other hand, their physical strength and unbelievable emotional intensity are such that, after a lengthy battle for that plane of existence, the igvas were forced to reconcile themselves to coexistence with the raruggs. Soon after, a unique *modus vivendi* was drawn up between the two races which subsequently grew into an alliance. The raruggs are now something like the intelligent warhorses of the igvas, their cavalry. The igvas themselves take part in wars only as a last resort. Under normal circumstances, they exercise command, especially in the field of military technology. The clumsy brains of the raruggs have as yet been unable to rise to the challenge of military technology. But their incredible bloodthirstiness, belligerence, and fearlessness are indispensable for victory in war on that plane. The ancient legends of the winged steeds of hell are echoes of the knowledge of the existence of raruggs.

There are two kinds of wars on the underside of the world. In the past, the history of those satanocracies, to a significant extent, came down to mutual rivalry and armed conflict. Of course, not all of humanity's wars were connected with battles in that dark world, but our great wars, undoubtedly, were. During major wars, some shrastrs suffered catastrophic damage and even destruction. The situation has now become more complex: the higher demonic powers are making every effort to secure peace between the shrastrs. The reasons for that are very complex and will gradually be explained as we continue. The truly implacable war is being fought not between shrastrs but between igvas, raruggs, and Witzraors, on the one side, and the zatomis Synclites, angels, daemons, and demiurges of the suprapeoples on the other.

After a metaculture has concluded its historical cycle on Enrof, its shrastr is doomed to a bleak existence resembling a constant agony of hunger. Such shrastrs are no longer of any use to Gagtungr and are left to their fate (The following are

the names of shrastrs of metacultures that have concluded their cycle in Enrof: Dabb – the shrastr of Atlantis, Bubgish – the shrastr of Gondwana, Setkh – the shrastr of ancient Egypt, Tartarus – the shrastr of the Greco-Romans, Nergal – the Babylonian-Assyrian shrastr, Devan – the shrastr of Iran, Zing – the shrastr of the Jews, Babylon – the shrastr of Byzantine. The last name is, apparently, based on a misinterpretation of symbols in the Apocalypse. The “Babylon” of the Book of Revelation refers to the future satanic humankind, not to the Byzantine shrastr).

The igvas and raruggs degenerate, and scientific and technological progress loses momentum. The destruction of the corresponding power-hungry state institutions in Enrof leads to a stoppage in the supply of the Witzraors' and igvas' food staple which I will discuss in more detail a little further on. The starving shrastr inhabitants are forced to get by on petty theft, stealing food from their more prosperous neighbors, or else they struggle to survive on a “vegetarian diet.” That is also the fate of some shrastrs whose metacultures still exist in Enrof, but whose Witzraors have been killed during internecine wars and whose great subterranean cities have been destroyed (Aru – the shrastr of the Indomalaysian metaculture; Alfokk – the shrastr of the Muslim metaculture; and Tugibd – the shrastr of the Indian metaculture. The last two could still experience a renaissance in connection with the appearance of neo-Indian and neo-Muslim witzraors).

There are four strong shrastrs still active today. They are Fu-Chzhu, the Chinese shrastr, which is very old but has recently received a new boost in development; Yunukamn, the shrastr of the Roman Catholic metaculture, which has experienced a serious decline and is now quite backward but still active (An unprecedented metahistorical phenomenon was behind the Inquisition – the most horrible of all Gagtungt's progeny. There has been nothing like it before or since in any of the metacultures. It abided in Gashsharva, and a host of the forces of the Light were engaged in battle with it. It was only in the eighteenth century that the coup de grace was administered by the great human spirit John the Evangelist, whereupon it was expelled from Shadanakar into the Pit of the Universe. The papacy is still not wholly impervious to the involtations of the demonic forces and thus even today has yet to fully condemn that terrible period of history); Drukkarg, the shrastr of the Russian metaculture; and Mudgabr, the most powerful of the shrastrs, the underside of the great North-Western culture. The founder of Mudgabr was the human-igva Klingsor. In his last incarnation in Enrof, Klingsor was one of the anonymous instigators of Jesus Christ's crucifixion, a witting ally of Gagtungr behind the mask of a Pharisee and patriot. The anti-Monsalvat that he

subsequently founded in no way resembles today those fanciful patriarchal images that belatedly entered Wagner's musical dramas from medieval legends. Nowhere has progress in igva science and civilization reached such heights as in Mudgabr. I may add that it was the igvas of that shrastr who first penetrated to the lifeless and desolate surface of the Earth on their plane.

But life in the shrastrs is very tightly intertwined with the existence of demonic beings of a completely different genus and scale whose home planes form an adjoining sakwala, which closely interacts with the shrastr sakwala. Igvas and raruggs are unable to enter those planes, but the inhabitants of the adjoining sakwala – witzraors – can and do cross or, to be more exact, slither over into the igvas' cities.

They are powerful beings who play a role in history and metahistory as huge as their bodily dimensions. If we imagined the head of one of the creatures where Moscow is, its tentacles would reach to the sea. They move with breathtaking speed and are endowed with speech and great cunning. Their genesis is complex and double-sided. Every dynasty of witzraors began as the fruit of the union between a karossa – that is, the individual national manifestations of Lilith, the Aphrodite Universalis of humanity – and the demiurges of suprapeoples. In the majority of metacultures, those beings were engendered by the will of the demiurges as defenders of the suprapeople from outside enemies. They first appeared in the Babylonian metaculture whose demiurge attempted to set that progeny of his against the warlike egregors of Egypt and Media who were threatening the very existence of the Babylonian suprapeople. But karossas carry the cursed seed of Gagtungr, which he planted long ago in the etheric body of Lilith, whose individual national-cultural expressions they are. And the seed of Gagtungr doomed the first witzraor who, at first, obeyed the demiurge's will to metamorphose soon after into the transphysical agent of the Babylonian state power. Its belligerency, in turn, forced the demiurges of other suprapeoples to resort to extreme measures to defend their countries in Enrof against the attacker. Those measures consisted of engendering the same kind of beings capable of withstanding the Babylonian witzraor. In that way, the monsters appeared in the Iranian and Jewish metacultures, and then in all the rest.

The procreation of these extremely aggressive and wretched beings takes place in a fashion reminiscent of budding. They have no gender. Immediately upon being budded, each child becomes the sworn enemy and potential slayer of its parent. That is how a sort of dynasty of witzraors became established in metacultures – a

child succeeding the parent after the latter is murdered and its heart devoured. Either a lone witzraor or a parent witzraor plus one or more of its progeny who fight a battle to the death with their sire exist simultaneously in the majority of metacultures. Witzraors battling and killing one another is one of the most monstrous spectacles of metahistory.

In the course of Russia's history, three ruling witzraors have been supplanted, but each of them, before they died, had children that they managed to devour. In the North-Western metaculture, a different situation arose. There were, and are, several concurrent witzraor dynasties, and that circumstance has had immense historical consequences for the whole world, for the existence of several such dynasties has hindered, and hinders now, the unification of the North-Western suprapeople into one whole. It was also the decisive factor in the outbreak of all the great European wars, as well as the two world wars.

Witzraors abide in a barren world similar to a steaming tundra. It is broken into individual regions in accordance with the borders of the metacultures. Every Witzraor can enter not only neighboring regions (only after first vanquishing the neighboring witzraors, of course) but the shrastrs as well. It slithers in like a mountain of mist. At the sound of its voice, the igvas and raruggs quake as before a sovereign and despot, but, at the same time, they regard the witzraor as their great champion against both other shrastrs and the forces of the Light. How could they battle the hosts of the Synclites and the demiurge himself without it? It is these various conflicts – among witzraors, and between each witzraor and the demiurge and Synclite of the given metaculture – that represent, to a significant degree, the transphysical aspect of that process we perceive as politics and history.

Witzraors can see Enrof dimly, and they see our people and landscapes hazily and distortedly, but they love our world with a burning, insatiable passion. They would like to incarnate here, but they cannot. They can see Gagtungr clearly and tremble before him like slaves. In their ignorance, they consider the grand igvas mere agents of their will. In reality, the grand igvas see farther and deeper and know more than the witzraors, and they endeavor to manipulate the witzraors' greed, belligerence, and power in the interests of antihumankind.

How do the witzraors replenish their energy? The mechanics of the process is difficult to explain. A witzraor radiates a singular kind of psychic energy that penetrates into Enrof in huge quantities. Absorbed by the human subconscious, it manifests itself in human affairs as the spectrum of nationalist-state sentiments. Veneration of one's government (not of one's people or homeland, but of the



government and its power), the identification of oneself as a participant in the grandiose life of the state, the worship of kings or leaders, a burning hatred for the enemy, pride in the material wealth and conquests of one's state, nationalism, belligerency, blood thirstiness, jingoism – all those feelings that enter into the range of human consciousness can only grow, swell, and hypertrophize thanks to the witzraor's energy. But, at the same time, human psyches, in a manner of speaking, enrich those discharges of energy with their own distinct additives. A unique mass psychic radiation of dual nature and reverse impetus results. It sinks through the Earth's crust, penetrates to the neighboring infraplanes, and forms a slimy red dew on the shrastr's soil. The igvas harvest it for the witzraors – that is, their chief duty in relation to them – and help themselves to the leftovers. Making do on a vegetarian diet is not only wearisome for them, but it also does not keep them from degenerating.

It is entirely possible that I have oversimplified or misrepresented the mechanics of the process. But its essence – witzraors feeding off the psychic radiations of the masses, radiations specifically connected with human emotions directed toward the state – is not only a very real fact, but it is also the source of untold misfortunes.

Igvas cannot enter the witzraors' planes, but see them from the outside, dimly, in shadows. Lying low in the shrastrs, they follow the battles between the witzraor and demiurge and try with all their might to supply the infuriated demon with more energy – giving dew. They cannot see the demiurge, but the invisibility of a powerful being of the Light capable of battling with the state demon itself instills them with terror and a keen hatred. They know that the death of the witzraor will entail, besides the fall of the regime in Enrof (which might even cause them to rejoice, if a young, stronger regime were to succeed in its place), the failure of the witzraor dynasty or the destruction of the shrastr. That would doom any belligerent regimes in the given metaculture to destruction, at least for many centuries to come.

As I am seeking to share everything I know, even trivial details that would seem to be of no consequence, I will list the names of fallen witzraor dynasties in a footnote (Unidr – the witzraor of Babylon, Assyria, and Carthage; Iorsuth – the witzraor of Macedonia and Rome; Foshts – the Jewish witzraor; Ariman – the witzraor of Iran (strange as it may seem to use that name in reference to the state demon); Kharada – the witzraor of India; Efror – the witzraor of the caliphates, premodern Turkey, and the Turko-Muslim Empire. I do not know the name of the

witzraors of Byzantium, or of the fairly weak witzraors of the medieval states of Southeast Asia connected with the shrastr Aru), while the names of dynasties still in existence today are as follows: Istarra is the witzraor of Spain; Nissush, of the Mongolian-Manchurian-Japanese dynasty; Lai-Chzhoi, the crossbreed of Nissush with Zhrugr of Russia, is at present coexisting with Nissush; Zhrugr itself; and lastly, Vaggag, the overall name for the North-Western witzraors, several of whom, as I have mentioned, abide on the same plane simultaneously. There are now three: the English Ustr, the French Bartrad, and the Yugoslavian Charmich, a bud of Zhrugr that was cast onto their plane.

These witzraors are not the first in their line – their dynasties arose in past centuries. But in the twentieth century, entirely new dynasties have also arisen from the union of the demiurges with karossas of metacultures existing in modern times. They are as follows: Shostr, the neo-Arab witzraor, which was engendered after the collapse of the Ottoman Empire and which has sought to assert itself in various Muslim states, beginning with Kemal's Turkey; Avardal, the neo-Indian witzraor, engendered a few years ago out of that same crucial necessity of defending the metaculture; Stebing, the witzraor of the United States of America, which has something tigerish about its appearance and wears a golden cone on its head; and Ukurmia, the neo-German witzraor, engendered after the collapse of the Third Reich and the fall of the old witzraor dynasty. The North-Western demiurge was forced to undertake that desperate measure as a last resort. The new witzraor is less truculent than its predecessor; unheard-of efforts are being made to inspire it from very high worlds of the Light. It is the first witzraor to be given the opportunity to ascend, and there is something noble, even leonine, in its appearance.

To this day, no witzraor has experienced anything in its afterlife other than falling to Uppum, the Rain of Eternal Misery. This is the hell reserved for witzraors, which was created long ago by Gagtungr for the dragon of the proto-Mongolian metaculture who had converted to the Light. Later, Uppum was locked tight, and rescue from there is impossible, at least, in this eon.

It remains for me to say a few words about Drukkarg, the only shrastr that comes within range of my waking memory. A temple of approximately one kilometer in height stands in the center of the capital city of Drukkarg. I have already mentioned the statue of the proto-igva riding on a rarugg with outspread wings, and if we must consider the statue of the Bronze Horseman in St. Petersburg to be

a distant likeness of that statue, then something entirely different yet familiar is transphysically connected with the temple: the mausoleum.

The capital city is girded by a ring-shaped citadel of concentric circles. Navna, the Collective Ideal Soul of Russia, languishes in one of them. Her plight has worsened under the third Zhrugr: a thick vault has been built over her. Now her radiant voice, a bluish glow the igvas and raruggs cannot see, shows but dimly here and there on the surface of the cyclopean walls. Outside Drukkarg, only the faithful in terrestrial Russia and the enlightened in the Heavenly Russia can hear her voice.

Who is Navna? She is what unites Russians into one country; what calls and draws individual Russian souls higher and higher; what imparts to Russian art its inimitable fragrance; what stands behind the purest and most sublime female images in Russian fables, literature, and music; what evokes a longing in Russian hearts for the sublime, special charge entrusted to Russia alone – all that is Navna. Her collectivity resides in the fact that something from every Russian soul rises up to Navna, enters her, finds shelter in her, and merges with her self. Or to express it another way: a kind of spirit-energy present in every Russian person abides in Navna. Navna is the future bride of the Russian demiurge and the prisoner of Zhrugr.

Zhrugr, like all witzraors, cannot have any children besides the Zhrugr juniors that it, sometimes, buds. But something distantly resembling a union between it and Dingra, the Russian karossa, takes place when it imbibes individual Russian souls – or to be more exact, shelts – during physical sleep and casts them into the bosom of Dingra, where they are subjected to a crippling and spiritually sterilizing transformation. We perceive the effects of that in the psychic rebirth of those of our compatriots who have taken active part in the construction of the citadel.

Drukkarg has other inhabitants besides the raruggs and igvas: they whose life and work in Russian Enrof were tightly bound with the aggrandizement of the state, they who wielded great power and left their stamp on the fates of millions of souls. In Drukkarg, they are captives and slaves who are put to work on the nonstop construction of the igvas' citadel. Nothing short of the death of Zhrugr and the destruction of Drukkarg will liberate them. Ivan III, for example, has been there since the very beginning of his afterlife, as have almost all the other monarchs, commanders, and state figures.

Are there any exceptions? Yes, there are. On the one hand are the tyrants: before entering Drukkarg, they must spend centuries expiating their individual karma on deep planes of torment. Some of them, such as Ivan the Terrible, have already passed through those circles and are now in Drukkarg. Others, such as Paul I and Arakcheyev, are only now being raised from the depths of the magma. But there is also another category of exceptions, one insignificant in number: those monarchs who fashioned a counterweight to their individual state karma while still alive, doing so through passionate faith, divine mercy, kindness, or even suffering. Recall St. Vladimir, Vladimir Monomakh, Alexander Nevsky, Fyodor Ioannovich. Recall those for whom power, which was hardly in their grasp, proved to be a source of only suffering, loss, and even death: Fyodor Godunov, Ioann Antonovich. Many will be surprised to hear that Nicholas II was saved from Drukkarg by the suffering he underwent in Yekaterinburg. Alexander I, one of the most important figures in Russian metahistory, is in a category by himself. A separate chapter will be devoted to him.

There are approximately three hundred such prisoners in Drukkarg. They are human-like beings of immense size who resemble the ancient Titans. But there is no light in their faces as there was in the faces of the Titans. To the contrary, their faces seem to be consumed by a deep inner fire, and their bodies are coated in coarse, dark crimson material. They are chained to each other, and their work resembles the laying of stone, and this for the erection of ever more wings for the citadel. They are allowed time for only hurried naps. They feed on the infravegetation. Fear grips them in the presence of the witzraor who, in case of disobedience or rebellion, can cast them down, like the igvas, into the Pit of Shadanakar. The history of Drukkarg has witnessed such incidents.

In the same way, Karl V, Napoleon, and almost all the monarchs, commanders, and state figures of North-West Europe and North America are Titan captives in Mudgabr. Gregory VII, Loyola, and the majority of the popes work as stone-layers in Yunukamn. Torquemada, who spent many centuries in Biask and Propulk, has only just been raised up to the lower purgatories.

In a special, impregnable dungeon, the rulers of Drukkarg incarcerate those Synclite members who were taken prisoner during battles between the shrastr forces and the forces of the Light. No one can kill them – not witzraors, not igvas. They languish there in a kind of life imprisonment, waiting for the inevitable fall, sooner or later, of that bastion of antihumankind.

# **Book V:**

## **The Structure of Shadanakar:**

### **The Elementals**

#### ***5.1. The Demonic Elementals***

Among the different variomaterial planes that make up Shadanakar, there are four sakwalas linked with what we call the natural elements. But in what way are they linked?

We are dealing here with a concept that almost defies rational explanation. It so happens that any area of the three-dimensional world, an area, say, of snow-covered mountain peaks, is not at all limited in purpose and meaning to what we perceive through our five senses – that is, it is not limited to those mountain peaks composed of gneiss, granite, and other rocks and covered by snow and ice. That three-dimensional area is, above and beyond that, a kind of hemisphere attached to another area that could also be called a hemisphere, but one with a different number of dimensions. Snow-covered mountain ranges, lifeless, inhospitable, and barren in their sterile magnificence, represent but one of two hemispheres, or one of two closely integrated planes. The other hemisphere (or, to be more precise, plane) differs in the number of its dimensions. It is a land of embodied spirits of stunning majesty, the monarchs of snowy peaks.

This plane is called Orliontana. It is Orliontana radiating through the three-dimensional rock and ice that evokes the feeling of august calm, power, and resplendence that snow-covered mountain peaks evoke in all who are even slightly susceptible to infusions of energy from the transphysical world through the medium of beauty. Viewed with spiritual vision, Orliontana is a land of mountain peaks in their spiritual glory. As for the summits visible to the naked eye, they are no less than the product of the awesome, multimillion-year creative life of those elementals of Orliontana. When human souls bearing the marks of prolonged exposure to atheism withdraw into seclusion amidst the translucent mountains of Olirna, it is the unobstructed view of the plane of Orliontana that makes it possible for them to rid themselves of the last vestiges of closeted ignorance and inner

inertia and arrive at an understanding of the multiplaned reality and spiritual majesty of the Universe.

But in contrast to Orliontana, most of the planes of the elementals are localized – that is, they do not extend far into outer space. To be more precise, they do not even extend as far as the limits of our solar system, as the worlds of the shrastrs do. For that reason, no sky is visible from most of these planes. The planes of the elementals themselves resemble oases in the midst of voids of space. Like the shrastrs, they are demarcated from each other by differences in the number of their time streams.

The elementals are those monads that proceed along their path of maturation in Shadanakar primarily within the realms of Nature. That fact notwithstanding, one should bear in mind that humanity in one of its aspects also represents a distinct realm of Nature. That aspect is manifested, though not exhausted, in those elemental forces seething within it and without which its existence is unthinkable. It should thus come as no surprise that there are also the elementals linked not with Nature in the customary sense of the word but with humanity, with its elemental, natural aspect.

Among the elementals, there are a great many spiritual entities of the Light, there are the demonic elementals, and there are also transitional groups whose essence has been tarnished in the course of their development. But one thing unites them all: more than anyone else, they follow a path closely bound to the realms of Nature. That does not mean, however, that no elemental monad can ever incarnate in the form of a human, daemon, or angel during any leg of its journey. It is entirely possible, just as in times immemorial some human monads had begun to fashion forms for themselves from denser materialities not on human planes but in the sakwala of the elementals or angels. But for them, it was a comparatively brief phase. For individual elementals, incarnation in a human or any other form is just as brief.

Excluding the animal realm and the tree world, we could say that the elementals assume their densest form, their true embodiment, in those sakwalas that bear their name. The natural elements in Enrof – water, air, earth, vegetation, the mineral layers of magma, and lastly, arungvilta-prana, that “life force” that is a necessary component of all organic life in Enrof – are, for the most part, not the bodies of the elementals but, rather, the outermost concentric circle of their habitats, which is permeated, manipulated, and transformed by them. The natural elements are the theater and source material for their creative work, for their fun and anger, for

their battles, games, and love. The body proper of the elementals is, for most, fluid: their bodily contours are changeable and interpenetrable. However, that is not true of all the elementals, and in every such case I will make the necessary qualifications.

I am beginning with the demonic elementals only because they are contiguous, through that same demonic nature of theirs, with the infraphysical planes, the description of which, thank heavens, we are preparing to take our leave of. Then, after a few words concerning the transitional group, we will, with a measure of relief, be able to bring this description of the woeful or darkened planes to an end. We can then, after a description of the planes of the elementals of the Light, conclude our survey of the *bramfatura* with the very highest worlds, spiritually blazing in their unattainable heights, in the *sancta sanctorum* of *Shadanakar*.

There exists a region – *Shartamakhum* – of rampageous and terrifying elementals of magma, which are to be virtually the last to undergo enlightenment.

*Shartamakhum* should be regarded as the plane of embodiment of beings whose shelts go between incarnations to the infra-iron ocean of *Fukabirn*, though they do so without experiencing the suffering that is the lot of human souls that have fallen there. The physical magma is, as I have said, the outermost circle of their habitat during their incarnation in *Shartamakhum*, the theater and source material for their creative work, anger, and battles. During volcanic activity, earthquakes, or geological upheavals, the elementals of *Shartamakhum* shoot up from the subterranean depths of that plane to its surface, as it were. In so doing, they draw lava up to *Enrof* from under the ground, bringing death to all living things. But that is only an indirect, almost incidental consequence of their activities. They have no concern for living things. In fact, they are not even aware of their existence, and if they were, they would not know what to make of them. The real function of their activities should be looked for on an altogether different level, and it will become more evident once we imagine the effect on the Earth had their activity in *Shartamakhum* ceased millions of years ago.

Subjectively, the elementals' activities consist of only violent rampages and wild, uncontrollable frenzies that afford them pleasure simply through the consciousness of their power and impunity. Objectively, their rampages have given rise to geological changes in terrestrial *Enrof*, set in motion mountain-forming processes, and provided impetus for shifts in the prevailing continental and oceanic configurations and thus to the consequent evolution of plants and animals, and, in the end, to the creation of the necessary preconditions for the emergence of *Homo*

sapiens. The Providential powers have partly succeeded in channeling the malicious and furious actions of those demonic elementals into good and extracting from them a certain positive result.

But there are also elementals from whose activities they have to this day failed to extract anything positive. Such are, for example, the elementals of quagmires, swamps, and tropical jungles. Gannix, their plane, resembles the murk of ocean depths. Between incarnations in Gannix, their souls abide in Ytrech, the darkest of the worlds of the terrestrial Core. As for Gannix, haven't many peoples at the dawn of their history felt its influence, until other aspirations of the spirit eclipsed or stifled that experience? And don't some peoples feel the influence of Gannix even now? The legends of many-faced, or rather, faceless, guileful beings that don a mask to lure people into peril have their roots in that same world. It not only lurks behind three-dimensional areas of bog and swamp, but also in the thin ice that covers rivers in the Siberian taiga and in the muskeg and mudholes of central Russia. It is the black, swirling, beguiling elementals of Gannix, together with the desert elementals, that were to blame for the tragic demise of the original Australian culture.

No less hostile to humans and all living beings are the elementals of sandy regions whose plane, Svix, resembles a desert during a sandstorm. Between incarnations on that plane, the desert elementals abide in Shim-big, where, in the form of whirlwinds, they exacerbate the suffering of human souls passing through that infraphysical tunnel by latching onto them. Becalmed deserts, when the elementals of Svix have exhausted themselves or are immersed in slumber, present the human eye with such majestic expanses, with such a peaceful and pure vastness, and sky that opens up above it with such manifest sublimity, that there is probably no other place in Enrof that better facilitates contemplation of the One God. It is easy to see why a clearly formulated monotheism arose and established itself in countries with great deserts. But the desert is two-sided. And one can distinguish the traces of desert squalls obscuring the face of the heavens and the traces of the elementals of Svix darkening the face of the One God even on the pages of such monuments of world revelation as the Bible and the Quran.

The souls of yet other elementals abide in the pitch-black worlds of the terrestrial Core between incarnations: the grim, torpid, dark, and grasping elementals of ocean depths. Nugurt, their plane of incarnation, is not due to be enlightened for a long, long time, toward the end of the second eon. But if the forces of Shartamakhum shoot up to the surface during eruptions, the radiations of Nugurt,



to the contrary, inch their way up from the gloomy depths through the sun-lit world of the beautiful elementals of the topmost layers of the sea. The radiations of Nugurt are stronger out on the open sea, because the dark layers are deeper there than in the shallow waters closer to shore. Their radiations do not pose any physical danger to us, but our psyche is subject to their wasting, oppressive action. Many sailors would be able to retrace the stages of that process in themselves if their minds were equipped with the tools of transphysical analysis.

There is yet another world of the demonic elementals that stands apart, as it were, as it is not linked with the natural elements but with elements of humanity. The plane is called Duggur, and it is of vital importance to remember that name, for the demons of the great cities of Enrof rule there, demons who pose a very real danger to our psyche.

Like Agr and Bustvich, Duggur is an ocean-like area of uninhabited dark vapors with infrequent islands linked geographically with the metropolises of our three-dimensional world. The landscape is extremely urbanized, even more urbanized than in the shrastrs, because there are no mountains, lava seas, or vegetation in Duggur. But the glow of black and crimson light is not to be found there either. The entire color spectrum of our world is visible there, the dominant colors being pale blue, blue-gray and moon blue. Even the sky is visible from Duggur, but the Moon is the only luminary, for the plane does not extend far beyond the limits of the lunar bramfatura. Be that as it may, the Moon does not look at all like we are accustomed to seeing it, because the inhabitants of Duggur can only see the plane of the Moon's bramfatura on which Voglea, the great lunar demon, abides. There is no feminine form of the word "demon," but such a word becomes necessary when speaking of worlds like Duggur. And though the word "demoness" sounds strange and clumsy, I have no choice but to use it.

The demonesses of the great cities of our plane are saddled with humongous materiality in Duggur. Their incarnations are partly human-like, but only as far as immense carcasses barely able to move resemble humans. There is only one such demoness in each city in Duggur. The urban populace is made up of lesser demons of both sexes who are barely distinguishable from humans in size and appearance. They swarm around their empress like drones around a queen bee, but their purpose in doing so is only partly to serve her. Their main purpose is carnal pleasure, while her function and purpose is not propagation of the species (it propagates without her), but the gratification of her subjects' lust. Grandiose residences are erected for the demonesses. In each of Duggur's cities, there is only

one such residence, which is in the form of a truncated pyramid. It is reminiscent of an enormous sacrificial altar. Duggur is not only grandiose; it is, in its own way, even stately and, in any case, luxurious.

Like the shrastrs, the inhabitants of Duggur also possess the equivalent of human technology, though its level is comparable to the level of technology found in the great cities of antiquity. Society there is advancing very slowly, and is slowly beginning to exhibit certain signs of what we call self-determination. But slavery remains at the foundation of the socioeconomic structure, the slaves being those who fell there from humanity or from certain worlds of the elementals. The status of the lesser demons is reminiscent of the status of the patricians and charioteers of ancient Rome. One could not say that the Duggur inhabitants were particularly cruel in any way, but they are sensual beyond all bounds, more sensual than any other being in Enrof. No revolt will ever shake the foundations of the great demonesses' power, for it is a power founded not on fear but on the lust that the millions of their subjects feel for them and on the pleasure given to them as a reward for their obedience and love.

The demonesses of Duggur give themselves to whole crowds at a time, and a continuous orgy almost beyond our comprehension takes place in their residences, their palace-temples. This orgy is in honor of the demonic empress of the Moon, the same demoness whose influence we humans sometimes feel on moonlit nights in cities, where it blends with the inspirational and pure influence of Tanit, the lunar plane of the Light, arousing a longing for sexual forms of pleasure that do not exist in Enrof. They do, however, exist in Duggur. An almost endless array of such forms has been devised in Duggur, an array richer in variety than anywhere else in Shadanakar. The influence of Tanit does not penetrate to Duggur at all, and they have no idea even of what sunlight is. Everything is plunged in the blue-gray murk or the pale bluish moonlight that sparkles with violet. There is nothing there to inhibit the raging of passions aroused by Voglea, the lunar demoness. Swirls of vapor rise up to her from the continuous orgies in the palace altars of Duggur, and she imbibes them. But nothing can satisfy the desire of the countless inhabitants of those cities, for they are haunted by a deeper kind of lust few of us can comprehend – a mystical lust that beckons them toward something beyond their power to attain: the Great Harlot. She is their supreme deity, the object of their longing and dreams. Their highest cult is devoted to her. On her feast days the demoness rulers give themselves to slaves. But that mystical lust can only be

satisfied in Digm, in Gagtungr's abode, and only a select few are deemed worthy of it.

The huge population of Duggur replenishes its energy at the expense of our plane. Radiations from human, and sometimes animal, lust called “eiphos” flow on the streets of Duggur in slow and gooey streams of whitish liquid, which the inhabitants consume. Such food suits their own essence: lust is the meaning, purpose, chief pursuit, and passion of their lives. The orgasmic intensity of pleasure that they experience is many times stronger than we are capable of experiencing. They proceed along a truly vicious circle of reincarnations, for during every interval between incarnations their souls sink down to Bustvich and take the form of human worms that devour sufferers alive in that eternally decaying world. Yet, the pleasure afforded them by their lust, even by their unquenchable mystical lust for the Great Harlot, is so great in their eyes that they are prepared to pay for their frenzies and orgies in Duggur by serving time in Bustvich.

The Moon serves as the only luminary in Duggur. Therefore, most of the time the plane is plunged in deep murk. At those times, artificial lighting – long chains of pale-blue and purple streetlamps – takes over. They stretch in endless rows beside massive, sumptuous buildings. The curve is the dominant motif in their architecture, but that does not rescue it from ponderousness. The buildings' outer and inner furnishings are tasteless and crude, but stunning in their richness, in their ostentatious splendor. Architects, artists, scientists, and workers all belong to the slave class. The main, demonic population is just as impotent intellectually and artistically as they are gifted in lust.

A fall to Duggur poses a grave danger to a human soul. A fall occurs if an otherworldly lust – that same mystical lust that the lesser demons of Duggur feel for the Great Harlot – haunts and corrupts a soul during its life in Enrof. Even a spell in Bustvich cannot restore the natural balance between the encumbered etheric body and its surroundings. The soul and its coatings plunge down into Rafag where yet another fall awaits it, this time into the same world that it vaguely dreamt of on Earth. There, in Duggur, it is encased in karrokh – a densely material body resembling the physical body but made from the materiality of demonic worlds that is generated by the dark hierarchies of the metabramfatura and by Gagtungr.

In trying to rescue souls from slavery in Duggur, the powers of the Light meet with exceptional difficulties. There is, however, one act, an act dependent on the

will of the human soul itself, that can open the door to its rescue: suicide. A sin in Enrof, where materiality is created by the Providential powers and is being prepared for eventual enlightenment, suicide is sanctioned on the demonic planes, as it results in the destruction of the karrokh and the liberation of the soul. But if that step is not taken, and the powers of the Light are frustrated in their rescue attempts, the soul, after dying in Duggur, goes to Bustvich again, then back to Duggur – no longer as a slave but as a member of the privileged class. The shelt gradually becomes demonized, trapped in the wheel of incarnations from Duggur to Bustvich and back again, and the monad may in the end renounce it. It then falls to Sufetkh, the graveyard of Shadanakar, and dies there once and for all while the monad departs from our bramfatura to begin its journey anew somewhere at the other end of the Universe. Of those few souls that have died forever in Sufetkh, the majority were victims of Duggur.

We shall conclude the description of Duggur with a short poem. In Duggur-Petersburg, just as in Drokkarg and the Heavenly Russia, there is a twin – or rather, a triplet – of the large statue of the Bronze Horseman. But in Duggur, the horseman does not ride on a rarugg, as in the capital of Russian antihumankind, nor, of course, does he ride on a dazzling white steed, as in Heavenly Petersburg. There, the sculpture is of the founder of that netherworld city, with a blazing, smoking torch in his outstretched hand. The figure also differs from the others in that it is riding a giant snake, not a horse. The reader may now be able to understand what Alexander Blok was referring to in the following poem, which is full of transphysical insight:

*Still evenings will fall,  
The snake uncoils over the streets.  
In the outstretched hand of Peter  
The flame of a torch will flicker.*

*Lines of streetlamps will be lit  
Shop windows and sidewalks will gleam  
In the glow of dull squares  
Lines of couples will file out.*

*The Darkness will cover all like cloaks,  
Looks will be lost in beckoning looks.  
May innocence from the cornerside*

*Beg in slow murmurs to be spared.*

*There, on the slope the cheery tsar  
Swung the stinking censer,  
And burning smoke from city fires  
Cloaked the beckoning streetlight in vestments.*

*Everyone come running!  
To the intersections of moonlit streets!  
The whole city is full of voices,  
Voices rough of men, voices musical of women.*

*He will guard his city  
And turning scarlet beneath the morning star  
In his outstretched hand will flash a sword  
As the capital drifts off to sleep.*

That, instead of a torch, a sword of retribution, of karma, will, sooner or later, flash in the hand of the founder of Duggur instead of a torch is clear enough. And every human soul that has been in that moon-dark city cannot help recalling, even if only dimly, their sojourn there. What is not clear is to what extent Blok himself understood the connection between Duggur and our world. I will try to make some observations about that in those chapters devoted to the question of the metahistorical meaning behind artistic genius.

There are also planes of the elementals that belong to a transitional, not demonic, group, but are connected in certain ways to Duggur. Their monads, like those of all the elementals of the Light, abide in Flauros, one of the beautiful worlds of Higher Purpose.

But because their nature was tarnished in the course of their development, their journey of incarnations takes them to the planes of the Nibrusks, Maniku, Kattaram, and Ron, while Duggur, where they languish in slavery, serves as both their purgatory and plane of torment. An ascending afterlife takes them first to Shalem – their Olinra – and higher, through Faer and Usnorm and up to Flauros, where they merge with their monads.

Nibrusks are beings somewhere between the lesser demons of Duggur and what the ancient Romans referred to as *genii loci*. Not a single human settlement can exist without Nibrusks. I still don't quite understand how and why those beings are

concerned with the physical aspects of human love, especially with childbearing. Perhaps, the Nibrusks replenish their energy from some kind of radiation the human soul emits in states peculiar to infancy and early childhood. In any case, there is no question of their concern. They see to matters in their own little way, helping to bring together men and women on our plane. They make a big fuss over our children, hustling and bustling all around them, and even trying to guard them from dangers we cannot see. But they are capricious, impulsive, and vengeful. One cannot always trust them.

Let the wise of our century who have locked themselves into a prison cell of materialism scoff from the heights of their ignorance at the superstitions of savages, but there is a profound truth in the legends about gremlins, penates, and lars, those good-hearted and mischievous tiny spirits of the home. Ancient paganism was far more aware of that truth than we, more than Jews and Muslims, more than Christians, all of whom heaped slander and lies on those harmless creatures. One cannot help but be amazed at the injustice of the tales told of gremlins. Such fables were born of one spirit alone – the same spirit peculiar to fanatic believers in monotheism, hypocrites, and dry moralists who proclaim as evil everything that does not enter into their canon. How much more fairly did the ancients treat those beings, regarding lars and penates as their loyal friends!

The land of those small elementals who nestle in human dwellings is called Maniku. The landscape of that world resembles a room and has a certain coziness about it. But it is dark and cold outside, and heaven forbid that those beings be driven from their warm shelters. The form they take is unlike the form possessed by the majority of elementals: there is nothing fluid or flowing about them. To the contrary, like the Nibrusks and the inhabitants of Duggur, they have a solid, sharply defined body, a little one. They are tiny, fun-loving, and mischievous, and some go out of their way to be kind. They are a singular kind of philanthropist and love to do people small services in such a way that no one notices it. Others, it is true, permit themselves more or less harmless pranks on people. Generally speaking, they treat us case by case. But they try to protect and take care of the home as best they can, because if it is destroyed, their shelter on the plane of Maniku is destroyed as well, and the little ones, left homeless, will in most cases perish. Only a few ever manage to reach another shelter.

I have virtually nothing to say about Kattaram, the land of the mineral elementals connected to the upper layer of the Earth's crust. I have not had any personal experience of it, while my invisible friends told me only a little about their world.

All I learned was that the landscape of Kattaram consists of self-illuminating minerals amid pockets of underground space. It has a fairy-tale beauty but would, nevertheless, appear lifeless to us. The population of Kattaram is rich in variety (think of The Mistress of Copper Mountain, on the one hand, and trolls on the other), and interaction with these elementals can, sometimes, pose many otherworldly dangers. I know even less of Ron. Its landscape resembles that of Kattaram, but it is enlivened by a reflection – just a reflection – of the sky. It is the land of the mountain elementals, a motley world of beings who are often battling with each other.

Shalem – the Olirna of the elementals of the four previous planes – should be regarded as the highest of the planes in that sakwala. Its landscape could in part be likened to huge oaks standing in the middle of a desert. Where the oaks are concentrated, the dominant color is blue-green, with yellow and gray on the outskirts. There the elementals acquire the full light and majesty. Awaiting them is not death but a transformation leading to Faer and Usnorm, though almost complete immobility is the price they pay for it. They are compensated for their immobility by the deep and focused character of the spiritual meditation in which they are immersed. Some peoples in Enrof, sensing the existence of those beings, regarded them as the spirits of individual mountains, waterfalls, springs, or other natural landmarks. In reality, they are not spirits but fully embodied beings, and the perpetual link between them and the natural landmarks of Enrof is only an appearance, conditional upon their immobility, all of which the ancients interpreted in concordance with their level of understanding similar truths. The truth is that even if a spring dries up, a waterfall is blocked, or a mountain is thrown down by an earthquake, the elementals of Shalem will remain unwavering at their spots until the inner work on their own beings has finally readied them for transformation.

## ***5.2. The Elementals of the Light***

I am weary of listing more and more new names and introducing more and more new planes. True, there are only a few left, for we are approaching the end of our survey of the structure of Shadanakar. But I would like to point out that I have not been introducing all these names for my own amusement or on a whim. No matter

how strange they may sound now, and no matter how much they may seem empty figments of the imagination to the overwhelming majority of people, a time will come when every high school student will know these names as surely as they now know the names of the republics of Central America or the provinces of China. Had I thought differently, I would never have presumed to draw the reader's attention to these names. What is the point of compiling a "geography" or "geology" of some planet in the Aldebaran system if no one will ever go there, and if even our descendants only see it as a faint star in the sky? What need is there for such intellectual exercises? But a handful of people now have need of the metageography of Shadanakar, soon hundreds will, and some day, no doubt, millions will discover a need for it. After all, some two hundred years ago, in the age of Madame Prostakova, only a handful of people had any use for ordinary geography.

How glad I am that our descent into the demonic worlds drew to a close, and that we can now look forward to the planes of beautiful beings who are undoubtedly well-disposed toward humanity. But it is always a great deal more difficult to describe things of the Light, especially things of other worlds, than that which is dark or monstrous. I am afraid that I too will suffer the fate of the majority of those who write, finding graphic words for dark and woeful images, yet suffering from writer's block when faced with brilliant radiance.

Radiant and shining indeed are the monads of the elementals of the Light in lofty Flauros, as they send out their shells like rays to the zatomises where they wrap their souls in astral coatings. The souls remain there in the intervals between incarnations. When incarnating in the worlds of the elementals of the Light, they in turn wrap themselves in the materiality of ether, a denser substance. It is those worlds that will be described in the present chapter. None of the elementals of the Light, with the exception of the elementals of Arashamf, engage in procreation, just as they do not experience incarnation in Enrof. Each independently coats itself in the matter of the four-dimensional worlds. Such is incarnation without procreation. After a chain of incarnations, every elemental, instead of the death we are accustomed to, undergoes a transfiguration that takes it to Faer and Usnorm.

They perceive Enrof, and particularly humans, through touch and another sense that we do not possess. They are not indifferent, of course, to humans. Their attitude toward each of us is determined by our own attitude toward Nature. As mentioned earlier, the natural elements in Enrof are best understood as the outermost concentric circle of their habitat. It seems that only music and poetry



have thus far succeeded in conveying the interconnection between the elementals and the natural elements, their wondrous life of frolic, games, love, and joy. One need only recall Wagner's brilliant score – the so-called Rustling Forest – where it is no longer the case that the wind speeds over a sea of trees and blooming meadows, but through the wind the elementals themselves kiss each other and the beautiful Earth.

German fairy tales about elves are not fairy tales at all. There really is a plane of kindly, endearing little beings that resemble elves. It could be called just that: the Land of the Elves.

The uppermost thin layer of earth, where roots and seeds nestle, has a corresponding plane in the transphysical world: the wondrous land of Darainna, the land of good spirits that care for roots and seeds. It might seem like a fairyland to us. The seeds and roots glimmer in the softest tones of blue, silver, and green, and a living aura glows softly around each seed. The inhabitants of Darainna are tiny beings that look like white caps, and on top of each there is another cap, smaller, like a head. They have a pair of gentle yet dexterous limbs – a cross between arms and wings. They quietly glide through the air, rustling the folds of their caps (which is their means of communication with each other) and weaving spells over the seeds and roots like fairy godmothers do over cradles. Those mysterious processes by which a great tree in all its complexity grows from a tiny seed are known to them. If not for their help, the dark powers would long ago have gained access to those cradles and turned the Earth's surface into an impenetrable jungle of nightmarish plants, vampirish and gruesome counterparts to our vegetation.

If one descends deeper into the soil of Darainna, one will sooner or later reach Ron or Kattaram.

A plane by the name of Murohamma corresponds to the low cover of the forest – moss, grasses, bushes – everything we call “underbrush”.

The abode of the elementals of trees is called Arashamf. They are not dryads. There might well be beings like those the ancient Greeks called dryads, but I have no knowledge of them. The elementals of Murohamma and Arashamf do not bear the slightest resemblance to humans or to any being on our plane. The souls of individual trees dwell in the zatomises where they possess intelligence and are beautiful and wise. The Synclite members interact with them to the fullest degree. They engage in a mutual exchange of ideas, feelings, and experiences. But in

Arashamf, the elementals coat themselves in etheric bodies and sink into a reverie. The trees of Enrof are their physical bodies. Every elemental of Arashamf has gone through a large number of incarnations; for many of them the number of years lived in Enrof is in the six digits, sometimes almost a million years. The landscape in Arashamf resembles greenish tongues of fragrant, cool, gently swaying flames. Some of these elementals are full of goodness, like saints, and favorably disposed toward us. They are patient, serene, and humble in their wisdom. At times, something breathtaking takes place among them: they all bow down to each other in the same direction. The entire etheric forest turns into a mass of flames that gently bend and straighten, flowing into each other, and in chorus they offer up something like hymns of praise. The plane of Murohamma, sometimes, takes part in it, too. Murohamma is the same greenish color, but thicker, darker, warmer, and more gentle.

Everyone should find it easy to recall soft breezes kissing the Earth during summer sunsets or a spring afternoon. They kiss the Earth and its grasses, fields of grain, paths, trees, the surface of rivers and oceans, people, and animals. The elementals of the plane called Vayita take delight in life. They take delight in us and in plants, water, and the sun; they take delight in cool, hot, soft, hard, bright, or shadowy ground, stroking and caressing it. If we could see Vayita with our own eyes, we would have the impression that we were immersed in verdant, fragrant, playful waves that are completely transparent, pleasant in temperature, and, most important, alive, intelligent, and bubbling with delight over us.

When you plunge face first on a hot day into the grass of a meadow in bloom, and your head spins from the smell of pollen and from the aroma coming from the warm ground and leaves, while barely audible breaths of light and warmth glide over the meadow, you can be sure that it is the elementals of Vayita playing and celebrating with the children of Faltora – the land of the elementals of field and meadow. We are left without a single clouded thought in our mind. It might seem to us that we have found paradise lost. The dust of worldly cares is blown away from our souls by clean breaths of wind, and we are incapable of feeling anything but an all-consuming love for Nature.

A world of truly inexpressible delight shines through the streaming water of the Earth's rivers. There exists a special hierarchy that I have long been accustomed to calling river spirits, though I now see that the name is imprecise. Each river has a single, unique spirit. The outermost layer of its ever-flowing body is visible to us as the currents of a river, but its real soul is in the Heavenly Russia, or another

heavenly land if it flows through the territory of another culture in Enrof. But the inner, etheric layer of its body, which its essence permeates incomparably more fully and in which it is embodied with almost full consciousness, is located in a world adjoining ours called Liurna. The fact that it is continuously surrendering the currents of both its flowing bodies to a larger river, and that river, to the sea, but doing so without any diminishment in its body as it flows on from source to mouth, constitutes the greatest joy of its life. It is impossible to find words to describe the charm of those beings, beings so joyful, playful, sweet, pure, and peaceful that no human tenderness is comparable to theirs, except, perhaps, the tenderness of the most giving and loving daughters of humanity. And if we are fortunate enough to experience Liurna in body and soul by immersing our body in a river stream, our etheric body in the streams of Liurna, and our soul in its soul, which shines in the zatomis, then we will climb out onto the bank with a cleansed, brightened, and joyful heart such as humans might have had before the Fall.

Vlanmirn, the land of the elementals of the upper regions of the sea, partly resembles Liurna in the effect it has on the human soul. The landscape of that world resembles a rhythmically rolling ocean of bright blue (such a softly radiant, ravishing blue does not exist in Enrof), its waves capped not by foam but by milky white, lacy spheres that look like large flowers. These flowers bloom and melt before one's eyes, and then bloom and melt anew. The elementals of Liurna are feminine, and those of Vlanmim are masculine, but that has no relation whatsoever to procreation, although the union of river with sea is an expression of the love between the elementals of these two worlds. Vlanmim can also make us wiser and purer in heart, but because it is open from below to the influence of the grim elementals of Nugurt, the ocean depths, it is not as gentle as Liurna. Its influence is noticeable on the moral fiber and even the physical appearance of people – fishermen and, in part, sailors – who come into daily contact with it, even if that contact takes place on a level beyond their consciousness. On sailors, however, the mark of other elementals, ones not of the Light, is all too apparent. Sailors are influenced by, on the one hand, the inhabitants of Nugurt, and on the other, the Nibrusks and the inhabitants of Duggur, the elementals of large port cities. As for fishermen, they receive from Vlanmim the traits that set them apart from other people: the combination of purity, courage, and a crude, slightly brutal strength with childlike integrity.

Everywhere over land and sea stretches Zungaf – the land of the elementals of atmospheric moisture, which produce clouds, rain, dew, and mists. There is no clear boundary between Zunguf and Irudrana – the land of the elementals whose activity in Enrof takes the form of thunderstorms and, sometimes, hurricanes. Both these planes blend with each other, just as their inhabitants do. That same transmyth is revealed that glimmered in the mythologies of ancient peoples, giving rise in their creative imagination to the titanic images of the thunder gods: Indra, Perun, Thor. If only the ancients, who ascribed, as with everything, human features to these images, had known how infinitely distant these beings are from even the slightest resemblance to humans! When rain showers down to the ground and the tempestuous and frolicsome children of Zunguf give themselves up to rejoicing, bouncing from the earth and the surface of water back up into the air, which seethes with drops of water, above, in Irudrana, armies of beings like Thor or Indra only in their playful competitiveness battle away. For them, thunder and lightning are creative work, and hurricanes are life at its fullest.

If a light snow floats down on a cool night, or trees and buildings are whitened by frost, the robust, clear, almost ecstatic joy we feel testifies to the proximity of the wondrous elementals of Nivenna. White expanses immaculate with a special, inexpressible purity – that is Nivenna, the land of the elementals of frost, snowflakes, and fresh snowfalls. Frolicking in unearthly fun like that of the elves, they cover their beloved Earth with their veil. Why are we filled with such joy for life when myriads of silent white stars softly descend all around us? And why, when we see a wood or city park white with frost, do we experience a feeling that unites solemnity and lightness of heart, a rush of energy and delight, veneration and childlike joy? The elementals of Nivenna have a particularly tender love for those of us who have kept the eternal child alive in our heart; they greet such people with gladness and try to play with them. Even the excitement, youthful vigor, and rush of blood in the veins of children during snowball fights or tobogganing gives them pleasure.

Beside Nivenna is stern and somber Ahash, the plane of the arctic and antarctic elementals, which are connected to the polar regions of our planet. Ahash extends into outer space, and from it is visible the Milky Way. The borders of both polar regions creep toward and away from the tropics as the seasons change.

The untamed spirit of those beings, with their penchant for jumping from crystal clear meditation to fury, with their sudden urges to build whole worlds of transphysical ice, with their love of gazing eye to eye into the endless depths of the

metagalaxy, has left a striking mark on the physical environment of the polar basins. When the revolution of the Earth around the Sun brings winter to the Northern hemisphere and gives the elementals of Ahash access to the more populated parts of those continents, they come pouring in with physical masses of arctic air in train, battling with snowstorms and blizzards over field and forest, giving free reign to their joy from the heights of anti-cyclones.

They do not perceive Enrof in the same way we do. Nor do they perceive humans with the faculty of sight. But some among them are as predatory and as cold emotionally as Andersen's Snow Queen, and they represent a danger to humans. There are others that intuit the inner spirit of those of us who are akin to them in courage, daring, and fearlessness. They can love such people with a strange love incommensurate with ours. They cradle them on their snowy laps, open the way to the depths of their lands, guide them through the terrible majesty of the physical layers of their realm, and forgetting the incommensurability between their immensity and our physical smallness, are prepared to wrap them in a blanket of white to the lullabies of howling blizzards.

The last two planes also extend, like Ahash, into outer space: Diramn, which is connected to the stratospheric ocean of air and the belt of lower temperatures, and Sianna – the world visible to inner vision through the high-temperature zones that encompass our planet in the upper atmosphere. But the elementals that abide there are so immense and so alien to our way of thinking that it is extremely difficult to gain an understanding of their essence. They are the elementals of the Light, but their light is a searing, perilous light. Only a human soul that has already risen to exceptional heights can gain admittance to their realm.

That concludes the sakwala of the Lesser Elementals. They are, of course, lesser not in comparison with humans – many of them are far mightier than any individual human – but, rather, in comparison with the elementals of another sakwala, with the ascending staircase of the Greater Elementals, the true planetary divinities, the sovereigns of our world. The lesser elementals tremble with joy at their breath. The majority of them are beautiful, supremely good beings of inexpressible majesty. But it is nearly impossible to speak of the landscapes of those planes and of the forms of those great beings, for they all exist simultaneously at a multitude of points on their planes.

The dominion of Vayumn, "the Lord of Blessed Wings," the embodied spirit of the air, stretches from the upper reaches of the atmosphere down to the deepest chasms. His brother, Ea (if I remember correctly, his other name is Vlarol), "the

Lord of Life-Giving Waters," was worshiped long ago by the Greeks as Poseidon and by the Romans as Neptune. But the Babylonians grasped his grace and cosmic dimensions best of all, dedicating a magnificent cult to the guardian and keeper of the Earth's waters. Both spirits are on eternal guard over the sources of life all over the world – not only in Enrof but in many other sakwalas as well. Both are as old as water and air, and just as immaculate.

Povarn, the third brother, "the Lord of Flaming Body," is even older, for there is a profound reality behind the ancients' belief in Pluto and Yama. That terrifying lord of the subterranean magma is not the servant of Gagtungr; he will, however, be the last, it seems, of the Greater Elementals to undergo transformation, which occur at the end of the second eon.

There is also a fourth great brother, the youngest, Zaranda, "the Lord of the Animal World." The tragic history of the animal realm in Enrof has left a deep, truly global mark of sorrow on his form. And no matter how historians try to explain the symbolism behind the Egyptian sphinx, metahistory will always regard it as an image of the one who combines in himself the nature of the "Great Animal" with wisdom far beyond the reach of human beings.

There are seven Greater Elementals in all. Two divine sisters divide the remaining spheres of power between themselves: Estira, "the Queen of Eternal Gardens", the mistress of the plant realms of Shadanakar, and Lilith, "the Aphrodite Universalis of Humanity".

Lilith plays an immense role in our lives. Like all the Greater Elementals, her abode is incommensurate with any of our forms and is indescribable, while her own form is boundless. Her variomaterial body exists simultaneously at a multitude of points on her plane, and only in rare instances does it assume a form that can be seen by human spiritual vision. I do not know the mechanics of the process, but I do know that the formation of any body in the worlds of dense materiality is impossible without the involvement of Lilith, with the exception of animals, whose species are forged by Zaranda. In all the other realms, it is Lilith that discharges that duty. She forges the family chain for humanity, and daemons, and for raruggs, igvas, and the inhabitants of Duggur in the demonic worlds. Every densely material body created with her assistance in the dark worlds is made of karrokh. That is why she is fully deserving of being considered the sculptress of our flesh. Human sexuality is inextricably bound with her being and influence. Whether it is she or her karossas, that power always presides over every act of human copulation, and while the embryo is in the womb, she is there.

At one time, long, long ago, that elemental became the spouse of the Prime Angel – that great Spirit that subsequently became the Logos of Shadanakar. Their union took place during the creation of the angelic planes, and Lilith became the proto-mother of that first humankind. But Gagtungr was able to infiltrate Lilith's world, and her body of subtle materiality absorbed a demonic element. This was a disaster of catastrophic proportions. From that time on, all family chains forged by her, be they Titan, daemon, or human, acquire something of that element. There is a term in Jewish mysticism – yetzerhara – that refers to the demon seed in humans. We will try using it in reference to that cursed seed planted in humans through Lilith who carries it within herself and in her karossas to this day.

Only Lilith has a monad and complete consciousness. The karossas, her localized manifestations, notwithstanding their power and longevity, possess only the equivalent of consciousness and lack a monad, Dingra of Russia included. Incidentally, we are indebted to those sculptresses of the human flesh for the visible, at times almost elusive, physical resemblance that distinguishes the members of a common nation or kinship group.

It is known that the cult of the goddess of love on ancient Cyprus eventually split into two diametrically opposed sects: the lofty cult of Aphrodite Urania, the goddess of spiritual, creative, poeticized, and poetic love, and the cult of Aphrodite Pandemos, “the Common Aphrodite.” The latter cult gained widespread appeal among the lower classes, taking the form of orgiastic rites and the blessing of sexual excesses as a holy offering to the goddess. Some other cultures have experienced analogous processes of bifurcation and polarization of previously unified principles. There are even more cultures where the historian is presented with a later phase: cults of sexual perversion and the random blend of demonic and elemental properties behind the false mask of the divine. Ritual prostitution in Canaan, Babylon, India, and other countries is a phenomenon of that nature. The karossas of nations or suprapeoples presided over such institutions, and they preside over the rites of orgiastic sects and mass fornication even now. It is also clear that such phenomena require the involvement of the lunar demoness and the dark powers of Duggur. But when, in battling those who threaten his people with physical destruction, a demiurge seeks a way to create a powerful and combative champion, he is forced to descend to the karossa of the people and unite with her. The cursed yetzerhara unavoidably infects their joint offspring, and the poisoned body of the karossa produces a two-faced monster. That is the origin of the first

born of every line of witzraor. It will only be possible, it appears, to rid the karossas and Lilith herself of the yetzerhara in the second eon.

The first and last of the Greater Elementals, Earth, is the mother of all the others, and not only of them, but of every living thing in Shadanakar: every elemental, every animal, human, daemon, angel, demon, and even every great hierarchy. An inexhaustible wellspring, she is the one who creates the etheric body of all beings and takes part along with the individual monads in the creation of their astral bodies. She is endowed with warm, inexhaustible love for everything, even demons: she grieves for them, but forgives them. Everyone, even angels of darkness and the monsters of Gashsharva, call her Mother. She loves all and everything, but she reveres only the highest hierarchies of Shadanakar, especially Christ. She is fertilized by the great radiant spirit of the Sun both in Enrof and in her own indescribable world. She perceives people and their inner world, she hears and responds to the call of our heart, and she answers through love and Nature. May her name be blessed! Prayer can and should be offered up to her in great humility.

May the beautiful Moon, the daughter of Earth and Sun, be blessed. And may the Sun be thrice blessed. All of us, our future body and soul, together with all of Shadanakar, at one time abided in its immaculate heart. Great god of light! They sang your glory in the temples of Egypt and ancient Greece, on the banks of the Ganges and on top of the ziggurats of Ur, in the Land of the Rising Sun, and in the far West, on the Andean plateaus. We all love you – good and bad, wise and ignorant, believers and nonbelievers, those who feel the infinite goodness of your heart, and those who simply enjoy your light and warmth. Your brilliant Elite has already created a staircase of radiant planes in Shadanakar and cascades of spiritual grace pour down it, lower and lower, into the angelic worlds, the worlds of the elementals, and the worlds of humanity. Beautiful spirit, the origin and sire of all living matter, the visible image and likeness of the Universal Sun, the living icon of the One God, allow me too to join my voice, audible to you alone, to the global chorus of your praise. Love us, O radiant one!



### ***5.3. The Perspective on the Animal World***

We are often unaware that our utilitarian view on all living beings has become almost second nature to us. Everything is valued strictly according to the degree it is useful to humans. But if we have long considered barbaric that historical-cultural parochialism, elevated to the status of political theory known as nationalism, then humanity's cosmic parochialism will appear just as ridiculous to our descendants. The myth of "the crowning glory of Creation," a legacy of medieval ignorance and primitive egoism, should in time dissipate like smoke, together with the supremacy of the materialist doctrine that endorses it.

We are witnessing the emergence of a new worldview, in which humans are one link in a great chain of living beings. We are higher than many, but we are also lower than a great many more. And every one of these beings has an autonomous value independent of its usefulness to humanity. But how do we determine that value in every specific case? What criteria do we use? On which standard of values should we base our judgements?

We can, first of all, state that the material or spiritual value of anything, whether it be material or spiritual, increases in direct proportion to the total efforts expended on its becoming what it is now. Of course, when we try to apply that principle to the valuation of living beings, we soon arrive at the conclusion that it is impossible for us to ascertain the exact amount of those efforts. But it is possible to realize that the higher the being on the cosmic staircase, the greater the amount of efforts (its own efforts, those of Nature, or those of the Providential powers) expended on it. The development of intellect and of all the faculties that distinguish humanity from animals demanded an incredible amount of work – by humanity itself and by the Providential powers – an amount greater than was needed earlier to raise animals from lower to higher life forms. That is the basis, as best as we can grasp it, of the cosmic standard of values. It thus follows that the value of a protozoan is less than that of an insect, the value of an insect is less than that of a mammal, the value of a nonhuman mammal is far less than that of a human, the value of a human is tiny compared with that of an archangel or national demiurge, while the value of the latter, notwithstanding all its grandeur, pales next to the value of the Elite of the Light, the demiurges of the Universe.

If we examine that principle in isolation, we might draw the conclusion that humans bear practically no responsibility toward anything below them: if the

value of humans is higher, it must mean that Nature itself dictates that humans utilize beings lower than them in a way useful for the race.

But no moral principle should be examined in isolation, for they are not sufficient unto themselves. Rather, they enter into a general system of principles that currently define the reality of Shadanakar. The principle of moral duty could be considered a counterweight to the principle of spiritual value. It has not yet been intuited at levels below humanity; nor was it even intuited at the early stages of the human race. But it can now be given a fairly accurate formulation as follows: beginning at the level of humans, the duty of a being toward beings below it increases in direct proportion to the level of the higher being's ascent.

A duty toward domesticated animals had been laid on humans as early as prehistoric times. This was not merely because humans had to feed and protect them. This was but a simple exchange, a duty in the lowest, material (not moral) sense. In return for providing the animal with food and shelter, people either put the animal to work or took its milk or wool or even its life (in the latter case, of course, they violated the natural rate of exchange). The moral duty of early humans was to love the animal they had domesticated and put it to use. Riders of ancient times who felt a deep bond to their horses, shepherds who displayed not only solicitude but also affection for their flocks, peasants or hunters who loved their cow or dog – all of them performed their moral duty.

That elementary duty has remained the norm for all humanity to this day. It is true that higher individual souls – those we call saints and to whom Hindus refer using the more precise word mahatma, "great soul" – intuited a new, much higher level of duty that issued naturally from their spiritual greatness. The Lives of the Saints is full of stories of friendships between monks or hermits and bears, wolves, or lions. In some cases, these may be mere legends, but in other cases, such as that of St. Francis of Assisi or St. Seraphim of Sarov, facts of that nature have been verified by eyewitness accounts.

Of course, only sainthood is capable of such a level of duty toward animals. It is not the lot of the greater part of humanity now, just as it was not three thousand years ago. But three thousand years is a long time. And there is no justification for the claim that we are doomed to remain at the same level of primitive duty as our distant ancestors. If people, groping their way through a finite and mist-shrouded animistic world, could find it within themselves to love their horse or dog, then for us that is no longer sufficient. Does the lengthy road that we have traveled since then not oblige us to strive for more? Is it not within us to love those other, wild

animals – at least those that do us no harm – from whom we receive no direct benefit?

All living beings, including protozoa, possess what we have provisionally termed “shelts”, or, if the reader prefers, souls – that is to say, a fine variomaterial coating that the immortal monad fashions for itself. Material existence is impossible without a shelt, just as any existence whatsoever is impossible without a monad. The monads of animals abide in Kaermis, one of the worlds of the Higher Purpose, while their souls complete a lengthy journey up an ascending spiral through a special sakwala of several planes. They incarnate here, in Enrof, but many of them do not undergo a descent after death. They, too, live under the law of karma, but it works differently for them. It is only in Enrof that they unravel their knots at an extremely slow pace during journeys of countless incarnations within the limits of their class.

The Providential powers had originally intended Enrof to be the exclusive abode of the animal realm – that is, of the host of monads that had descended here in shelts to undertake the great creative task of enlightening the materiality of the three-dimensional plane. Gagtungr's meddling wrecked that original design, increased the complexity of the task, twisted fates, and lengthened timeframes to a horrifying degree. That was all accomplished primarily by subjecting organic life in Enrof from its very beginnings to the law of the jungle.

Why are almost all baby animals so endearing and cute? Why do even piglets and baby hyenas, let alone wolf or lion cubs, evoke such warmth and tenderness? Because the demonic in animals only begins to make its presence known the minute they are forced to enter into the struggle for survival – that is, when they fall under the law of the jungle. Baby animals in Enrof resemble animals as they appeared in the adjacent world they left when they first came to Enrof. Even snakes were beautiful, vibrant, and extremely playful beings on that plane. They danced, giving glory to God. If not for Gagtungr, in Enrof they would have become even more beautiful, intelligent, and wiser.

Gagtungr's activities caused a sharp line to be drawn between two halves of the animal world. He demonized one half very strongly, placing a low ceiling on their spiritual growth by having them live exclusively off their fellow animals. Predation is, generally speaking, demonic in nature, and in whatever being we encounter it, it means that the demonic powers have already transformed it in a fundamental way. The other half of the animal world was earmarked as victims of the first half. The predatory seed was not sown in them, so those species limited

themselves to plant food. But the struggle for survival in conditions of almost constant flight and concealment from danger has been a terrible hindrance to the development of their intelligence.

The Providential powers continued to be faced with the task of enlightening three-dimensional materiality. As the animal world had been incapacitated in that respect, at least for the foreseeable future, preconditions were created for one species to be singled out, a species that could perform the task successfully in a shorter period of time. The species was singled out in a manner that resembled a giant leap forward. At the same time, the parent species, from which the new, progressive species separated, served as a kind of trampoline for it. The more humanity leaped forward, the farther back the parent species that had served as a trampoline recoiled. Later, that species evolved into the order of primates – a tragic example of regression. Thus, our leap from animal to human took place at the cost of a halt in the development of a great many other beings.

The more predatory an animal, the more demonized it is. That demonization is, of course, restricted to their shelts and denser material coatings. It cannot affect the monad. But the demonization of the shelt can attain horrifying degrees and give rise to terrible consequences. It is enough to recall what happened to many species of the reptile class. The Mesozoic era was marked by the fact that the reptile class, some of whose members had by that time grown to colossal size, was split into two. The half that remained herbivorous was given the opportunity to continue their development on other planes, and there now exists a material world, Zhimeira, where such beings as brontosaurus and iguanodons, which have undergone countless incarnations, now abide in the form of fully intelligent, kindly, and extremely affectionate beings. As for the other half of the giant lizards, the predators, they evolved on other planes in the opposite direction. For a long time now, they have had karrokh instead of physical bodies, and it is none other than they who rampage in the shrastrs in the form of raruggs.

Zhimeira, the present abode of the better half of prehistoric animals, has already begun to disappear, for they are moving on to higher planes. Two other planes are full of a myriad of beings: Isolde – the world of the souls of most animals in existence today, through which they flash very quickly in the intervals between incarnations, and Ermastig – the world of the souls of the higher animals. The representatives of only a few species ascend to Ermastig after death, and only some members even of those species do so. They remain in that world much longer than the others remain in Isong.

That all brings to mind the words of Zosima the Elder in *The Brothers Karamazov*, words remarkable for their wisdom:

*Look at the horse ... or the lowly, pensive ox ... Look at their visages, what meekness, what devotion to man, who often beats them mercilessly. What gentleness, what confidence, and what beauty in their visages!*

To refer to a horse or a cow as having a visage – now that requires the power of a true insight. The customary surface of things revealed its depths to the prophetic eye of Dostoyevsky, and he saw what the future holds for animals. For a world already exists where the mature souls of many of them, coated in enlightened bodies, are beautiful, wise in spirit, and highly intelligent. All of them will, in time, reach that world, Hangvilla, the highest in the sakwala, and then rise higher, to Faer, Usnorm, and Kaermis.

Oh, the vile marks of Gagtungr's claws can be seen on much else in the animal world! For example, by squeezing together, the shelts of some animals, he was able to do them harm in a way for which it is hard to find an analogy on our plane. He did not exactly press or graft them together, but he turned them from individual into collective shelts. The individual shelts of many lower life forms are but short-lived manifestations of that one collective shelt. Such, for example, are most insects, not to mention protozoa. The individual shelt of a fly or a bee, for example, is, in a manner of speaking, only a tiny swelling on the surface of the collective soul. If a bee or fly dies here in Enrof, the swelling disappears back into the communal shelt of the swarm of bees or flies.

The world of the collective souls of insects and protozoa is called Nigoyda. There, the collective souls, especially those of bees and ants, are endowed with intelligence. In external appearance they resemble the beings that embody them in Enrof, but they are larger and more imbued with the Light. Some of them – at present, only a few – ascend higher, to Hangvilla, and there become beautiful and wise, even acquiring a certain magnificence and nobility. Hangvilla is a great zatomis common to the entire animal world. From there, the animals' enlightened souls ascend through Faer directly to Usnorm itself where they take part in the eternal liturgy of Shadanakar.

What will seem even stranger concerns not live animals but some children's toys. I am referring to the teddy bears, stuffed rabbits, and other toy animals everyone knows and loves. Each one of us loved them in childhood, and we all experienced

the same sadness and pain when we began to understand that they were only the work of human hands and not really alive. But happily, children who cling faithfully to the belief that their toys are alive and can even speak are closer to the truth than we are. Using our higher faculties, we could in such cases witness a singular creative process. At first, such a toy has neither an etheric nor astral body nor a shelt nor, of course, a monad. But the more a teddy bear is loved, the more a child's soul showers it with tenderness, warmth, affection, pity, and trust, the denser and more concentrated becomes the fine matter within it, of which a shelt is made. A genuine shelt gradually forms, but it has neither astral nor etheric body, and therefore the physical body – the toy – cannot come to life. But when the toy, permeated throughout with an immortal shelt, perishes in Enrof, a divine act takes place, and the newly created shelt is paired with a young monad entering Shadanakar from the heart of God. Among the souls of the higher animals that are coated in astral and ether, an astonishing being makes its appearance in Ermastig, a being for whom those same coatings are to be fashioned there. They are striking not for their beauty or grandeur but, rather, for that inexpressible something that softens our hard hearts at the sight of a baby rabbit or fawn. In Ermastig those beings are even more wonderful, because their respective toys have never had a drop of evil in them. There, together with the souls of real bears and deer, they live a delightful life, receive an astral body, and then ascend to Hangvilla like the rest.

I can give here only a bare outline of a method for solving problems associated with the transphysics and eschatology of the animal world. But even that will be enough to realize how much more complex the matter is than the thinkers of the older religions believed. The simplistic formula “Animals know no sin” does not do the least justice to the essence of the matter. If, in the given case, “sin” refers to the state of sexual consciousness in which a feeling of shame and the idea of a prohibition on certain kinds of sexual activity are lacking, then animals truly do not know sin. But it would be better to say that for them these activities are not prohibited, not punishable by karma, and not a sin. On the other hand, the concept of sin encompasses an area infinitely broader than just sex. Malice, cruelty, unfounded and unbridled anger, bloodthirstiness, and jealousy are the sins of the animal world, and we are not in the possession of any facts on the basis of which we could judge the extent that one or another animal is conscious of the wrongness of such actions. In addition, that does not resolve the question of whether or not such a prohibition exists for them. It is absurd to assume that a law comes into effect only when it is cognized. No one before Newton knew of the law of gravity, but everyone and everything has always been subject to it. It matters not whether

animals are conscious of a higher law or not, whether they have a vague intuition of it or no intuition at all: causality remains causality, and karma remains karma.

As far as I understand, a hungry lion that kills an antelope does not incur individual guilt, as the killing was a necessity for it, but it does incur the guilt of its species or class – the ancient guilt of all predators. But a tiger with a full belly that attacks an antelope out of excessive bloodthirstiness and malice incurs individual guilt as well as the guilt common to the species, for it was not driven by necessity to kill its victim. A wolf that, in defending itself from dogs, kills one in the fight is not guilty individually, but it is guilty as a member of a predatory species whose ancestors, at one time, elected to evolve in that direction.

We are dealing here with a kind of original sin. But a plump, well-fed cat that amuses itself by playing with a mouse is guilty of both original and individual sins, because there is no call for its actions. Some will say I am applying human, even legalistic, concepts to the animal world. But the concept of guilt is not only a legal concept; it is a transphysical, metahistorical, and ontological concept as well. The nature of guilt can vary between natural realms and hierarchies, but that in no way means that the concept itself and the reality of karma behind it is applicable to humankind alone.

The secular era of thought also has failed to introduce any new ideas to the question. To the contrary, the dominant attitude toward animals in modern times began to form from two opposing principles – the utilitarian and the emotional. The animal world has been divided into categories in concordance with the relationship a given species has to humans. First of all, of course, come pets and domesticated animals. People take care of them and, sometimes, even love them. If a cow falls sick, they shed tears over it. But if it stops giving milk, they take it away, with deep sighs, to a certain place where their beloved animal is converted into so many kilos of beef. With childlike innocence farmers then feed off the meat themselves and feed it to their households. The second category includes a large segment of wild animals, as well as fish. People do not domesticate them; they do not lavish care on them, but they simply trap or hunt them down. The matter is simple with the third group, predators and parasites. People kill them whenever and however they can. A fourth group comprises wild animals, birds in particular, that show their usefulness by killing harmful insects and rodents. That category is permitted to live and multiply, and in certain cases – for example, starlings or storks – they are even protected by law. As for all the other animals, from lizards and frogs to jackdaws and magpies, they are sometimes caught for

scientific purposes or simply for the sport of it. Children may throw rocks at them, but it is more common for people, from the heights of their greatness, simply not to notice them.

That is an outline, albeit very rough, of the utilitarian attitude toward animals. The emotional attitude of most of us consists of the feeling of sympathy, real attachment, or aesthetic pleasure toward one or another species, or toward individual animals. In addition, many humans are also endowed (thank heavens!) with a general feeling of compassion for animals. That compassion is largely responsible for the laws in many countries concerned with the treatment of animals and the operation of a network of volunteer associations devoted specifically to promoting the humane treatment of animals. The emotional attitude, in conjunction with such a powerful ally as the utilitarian concern that commercially valuable species not be completely exterminated, has made the establishment of wildlife parks possible. And certain exceptional parks have no utilitarian purpose whatsoever – for example, the feeding stations for pigeons that can be found in many places.

I have been speaking, of course, about the attitude toward animals in Europe, North America, and many countries in the East. But India presents an altogether different picture. Brahmanism, as we know, has long forbidden the consumption of various kinds of meat, has practically reduced the human diet to dairy and vegetable products, has declared work in leather and fur sinful and impure, and has proclaimed the cow and certain other species holy animals. And they should be applauded for it.

Europeans, of course, are at turns amused and exasperated by the spectacle of cows wandering freely through bazaars, helping themselves to anything that catches their eye in the stalls. I do not dispute the fact that the religious worship of the cow is a specific feature of the Indian worldview alone and cannot be an object of imitation in our century. But the feeling that underlies that worship is so pure, so lofty, and so holy that it itself deserves our respect. Gandhi did a fine job explaining the psychological roots of the worship of the cow. He pointed out that in the given case the cow represents all living beings below humanity. A humble reverence for the cow and service of it in the form of disinterested care, affection, and decoration are an expression of the religious idea and moral sense of our duty toward the world of living beings, of the idea of helping and protecting all that is weak or below us, all that has not yet succeeded in developing into higher forms. Not only that, it is also an expression of a mystical sense of the profound guilt



shared by all humanity toward the animal world, for humanity was singled out from animals at the cost of the retardation and regression of those weaker than us. We were singled out and, having been singled out, compounded our guilt by mercilessly exploiting those weaker than us. Over the centuries our shared human guilt has snowballed and has lately assumed vast proportions.

Glory to that people who have been able to rise to such understanding, not just in the minds of a few but in the conscience of millions!

What idea or ethic can we, who boast of our centuries-long profession of Christianity, put forward to match that ethic?

There was an incident in my life that I must speak of here. It is a painful memory, but I would not want anyone to form, on the basis of this chapter about animals, an image of the author that he does not deserve. It so happened that once, several decades ago, I consciously, even purposely, committed a vile, loathsome crime against an animal that belonged to the category of "friends of humanity." It all happened because I was at that time going through a phase, or rather, an inner detour, that was most dark. I decided to enter into, as I then put it, "the service of Evil" – an idea so naive as to be stupid. But because of the romantic air that I cloaked it in, it took hold of my imagination and resulted in a chain of actions, each more appalling than the previous one. I was seized by the desire to find out if there really was an action so base, petty, and inhumane that I would not dare to venture to. I do not even have the excuse that I was a thick-headed child or had fallen in with a bad crowd. There was no such crowd in my social circle, I was an overage scallywag and a university student at that. How and on what exact animal the act was done is here immaterial, but done it was. The compunction I felt, however, was so strong that a revolution of terrific force took place in my attitude toward animals, an attitude that I have had ever since. It also served as the overall turning point in my inner life. If that shameful stain were not on my conscience I might not now experience such aversion, sometimes even to the point of a complete loss of self-control, toward any torture or murder of animals. It is for me now axiomatic that in the overwhelming majority of cases (excepting only self-defense from predators or parasites or the lack of any other food source) the killing or torture of animals is loathsome, unacceptable, and unworthy of humans. To do so is to violate one of those moral foundations on which we must firmly stand in order to retain the right to call ourselves human.

Of course, hunting, when it is the principal means of livelihood for certain primitive tribes, cannot be condemned morally. One would have to be a vegetarian

Pharisee to censure Hottentots or Goldi, for whom abandonment of the hunt would be tantamount to death. And all who find themselves in similar circumstances can and should support their own lives and the lives of others through hunting, for the life of a human is more valuable than the life of any animal.

For the very same reason, people have the right to defend themselves from predators and parasites. It is known that many Jains and some followers of extreme Buddhist sects do not drink water except through gauze and, while walking, sweep the path in front of them before every step. I seem to recall there even being ascetics in India who let parasites feed on them. What better example is there to show how any idea can be carried to absurd extremes! The mistake being made here is that humans, for the sake of saving the lives of insects and even protozoa – that is, beings of much less value – place themselves in conditions where both social and technological progress become impossible. All forms of transport would have to be abandoned, as they cause the death of multitudes of tiny beings. A ban would even have to be laid on agriculture and the tilling of the soil in general, as it results in the death of billions of tiny creatures. In modern India, Jains are primarily engaged in liberal professions and commerce. But what would they do if the majority of humanity adopted their outlook on life? Of course, such an outlook, whereby a low ceiling is placed on the ascent of humanity, cannot be right.

But what, from the transphysical, not materialist, point of view, are parasites and protozoa? Like the majority of insects, they possess collective souls, but they lag far behind in spiritual growth. Properly speaking, we are not dealing here with a simple lag, but with Gagtungr's active demonization of their collective shelt. The shelts have the status of slaves in Nigoyda, possess only partial intelligence, and face a journey of spiritual growth exceptional for its slowness and duration. Only at the moment of our planet's passage into the third eon will they attain enlightenment. For the present, parasites – that is, beings of much lesser value – live on and get fat off of animals and humans, beings of comparatively higher value. We are, therefore, right to exterminate them, as we have no other alternative at the given stage.

Predators live at the expense of animals, beings of the same value, or of humans, beings of higher value. Those species of predators whose predatory nature we are incapable of altering should be gradually exterminated in Enrof. I say gradually not only because it cannot be done in any other manner but also because the means to alter even their nature might be discovered in the meantime. There is every

reason to hope that the nature of many predatory species, especially among the higher mammals, can be changed at a fundamental level. It is enough to recall that the dog, that one-time wolf, is now capable of doing entirely without meat, and this despite the fact that humans have never set themselves the goal of turning dogs into vegetarians. Dogs were weaned away from meat out of purely economic considerations, but the success of these measures points to the excellent prospects in that area, prospects that are only now revealing themselves. Thus, hunting predators is the second kind of hunting that should not be condemned at the present stage of humanity. But another set of measures will be necessary alongside it. I will speak of them further on.

What will be subject to unconditional abolition, even a strict ban, is hunting for sport. I know full well what a howl of protest will be raised by the lovers of deer- and pheasant-shooting were this demand to gain widespread support in society and from a utopian dream of individual eccentrics turn into the insistent appeal of all progressive humanity. It is not difficult to foresee the arguments they will use in their defense. They will enlist the aid of every rationalization a crafty mind is capable of concocting when it is called on to assist a twisted instinct. They will scream, for example, about the benefits of hunting, about how it tempers one's body (as if it could not be tempered in some other fashion), how it builds character, will, resourcefulness, courage (as if humans faced some kind of danger hunting wild game). They will shower us with assurances that hunting is essentially a pretext, a mere means to the genuine end of enjoying the great outdoors, as if it couldn't be enjoyed without the additional pleasure of seeing a hare run down by a dog. They will arm themselves with brilliant psychological concoctions à la Knut Hamsun to prove that the hunting instinct is an inalienable human attribute, and that the joy of hunting originates from a combination of the satisfaction of that instinct and a sense of being a part of Nature. From their perspective, they do not view Nature through the eyes of idle city slickers in the woods, not from the outside looking in; they become part of Nature when they wait in ambush behind a tree. But no matter how much they imagine themselves part of Nature, all their feelings are not worth one glance from the dying eyes of a goose they have shot. All the twists and turns a cunning mind may make are refuted by one short statement by Turgenev. Himself a passionate hunter, he was honest both with the reader and himself. He knew and said firmly and plainly that hunting has no relation whatsoever to a love of Nature:

I can't enjoy nature while I'm hunting – all that is nonsense: you enjoy it when you're lying down or resting after the hunt. Hunting is a passion, and I don't, nor can I see anything except some pheasant hiding in a bush. No true hunter goes into the wild to enjoy nature.

Turgenev speaks openly and plainly. Why do others deceive themselves and those around them by justifying hunting as love of Nature?

Oh, I know their kind well enough: courage, honesty, simplicity, a keen eye, broad shoulders, a weather-beaten face, a clipped manner of speech, a racy joke from time to time – what more could be asked for in a real man? They are held in respect by those around them, and they hold themselves in respect – for their strong nerves (which they mistake for a strong spirit), for their sober view of things (which they mistake for intelligence), for the bulge of their biceps (worthy, they think, of the “lord of nature”), for what seems to them an eagle-like gaze. But if you look at them closely, if you peek behind their imposing facade, you will find only a tangle of every possible kind of egoism. They are courageous and brave, because they are physically strong males, and because their infatuation with their own greatness does not permit them to exhibit cowardice. They are straightforward and honest because their awareness of these virtues permits them to rationalize self-worship. And if their eyes, having witnessed so many death agonies of the beings they have killed, remain as clear and bright as a cloudless sky, then it is not to their credit, but to their shame.

Oh, you will not find their kind among the inhabitants of the taiga or the pampas whom they wish to resemble. They want everyone to admire how they have succeeded so well in harmonizing within themselves the cultivated European and the proud child of Nature. But the truth is that they are a product of urban civilization, just as rational, self-centered, cruel, and sensual as that civilization. But one half of their being yields to the atavistic pull of long-past stages of civilization. You encounter such people, more than you would wish to, among physicists, biologists, journalists, businesspeople, government officials, artists, and even great scholars. There is a powerful current in world literature that has been created by such people or by those who are of kindred spirit. It weaves through the novels of Knut Hamsun, it surges into the stories of Jack London, it seethes without restraint in the poetry and writing of Kipling, and in a poisonous rivulet it spoils the genuine love for Nature in the otherwise delightful essays of Prishvin. The justification of cruelty as a so-called unavoidable law of Nature, the cult of anthropocentrism, the ideal of the strong predator, the heartless attitude toward all living beings that is masked with a romantic spirit of adventure and travel and

sweetened with poetic descriptions of the natural surroundings – it is high time to call such things by their rightful names!

We have no right, absolutely no right, to purchase our pleasure at the cost of the suffering and death of other living beings. If you do not know any other way to feel a part of Nature, then do not try. It is better to remain completely “outside of Nature” than to be a monster within it. For in entering Nature with a gun and amusing yourself by sowing death all around, you become a pitiful pawn in the hands of the one who invented death, who invented the law of survival, and who grows fat and swollen on the suffering of living beings.

There will be others who will say, “Ha! What are animals? People are dying by the millions in our century – from wars, from starvation, from political tyranny – what a time to weep over squirrels and grouses!” Yes, it is time. And I am simply incapable of understanding what world wars, tyranny, and other human atrocities have to do with animals. Why must animals die for the amusement of heartless vacationers until humanity finally irons out its social problems and takes up the softening of hearts in its free time? What is the link between the two? Could it only be that, as long as humanity afflicts itself with wars and tyranny, the public conscience will be too muffled, overwhelmed, and preoccupied to feel all the vileness of hunting and fishing?

Yes, fishing, too. That same fishing that we so love to indulge in against an idyllic backdrop of summer sunrises and sunsets, almost moved to tears by a feeling of deep inner peace. But, at the same time, that we pick up a squirming worm with our fingers and run a hook through its body, in our thoughtlessness we fail to realize that it is now feeling what we would feel if a monster the size of a mountain grabbed us by the leg, stuck an iron spike through our stomach, and threw us into the water to a waiting shark.

People will say, “Fine. But you do not have to fish using worms – you can use bread, lures, and so on.” Yes, you can. And it will no doubt be a great comfort for the caught fish to know that it will die having been fooled by a shiny piece of metal and not a worm.

One can also still come across relics from the distant past who continue to believe in all seriousness that a fish or lobster does not experience suffering because they are cold-blooded. And, in actual fact, there was a time long ago when humanity, ignorant of animal anatomy, imagined that sensitivity was a function of blood temperature. Incidentally, it was because of this fallacy that the Semitic religions

included fish in the list of their permitted dishes, and even saints did not shrink from indulging in it. Heaven forbid that we should condemn them for it. Religious experience, no matter how great and high it may be, cannot entirely take the place of scientific knowledge (and vice versa). Science was at that time in its infancy, and no one – not even saints – is to blame for the delusion that cold-blooded animals feel no pain. But we now know what nonsense that is! We now realize, after all, that a fish dangling from a hook or squirming on the sand is writhing in pain and nothing else! What are we to conclude then? The white raiment of poetic contemplation that we clothe ourselves in during bucolic hours of sitting with fishing rod in hand – are they not spattered to the point of revulsion with blood, mucus, and the guts of living beings, the same beings that frolicked in the crystal clear water and could have lived even longer if not for our supposed love of Nature?

One is also confronted with the rationalization that, as everything in the animal world is founded on the law of the jungle, why should humans be an exception? That everything in the animal world is founded on the law of the jungle is simply not true. Or, are there too few herbivores? Or have the Providential powers not wrested hundreds of species from Gagtungr's clutches in that single respect alone? Are there really too few completely harmless beings in Nature that are not even physically equipped to consume meat? What is more important, wherever did the human brain come up with the idea that the morality of animals should serve as a model for our behavior? If our hunters admire the “courage” of predators (incidentally, this is not so much courage as simple confidence in their physical strength and impunity), then why not imitate predators – the wolf, for example – in other ways, say, in killing a wounded or weakened member of one's own pack? And how can we justify confining ourselves to imitating only mammal predators? Why not take an even more striking example as a model? For instance, among spiders, is not the male devoured by the female right after fertilization? I think that such a brilliant idea will not occur to apologists of our “animal nature” only because they, as a rule, belong to the male half of humanity. If it were the female spider that was devoured by the male spider after giving birth, proponents of such a courageous mode of action would no doubt turn up among us.

But with all its grotesqueness, hunting for sport does not cause as much evil as another source, one that has arisen, unfortunately, in connection with recent progress in science and mass education.

I pick up a book from the series "A Practical Guide for High School Teachers," by a certain Y. A. Zinger and published by Uchpedgiz in 1947 under the title "Protozoa". I open it to page 60 and read the directions on how an experiment dealing with the extraction of gregarine parasites from the intestines of a flour worm should be conducted during a biology class: "Slice open the back side of the worm and detach a section of the intestines. One can also simply cut off the head and end of the worm and then pull out the intestines from behind with tweezers. Squeeze the contents of the intestines onto a slide and, moistening it with water, look at it under low magnification."

Do you mean to say that students won't throw up watching that? Are they already inured to it? Have they already learned, with the aid of the teacher, to suppress their horror and disgust? Do they already know enough to label natural pity sentimentality? Have they learned to call a boy a "sissy" because his hands shake or his eyes display pain, revulsion, and shame during such an experiment?

I turn two pages: "Ether is used to put the frog to sleep.... There is also a simpler method: take the frog by its hind legs and, holding it belly-up, strike its head hard and quickly against the end of the desk. Then slice open the belly of the frog."

In that manner, children may very well receive a graphic lesson about parasites in a frog's intestines – something of vital necessity for everyone, I am sure, for life would be impossible without it. But the pedagogue and lover of "simpler methods" no less graphically demonstrates human vileness as well.

I have not yet addressed the essential question of whether the natural sciences can manage without experiments on live material. But even if those experiments were a sad necessity, what arguments can there be for inuring all high school students to them? No more than 20 percent of those children go on to a postsecondary course of study in the natural sciences or medicine. Why stifle a basic feeling of pity and cripple the very foundations of conscience in the remaining 80 percent? For the sake of what fabricated "good of humanity" do we kill hundreds of thousands of experimental animals? Why and for what? What right do we have to turn high school biology classes into lessons in the murder and torture of defenseless beings? Certainly, it is not impossible to replace that bloodbath with slides, large-scale models, or diagrams. And if we want to keep to the tried and true method, then having said A we must say B. If we are to adopt the hands-on method of teaching, then why should not a history teacher who is discussing the Inquisition stage an instructive demonstration that familiarizes students in a concrete manner

with the use of Spanish boots, garrotes, the rack, and other scientific and technological achievements of the day?

And now a few more words about “live material” in general. Scientists have become so accustomed to their own terminology that they no longer notice what moral sterility, what petrification of conscience resounds in the stilted, crudely utilitarian phrase “live material.” Regarding the subject of live material in scientific laboratories, and the use of that method in science in general, what is done is done, the dead cannot be brought back to life, and it is pointless to argue whether scientific progress in previous centuries would have been possible without it. But is it possible now? It is the desire to economize one's efforts that is to blame for scientists focusing their attention on that method as the cheapest and easiest way to their goal. Having become legalized, it now appears to many to be irreplaceable, the only feasible method. Nonsense! It is laziness that prevents them from spending time and energy on developing a different method, that and the stinginess of the public and private sectors, nothing more. Laziness and stinginess are, generally speaking, disreputable traits, and when they prove to be responsible for such mounds of victims, how are we properly to view them?

Of course, to seek out single-handedly a new methodology is a hopeless task. Thousands of young doctors, teachers, and laboratory assistants, on beginning their careers, experience a natural feeling of revulsion for the scientific techniques associated with the torture and killing of living beings. But as things stand, every such person faces a dilemma: either stifle their compassion with rationalizations about the good of humanity or abandon a career in science, as there is no other methodology. The overwhelming majority, of course, choose the former and gradually become more and more inured in the practice of inhumane methods. The discovery of a new methodology is realistically possible only as the result of a long-term commitment by a large collective body – an association made up of people working in various branches of science – devoted to that goal. Such an undertaking can be realized only if it is funded by a wealthy body in the public or private sector.

But the victims of our “love of Nature” and the victims of our “thirst for knowledge” are but hillocks or knolls next to the Mont Blancs, the Everests of fish netted on the open sea, of the corpses of cattle and pigs piled high in slaughterhouses – in short, the corpses we buy in stores and consume at finely set tables. Even worse, the utilitarianism of technological progress has at last reached the peak where it has been proved cheaper to can crabs, for example, without



killing them first, but instead ripping their shells off while they are alive, cutting off their claws, and throwing what's left of the half-alive crab back into the sea to be eaten by some passing fish. It would be a good idea to give the inventor of that crab-canning apparatus a few years holiday in solitary confinement. Let the inventor spend time pondering the question of whether he or she is a human being or not. And it would be even more gratifying to have the enterprising industrial manager, thanks to whose zealously those torture devices for crabs and lobsters were adopted by the industry, on the other side of the wall, in the next cell, on vacation from money-saving concerns.

Let's suppose such abominations are extreme cases and will soon be eliminated. How are we to regard meat and fish as products of mass consumption? Or the manufacture of leather? Or the processing of animal fur? Even if all this is not very moral, is it not a necessity?

True, we are still faced with an element of necessity in this respect, but, if the truth be stated, it is already much less than is thought. It can be said that we are approaching a level of scientific and social progress – thank heavens – where nothing will remain of that necessity but painful memories.

Every year, applied chemistry is improving the quality of leather substitutes. Artificial fur is becoming cheaper and more readily available than the natural variety, and if it is still inferior to it in quality, in time that defect will be rectified. The time is thus approaching when the processing of animal skins or furs for commercial purposes could be banned. What is truly the most difficult question is the problem of fish and meat, which many people consider necessary for their health.

But why, in truth, are they necessary? It is not meat or fish per se that are necessary, but a definite quantity of carbohydrates, proteins, and calories. But we can supply our body with them through other kinds of food: dairy products, cereals, fruits, and vegetables. It is ridiculous to pretend that we are unaware of the existence of millions of vegetarians who live healthy lives. All of us are also well aware that for thousands of years a nation of millions has existed that consumes hardly any meat – a fact that is unpleasant for our conscience but true. More nutritional substitutes will no doubt be required to make up for fish and meat dishes in a northern climate than in tropical India. It is also true that, at present, such nutritional substitutes cost more and are, therefore, not within everyone's budget. The solution of the problem thus consists in raising the overall standard of living. But it has become a truism, after all, that humanity's prosperity increases

along with progress. And the time is not far off when such nutritional substitutes will be affordable for everyone.

A program, a chain of step-by-step measures thus begins to take shape, a program that will become realizable after the Rose of the World's ascension to power. The first set of measures will be implemented without delay:

1. A ban on painful methods of killing animals, whether in industry or anywhere else.
2. A ban on experiments on “live material” in schools or anywhere else, with the exception of specially designated scientific institutions.
3. A total ban on experiments on animals without the use of soporifics or anesthetics.
4. The establishment and funding of large scientific bodies for research into and development of a new experimental method in science.
5. The restriction of sport hunting and fishing to the extermination of predators.
6. A revamping of the educational system that would ingrain a love for animals in primary and secondary school students, an unselfish love born not of an awareness of a given species' usefulness but of an organic need to love and help all beings weaker and less developed than humans.
7. Widespread promotion of the new attitude toward animals.

But the core of the new attitude will not only entail protecting animals from torture and murder by humans. That is only its negative side, and there is nothing new there. Its positive side, which is indeed new, entails providing active assistance to the animal world in its evolution and reducing the number of stages and the time span needed for that evolution.

But what does that mean? It means the establishment of “peace” between humans and animals, excluding predators; research into methods for the reorientation of certain predatory species; renunciation of the use of any animal for the purposes of security; and the artificial acceleration of the intellectual and spiritual development of certain higher species in the animal world.

Enormous funds will have to be invested in the development of “zoopsychology.” Fine! No amount of funds can make amends for the evil we have done to the

animal world over these thousands of years. A new branch of knowledge will appear: zoopedagogy, the pedagogy of animals. Careful study will lead to the singling out of some species of predators that, like the dog and cat, can be reoriented. Did I not already mention that the one-time wolf has before our very eyes become capable of digesting plant food? And that is in spite of the fact that humans did not try to curb but, to the contrary, cultivated its instinct for blood in the interests of hunting and security. If not for that, what playfulness, what meekness, what goodness would we now witness in dogs in addition to their loyalty, courage, and intelligence! And who can doubt that such work on many predatory species, work done by people equipped with a knowledge of animal psychology, physiology, pedagogy, and more importantly, love, can reorient them, help them to evolve physically and intellectually, soften their hearts, and transform them?

Even now, dogs are capable of remembering as many as two hundred words, and not mechanically, like a parrot, but with full awareness of their meaning. They are beings with truly immense potential. Their development has reached the point where the species can make a giant leap forward. It is up to us to ensure that that radical transformation takes place in our lifetime, to see that the inadaptability of some of the dog's organs do not retard its evolution for centuries to come. The emergence of speech in dogs is not impeded by their overall level of intelligence but by a purely mechanical barrier in the form of the unsuitable structure of those organs necessary for speech. Its overall development is also impeded by another barrier: the absence of extremities for grasping, or rather, the inability of their paws to perform those functions performed by our hands. Yet another branch of animal physiology will develop: a science concerned with biochemical engineering of the embryo to effect the structural changes necessary for the accelerated development of speech organs and the transformation of its forepaws into hands. Dogs' mastery of speech, even if only a few dozen words, will have a trickle-down effect on the rate of their overall growth in intelligence. In one hundred years people will have extraordinary friends who, thanks to human help, will have shortened their allotted path to the span of a few generations instead of a hundred thousand years.

The next candidates for accelerated development will probably be cats, elephants, bears, and, perhaps, some species of rodents. Horses, which have progressed very far intellectually and are indubitably morally superior to cats and dogs, are endowed with an unfortunate feature, hooves, that prevents them from entering

onto that path any time soon. The same is true of deer and buffalo. Elephants, which are endowed with a marvelous trunk for grasping, face a different impediment: their size, which requires an inordinate amount of food. It is possible, however, that science will discover a way to shrink their size and thus remove the chief obstacle to the rapid development of their intellect. It is reasonable to suppose that elephants will not lose any of their extraordinary charm if, while endowed with the gift of speech, they do not surpass a modern-day baby elephant in size.

Thus, after a certain period of time, the Rose of the World will be able to implement a second set of measures.

1. A ban on the murder of animals for any kind of commercial or scientific purpose.
2. Tight restrictions on animal slaughter for the purpose of consumption.
3. The designation of large tracts of land as wildlife parks in all countries, so that animals that are not domesticated may live in their natural habitat.
4. Freedom of movement – both in Nature and in populated areas – for both traditionally and recently domesticated species.
5. The coordination of the work of zoopedagogical institutes on a global scale, the prioritization of that work, and research into endowing the higher animals with the gift of speech.
6. Particularly careful research into artificially weakening the predatory nature of certain animals.

This is how the creative work of elevating animals will proceed – work that is selfless, not prompted by narrow material interests but by feelings of guilt and love. It will be a growing love that will be too broad in scope to confine itself to humans alone.

It will be a love that will find solutions to problems that now appear insoluble. For instance, where will we find room for all those animals if humans stop killing them en masse? Will not the same thing happen on a global scale that happened with rabbits in Australia, where they multiplied at an alarming rate and became the scourge of agriculture? But those fears resemble Malthusianism extrapolated to the animal world. It is impossible at present, of course, to envision the measures that will be discovered and undertaken in that regard by our descendants. At the very worst, specific quotas will have to be set. If they are surpassed then society at the

end of the twenty-first century will be forced to resort to the artificial regulation of animal birth rates. There is, however, reason to hope that the problem will be solved differently, in a manner that is impossible to foresee at the current level of science, technology, economics, and morality. But even were there to be quotas, it would still be an infinitely lesser evil than what is taking place now. The sum of suffering caused by humans would be greatly reduced, and that is, after all, our goal.

The sum of good done will correspondingly increase, becoming what the Hindus speak of as “prema sagar” – an ocean of love. The proverbial image of the lion lying down with the lamb or child is not at all utopian. That will come to pass. It was an intuition granted to great prophets who knew the heart of humanity. The descendants of modern-day hares and tapirs, leopards and squirrels, bears and crows, giraffes and lizards will not dwell in cages, or even in wildlife preserves, but in our cities, parks, groves, and meadows. They will not fear people but will show them affection and play with them, working together with them on improving the natural and cultural environment and on fostering their own self-development. By the next century, economic prosperity will reach almost incredible levels, and feeding those gentle, peaceful, affectionate, and intelligent beings will pose no problems. And generations to come will read with a shudder of how, not so long before, humans used not only to eat the corpses of animals they themselves had killed but even took pleasure in hunting them down and cold-heartedly murdering them.

## **Book VI:**

### **The Highest Worlds of Shadanakar**

#### ***6.1. Up to the World Salvaterra***

It should come as no surprise that I not only have much less information at my disposal about the regions in question here than about any others but that, in essence, I am almost entirely lacking in such information. There are two reasons for that. The first reason is the incommensurability of the reality of those regions with our earthly images, ideas, and language. The second reason is the exceptionally high level of spiritual insight needed to gain a personal glimpse of those worlds. Almost nothing of what is said about them here has been gleaned from my own first-hand experience. Rather, I am only communicating in words what I grasped from the accounts of my invisible friends. May they forgive me if I err in some way, if my mind introduces anything unworthy or purely human into their accounts or clouds them with subjective additions.

All the planes to be discussed first are five-dimensional. As for time streams – that is, the parallel currents of time – they are more than two hundred in number on those planes. That alone should be sufficient to convey how feeble must be attempts to express the nature and meaning of those regions using human images. Customary geometrical notions must be discarded outright, but attempts to fill in the gap with concepts dealing with energies, force fields, and the like are also doomed to failure.

Far above the sakwala of the Transmyths of the Five Higher Religions (I have already described them as five gigantic, varicolored pyramids of glowing crystals) and encompassing all Shadanakar rises the indescribable sakwala of the Synclite of Humanity, a sakwala of seven regions. There, oceans of radiant ethers – I use that word for lack of a better one – glittering with colors beyond the imagination of even the Synclites of the metacultures lap upon structures that bear a vague resemblance both to shining mountain peaks and to buildings of some inconceivable architecture. The fundamental dissimilarity between the great works of human genius and the great creations of Nature does not hold true there, for both elements have, at last, merged in a synthesis that is beyond our powers to grasp. How can we hope to capture a sense of those euphoric masterpieces

brimming with the light, in which the beautiful spirits of mature elementals have coated themselves? Or of the resplendent waves of sound that soar upward as if from the blissful heart of celestial mountains? I will have achieved my purpose if even a few readers of this book gain a sense, through those almost amorphous images, of a reality that our spirit can strive toward but that is beyond the reach of almost everyone who lives on our dark and arid Earth.

If I remember correctly, the chosen few who, at present, comprise the Synclite of Humanity number no more than a thousand. Although they no longer possess a human appearance, they willingly assume a higher, enlightened human likeness when they descend to lower planes. Borne along by the Sun's rays, they are able to travel distances between the bramfaturas of the solar system at the speed of light.

Beyond their names, I know nothing about the various regions of the Synclite of Humanity, and even those names I know only to the extent I was able to translate them into the sounds of human language. (Arvantakernis. Dyedarnis. Ranmatirnis. Serbarinus. Magraleinos. Ivaroinis. Nammarinos).

More than a hundred people from Monsalvat and Eden have already entered the Synclite of Humanity. The huge, ancient Indian metaculture has contributed even more. If I remember correctly, the last one before 1955 to rise to the World Synclite was Ramakrishna. Approximately seventy years passed from the moment of his death in Enrof until his entry into those higher regions. But it is more common for that ascent to take several centuries. For example, it was only relatively recently that the prophet Muhammad reached the World Synclite, even though his afterlife had not been marred by any descent. The prophets Ezekiel and Daniel, who have long abided in the World Synclite, as well as Vasily the Great, will soon ascend from the Synclite of Humanity even higher.

That is all I am able to say about the regions of that sakwala. But I have even less to say, and in an even dryer, terser manner, about the eleven regions of the following sakwala of the Great Hierarchies.

Those are the worlds of the very same higher beings who cannot be called anything but great hierarchies. In their time, many of them were objects of worship in the ancient religions of various countries. Those exalted beings were mirrored – if only to a limited extent – in the divine pantheons of the Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, Old Germanic, and Aztec religions, as well as in some aspects of the higher Indian deities. They were mirrored, not as they are now, but as they were then, or rather, as they appeared to the consciousness of the peoples who intuited them in

olden times. In the centuries that have passed since the rise and flowering of their cults in Enrof, the hierarchies have risen to their greatest heights.

I do know that the regions of that sakwala are no longer delineated according to one or another hierarchy's link with a specific metaculture. Those lower planes of Shadanakar that are divided vertically and form the segments of human metacultures have been left far behind, or rather, far below. The borders between regions in the sakwala of the Great Hierarchies are determined by the power and height attained by each of those beings.

As before, I know only the names of those planes. I have little confidence in the correspondence between their phonetic structure, as expressed by our letters, and their actual sound. There is no doubt that these names should be treated as only very rough approximations: Aolinor, Ramnagor, Pleiragor, Foraigor, Stranganor, Tseliror, Likhanga, Devenga, Siringa, Khranga, and Ganga.

If, during the stage of metahistorical formulation, one gives free reign to the reason, it will, by its very nature, attempt to introduce conventional notions from the physical and historical plane and logical, scientific-like parameters into the scope, configurations, and specific character of metahistory. In this particular case, reason's propensity for uniformity and order, naively viewed as symmetry, causes it to assume that identical groups of hierarchies taking part in people's lives preside over – in the metahistorical sense – all the suprapeoples. In reality that is not so.

It is true that there is no suprapeople over which a demiurge does not preside, for then it would not be a suprapeople but a random conglomeration of a number of ethnic groups that share nothing in common. Nor is there a nation that does not have a Collective Ideal Soul, for such a nation would then be a numerical sum of individuals who have chanced to gravitate together for a brief time. But the Collective Ideal Soul is far from being the totality of psychological or other, easily recognizable attributes of a given people that determine their distinct historical path. The Collective Ideal Soul is a being with a single great monad. She harbors the prototypes of the highest potential of the nation within herself and is coated in multidimensional matter. In proportion to the historical growth of the nation and the personal growth of individuals within that nation, a greater and greater portion of subtle materiality from each of them gravitates toward her and is encompassed within her, thus imparting to her a collective nature.



There are several national collective souls in almost every metaculture, but as a rule, one of them belongs to a different hierarchy than the others. Only she is God-born, as is the demiurge of the suprapeople, and only she is linked to him by a special, mysterious, spiritual, and material bond of love. Together such collective souls form the hierarchy of the Great Sisters. In Earth's bramfatura, there are about forty of them.

Every distinct nation has a Collective Soul, but the other sisters belong to the category of God-created monads. They, the Younger Sisters, are paired with national guiding spirits, the inspirers of those nations who are part of the suprapeople but do not play the leading role in its history. Some of the Younger Sisters, however, proceed along their metahistorical path without a national guiding spirit as companion.

There are also transitional phases, sometimes lasting a century or more, when a nation, its Collective Soul, and the national guiding spirit remain stranded outside the metacultures, between them, as it were. The peoples of the Balkans who, at one time, were a part of the Byzantine metaculture can be cited as an example. The Greeks, Serbs, and Croats were enslaved by one of the witzraors of the Muslim metaculture, and, at present, they abide in the gap between the Roman Catholic and Russian metacultures. No less tragic is the fate of the Bulgarian people who were also a part of the Byzantine suprapeople and were destined for a great future of primacy, both spiritual and cultural, in the Eastern Christian world. The Turkish witzraor put an end to those prospects once and for all, crippling the Bulgarian nation by clipping its spiritual wings, so to speak. It has now begun to merge with the Russian suprapeople. As for the Romanians, they are only just starting to emerge as a nation. Their Collective Soul and national guiding spirit as yet preside very high above them, barely maintaining a link with the ethnic group in Enrof, and the time is still far off when they will mature to full strength.

The demiurge of a suprapeople is also a great God-born monad, a monad more powerful and active than a collective soul and alien to any collectivity. He is one in himself.

One of the Great Sisters – each of whom is the Collective Soul of the leading nation in the metaculture – is paired with him. There are, however, more complex liaisons. In the North-Western metaculture, for instance, the demiurge of the suprapeople was until the nineteenth century paired with the Collective Soul of Germany. But the second German witzraor grew to be so strong during that century that the Collective Soul's imprisonment in one of the citadels of Mudgarb

turned into an almost complete enslavement of her will, and the demiurge entered into a union with another Great Sister, the Collective Soul of England.

The birth of monads of either hierarchy – the demiurges of suprapeoples and the Great Sisters – by the everlasting Universal Sun can be neither understood nor imagined by us, and any rationalization on that count is doomed to remain empty speculation. The same can be said of attempts to fill the gaps in our knowledge about those stages of cosmic growth preceding the monads' appearance in Shadanakar. In what bramfaturas, in what forms, and through what stages did they journey and incarnate before entering the confines of our planet? I may be mistaken but, for us, such interbramfaturic mysteries are, I think, transcendental. Both those hierarchies enter the range of our apprehension (and that is apprehension, not in the form of metahistorical enlightenment, but only in the form of the passive reception of information from the lips of our invisible friends) at the moment of their metaetheric birth. We will use the term mesa-etheric provisionally to designate what happens when their monads enter five-dimensional space in Shadanakar. From the Planetary Logos, who can also be understood as the Being that has become the supreme demiurge of our bramfatura, they receive a certain stimulus: the creative impulse to realize and express themselves in the three- and four-dimensional materiality of a future suprapeople, which had not existed up till then and could not have existed without them. It is that stimulus that causes them to descend, coating themselves in denser, four-dimensional materiality, and embark in that manner on their planetary cycle. That is their second, or astral, birth in Shadanakar. They, of course, never undergo physical birth. I realize that it is not an easy concept to grasp, but I doubt that it can be explained any simpler.

The worlds where these hierarchies abide in the interval between these two births and where their monads abide during the entire course of their cycle in Shadanakar form the sakwala of the Demiurges. It comprises three regions. The birthplace of the demiurges and Great Sisters – the Ideal Souls of suprapeoples – is called Rangaraidr. The names of the other two are Astr and Oamma. Astr is the birthplace and abode of the monads of the Younger Sisters and the national guiding spirits. I am unable to say anything about Oamma.

I do, however, know that in the last five hundred years one demiurge has emerged from the rest and has undertaken a mission of a global, not just suprapeople, significance: the Demiurge of the North-Western metaculture. From his labors during the last few centuries certain prior conditions have been created for the

unification of humanity into one whole. In the near future, the global leadership of that task will likely pass for a short time to the demiurge of the Russian suprapeople, and then to the demiurge of India. After that, from all appearances, the leadership will no longer be concentrated in one single demiurge.

Yarosvet and Navna are the names that I have provisionally and arbitrarily adopted to refer to the hierarchies of the Russian metaculture. I do not know the actual names of the demiurges and Great Sisters. In any case, they cannot be rendered in any human language (I hope that the reader will understand that the use of any customary anthropomorphic concepts of age, marital relations, and so on in reference to the hierarchies is resorted to only for the purpose of bringing us closer, through the use of the only possible, albeit distant, analogies, to a conception of phenomena that literally share almost nothing in common with phenomena familiar to us.)

The metahistorical task – a task of planetary importance – to be realized by Yarosvet and Navna's future marital union and by their whole life in Shadanakar in general can be roughly stated as the generation by them (or to be more exact, the etheric embodiment through them) of a Great Feminine Monad (By the term “ether” I mean a materiality more rarefied and higher than the physical. The materiality of the worlds of Enlightenment, the zatomises, and the light-filled elementals is composed of ether. To refer to even more rarefied materiality – typical, for example, of the sakwala of Higher Purpose and the sakwala of Angels – the term “astral” is used, while the term “metaetheric” refers to the most rarefied of materiality imaginable. It is the materiality of the highest planes of Shadanakar. The word spiritual is used in reference to everything situated even higher on the hierarchical ladder).

A personal, physical incarnation for her is, of course, unthinkable. But she is prepared in time to flow into an etheric vessel, one that is enlightened, individual, living, and immaculate. This vessel will appear at the same time as its crystallization in Enrof in the form of the Global Community. The Russian people are regarded by their demiurge as an etheric-physical substance still unenlightened in Enrof but enlightened in the Heavenly Russia, a substance from which these two – physical and etheric – vessels of the Light will be wrought. At the same time, the Russian people are regarded as the site of that theurgical act.

Above the sakwala of the Demiurges and Great Sisters soars a sakwala that I can designate only with the term Waves of Universal Femininity. Limnarna, the first of its regions, is the feminine Synclite of Humanity, while Bayushmi, the second,

is the present abode of the Great Feminine Monad. I know only the names of the remaining regions of that sakwala: Faolemmis, Saora, and Naolitis. I am not privy to the name of the sixth, and last, of those regions.

That sakwala is encompassed within another – the worlds of interaction between the hierarchies of Shadanakar, those of the macrobramfatura, and those of the Universe. Of these three worlds I am only able to name the middle one – Raoris, the initial abode of the Great Feminine Monad when She emanated into Shadanakar.

From there begin the planes of the One Church of our bramfatura, which encompasses, in addition to the sakwala I have just mentioned, the three regions of an even higher sakwala: the Elite of Shadanakar. Oceans of repeatedly enlightened and spiritualized matter ebb and flow around it. Their shining crests, meeting no obstacles at its transparent boundaries, glide inside and, breaking over that abode of the Perfected, impart to it the fullness of life. The humanity of Enrof, the humankind of daemons, the lunar humankind, the angels, the elementals, and even the animal world whose metaphysical meaning has been such a profound enigma – all find their highest purpose and supremely transfigured essence in the heart of that paradise most high, which blends within it peace and strength, bliss and work, perfection and limitless growth ever further along a dazzling path. There abide all those who see the World Salvaterra with their own eyes. It is the highest step on the staircase of Shadanakar for all its monads, both God-born and God-created, except the Planetary Logos, the Virgin Mary, and the Great Feminine Spirit. All that I can do while on the subject of the Elite of Shadanakar is list the last human names of some of those great human spirits who have reached the Elite:

Akhenaton, Zoroaster, Moses, Hosia, Lao-tse, Gautama Buddha, Mahavira, Asoka, Chandragupta Maurya, Patanjali, Nagarjuna, Samudra Gupta, Kanishka, Shankara, Aristotle, Plato, all the Apostles except Paul, Titurel, Mary Magdalene, John of Damascus, St. Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, Joan of Arc, Dante, Leonardo da Vinci.

We have now brought this survey of the structure of Shadanakar to its conclusion, to the very highest of the sakwalas whose three regions encompass our entire bramfatura: the Region of the Planetary Logos, the Region of the Virgin Mary, and the Region of the Great Feminine Monad.

For purely personal reasons, I am accustomed to calling the focal point and summit of Shadanakar “the World Salvaterra” – a name quite provisional, of course, even arbitrary, having not even a distant connection to Palestine, the

Salvaterra of the medieval Crusaders. I do not in the slightest insist on it, but I am forced to use it for lack of a better name.

To varying degrees, the World Salvaterra permeates all of Shadanakar, except the four worlds of the Demonic Base and Sufetkh. It is most fully manifested in the upper reaches of the atmosphere. The religious meaning attached to the word “heavens” is not the result of an aberration by ignorant minds from olden times but the expression of a reality that great souls intuited thousands of years ago.

All that is Providential in the history of Shadanakar, humanity, and individual souls has its origin in Salvaterra. It is the locus of the emanations of the higher cosmic Beings who manifest themselves both in the evolution of galactic worlds and in our evolution. “Shining Crystal of Heavenly Will” is an epithet applicable to the World Salvaterra, and not only in a poetic sense. Constant waves of grace and energy pour down from those heights and from out of those depths. Such terms as “resplendent sound of church bells” or “sounding resplendence” could be of hardly any aid to us in approaching a conception of them. That which such imagery hints at has been left far below, in the worlds of angels, in the sakwala of Higher Purpose, or in the World Synclite. Even what the Biblical story of Jacob's Ladder tried to describe ends there, having passed through all of Shadanakar. Great essences and great beings climb and descend the steps of material existence from Salvaterra to Earth and back again. It is the heart of the planet and its inner Sun. Through it and it alone open the heights, expanses and depths of the Spiritual Universe, which encompasses both the stellar archipelagoes and the metagalactic oceans of space that to us appear so empty.

The Spiritual Universe cannot be described in any language and can only be experienced, of course, in the vaguest of intuitions. The highest spiritual rapture of Christian mystics, the highest level of ecstasy among Hindus, or the abhijua of Buddha are all states connected with these same vague intuitions. Our systematic reason tries to pour them into the molds of teachings in order to initiate the many, and thus creates dim echoes of it, such as the teachings of the Tao, Pleroma, Empirei, or the breath of Parabrahma.

When voyagers from variomaterial worlds speak of Eden, as do the teachers of Semitic religions, or of the chambers of Brahma or Vishnu, of the heavens of Iranian asurs or Hindu devas, of the blessed land of Sukavati, even of Nirvana, they assume as their final goal only individual levels within Shadanakar, the summits of various metacultures and the highest transmyths of religions, or, in the end, the reality of the World Salvaterra.

When humankind – both physical and extraphysical – completes its colossal cycle, and when all the dominions of terrestrial Nature complete it as well, they will have wholly merged with that planetary Paradise. Then the World Salvaterra will open up like a flower into the waiting expanses of the Spiritual Universe. The Universal Sun will shine on that flower and admit the flower's fragrant radiations into its heavens.

But even then the ultimate goal will still be immeasurably far off. It is, at present, beyond the reach of even the most dazzling intuitions.

## ***6.2. The Logos of Shadanakar***

As far as I know at present, all the countless numbers of monads fall into two ontologically distinct categories. God-born monads represent one category. They are fewer. They are greater in stature, having issued directly from out of the unfathomable depths of the Creator. They are destined to lead worlds, from the start assuming that leadership unblemished by moral falls or breakdowns, and continuing to grow only greater in glory and strength. No one besides themselves can apprehend, or will ever apprehend, the mystery of their divine birth. In Shadanakar, the Planetary Logos, Zventa-Sventana, the Demiurges of the suprapeoples, the Great Sisters, and some of the Great Hierarchies are God-born monads. No demonic monad in Shadanakar numbers among them, though one should not forget that Lucifer is a God-born monad, the only one to turn from God.

The rest of the world's monads belong to the other category, those that are God-created. Each of them can apprehend the mystery of their creation by God, though only, of course, at an extremely high level of ascent.

The Planetary Logos is a great God-born monad, the seat of divine reason in our bramfatura, the oldest and first of all its monads. He differs from all the other monads in that, as the Word is the expression of the Speaker, He expresses one of the hypostases of the Trinity: that of God the Son. The Logos of Shadanakar is proceeding along a path of creative work and ascent up the cosmic staircase, a path beyond our conception, and no bramfatura, besides demonic ones, can exist without such a monad. For one such monad appears in every bramfatura at the

dawn of its existence and remains the locus of Providence and the Divine Spirit throughout the evolution of all its sakwalas.

The Planetary Logos descended to Shadanakar as soon as the materiality created by the hierarchies for the bramfatura was capable of accommodating Him. The plane to which He first descended was later to become Iroln. The plane was readied through the efforts of the Logos to accommodate a multitude of young, God-created monads. But those efforts were insufficient to safeguard Shadanakar from the invasion of Gagtungr, and the Planetary Logos and hosts of monads of the Light were forced to engage in battle with him. Illumined global laws alien to suffering, death, and any kind of darkness were created. The foundation for the first, angelic, humankind was laid by the Planetary Logos Himself and Lilith, whose essence at that time was as yet untainted by the demonic yetzerhara. While a constant struggle raged with the demonic camp, Olinna was created, as were the sakwalas of Higher Purpose, of the Great Hierarchies, and of the Great Elementals. In addition, those planes that later became the sakwalas of involutions from the other planets, the Sun, and Astrafire were being readied. Some of the planes created then no longer exist: for instance, those planes the human angels used to rise to, after having attained enlightenment. As the materiality of those beings was not tainted by a yetzerhara, no moral falls cast a shadow on the ascent of angelic humankind.

What is meant by the concept of original sin occurred between Lilith and Gagtungr when the latter invaded her world. As a result, all beings in whose densely material family chain Lilith took or has taken part carry a yetzerhara, the satanic seed. In demonic beings, the yetzerhara holds sway over the monad, while in all others it holds sway, at the very worst, over the shelt. As for the story of Adam and Eve, all the planes, eras, and hierarchies in it have become so muddled that it is better to pass over that legend. In any case, universal expiation – that is, the incineration of all yetzerharas – would have eventually been accomplished by Christ had His mission in Enrof not been curtailed.

Like a mirror image of the descent of the angelic monads into Shadanakar, Gagtungr created a densely material plane where lesser demons were incarnated. These were the very demons that, in time, turned into the monsters of modern times: witzraors, velgas, ryphras, igvas, and the angels of darkness. At the same time that angelic humankind was ascending, organic life in Enrof, which had been entrusted to the care of the animal world, began to emerge. The animal world was envisaged as a grand community of new, young, God-created monads

commissioned to descend to very dense planes of materiality in order to enlighten them.

After Gagtungr succeeded in perverting the laws of life in Enrof, leaving his imprint on the animal world and in that way marring the Providential design, a second, Titan, humankind was created through the efforts of the Planetary Logos. Its purpose was identical to that of all the communities of the Light: the enlightenment of matter. In time, they were meant to relocate to Enrof and oversee the enlightenment of the animal world and of certain elementals that had been demonized or checked in their growth. But with the revolt and fall of the Titans, yet another catastrophe befell the Providential powers. The demise of the second humankind boosted Gagtungr's power to a level he had never before known. The animal world had only been slowed in its development, and the Titans were cast down to the worlds of retribution only to escape later, but the Lunar humankind, which had been created by the Planetary Logos and His forces, was dealt an even more crushing blow in the post-Titan period. Having passed through a phase when almost all its shelts became demonized, it disappeared altogether from the face of Enrof. That took place approximately eight hundred thousand years ago when humans began to evolve from the animal world in terrestrial Enrof, and the Planetary Logos and His camp created the daemon humankind on other three-dimensional planes. Its creation was necessitated by the urgency of reinforcing the camp of the Light and by the fact that more and more hosts of monads flowing out of the depths of the Creator were seeking ways to descend to the densely material planes to enlighten them. The daemons were not commissioned with the task of enlightening the animal world – their planes are in no way connected with animals – but one of their tasks was, and is, the enlightenment of the elementals checked in their growth.

As for the so-called dawn of humanity – that is, the era of the emergence of the human species from the animal world – it was an extremely bleak and dreary dawn. Prehistoric humanity can and should be pitied, but not idealized: it was violent, mean, and crudely utilitarian. It knew of absolutely nothing spiritual besides magic, and magic, by its very nature, is utilitarian and self-seeking. A microscopic minority slowly conceived a mystifying sense of the Great Elementals and the first tremblings of an appreciation for beauty. The first mass experience of the transphysical side of reality was the revelation of the omnipresent arungviltaprana.



The slow process whereby the spiritual filtered into human consciousness proceeded millennium after millennium, drop by drop. Every few centuries, a certain charge of energy, as it were, a kind of spiritual quantum, would accumulate in the subconscious of individuals and suddenly burst into their hearts and minds. They were messengers of sorts, the first people on missions of the Light. Small groups formed around them, and the first steps on the road to spiritual growth were discovered. It is difficult to pinpoint when that began, but flashes are perceptible as early as the late Cro-Magnon period. A long period of regression then ensued, followed by new sparks in the Americas that, on the eve of the rise of the Atlantean culture, at last combined to form unbroken chains of the Light.

The demise of Atlantis jeopardized all the gains in spirituality made during those cheerless centuries. A fine thread managed to be spirited off to Africa and relayed to Egypt via the Sudanese culture. Another thread was conveyed to America. Then began centuries of constant anxiety for all the powers of the Light, as the onslaught of darkness was such that the thread was sometimes embodied on Earth in a single person. It is not easy to imagine their incomparable feeling of isolation and the malevolent darkness raging all around them. I could list a few strange-sounding, unfamiliar names, but it is better to say that those prophets and heroes of the spirit from the bloody dawn of humanity were later to weave into their garlands those beautiful and bright flowers whose names are known to us all now: Akhenaton, Zoroaster, Moses, Hosia, the Buddha, Mahavira, Lao-tse, John the Apostle. The future Gautama Buddha weathered an especially fierce struggle. It took place among the African tribes in the vicinity of Lake Chad, before the rise of the Sudanese culture, when the already fading light of Atlantean wisdom and spirituality flickered in the soul of that single person alone. The thread conveyed to America had been snipped, and he was the only flame of spirit left on the globe. By standards later applied to messengers and prophets, he was far from outstanding, but he was alone, and nothing else need be said. The Synclite of Atlantis was too far removed geographically to help him in any concrete way, and he did not yet know how to tap with his waking consciousness into the energy extended by other forces of the Light. It seemed to him that he was all alone, engaged in an endless battle in darkness. Fortunately, he acquired several worthy disciples at the close of that incarnation, and all was saved. In that lies the unbelievable nature of his feat: that was all accomplished without a Synclite!

Approximately ten thousand years ago, when Atlantis was at its zenith, the Planetary Logos incarnated in Zheram, the Enrof of daemons. Gagtungr was

unable to thwart or interfere with His mission in the daemon world, nor was Gagtungr able to kill His bodily incarnation before it had been imbued with the full power of the Logos. The path of the Logos in the daemon world ended in His apotheosis, and the entire sakwala embarked on a road of successive stages of enlightenment. The mission of the Logos in the daemon world resembled His later mission among humanity, but there it was brought to a successful conclusion, which, in turn, accelerated the sakwala's development.

Before taking a human form in which His essence would be fully reflected, the Great Spirit made a preliminary descent, incarnating approximately seven thousand years ago in Gondwana. He became a great teacher there. Humanity, however, was as yet unprepared to assimilate the spirituality flowing down through the incarnated Logos. But a profound and pure esoteric teaching was formulated and its first seeds sown, seeds that were later to be carried by the winds of history to the soil of other countries and cultures: India, Egypt, China, Iran, Babylon. The incarnation of the Logos in Gondwana did not yet possess the same fullness that was later manifested in Jesus Christ; it was, essentially, nothing more than a preparation for the later descent.

What people, culture, and country were to be the setting for Christ's life did not become clear, of course, all at once. A precisely-formulated monotheism, not professed by just a handful but embraced by the people as a whole, was a prerequisite. Otherwise, the psychological soil necessary for the revelation of God the Son would have been lacking. But the geographical and historical factors that shaped the cultural and religious character of the Indian and Chinese peoples deprived monotheism of any means of filtering into the consciousness of the masses. The monotheistic teaching of Lao-tse and similar movements in Brahmanism remained virtually esoteric doctrines. All of them were limited to the spiritual ecstasies of individual adepts and private theosophical speculations.

The unmatched religious genius of the Indian peoples made it possible for them to assimilate the revelations of many Great Hierarchies and to create a Synclite unrivaled in size. But the great Indian pantheon eclipsed, as it were, the even higher reality of the World Salvaterra. The Indian religious consciousness had long been accustomed to the idea of hierarchies incarnating as people and even animals. It was, therefore, unable to grasp the altogether exceptional and specific nature of the Planetary Logos's incarnation, its complete and fundamental dissimilarity from the avatars of Vishnu or the incarnations of any other powers of the Light. Buddhism, with all its brilliant moral teachings, avoided a precise

formulation of the question of the Absolute. The Buddha, like Mahavira, believed that, when it came to salvation, people did better to rely solely on their own efforts. That mistaken belief was prompted by the negative side of the terrible spiritual experience he had acquired during his solitary vigil in the midst of planetary night – an experience he recalled after becoming Gautama but was, evidently, unable to fathom fully. One way or another, the Buddhist teaching, by avoiding profession of the One God, struck India once and for all from the list of potential sites of the Planetary Logos's incarnation.

In the fourteenth century B.C., the first attempt in history was made to establish a clearly formulated, Sun-centered monotheism as a national religion. It took place in Egypt, and the giant figure of its pharaoh reformer towers to this day over the horizon of past centuries as an example of one of history's first prophets. What utter isolation that genius poet and seer must have felt, concluding his inspired hymn to the One God with the tragic plaint: “And no one knows You besides Your Son, Akhenaton!”

One should not, however, take that plaint too literally. There was at least one person who shared his feeling of isolation. The role of Queen Nefertiti, his wife, as an inspirer of and participant in the religious reforms can hardly be exaggerated. That astonishing woman traversed the golden sands of her country as a messenger of the same heavenly Light as her spouse. Both of them, inseparably bound together by creative work and divine love at every stage of their journey, long ago reached the highest worlds of Shadanakar.

As we know, Akhenaton's efforts came to naught. Not only the religion he founded but even the name of the reformer himself was erased from the annals of Egyptian historiography. It was only at the end of the nineteenth century, through the efforts of European archaeologists, that the historical truth was reestablished. With the failure of that plan and the persistence of polytheism as the dominant religious form, Egypt too had to be dropped from the list of potential sites of Christ's incarnation.

In Iran, Zoroastrianism was also unable to develop into a distinctly monotheistic religion. The myth of that religion failed to incorporate even a fraction of its immense transmyth. The responsibility for that does not rest on its founders, for they, and, first and foremost, Zoroaster himself, provided a religious framework capacious enough to accommodate spiritual truths of immense proportions. It is the witzraors and shrastr of Iran that bear the blame. Their reflection in Enrof – the Achaemenid empire – was able to check any and all spiritual growth, provoke an

ossification of the religious forms of Zoroastrianism, suppress its mysticism, petrify its morality, redirect the focus of the arts on itself in place of the religion, and rechannel the spiritual energy of the suprapeople into the building of a state empire. By the time that empire fell and the Collective Soul of Iran was for a short time liberated, it was already too late. The religion of Mithra, which was spreading at the time, bore the telltale marks of work too rushed, of revelation too blurred. The gaze of the Elector finally came to rest on the Jews.

A metahistorical study of the Bible permits one to trace how the prophets were inspired by the demiurge of that people; how the authors of the Book of Job, the Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes caught the echoes, distorted though they were, of his voice; how that revelation was at first contaminated and debased by inspiration from Shalem and the elemental of Mount Sinai, a grim, harsh, and intractable spirit; and how later the notes of anger, fury, belligerence, and unreasonable demands – the characteristic voice of witzraors – cast a darker and darker shadow on the books of the Old Testament. But monotheism as a national religion was essential to Christ's mission, and it was the Jews that supplied it. Therein lies their historical and metahistorical contribution. What is important is that, in spite of the innumerable misrepresentations, the tangle of hierarchies that inspired the mind and creative impulses of the authors of the Old Testament, the monotheistic religion did survive and the “I” of the Bible can, though, of course, not always, be understood as the Almighty.

To the degree that metahistorical knowledge makes it possible for one to comprehend the tasks that faced Christ during His life on Earth, one can for now define them in the following manner: to initiate humanity into the mystery of the Spiritual Universe, instead of leaving it to guess about it with the help of speculative philosophy and individual intuitions; to unblock the organs of spiritual perception in humans; to repeal the law of the jungle; to break the iron wheel of the law of karma; to abolish the principle of coercion and, consequently, the state in human society; to transform humanity into a community; to repeal the law of death and replace it with material transformation; to raise humans to the level of Divine humankind. Oh, Christ was not supposed to die a violent or even a natural death. After living a long life in Enrof and accomplishing those tasks for which He had undergone incarnation, He was to have experienced not death but transformation – the transfiguration of His whole being and His passage into Olirna before the eyes of the world. If it had been completed, Christ's mission would have given rise to the establishment of an ideal Church/Community two or

three centuries later, instead of states with their armies and bloody bacchanalias. The number of victims, the sum of suffering, and the time span required for humanity's ascent would have been lessened immeasurably.

Christ's founding of the Church in Enrof was preceded by an emanation of energy from the Virgin Mother – another hypostasis of the Trinity – into the higher worlds of Shadanakar. The emanation of energy did not take on a personal aspect: it was not connected with the descent of a God-born monad. Nor was it the first emanation of Femininity in the history of Enrof. The first emanation of Femininity in the existence of humanity took place some fourteen centuries earlier, and one can find echoes of an intuition of that fact in certain myths where, however, it melds with legends concerning the sacrificial descents of collective souls of suprapeoples into the dark planes, as we can see, for example, in Babylon. But that brightest of God-created monads, which was later to become the Mother of the Planetary Logos on Earth, took human form twice in that same Babylon, the second time during the very period of the first emanation of Femininity. Her life that time did not take Her beyond the limits of a small city in Sennaar where She became a holy woman and was subsequently put to death. At the moment of Her death, Universal Femininity enlightened Her whole being, and that predestined Her to become the Mother of God. Even earlier, before Babylon, She lived in Atlantis where She was a simple, beautiful woman and the mother of a large family. Before Atlantis, at the very dawn of human civilization, She lived in a small village in Central America. It is a long-lost settlement whose meager ruins will never be recovered from the tropical jungles of Honduras and Guatemala. Before that, during the prehistoric era, the monad of the future Mother of God was not born in human form.

The second emanation of Universal Femininity in Shadanakar was echoed by a softening, as it were, of the inner crust of many people in Enrof, without which the establishment of the Church on Earth by Jesus Christ would not have been possible. The Christian churches, in that abortive, unfinished form familiar to us in history, are nothing more than the pale, inchoate, partial, and distorted reflections of the Church that abides on the very highest planes of Shadanakar.

From the age of fourteen to thirty, Jesus traveled in Iran and India where He was initiated into the deepest wisdom then possessed by humanity, only to far outstrip it.

Why did Christ not leave a written record of His teachings? Why did He prefer to entrust the task to His disciples? After all, the evangelists, inspired by God though

they were, were still human, and the great enemy was not sleeping, so that even in the Gospels of the New Testament there are in places clear traces of his distorting imprint. But Christ could not set down His teachings in a book because His teachings were not only His words but His whole life. His teachings were the Immaculate Conception and His birth on a quiet Bethlehem night, illumined by the singing of angels; His meeting with Gagtungr in the desert and his travels on the roads of Galilee; His poverty and His love; the healing of the sick and the resurrection of the dead; His walking on water and His transfiguration on Mt. Favor; His suffering and Resurrection. Such teachings could only have been recorded, even if with gaps and errors, by eyewitnesses of that divine life.

But our sworn enemy crept into the gaps. By infiltrating the all-too-human consciousness of the evangelists, he succeeded in corrupting many testimonies, distorting and harshening ideas, debasing and qualifying ideals, even in ascribing words to Christ that our Savior could never have uttered. We as yet do not possess the means to separate the genuine from the false in the Gospels. There are neither precise criteria, nor visible markers. Everyone who reads the New Testament should only keep in mind that Christ's teachings were His whole life, not just His words. As for the words ascribed to Him, everything that concurs with a spirit of love is genuine, while everything that is marked by a threatening and merciless spirit is false.

It is difficult to say at what moment in Jesus' life on Earth worry first crept into His soul, when he first felt doubt in the ultimate success of His mission. But in the latter period of His ministry, an awareness that the leader of the dark forces might well finish with a partial, short-term victory shows more and more clearly through His words – as much as we know them from the Gospels. That partial victory took concrete form in the betrayal by Judas that led to Golgotha.

Judas's personal motives for the betrayal resulted from the shattering by Christ of Judas's cherished nationalist dream of the Messiah as the King of the Jews and lord of the world. Until the day he met Jesus, Judas's heart had burned with that dream his entire life, and its death was a great tragedy for him. He did not entertain the slightest doubt as to Jesus' divinity, and his betrayal was an act of bitter hate, the conscious murder of God. The thirty pieces of silver and the motive of greed in general were only a hastily adopted disguise – he could not very well reveal the genuine motives of his crime! It was the nature of those genuine motives that entailed his descent to Zhursch, a form of karmic retribution unparalleled in its severity.

Now it becomes clear what vast importance can be attached to the events that unfolded after Jesus Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The Planetary Logos was as yet unable to complete the preparations for His transformation, and a painful human death awaited Him on Golgotha. Although He could have escaped crucifixion, He did not want to, for it would have meant a retreat. Further, Gagtungr would in any case have ensured He was killed a little later. But the possibility of a different kind of transformation after death arose: resurrection. In the interval between His death and Resurrection there took place His bramfatura – shaking descent into the worlds of Retribution and the opening of the eternally closed gates of those worlds, a descent that truly earned Jesus the title of Savior. He descended through all the planes of magma and the core; only the entrance to Sufetkh was barred to Him. All the other gateways were forced, the locks broken, and the sufferers raised some to the worlds of Enlightenment, others to the shrastrs, still others to the upper planes of Retribution, which began to transform from planes of eternal torment into temporary purgatories. Thus was begun the great task of mitigating the law of karma, work on which was to intensify even more.

Lying in the tomb, the physical body of Our Savior became enlightened and, resurrected to life, entered Olirna, a different, higher three-dimensional plane of materiality. This explains those properties of His body that the apostles observed between His Resurrection and Ascension, such as the ability to walk through objects of our plane, and yet to partake of food, or the ability to travel distances at great speed. The other, second transformation described in the Gospels as the Ascension was nothing other than Our Savior's ascent from Olirna even higher, up to the next of those planes existing at the time. A little while later, He guided Mary, Mother of God, through the same transformation, and John the Apostle a few decades after that. The transformation of some other great human souls has also taken place since then.

Gradually growing from strength to strength, the Risen Christ has been leading the struggle of all the powers of the Light of Shadanakar against the demonic. New planes of enlightenment – Faer, Nertis, Gotimna, and, later, Usnorm – were created during the first centuries of Christianity, and the passage of many millions of those to be enlightened through that sakwala was accelerated. A powerful current of spirituality, which rarefies and enlightens ever more human souls, has been pouring down through the Christian churches, and the radiant zatomises of Christian metacultures, with their populous, ever brighter Synclites, sprouted and

flowered. The grandiose process of converting planes of torment into purgatories has neared the halfway point: left to be transformed is the sakwala of magma, while the purgatories themselves are gradually to undergo even more changes. They will be rid of any and all elements of retribution. Instead, souls with burdened etheric bodies will be given spiritual assistance from the Synclites, assistance that could be likened more to therapy than to punishment.

Mary, the Mother of God, has in the course of these centuries completed Her ascent from world to world. She is the comfort of all those suffering (especially those in the inferno), the Mediatrix of All Graces and the Mater Dolorosa for everyone and everything. She, like Her Son, abides in the World Salvaterra, donning a resplendent etheric coating to descend to other planes. Our Savior, who as the Planetary Logos abides in the inner chamber of Salvaterra, has had for many centuries the power to create and coat Himself in a radiant etheric body, and in that form He descends to the zatomes and meets with the Synclites of metacultures. His power has grown immeasurably. We are not, however, yet able to grasp the meaning of the processes that have been taking place in the very highest worlds of Shadanakar during the last two thousand years, though they are clearly what is most significant from the point of view of metahistory.

But if Jesus Christ's struggle with the demonic beyond the bounds of Enrof has been marked by a series of major victories, the curtailment of His mission in Enrof itself has resulted in an endless number of tragic consequences.

His very teachings ended up distorted, having been mixed with elements from the Old Testament, just those elements that Christ's life had been superseding and would have superseded once and for all if it had not been cut short. The chief features of those elements is the attribution to the image of God of the traits of a fearful, merciless judge, even an avenger, and the ascription of the inhumane laws of nature and moral retribution to Him and no one else. That ancient misrepresentation has acted as no small brake on the ascending journey of the soul. The confusion in one's mind between the divine and the demonic leaves one no choice but to resign oneself to the idea of the just, eternal, and immutable nature of those same laws for which Gagtungr bears the responsibility and which should be mitigated, spiritualized, and radically reformed. The resulting drop in moral consciousness naturally leads to people focusing their efforts on their own salvation, while their active commitment to social compassion and the enlightenment of the world atrophies.



The curtailment of Christ's mission also resulted in the material in nature and the carnal in humans not undergoing the enlightenment that was supposed to occur on a global scale, and not just in the essence of Christ alone. Left unenlightened, they were excluded by the Christian Church from what it sanctioned, consecrated, and blessed. The sacraments of baptism and the Eucharist were believed to sunder the neophyte from the pagan celebration of the flesh as a good unto itself. No other higher formulation of the relationship was forthcoming. That tendency toward asceticism in Christianity, barely mitigated by the compromise institution of the sacrament of marriage, that polarization of the concepts of “spirit” and “flesh” that followed in Christianity's wake to all the cultures it embraced, in the long run resulting in the secular era of civilization – all that is no simple accident or even a mere historical phenomenon. To the contrary, it is a reflection of one aspect of Christianity's metahistorical fate, an aspect born of the curtailment of Christ's mission in Enrof.

What is most important is that no radical change whatsoever took place in Enrof. Laws remained laws, instincts remained instincts, passions remained passions, disease remained disease, death remained death, states remained states, wars remained wars, and tyrannies remained tyrannies. The birth of the Church among humanity, a church encumbered by an inherited arrogance and not immune to dark inspiration, could not generate the rapid growth-both spiritual and moral – that would have taken place if Gagtungr had not cut short Christ's life. For this reason, humanity has for nineteen centuries stumbled along a broken, crooked, irregular, and one-sided path: the resultant vector of the work of the Providential powers and the furious actions of Gagtungr.

The indecisive character of the great demon's victory cast him into a prolonged state of uncontrollable rage. The effects of his maniacal fury were felt in Enrof, giving rise to unprecedented disturbances on the surface of global history. The series of monstrous tyrants on the throne of the Roman Empire in the first century A.D. – their atrocities, unrivaled by anything either before or after; their irrational bloodthirstiness; their pride; their frenzies; their inhuman resourcefulness in devising new methods of torture; their warped creative impulses, which caused them to have erected buildings of unparalleled grandeur that either catered, like the Coliseum, to the baser instincts of the masses or, like the madcap projects of Caligula, were utterly senseless – all these were echoes of the fury of the demon who saw that his sworn enemy, though delayed on His path, had grown in power and would thenceforth rise from glory to glory.

Several centuries before Christ, Gagtungr had acquired an imposing weapon: he had been able to effect the incarnation of certain gargantuan demonic beings on neighboring planes and thus to found the first dynasty of witzraors in Babylon-Assyria and Carthage. One of that first witzraor's offsprings, the Jewish witzraor, dutifully assisted Gagtungr in his struggle with Christ during our Savior's life in Enrof: without the help of that witzraor, it would hardly have been possible to subvert the will of Judas Iscariot and of many Jewish leaders and delude them into thinking that they were acting in their people's interests by persecuting Christ and putting Him to death. In addition, Gagtungr knew full well that the creation of two, three, or several predators of one and the same kind on the same plane would eventually lead, through the law of the jungle, to the victory of the strongest ones, until the strongest of them all succeeded in extending its power over all the shrastrs and the power of its human puppets over all terrestrial Enrof. With that, all the necessary conditions for absolute tyranny would be present. It was with a view to realizing that plan that a dynasty of witzraors was also founded in Iran and Rome, and the Roman one proved stronger than the rest.

It appears that it was on Forsuth, the witzraor of the Roman Empire, that Gagtungr placed his greatest hope in the first century A.D., after Christ's Resurrection. What is more, it seems that even the synclites at that time could not be sure that the mad frenzy of Gagtungr, which had doubled his strength, would not lead to the appearance of the Antichrist in the near future and hasten the end of the first eon, thus multiplying the number of spiritual victims to unimaginable proportions and greatly complicating the tasks of the second eon. That alarm explains the apocalyptic, or rather, the eschatological mood, the expectation of the imminent end of the world that gripped the Christian communities and the Jews in the first decades after Christ's Resurrection. Fortunately, those fears proved unfounded.

Gagtungr's strength at that time was only sufficient to invoke the incredibly senseless bloodbaths of the caesars and to attempt to exterminate the Christian Church physically. By the middle of the first century, however, another plan of attack could be observed. Christ had been unable to complete His mission in Enrof and thus the Church He had founded, instead of proceeding on to global apotheosis, was barely smoldering in the form of a few small communities pressed beneath the backbreaking layers of state institutions created by the witzraors and beneath the hard crust of psyches involtated by those demons. Taking advantage of this, the forces of Gagtungr began to meddle in the life of the Church itself. A strong-willed and highly gifted individual emerged, one deeply sincere in his

conversion to Christ, and in whom Jewish singlemindedness and a messianic Jewish severity were combined with the legal-rational mind of a Roman citizen. He was a bearer of a mission, undoubtedly that of the Light, but the abovementioned personal and ethnic character traits warped his own understanding of that mission. Instead of furthering Christ's work, instead of strengthening and enlightening the Church with the spirit of love and love alone, the thirteenth Apostle launched a massive, far-reaching organizational effort, binding the scattered communities together with strict regulations, unquestioning obedience to a single leader, and even fear, as the threat of being expelled from the bosom of the Church, in the case of disobedience, inspired just that: spiritual fear. The Apostle Paul never met Jesus Christ during His lifetime and was consequently denied all the grace that issued directly from Jesus. Nor was Paul present when the Holy Spirit descended on the other Apostles.

Yet, the other apostles receded, as it were, into the background, each of them concentrating on local missions, on the creation of Christian communities in one or another country, while Paul, the one apostle lacking divine grace, gradually becomes the dominant figure towering over all the communities, unifying them, and dictating to them what he thinks to be the continuation of Christ's work.

That may have been the first clear indication of Gagtungr's determination to revise radically the demonic plan. Toward the end of the first century, the dynamics and whole atmosphere within the Roman ruling elite suddenly change. Domitian, the last monster on the throne, falls victim to conspirators. The mad frenzies of the caesars abruptly cease. In the course of the next century, there is a steady succession of exemplary monarchs. It is true that they perform what the logic of power – that is, the will of the witzraor Forsuth – demands, and try to bolster the state, which supplies the witzraor with such an inexhaustible stream of the red, dew-like food called shavva. But gone are former delusions of world conquest, the deranged building projects, and the "living torches" – Christians dipped in tar and set afire – which Nero used to illuminate his orgies with. State affairs keep to a more or less prescribed path. In other words, Forsuth occupies itself with survival and is no longer encouraged to seek global dominion. The focus of the higher demonic plan switches. Abandoned are any ideas of guiding the Roman Empire to the planetary rule. Usurping control of the Christian Church from within becomes the cornerstone of their plan.

In spite of all the distortions generated in Christianity by the lack of spiritual depth in the thousands that created it, the Christian Church (and, subsequently, its

various churches) has been the mouth of a powerful current of spirituality flowing down from planetary heights. In the eyes of Gagtungr, the Church became a factor of overriding importance and every means available was utilized to seize control of it from within. The religious exclusivity of the Semites, the spiritual isolationism of the Greeks, the mercilessness and ruthless thirst for political hegemony of the Romans – all that was enlisted to that end in the second, third, fourth, and fifth centuries. That was insufficient, of course, to accomplish the primary goal, but it was quite enough to lead the Church away from its principal tasks, to contaminate it with a spirit of hatred, to lure it into the ocean of politics, to substitute transient worldly goals for its enduring spiritual ones, and to subordinate its Eastern half to the rule of the emperors and its Western half to the dogma of a wrongly conceived theocracy. The Church becomes a political power – so much the worse for it! Humanity still had a long way to go to reach the moral height at which it is possible to combine political leadership with moral purity.

My ignorance prevents me from outlining the principal stages, let alone drawing a full panoramic view, of Gagtungr's nineteen century-long battle with the forces of the Risen Christ. Only a very few individual links in the chain are, to a greater or lesser extent, clearly visible to me.

For example, in the context of that battle, the metahistorical meaning of the person and ministry of Muhammad gradually comes to light. From an orthodox point of view, whether it be Muslim or Christian, it is relatively easy to make one or another positive or negative assessment of that ministry. But in endeavoring to remain impartial, one is inevitably confronted with ideas and arguments whose contradictory natures preclude definitive judgment. One would think that Muhammad's religious genius, his sincerity, his inspiration by higher ideals, and that peculiar fiery conviction of his teaching that compels one to recognize him as a genuine prophet – that is, a messenger sent from the other world – are not subject to doubt. On the other hand, it is hard to see the progressivity of his teachings when compared with Christianity. If there was no such progressivity in his teachings, then what need did humanity have of them? To treat Muhammad as a false prophet also fails to settle the matter, for it then becomes impossible to understand how a false religious teaching could, nevertheless, become a channel through which spirituality flowed into the soil of great peoples, uplifting millions and millions of souls through a passionate worship of the One God.

Metahistorical knowledge supplies an unexpected answer to the problem, an answer that is, unfortunately, equally unacceptable to both Christian and Muslim

orthodoxy. We can arrive at a correct answer only if we realize that Muhammad appeared at the moment when Gagtungr had already paved the way for the appearance on the historical scene of a genuinely false prophet. He was to have been a figure of a great stature, and just as great would have been the spiritual danger humanity would have faced in his person. The false prophet was to have stripped Christianity of a number of outlying peoples who were still in the initial stages of Christianization, convert a number of other nations that had not been Christianized, and prompt a powerful and decidedly demonic movement within Christianity itself. The flawed development of the Christian Church would have been the soil in which that poisonous seed would have yielded a rich harvest, culminating in the installation at the helm of ecclesiastical and state power of a group of both open and secret devotees of Gagtungr.

The Prophet Muhammad was an agent on a higher mission. In brief, its aim was to draw the young and pure Arab people, who were only just coming into contact with Christianity, into the religion, and to generate through their efforts a fervent movement in the Christian Church toward a religious reformation, toward the purgation from Christianity of extreme asceticism, of subordination of the Church to the state, of the theocratic dictatorship established by the Papacy. But Muhammad was not only a religious teacher; he was a poet of genius, even more a poet than a prophet sent from the other world. Indeed, he was one of the greatest poets of all time.

That poetic genius, in conjunction with certain of his character traits, deflected him from his unwavering religious path. A powerful jet of poetic creativity shot into the main channel of his religious mission, distorting and clouding the revelation given to him. Instead of reforming Christianity, Muhammad allowed himself to be diverted by the idea of founding a new, pure religion. And found it he did. But as his revelation was not sufficient for him to say anything truly new after Christ, the religion he founded proved to be regressive (though not false or demonic) in comparison to Christ's teachings.

The religion did, in fact, gather into its fold those peoples who, without Muhammad, would have fallen victim to the false prophet that Gagtungr was readying. The final assessment of Muhammad's role can, therefore, be neither wholly negative, nor wholly positive. Yes, he was a prophet, and the religion he founded is one of the great right-hand religions. Yes, the rise of Islam saved humanity from a great spiritual catastrophe. But in rejecting many fundamental Christian beliefs, the religion regressed to a simplified monotheism. It offers

nothing essentially new, and that is why there is no transmyth of Islam among the Great Transmyths, among the five crystal pyramids shining from the heights of Shadanakar.

Here I will point out only one other demonic plan of attack, without the knowledge of which it would be impossible to understand what follows and which should, both in history and metahistory, in time develop into, in a manner of speaking, the principal offensive thrust.

In mentioning the fact that no demon, no matter how powerful it might be, is capable of creating a monad, I had hoped that the reader would give due consideration to its implications. After the incarnation of the Planetary Logos, humanity became the decisive battleground, and an idea began to form in the demonic mind: to create, slowly if need be, a human puppet who would be capable of achieving absolute tyranny in terrestrial Enrof, of turning the population of the Earth into the satanic humankind. But, once again, the demonic lack of creativity made itself felt. Unable to come up with anything original, all the demonic forces could do was resort to the law of opposites and devise a blueprint to create a distorted mirror image of the efforts and paths of Providence. The Anticosmos was counterposed to the Cosmos, the principle of form to the Logos, the satanic humankind to the divine humankind, and the Antichrist to Christ.

The Antichrist! I will probably drive away more readers by introducing that concept into the Rose of the World's worldview than I have driven away in all the previous chapters combined.

The concept has been discredited numerous times: by the shallow, petty, and vulgarized meaning attached to it; by the abuse of those who proclaimed their political foes the servants of the Antichrist; and by the failed prophecies of those who saw signs of the imminent coming of the Antichrist in the events of the long-past periods of history in which they lived. But if by resurrecting the concept I were to drive away ten times more people than I actually will, I would still introduce it, for the concept of the Antichrist is woven into the worldview I am presenting with the strongest threads and will not be removed from it as long as the worldview itself exists.

As Gagtungr is incapable of creating monads, and demonic monads cannot be incarnated as humans, he had no alternative but to use a human monad in his plan. No matter what dark mission people perform, no matter what terrible stamps they leave on history, all that is dark has its origin in their shelt, not in their monad. It is

only the shelt that can be demonized, not the human monad. In those rare cases, as with the father of the igvas or Klingsor, when an individual, having attained an extremely high clarity of consciousness, rejects God, it is his or her shelt, and not the monad, that does the rejecting. Thereupon something truly dreadful occurs: the renunciation of one's monad, for the very reason that it cannot sanction a rejection of God, and a total surrender of oneself - that is, of the shelt and all its material coatings - to the will and power of Gagtungr. The link between the monad and shelt is severed. The monad leaves Shadanakar to begin its journey anew in another bramfatura, and the shelt is either given to a demonic monad that, for some reason, has none or becomes the personal tool of Gagtungr, in which case the influence of his own spirit in part takes the place of the monad. In both instances, the shelt becomes demonized once and for all that is, there is a gradual transformation of its material composition: siaira, the materiality made by the bramfatura's forces of the Light, is replaced by agga, the materiality of demonic origin. The same happens to the astral body as well. (Structurally, agga differs from siaira in that it lacks microbramfaturas – the elementary particles that compose it are not animate and not even partly intelligent beings, as in siaira, but inanimate, indivisible material units. Agga is made up of only eleven types of those dark antiatoms, being the sum of their innumerable combinations.) Naturally, beings with such demonized shelts and astral bodies can no longer be born anywhere except on demonic planes. Thus, they are denied all possibility of incarnating as humans.

As the plan to create an Antichrist called for its incarnation as a human, Gagtungr was left with only one alternative: kidnap a human monad, strip it of all its coats of siaira (that is, the shelt, the astral body, and the etheric body), and by gradual effort fashion different coatings for it out of agga. It would be beyond the power of Gagtungr to destroy its former shelt of the Light, but, without a monad, spiritually decapitated as it were, it would remain indefinitely in a state of spiritual lethargy somewhere, in some out-of-the-way transphysical crypt in Gashsharva. The kidnapping of a monad required enormous effort and long preparation. It was only in the fourth century A.D. that it was finally accomplished, and Gagtungr succeeded in snatching a human monad from Iroln, a monad that at one time had had an incarnation as a Titan and was presently linked to a shelt that had just completed a journey in Enrof in the person of one of the Roman emperors. But having only one such being caused the Antigod to fear that some unforeseen interference on the part of Providence might jeopardize the demonic plan. So later a few more monads were kidnapped as a kind of reserve of what we might call

Antichrist candidates. Historically they faced the prospect of violent clashes with each other, the eventual victory of the strongest and luckiest, and the focusing of demonic efforts on that victor alone.

The shelts whose monads were kidnapped were indeed denied the possibility of being born anywhere. Walled up, as it were, in the depths of Gashsharva, they remain there to this day. The kidnapped monads, burdened by their material coatings of agga, with hands tied, so to speak, and controlled personally by Gagtungr, traveled down the road of demonic excellence, incarnating as humans from century to century.

One of them – that same monad of the former emperor soon began to outpace the others. Its kidnapper guided it from incarnation to incarnation, overcoming its resistance, and over time causing an almost total extinguishment of its will of the Light. As early as that startling being's incarnation in the fifteenth century, it had become obvious that the monad as an autonomous will was fully paralyzed, and that the material coatings created for it were growing more and more obedient to demonic commands. The coatings were, however, still a long way from realizing their full potential. The incarnation in which that occurred was at the climax of the metahistorical battle within the Roman Catholic metaculture. It was connected with one of Gagtungr's most blatant, dramatic, and sinister attempts to usurp control of the Church from within, an attempt that to this day remains the last.

I have already mentioned that behind the fanatical movement in Catholicism that cast a shadow over the end of the Middle Ages and found fullest expression in the Inquisition was one of the most nightmarish of the spawns of Gagtungr, and it was only in the eighteenth century that the forces of the Light emerged victorious over it. As for the demonic human puppet, it appeared on the historical scene earlier, assuming the outward guise of an active champion of global theocracy. There is in Russian literature an astonishing piece of writing, the author of which undoubtedly must have had spiritual knowledge of that fact, though his waking self did not have full access to that knowledge. I am referring to “The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor” in Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*. The one who is to become the Antichrist in the not too distant future was, one could say, captured by Dostoyevsky at one of the most crucial stages of its previous existence. It is true that he is not a widely known historical figure. His name is known now only to medievalists as the name of one of the rather notable figures of the Spanish Inquisition. It was about that time that Gagtungr was forced to admit the failure of his overall scheme to turn historical Catholicism into his lackey and the



impossibility of unifying the whole world on the basis of a Roman cosmopolitan hierarchy. Absolute tyranny was impossible without the unification of humanity, and a host of prior conditions for unification of any kind was still lacking.

I will elsewhere pause over certain critical metahistorical clashes that have taken place over the centuries. As Jesus Christ foresaw, the course of events has led to the imminence of the decisive battle, a battle made inevitable by the ancient hunger for power of the demonic powers and by their pursuit of universal tyranny.

The power of the One who was Jesus Christ has grown beyond measure over the centuries. Were He to reappear in Enrof now, all the miracles of the Gospels, and all the miracles of Indian and Arab legends would pale beside the miracles He could perform. But there is no need for that yet. There are still two or three centuries before His Second Coming, and during that time He will be able to acquire the power to perform the greatest act in history and in metahistory: the turn of the eon. The turn of the eon will involve a qualitative transformation of humanity's materiality, the birth of the Synclites of all the metacultures in enlightened physical bodies here in Enrof, the beginning of a long road of expiation on other planes for those belonging to the satanic humankind, and the commencement in Enrof of what is called in the Holy Scriptures "The Thousand-Year Kingdom of the Righteous." The Second Coming is to occur simultaneously at a multitude of points on terrestrial Enrof, so that every single being will have seen and heard Him. In other words, the Planetary Logos is to attain the inconceivable power to materialize simultaneously in as many places as there will then be consciousnesses to perceive Him in Enrof. These etheric-physical materializations, however, will be but brief expressions of His single Entity, and they will merge back with Him for permanent residency in enlightened Enrof. That is what Christ meant when He prophesied that the Second Coming would be "like lightning coming from the east and flashing far into the west," so that all peoples and nations on Earth will see "the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven."

### ***6.3. Femininity***

I have now arrived at a critical juncture of this work. And yet, no matter how important it may be, I barely have the courage to say a few words on the subject.

It is time to reexamine a Christian dogma that is nearly two thousand years old. All sorts of dogmas of the Christian creed have been questioned in the past. Schisms, sects, and heresies have been born of differing interpretations of them. Even the slightest departures in ritual have sometimes grown into a virtual abyss separating schismatics from the dominant church. But in the course of those nineteen centuries it appears that no dispute has ever arisen over what has been considered the cornerstone of the religion, that is, the belief in the three hypostases of the Holy Trinity: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit.

I do not intend to undertake a historical or psychological analysis of the circumstances surrounding the emergence of that specific understanding of the Trinity in the Christian Church. I possess neither the necessary sources, nor the erudition required for such a task. And even if I did, I would be loathe to use the lances of rational analysis to probe the mysterious spiritual depths in which the idea appeared and took shape in the first centuries A.D.

I will permit myself only to cite one page from the Gospels that seems to me to support another interpretation of the Trinity. Matthew and Luke state plainly and unequivocally that the Virgin Mary conceived the Baby Jesus through the Holy Spirit. One could thus conclude that it was the Holy Spirit, and not God the Father, that was the Father of the human Christ. But how can that be? Could the timeless birth of God the Son from God the Father find expression in the historical, human world except as the birth of the human Jesus through the power of that latter hypostasis? But no, the story in the Gospels is unequivocal on that point. What is equivocal is the Christian Church's understanding of the third hypostasis. In the course of its entire history, the Church has never elaborated the dogma of the third hypostasis. One is even struck by the contrast between the detailed – perhaps too detailed – teaching about God the Son and what is almost an empty space where should be the doctrines about the Holy Spirit.

But there is nothing essentially strange about that. It is no coincidence that the Christian religion is called Christian. Besides specifying the religion's origin in Christ, the name also reflects the fact that the religion is primarily the revelation of God the Son – that is, it is not so much a religion of the Trinity as it is one of the Son. That explains the extremely hazy generalizations, the equivocality, incompleteness, and even contradictions in the dogmas concerned with the other hypostases.

Who, after all, could God the Father be if not the Spirit and the Spirit only? And, in contrast to all the other spirits He has created, He is Holy. For every God-

created and even God-born monad can make – and many have made – a wrong choice and turn away from God. But the Father, as should be obvious to all, cannot turn from Himself. He is primordial, unchanging, unclouded, and unsoiled, and He is called Holy in that very sense. What good can come of depriving God the Father of two of His eternally inherent attributes – His spirituality and His holiness? What is the justification for investing these attributes with an entirely autonomous meaning in the aspect of the Third Person of the Trinity? And in fact, on which of Christ's words, on what testimonies of the four Gospels can the teaching be based that God the Father is one hypostasis of the Trinity and the Holy Spirit is another? There are no such statements to that effect in the Gospels. The words of Jesus cited in support of that claim come from His well-known prophecy: “I will send to you a Counselor, even a Spirit of Truth.” Differing interpretations of these very words even led to the Great Schism, which split the one Christian Church into Eastern and Western halves. But both interpretations still proceeded from a common postulate: the strangely undisputed supposition that by the “Counselor” Christ meant the third hypostasis. But there is not even the shadow of an intimation in these words that the Counselor to be sent by the Risen Savior is the third hypostasis or even a hypostasis at all. Nor is there any indication that the expressions “Counselor” and “God the Holy Spirit” refer to one and the same entity. Surely, it is more natural, consistent, and sensible from every possible point of view to draw an altogether different conclusion, namely, that God the Holy Spirit is God the Father, for God the Father can be nothing other than Holy and the Spirit.

Once again, in reexamining here the cornerstone of a great teaching, I am setting my lone voice against a stupendous, vast chorus, which has been thundering for so many centuries that there can be no doubt as to the reactions it will evoke, if it is even heard. I am even aware that in the eyes of some I am guilty of a great spiritual offense, having committed what is according to the Gospels the one unforgivable sin – blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. I solemnly proclaim: I prostrate myself before the Holy Spirit, I worship Him and pray to Him with as much veneration as other Christians. And I fail not only to see blasphemy of His name but even the slightest debasement of His image in the idea that He is God the Father and that God the Father is God the Holy Spirit, that these are two names for one and the same Person – the first Person of the Holy Trinity.

I would like to emphasize that I am expressing my own humble opinion here. True, that opinion appears to be a conclusion at which more and more people will

in time arrive. It has also been corroborated by those higher authorities that have always been my single supreme point of reference. But I believe that no one has the right to insist on the exclusive and absolute validity of the idea, on its dogmatic force. The one legal, universally recognized body with the authority to resolve the issue might be the Eighth Ecumenical Council, where the representatives of all contemporary Christian faiths and the Rose of the World would discuss that postulate, as well as the postulate affirming the infallibility and irrevocability of the resolutions of ecumenical councils in general. Perhaps, they might also reexamine certain tenets of Orthodox doctrine. Until that time, no one in the Rose of the World should unreservedly assert the error of the old dogma. They should only believe as their conscience and personal spiritual experience dictate, and work toward the unification of the churches and the resolution of all their outstanding differences.

The above idea, however, clears the path to the solution of a different, no less crucial, problem.

It is known that a vague yet intense and persistent sense of a Universal Feminine Principle has been alive in Christianity from the time of the Gnostics up until the Christian thinkers of the early twentieth century – a sense that the Principle is not an illusion and not the projection of human categories onto the cosmic, but that it is a higher spiritual reality. It was clearly the Church's intention to provide an outlet for that feeling when in the East it gave its blessing to the cult of the Mother of God and in the West to that of the Madonna. And a concrete image did, in fact, emerge and was embraced by the people as an object for their spontaneous veneration of the Maternal Principle. But the mystical sense I spoke of – the sense of Eternal Femininity as a cosmic and Divine principle – remained without an outlet. The early dogmatization of the teaching on the hypostases, in rendering it beyond dispute, placed those with that sense in an unenviable position: to avoid accusations of heresy, they were forced to skirt the fundamental question and not give full voice to their thoughts, sometimes equating Universal Femininity with the Universal Church or, in the end, depriving the One God of one of His attributes – Wisdom – and personifying it as Holy Sophia. The higher Church authorities refrained from voicing any definite opinion on the subject, and they should not be faulted for it, because the belief in Universal Femininity could not help but grow into the belief in a Feminine Aspect of God, and that, of course, would have threatened to undermine the dogmatized beliefs about the Persons of the Holy Trinity (It would be extremely interesting to see a comprehensive study

done of the history and evolution of the belief in Eternal Femininity in the Christian cultures at the very least. But such a work could only benefit from including other religions as well, if only those in whose pantheons the images of the great merciful goddesses are immortalized: Hinduism, Mahayana, ancient polytheistic teachings, and, of course, Gnosticism).

I have met many people who are extremely sophisticated culturally and intellectually, and are in possession of undoubted spiritual experience, yet they have been surprised, even appalled, at the very idea of what they perceived to be the projection of gender and human categories in general onto worlds of the highest reality, even onto the mystery of God Himself. They considered it a vestige of the ancient tendency of the limited human mind to anthropomorphize the spiritual. Incidentally, the Islamic objection to the belief in the Trinity and to the cult of the Mother of God derives from quite similar (psychological) sources. It is for the very same reason that deism and contemporary abstract cosmopolitan monism reject so vehemently belief in the Trinity, in hierarchies, and, of course, in Eternal Femininity. Ridiculous as it may seem, even the charge of polytheism that Muhammad leveled at Christianity thirteen hundred years ago has been reiterated.

Such charges are rooted either in an oversimplified understanding of Christian beliefs or in an unwillingness to penetrate deeper into the question. There has been no projection of human categories onto the Divine in historical Christianity, let alone in the worldview of the Rose of the World, but something in principle quite the reverse. No one is questioning the oneness of God, of course. It would be naive to suspect anyone here of reversion to the age of Carthage, Ur, and Heliopolis. The hypostases are separate external manifestations of the One Essence. They are how He reveals Himself to the world, not how He exists within Himself. But God's external manifestations are just as absolute in their reality as His existence within Himself. Therefore, the hypostases should not in any way be taken for illusions or aberrations of our mind.

In manifesting Himself externally, the One God reveals His inherent inner polarity. The essence of that polarity within the Divine is transcendental for us. But we perceive the external manifestations of that essence as the polarity of two principles gravitating to each other and not existing one without the other, eternally and timelessly united in creative love and bringing forth the third and consummating principle: the Son, the Foundation of the Universe, the Logos. Flowing into the universe, the Divine retains that inherent polarity; all spirituality and all materiality in the universe is permeated by it. It is manifested differently at

different levels of being. At the level of inorganic matter perceptible by humans, it can no doubt be seen as the basis of what we call the universal law of gravity, the polarity of electricity, and much more. In the organic matter of our plane here, the polarity of the Divine is manifested in the distinction between male and female. I wish to stress that it is manifested thus here, but the polarity of the Divine that is the basis for that distinction cannot be comprehended in itself, in its essence.

That is why we call Divine Femininity the Mother of Logos, and through Him, Mother of the entire Universe. But the eternal union between the Mother and Father does not change Her timeless essence. It is for that reason that we call the Mother of Worlds the Virgin.

Thus, one does not discern in the teaching on the Trinity and the Feminine Aspect of the Divine the projection of thinking that is "all too human" onto the cosmic realms. To the contrary, the teaching represents an intuition of the objective polarity – the male and female – of our planes as a projection of the transcendental polarity within the essence of God.

"God is Love," said John. Centuries will pass, then eons, then finally brahmaturas and galaxies, and each of us, sooner or later, will reach Pleroma – divine Fullness – and enter the beloved Heart no longer as a child only but as a divine brother as well. All memory of our current beliefs about the Divine will vanish from our mind like pale, dull shadows we no longer have any need for. But even then the truth that God is Love will continue to hold. God does not love Himself (such a claim would be blasphemy), but each of the Transcendencies within Him directs His love onto the Other, and in that love a Third is born: the Foundation of the Universe. Thus, the Father – the Virgin Mother – the Son.

The greatest of mysteries and the inner mystery of the Divine the mystery of the love between the Father and Mother – is not mirrored in human love, no matter what form that love may take. Nothing in the finite world is commensurable with or analogous to the essence of that mystery. Nor can anything in the world, with the exception of what issues from those who have rejected God, be extrinsic to that mystery. The essence of the Trinity, the essence that is love, is expressed (but not mirrored) in universal love – that is, in our love for all living beings. In the love between man and woman, the inner mystery of the union of Father and Mother is expressed (but not mirrored) to the degree that it reaches us, having been refracted by a multitude of planes in the cosmic continuum. Therein lies the fundamental ontological distinction between these two aspects of our spiritual life,

aspects that have almost nothing in common, yet are expressed by one and the same word – love – in our impoverished language.

Love for all living things has long been – if not in practice then, at least, ideally – a cornerstone of religion, and not of Christianity alone. We can expect the bounds encompassed by love to expand ever more in the future. True, a reversion to love in an extremely narrow sense is clearly evident in modern secular teachings: love for one's nation, for its allies and friends abroad, and for one's family and friends. But that is a purely temporary phenomenon occasioned by the nature of the secular age as a whole, with its crudely self-centered morality, and it will last only as long as the whole secular stage of development itself lasts. The next religious age will be a new age for the very reason that it will proclaim and strive to put into practice love for all humanity, for all the realms of nature, and for all the hierarchies of ascent. (It was already pointed out in the chapter on the animal world that there is one exception – a class of living beings that cannot and should not enter within our circle of love in the conditions of the current eon: parasites. We are faced with an ethical dilemma here that we are incapable of resolving at our present level of ascent. One should not harbor any illusions in that regard).

In the distant future, even more spiritual possibilities will arise. Even love for demons will become viable and necessary. History has already seen some saints who grew to such a love. But to get ahead of oneself and cultivate in one's soul a love for the sworn enemies of God and of all living beings, when one is not yet free of temptation and when one's love does not yet embrace even the whole of humanity and the animal world, would jeopardize the ascending path of one's own soul. Demons are only waiting for someone to pity them. But they are not waiting because they need pity (they are consumed with pride and despise human pity), but because it is only one step from pity for demons to doubt in their evil ways, and a stone's throw away from such doubt to the temptation to reject God and rebel. To do so would consign the soul to harsh retribution and the generation of *gavvakh*, radiations of suffering, in just those quantities that demons dream about to replenish their energy. Love for demons is, therefore, extremely dangerous for everyone except souls already enlightened. Enlightened souls know how to love without feeling sympathy (for sympathy for someone is impossible without sympathy for their chief occupations, and demons are occupied only with doing evil) or concelebration (for only what is repellent to Providence gives demons cause to concelebrate). That love can be expressed only by a feeling of deep pity,

by faith in their ultimate enlightenment, and by a readiness to sacrifice everything but loyalty to God for the sake of that enlightenment.

But love for all living beings is, in practical terms, but one aspect of the problem. How are we to regard the other aspect of our life – both the inner and outer life – that involves everything called the love between man and woman?

The “burning coals” within every being, the implacable procreational instinct, wellspring of self, sacrifice, violent passions, purest aspiration, crimes, heroism, eve and suicides – is it any wonder it is Eros that has always been the biggest stumbling block for ascetics and saints? People tried to distinguish duality within that love itself: physical love was contrasted with platonic love, infatuation with everlasting love, free relationships with the work and duty of childbearing, depravity with fairy-tale romance.

Sometimes, they made a distinction between two transphysical wellsprings of love: Aphrodite Uranus and Aphrodite Pandemos. But in concrete situations, in real-life feelings, in day-to-day relationships everything became tangled, confused, blended, and knotted in a manner that was impossible to unravel. It began to seem better to pull up that love in oneself by the roots than to allow one's path to heaven to become overgrown with its lush vegetation.

Thus began the great ascetic era in religion. There is no need, I think, to reiterate what contortions of their own spirit Christianity and Buddhism had to resort to so as not to degenerate into ascetic sects that hated life and were, in turn, hated by it. Marriage was consecrated as a sacrament, childbearing was given their blessing, but celibacy continued to be regarded – with perfect consistency, one might add – as the higher state.

Love as a cause of various human tragedies revolves around the capacity for the feeling of love to be unilateral. It will be a long time, of course, before love loses that unilaterality – not until the second eon. But besides tragedies of that kind – tragedies of the first order, in a manner of speaking – humanity, in order to bring stability to an ever more complex life, laid the groundwork for yet other tragedies – those take place when the love between man and woman enters into conflict with established custom, societal values, or the law. When a man or woman loves but that love is not reciprocated, this is a tragedy of the first order, and there is nothing that can be done about it until humanity, as Dostoyevsky said, “is transformed physically.” But when two people love each other and yet are unable to come together in a harmonious and joyful union, in the full meaning of the word,



because of the familial or societal position of one of them, this is a tragedy of the second order. Customs and the law should in time be reformed in such a way as to reduce tragedies of this kind to a minimum, if not to eliminate them altogether.

It is a task of immense complexity. It is even doubtful whether a universal set of laws could be drafted for all humanity in that regard. The level of social and cultural development, traditions, and the national psyche vary too widely across countries. It will most likely have to be the task of the national legislative branches of the Rose of the World, and not the central legislative organ. It is sufficiently clear, in addition, that society will have to be led, here as in everything else, through a series of gradual stages, because a unilateral decision in favor of freedom – that is, a swift repeal of all legal barriers – would lead, as Russia's experience after the revolution demonstrated, to moral anarchy and force the government to revoke the repeal and put the prohibitions back in force. That is because the government revoked the laws in an automatic fashion, without first inculcating an attitude toward love and marriage in the younger generations that would have helped them to avoid abusing such freedom.

It seems that there can only be one correct religious answer to the question of love between man and woman: such love is blessed, beautiful, and sacred to the extent that it is creative.

What is meant by that?

The most common type of creative love in our eon is the bearing and rearing of children, but that is far from the only form of creative love and loving creativity. Cooperation in any sphere of life, the cultivation of the best sides of each other's character, mutual self-improvement, mutual inspiration in artistic, religious, and other creative pursuits, or the simple joy of a young, fresh, passionate love that enriches, strengthens, and uplifts both partners – this is all divine co-creation, because it leads to their growth and enlightenment and to a rise in the level of the worldwide ocean of love and joy. The radiations from the exquisite love between a man and woman rise up to the very highest worlds those described in one of the preceding chapters as the Waves of Universal Femininity – and strengthen them. Even if the loving couple jointly pursues an erroneous path of creative work – if they both, for example, work at something with socially harmful consequences – even in that case only the orientation of the work merits condemnation; the impulse to co-create that marks their love, and the spirit of comradeship, companionship, and friendship that permeates it, are blessed from above.

Until humanity is transformed physically, the love between woman and man will remain harnessed, as it were, to the reproductive instinct. In time, this will change – creative love will take on a different meaning. The concept of physical reproduction will altogether cease to be applicable to transformed humanity. The future will witness monads incarnated in enlightened bodies, a process altogether different from our birth. But under the conditions of our eon, of course, childbearing and rearing remains the primary form of creative love.

Here I think it is the right time to highlight some specific features of those historical tasks that the women of the era just beginning will face not only in childbearing but in life as a whole.

One sometimes hears, from both men and women who lack a deeper understanding of the feminine, the categorical claim that the cultural and creative tasks of both sexes are identical and if until now women have been a distant second to men in the amount and significance of what has been contributed to society, politics, science, technology, philosophy, and even art, then that is simply attributable to the historical subjugation and oppression of women.

This opinion is more widespread than one might think. One could even say it is a fashionable view nowadays.

But have women really been oppressed always and everywhere? For the last two hundred years in Europe and Russia, at least in the privileged classes, the doors of creative work in the fields of literature and art have been open to women just as they are to men. Is there any need to mention that women, while displaying unquestionable talent and producing no small number of musicians, have in the last two centuries (and in the whole course of global history, I might add) failed to enrich the pantheon of musical composers of genius with a single name? It is sad to have to point out that among the giants of world literature there are six or seven female names to two or three hundred male names. In many countries it has been nearly a century since women won the right to higher education. And they have replaced men successfully in a wide range of professional endeavors: in hospitals, laboratories, classrooms, sometimes even on field expeditions. But where are the hundreds of names of eminent female scientists that could counterbalance the hundreds of male names that have become famous throughout the world during the same period of time? The world stage shines like a starry sky with the names of great actresses. But has even one female director won truly global renown? Has anyone heard of a great female philosopher? A great female architect? A great female political leader? A renowned female metallurgist, sage critic, outstanding

industrial manager, or an acclaimed chess player? To deny or ignore those facts would be to reveal a total lack of objectivity. Instead of denying the facts it would be more profitable to change the way one looks at them. Are women less gifted than men? It is beyond question that in some respects the answer is yes. And it is equally beyond question that in other respects they possess gifts that men will never have.

It would, of course, be reactionary nonsense to deny that women can be fine geologists, conscientious engineers, talented artists, highly qualified chemists or biologists or to doubt the usefulness and value of their work in these fields. But one can and should internalize two indisputable facts: first, the list of geniuses in these fields has not been enriched and, probably, never will be by any female names and, secondly, women are irreplaceable and highly gifted in other respects.

Motherhood. Childbearing. Creative work in the home. Care for the sick and elderly. The moral rehabilitation of criminals. The transformation of Nature. The enlightenment of animals. Certain areas of religious service. Creative love. And, lastly, the creative fertilization of the one she loves. That is where women are irreplaceable and possess unlimited gifts.

They are absolutely irreplaceable in the first and last of these categories of creative work. As for the rest, men are less gifted than them to the same degree that women are less gifted than men in the fields of government or science. For the above types of work require a female, feminine, inner orientation: gentleness, loving tenderness, selflessness, perseverance, caring, intuitiveness, warmth, and sensitivity.

Something that is the reverse of what we observe in the physical world takes place in higher creative work: there the woman fertilizes the man who conceives the idea and brings it to life.

*The Divine Comedy* is the product of two people, and it would never have been written without Beatrice just as it would not have been written without Dante. If we plumbed the depths of the creative process of the majority of geniuses of the arts, we would find that it was women who sowed the spiritual seed of the geniuses' immortal works into the depths of their subconscious, into their innermost creative recesses. In that light, the proposal to erect in Weimar a monument to Ulrike von Levetzow, the woman who inspired Goethe to write such beautiful poems, is fitting and profound. One should not be bothered that in the biographies of the majority of artistic geniuses it is difficult to uncover, using

traditional methods, the names of those women who deserve the gratitude of later generations to the same degree as the geniuses themselves, who sometimes do not know themselves to whom they owe the seeds of their works. In due time and in the proper place – outside of the bounds of Enrof, every one of them will learn the truth.

For thousands of years, males and masculine qualities – strength, daring, pride, courage, ambition, cruelty, and competitiveness – have run rampant in humanity. The Spanish have a saying that confounds the mind and is appalling to the conscience: “A man must be savage.” Alas, the people who produced that saying have done their best to live up to it. The barbarity of the conquistadors and the viciousness of the Spanish Inquisition have splashed the pages of world history with such savageness that the evil radiating from them affects souls to this day.

Be that as it may, many other peoples have rivaled the Spaniards in that respect. Millennium after millennium, waves of wars, rebellions, revolutions, persecutions, and savage, merciless reprisals have rolled, and roll today, over the face of the Earth. The countless drops that together form those waves have been male wills and male hearts. People, sometimes, speak of female cruelty. But, for heaven’s sake, were the bloodbaths of the Genghis Khans, the Tamerlanes, and the Napoleons, the agony of torture chambers, the frenzy of the Jacobin terror, the rampages of colonial conquests, or the mass persecutions by the Nazis and other dictatorships – were these horrors initiated and overseen by women? History has witnessed female poisoners, child murderers, killers, ingenious female sadists, but it has not witnessed one woman who left a stamp on history comparable to that left by Tiberius and Nero, Assargadon and Ala ud-Din, Torquemada and Pizarro, the Count of Alba de Liste and Robespierre, Ivan the Terrible and Skuratov, Himmler and Beria.

Shrinking from the horror, driven to seek refuge deep within the family unit, the feminine was saved from extinction only because without it men are as barren as lead, and without women the physical perpetuation of the species is not possible.

To this day, there are cries that women as well as men should be manly. If by manliness we mean courage and determination in the face of life's struggle, then one would, of course, have to agree. But if by womanliness we do not mean a mode of manners and behavior, not affectation and sentimentality, but rather a mixture of emotional warmth, inner delicacy, tenderness, and the ability to sacrifice oneself daily for those one loves, then men as well as women should be womanly. How long must humanity wait for the dawn of an age when a false

understanding of what it is to be a man does not transform men into savage conquerors, into thugs flaunting their own crudity, into beings half-peacock and half-tiger? How long until men are no longer brought up to be ashamed of their own innermost tenderness, which they themselves trample on and suppress? It will be difficult to surmount that age-old complex of conventions, preconceptions, emotional disfigurement, and atavistic instincts, but surmounted it must be. At all costs.

A mysterious event is taking place in the metahistory of contemporary times: new divine-creative energy is emanating into our *bramfatura*. Since ancient times, the loftiest hearts and subtlest minds have anticipated this event that is now taking place. The first link in the chain of events – events so important that they can only be compared to the incarnation of the Planetary Logos – occurred at the turn of the nineteenth century. This was the emanation of the energy of the Virgin Mother, an emanation that was not amorphous, as it had been twice before in human history, but incomparably intensified by the personal aspect it assumed. A great God-born monad descended from the heights of the Universe into Shadanakar. Almost a century later, Vladimir Solovyov was given a glimpse of Raoris – one of the highest planes in our *bramfatura* which She had entered when, on a starry night in the Egyptian desert, he experienced a stunning breach of his consciousness and saw the Great Feminine Being with his own eyes. Zventa-Sventana we call Her, She who is the Brightest and All-Good, the expression of the Feminine Hypostasis of the Trinity. She now abides in Bayushmi, one of the regions that are part of the *sakwala* of the Waves of World Femininity. The long-awaited day approaches when She will descend to one of the great cities in the metacultures. There, She is to be born in a body of enlightened ether, the child of a demiurge and one of the Great Sisters. A host of the loftiest souls from the Elite of Shadanakar will descend with Her into that *zatomis*. There She is our hope and joy, light and divine beauty! For Her birth will be mirrored in our history as something that our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will witness: the founding of the Rose of the World, its spread throughout the world, and, if a terrible human blunder does not hurl us down into the depths of darkness, the assumption by the Rose of the World of supreme authority over the entire Earth.

Oh, that will not yet signify the final victory of the forces of the Light – do not forget the Horsemen of the Apocalypse! Only the historical order of the appearance of the Horsemen does not follow the order foretold on the island of Patmos by the Apostle John. The Black Horseman – the era of feudal hierocracy –

was the first to gallop by. Now the second Horseman, the Red one, is nearing the end of his ride: everyone should be able to guess what is behind that symbol. We wait in anticipation for the White Horseman – the Rose of the World, the golden age of humanity! Nothing will be able to forestall the coming of the last, Pale Horseman: Gagtungr will see the one he has been preparing for so many centuries born in human form. But the era of the Rose of the World will immeasurably reduce the number of spiritual victims. It will succeed in raising a number of generations of the ennobled humanity. It will give spiritual fortitude to millions, even billions, of those wavering. By warning about the coming Antichrist, pointing him out, and unmasking him when he appears, by cultivating unshakeable faith within human hearts and a grasp of the metahistorical perspectives and global spiritual prospects within human minds, it will inure generations and generations against the temptations of the future spawn of darkness.

In Enrof, the birth of Zventa-Sventana (As I have already mentioned, the phonetics of Enrof cannot precisely reproduce the sounds of words in the language of the World Synclite. Each such word has, as it were, a chord of sounds, a chord of meanings, and is accompanied, in addition, by light effects. The approximate meaning of the name “Zventa-Sventana” is “The Brightest of the Bright and the Holiest of the Holy.” The name has a Slavic root, for the zatomis where her birth will take place is connected with peoples predominantly Slavic in origin) in one of the zatomises will be mirrored not only by the Rose of the World. Feminine power and its role in contemporary life is increasing everywhere. It is that circumstance above all that is giving rise to worldwide peace movements, an abhorrence of bloodshed, disillusion over coercive methods of change, an increase in women's role in society proper, an ever-growing tenderness and concern for children, and a burning hunger for beauty and love. We are entering an age when the female soul will become ever purer and broader, when an ever greater number of women will become profound inspirers, sensitive mothers, wise counselors, and far-sighted leaders. It will be an age when the feminine in humanity will manifest itself with unprecedented strength, striking a perfect balance with masculine impulses. See, you who have eyes.

## **Book VII:**

### **On the Metahistory of Ancient Rus'**

#### ***7. 1. Kievan Rus' as a Metahistorical Phenomenon***

I have already defined “suprapeople” but shall do this again: it is a group of nations or nationalities bound with an overarching, jointly created culture physiognomically distinct from others. Ethnicity does not play a significant role here. Suffice it to recall that, among nations comprising a suprapeople, there would immediately stand out the leading one (for example, the Egyptian nation led the peoples of Nubia, Napata, and Meroë which belonged to another ethnic root). Quite the opposite could also happen: several ethnically distinct nations united into one suprapeople switching or sharing the leadership at various points of time (e.g. Hindu, North-Eastern, Far-Eastern, Roman-Catholic supranations).

By and large, overlapping with the centuries-old contours of Russia, our people, rather, belongs to the formation of the first type. The multiethnic origin of the Russian nation is not at odds with this: tellingly, in the course of its history, it has retained its leading or global role in the supranation unlike transferring it to Ukrainians, Belorussians, or peoples of Povolzhye or Siberia. Having been combined of ethnically motley elements, as the people of Egypt had been at its time, the Russian people proved to be, as Egyptians had once done, a prepotent creative force among the smaller ethnic groups conjoining it (I am talking about the past and present. Future may see a different configuration).

This great formation of the last millennium had been predetermined since time immemorial with a creative design of the people-leading hierarchies – the Russian demiurge and Navna. The design first emerged in their consciousness as a vague dream, an image that spellbound their will. It happened so at one time in Rangaraidr, the birthplace of demiurges and Great Sisters. O, Yarosvet was far from resembling “the spirit of blizzards and flame” back then: he was a joyous child of the sun having yet acquired the wisdom of Shadanakar not. If he did foresee the vastness of his obligation, they were just dim foreshadows. Upon observing from afar the emerging summits of other metacultures, creative acts of other demiurges and synclites, he began to realize the stature of his own spirit, the

proportions of his own future creation. The inspirational play of youthfulness helped him gradually realize his duties; this play began to outgrow into a sacred rite, a Creation act when a great man-spirit that had been St. Andrei the First-Called in Enrof a few centuries before endowed Yarosvet with his powers. In the sakwala of demiurges, as though a misty outline of the Heavenly Russia began to take shape. According to the church tradition, Andrei was the first illuminer of our forefathers. It was true in the sense that the life of St. Andrew the Apostle ended in martyrdom in the lands of Scythians at the end of the first century. But the tradition appears to have an echo of the intuitive knowledge that the founder of the Heavenly Russia was precisely that man-spirit that had achieved great powers and heights in the period between his demise and his involvement with Yarosvet's creative acts.

By then, demiurge Yarosvet had already come to realize his duty of marrying the Ideal Collective Soul of the people and of their giving birth to Zventa-Sventana. But the actual forms and scale this ultimately took had been beyond his imagination and what he was readying himself for. He could not foresee that one of his own creations would fatefully revolt against him and become his worst metahistorical rival, usurper, and distorter of his design. Foreboded he not that a constant feud between the opposing hierarchies and himself together with Navna would shape the course of the metahistorical drama of Russia all the way from the eleventh to twenty first century. Lastly, he was yet to acknowledge that the accomplishment of his mission depended on the completion of immense processes in the folds of other cultures, for only a social-political unison of the entire humanity would see its gradual transformation into a single, planetwide brotherhood.

The hour of Navna's descent into the four-dimensional plane arrived somewhat earlier when Yarosvet was still absorbing the creative emanations of the Planetary Logos in Rangaraidr.

Below outspread the boundless wasteland expanses of four-dimensional sakwalas. In the distance, in the East and in the South, towered the emerging colossuses of other, older metacultures. In the West, a cloudy, slowly crystalizing structure with a glistening white peak had already taken shape – the mystical Montsalvat of Germany, England, Burgundy, and Scandinavia. The Byzantine zatomis was flickering and shimmering with gold and purple in the South, and it appeared as though preparing to leave the ground and elevate, as a glistening ark, directly to the foot of the supraheavenly abode of Christ. Yet, the vast expanse facing the



Arctic Ocean remained desertlike. Only translucent puffs of raging elementals were dashing over the untrodden forests and gargantuan rivers of Enrof, and faint condensations of tribal egregors were pulsating here and there amplifying in the open heaths of the South.

Yet, the picture which I have just outlined should not be understood word for word. It is just an intimation, a poetic generalization that largely trivializes the true picture of many sakwalas meeting the gaze of descending Navna. All of them, at the same time, were connected with that sole region of the prehistoric Eurasian continent which bore no layers of great human civilizations. Scarce material vestiges of several vanished tribal groups that had created neither nation, nor script lay in the pristine ground. Forests and heaths of future European Russia appeared capacious enough for gigantic future settlements of human masses with another limitless spatial reserve stretching as far as to the Pacific Ocean. Diverse and plentiful treasures of soil secured the material basis for living for millennia to come. Cradles of older great civilizations were too far away for the future young culture to dissolve into them, and that made possible the task of overcoming the borderline voids with its own nascent genius. Only the demiurge of Byzantium carried on its tragic, leaving-the-ground work, readying to transfer to Yarosvet the weight of tasks which were doomed to remain unaccomplished.

It wasn't just a country but a whole part of the world, and one could easily lose his or her breath – not only that of a human – anticipating the events commensurable with its size.

The purpose of Navna's descent or her second birth in Shadanakar was her gradual clothing in the materiality of the four-dimensional plane where the demiurge and great men-spirits nourishing it had begun to lay down the material (not physical, of course, but etheric) foundations of the Heavenly Russia. Chronologically, this corresponded, in all likelihood, to the eighth-ninth centuries AD, and a slow process in the historical plane began to take shape thenceforth: the formation of tribal unity among the East Slavs.

Should we decide to determine Navna's metaetheric age in that historical epoch by way of progression of human life, in our usual language we would call it the transition from childhood to adolescence<sup>1</sup>. Mother Earth was nurturing her, and the souls of the elementals, rough and tender alike, entered, one after another, the emerging zatomis of Holy Russia, endowing the streamy-breezy substance of Navna with their shimmering filaments. The state of Navna at that time was

marked with the wholesomeness of primal harmony, the childlike joy of relishing the first physical incarnation. Her womanly premonitions of the future calamities were palliated with the memories of her supraheavenly birthplace Rangaraidr and the anticipation of her brother-friend-bridegroom's arrival from thence. Both in the Heavenly Russia and the earthly Russia could be felt his distant yet unflinchingly riveted, omnipresent gaze. While Navna barely started trickling the folk consciousness with vague childish reflections of the surrounding elementals, the mind of the demiurge clarified, delineated, and defined those images crystallizing them into the names of Slavic deities: Perun, Yarilo, Stribog, Lada.

Historians call this intersecting influence of the demiurge and the Ideal Collective Soul as mythology, religion, art, and daily rounds of life of the Early Slavs, in sum, everything that our notions of spiritual and material culture now encompass.

An event anthropomorphically translated into our language as Yarosvet's first appearance in the Heavenly Russia and his meeting with Navna there, took place in the tenth century AD. The storm this stirred in the metahistorical world is hard to put into words as the very notion "joyous storm" would seem rather contrived. It was a downpour of metaetheric and astral streams not unlike gurgling waterfalls of light. Accompanying the demiurge were jubilant men-spirits descending from Iroln and inflowing from other metacultures – those who, with the lapse of time, were to incarnate in the Russian land carrying invisible crowns of kin-guardians<sup>2</sup>, saints, geniuses, and heroes. The elementals were welcoming Yarosvet as a messenger of God and prepotent creator who was poised to create something among, with, and above them, something that was beyond their comprehension yet inspiring inexplicable awe and delight in their souls. Navna received him in the

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<sup>1</sup> Just to be clear, the periods of aging as superimposed on hierarchies of suprapeoples not only have a duration exceeding the corresponding human periods by multiple tens of times but also do not match their usual proportions. In particular, their adolescence is synchronous with rather long periods of history, and they reach their prime when the corresponding people has already played its role in Enrof so as to continue its becoming and creative works in the uppermost planes of the metaculture. For instance, the hierarchies of Ancient Egypt, Babylonia, classical antiquity, let alone Gondwana and Atlantis have now reached their full maturity.

<sup>2</sup> Here it refers to historical figures who have a powerful and benign effect on the fate of a people or state and are ruled in their actions by the inspiration of the hierarchies that guide that people.

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blissful forest expanses of Holy Russia as the much-awaited betrothed.

In some of the sacraments and rituals which our religions have as, for example, the sacrament of matrimony that all peoples, in one or another form, are familiar with, we humans create semblances of the events that had first happened with the people-leading hierarchies. This kind of sacrament between Yarosvet and Navna was still shimmering from the faraway future though the joy of their meeting appeared to them as wedding-like. In actuality, following their meeting was another event, another sacrament, and its similitude in humanity can only be found in the Christian cult that includes Holy Communion as its pivotal point.

It was their communion with the God-Son crucified in the living World matter for as long as the demonic principle continues to exist in the universe – in that flesh animated by Him which the bread and wine we take mysterially signify. It took place not in the Heavenly Russia that, at the time, wasn't yet ready but in the great Byzantine zatomis. The demiurge of Byzantium unveiled the rows of the upper heavens; Yarosvet and Navna came to behold the uppermost extent of the Christian Transmyth and, through Heavenly Jerusalem, entered into conversation with God. Thus happened their first meeting in Shadanakar with the One who only God-born monads could face. Thus the demiurge of Byzantium allowed them into his deepest secret – the one that, in human life forms, he duly materialized not. And so, he was passing it down upon them as to his successors.

The historical failure of all three forms of Christianity lies, as is known, in the fact that Catholicism, Byzantine Orthodoxy, and, later, Protestant churches remained only churches, each with a small “c”, not capital at that. Sad and astonishing is the aberration of the consciousness of some of the church members who mistake these institutions for a cosmic mystical unity. It shows a shift in perspective, the confusion between the hoped-for and the real, the distortion of times and terms, and, even worse, the deflation and distortion of the very ideal.

In our bramfatura, human churches are quite idiosyncratic phenomena. With their summits reaching the threshold of the World Salvaterra, in Enrof they exist as secluded aggregates resting upon limited spaces within culture, within statehood, within daily rounds of life, within human soul.

The drama of historical Christianity lies in the fact that it did not approximate the ideal societal organization capable of expressing and materializing the behest of Christianity, its mystical and ethical dimensions. The cause of this, again, is rooted in the interruption of Jesus Christ's mission by Gagtungr. Yet, churches and

human fellowships are to blame for the lack of serious, earnest, and pure aspirations in this direction. For whereas Catholicism with its attempts to replace the Kingdom of God with hierocracy fell under the power – fortunately, only for a time – of one of the most dreadful infraphysical vampires in world history, Orthodox Christianity, by having taken, as Dostoevsky put it, “a corner in the state”, withdrew from this task altogether. This task, being one of the most critical if not the most critical task that humanity ever saw, was now being passed down, as immensely burdensome and perilous as it was, upon the hierarchies of the Russian metaculture.

This was mirrored in historical reality as the act of so-called *Christianization of Rus'*. To really comprehend the vastness of historical and metahistorical consequences precipitated by this decision of Prince Vladimir, it suffices to ponder the odds of adopting Catholicism, Islam or even Khazar Judaism by the young Russian suprapeople. What a grotesquely distorted, almost ludicrous future would have been brought to life had one of these religions been preferred. Suggesting itself but, unfortunately, going beyond the narrative of this book is an extended monographic chapter about Prince Vladimir Svyatoslavovich, a figure of truly tremendous stature. He still remains underappreciated because his epoch is too distant and poorly studied and owing to the predawn-twilight glow from which the figure of this ruler towers at the beginnings of our history. Perhaps, only metahistorical contemplation and reflection would reveal the true significance of the one revered, loved, and glorified across centuries by the people that had given him one of the warmest and tenderest nicknames that the world history has ever known (the nickname is barely translatable into other languages as, it appears, only in Russian can the sun be referred to so endearingly): *Krasno Solnyshko* (“Fair Sunshine”, *translator's note*). In any event, the Christianization of Rus' was brought about by Prince Vladimir almost single-handedly, and it was an entirely providential act whatever primitive and extraneous motives were living in the reformer's consciousness.

This involution<sup>3</sup> of Yarosvet began in the tenth century and was rapidly marked with the emergence of a host of remarkable historical names in Vladimir's wake: Yaroslav the Wise, Nestor the Chronicler, Antonia and Theodosia Pecherskiye followed by Vladimir Monomakh. These future men-spirits who descended into the Heavenly Russia when it was just founded had been led since then by the demiurge into Enrof for accomplishing special missions, those of the saints and kin-guardians.

As is always the case with big collectives, that other-material formation, the so-called egregor which semblances have already been touched upon in the chapter on the middle layers of Shadanakar, was radiating and shimmering. Generated by the psychic emanations of people associated with statehood, the egregor possessed a kind of consciousness and, charged with volition, had an independent life shaping to a great extent the state activities of each successive generation of the Russian people.

Not having her own monad, karossa Dingra, one of Lilith's manifestations, was the last in the hierarchies largely involved in the genesis of the Russian people. Having expanded her activities to the boundaries of the nation and, later, to the suprapeople which materiality she was to regenerate and strengthen, karossa Dingra played her providential role, and, perhaps, thus exhausted her positive influence.

Primarily, karossa's sphere is narrowed down to the people's sexual life. She participates in every act of human coition and conception. Hers are the keys from the opposite sexes' mutual lusting. Yet, bearing the accursed yetzerhara, she is inclined to overflow beyond her legitimate bounds and subdue all phenomena crossing her attention sweeping other impulses of the folk soul with waves of sexuality. The phallic orgasm of antiquity which, though now devoid of its religious and mystical coloration, still manifests in some folk festivities, is the most vivid outpouring of Dingra, Russia's "All-People Aphrodite". As for weddings, convivial gatherings, springtime, and other orgiastic celebrations, merrymakings, and rites of the pre-Christian era, they had risen in Rus' precisely as waves spreading from Dingra's billowing invisible veils, as echoes of her heavy dancing moves, as reflections of her fiery glance riveted into the people's body and into the body of each and every human. In Russia, Christianity came to grips with the karossa from the very inception, overtly and covertly, with its

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<sup>3</sup> To involtate – to influence the human consciousnesses and willpower, at times the consciousness of other living beings, through the subconsciousness so as to inspire certain desires and actions into a person which then are apprehended as his or her own. Sometimes, the involtated not only carries out the inspired actions as if voluntarily but also finds reasonable explanations and noble goals for them. The source of involtation can be a human being, light and dark hierarchies alike, egregor, and so on.

Involtation (noun) – the action of involtating or of being involtated.

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decided “no” to any mysticism of sex, thus having driven her underground. There, disfigured with tight boundaries, she gained a smothery and foul touch culminating in fornications of Khlysts and other zealotic sects. In some other, especially in ancient cultures, activities of karosses transpired well to the surface of people’s lives, and these creatures’ shadows reached the consciousness of the myth-generating and religio-creative layers of the suprapeople molding into the images of goddesses – patronesses of love, marriage, and child-bearing. Clearly, whenever the worshiping of these goddesses had a mix of orgasm, whenever the task of procreation was overridden with uncontrollable sensuality, the influence of karosses was tinged and even blanketed with the viscous and depraving influences of Duggur.

The activization of forces of the Light always evokes the counter-activization of the Antigod, which is a seeming inevitability of this eon. Could the Antigod and his worlds have possibly remained indifferent, passively witnessing fresh forces entering the metahistorical stage, the forces which ultimate goal was in overcoming the demonic clutch over the human world? Hence the struggle of the infraphysical camp against Navna, Yarosvet, and Dingra – a blind yet necessary participant in the metahistorical process – took several forms.

If one follows the main trajectories of the movement, the major events in the history of Kievan Rus’, he or she would easily discern two fundamental factors jeopardizing the formation of the young nation. Vladimir was able to ascend to the Kievan throne only after a slaughterous feud. No sooner had he died, the whole country was shattered with power struggles and the fratricides of Svyatopolk the Accursed. After a short pause during the reign of Yaroslav the Wise, there followed a new wave of feuds under Iziaslav I spiraling down into a two-century princely discord with only a few brief intermissions. Not only did this discord that had bathed fields of the country in blood erode the physical being but also the etheric substance of the suprapeople whose spiritual development was painfully and perilously arrested. Thus came to the surface of history a great she-predator, extinguisher of beacons and hearths, multiplier of sufferings – Velga of Russia. In a human being, she totally unseals the base instincts of destruction and defilement. She pulls in the shreds of decomposed human etheric and astral bodies. She is a whirl-like aggregation of a great many tiny infraphysical entities inspiring anarchy in battle fields and places of execution.

Velgas had appeared within the confines of Shadanakar together with the majority of other demonic monads, that is to say, from the very beginning. What bears

more importance for a historian is another indisputable fact: each velga is the polar opposite of the Ideal Collective Soul, and she seeks to pull the etheric-astral substance of the suprapeople into the realm of demonic materiality.

The second form of the Antigod's and his worlds' struggle against the light-filled dyad and Dingra is attempting to annihilate or emaciate them with attacks from without. Historically, these attempts were mirrored as invasions of Pechenegs, Polovtsians, and, finally, Tatars in the Velga-riven Kievan state. Is it so hard to see through these shadows, these armies and hordes scurrying across the steppes of Povolzhye, Don, and Dnepr, to see those who had cast these shadows in the first place: the hardened egregors of steppe tribes, ever rumbling, ever seething, incapable of molding into robust, creative organisms of history? – This mode of the Antigod's malign activity will branch out into the far future jeopardizing the very existence of the country in the times of Tatar, Polish, French, German invasions. As for Velga, her acts would take form of nationwide domestic upheavals in the Time of Troubles and the Great Revolution.

Despite unfavorable metahistorical conditions, Yarosvet attempted to manifest his young genius in eleventh-twelfth centuries AD. The demiurge of Byzantium was still patronizing him, the consequence of which was the so-called "Byzantine influence" or "Byzantine tradition" in the historical reality. As is with any creativity within traditional bounds which does not require as much boldness and spiritual foresight, there are always more actors than innovators therein. Most importantly, the influence of Yarosvet himself became hardly distinguishable from that of the Christian Transmyth at the time as he had partaken of its reality. Partaken of but not confined within it as some part that was vocal in the pre-Christian culture and wasn't totally absorbed by the Transmyth kept on living, though not as strongly pronounced.

The Christian Myth was vigorously pouring into the consciousness of the people attracting and enrapturing their hearts with the images of the Almighty, the Blessed Virgin, and saints that had once ascended to the heights of righteousness from the dark depths of Jewry and Byzantium. Shrines of Jerusalem and Athos, traders from Constantinople emanated white rays that warmed souls and accustomed them to the joys of Orthodox creativity: monastic doing, imitating the lives of saints, spiritual graces, humility, temple-building, fasting. At the same time, from thence also came incessant warnings, the terror of the worlds of retribution, all the more frightening as no purgatory would have alleviated the weight of the otherworldly retribution in the Byzantine metaculture.

To the far corners of the culture, to the grass-roots, to serfs was relegated the ancient Slavic worldview. Yet, vast forests safely kept in their depths the connection between human beings and the elementals. Conjurings of wizards, merrymakings celebrating creative forces, rites connecting man with invisible dwellers and masters of Nature thereby continued to exist. Austere ascetism could have never become a guiding principle for the masses in world history; it didn't happen then either. Life placed the very same demands: procreation, caring for family, protecting the country from the onslaughts of steppe nomads. However hard the monks prayed in their monasteries, these prayers did not free the multitudes of people from their military duties, daily toil, murderous raids of the Polovtsians as well as the joys of a passionate, full-blooded life rewarding for it all. Thus had been laid the foundations of the dual faith that did not vanished from Russia till the twentieth century.

The first literary landmark of the suprapeople hierarchies' inspiration remains "The Tale of Igor's Campaign" – a work totally divorced from the Byzantine tradition and the Christian Transmyth in general. Devoid of ascetism and humility, manful intonations of the poem resembling the crisp and pure ringing of the damask steel, gleams of non-Christian beliefs flashing here and there at its somber horizon, the very theme of this work reveal the direct infusion of Yarosvet's inspirational powers into the creator. A waft from Navna, light and translucent as a bridal veil, clothes the highly chivalrous essence of the poem with a subtle musicality culminating poignantly in lamentations of Yaroslavna on the town wall.

In this poem, the inspirations were molded into highly artistic images. As these images proved viable, we can conclude that real life provided material for them and, consequently, these inspirations manifested in relationships, psychology, daily life of masses of people. The author of "The Tale" who came under the downpourings of the inspiration was the prince's retainer, a poet of genius, that is, a poet "possessed" by a daemon. As for the epic tales of the Kiev and Novgorod cycles, one may feel that the very downpourings of inspiration were received by a man from the masses, an anonymous creator of the cruder art or folklore.

Somebody would say: what do high inspirations have to do with the primitiveness and crudeness of epic poems? And one may respond: what other qualities but these would distinguish the creative works of the masses from those of a highly cultured master? The simplicity and primitiveness of the epic poetry do not give the lie to the fact of inspiration; they only show that, albeit muddled and weakened, it entered the dense layers of the masses' psyche.



Gradually, it began to color in peculiar ways the arts closely associated with the Myth of Christianity. This is well traceable in icons and frescoes, those of Kiev, Suzdal, and, especially, Novgorod. Iconic images of the Novgorod school sometimes astonish with their vibrant dynamism and bold, nearly modern acuity which were completely foreign, even antagonistic to the Byzantine tradition with its statue-like rigidity. Unfortunately, in this book I can only outline a number of specialized topics needing elaboration. A few of such topics are laid in each and every chapter, and I can only regret the scantiness of my remaining days. Whereas, for the most part, national spiritual intuition in many other metacultures expressed its knowledge of the *zatomises* in form of legends, Russia began manifesting its spiritual insights into its heavenly prototype and twin – the Heavenly Russia – in terms of another art, namely architecture. From the eleventh to thirteenth century, all hotbeds of Russian spiritual and, especially, religious life aimed to develop, perfect, and replicate, with an astonishing consistency, one and the same image. More specifically, it was an architectural ensemble with a big white crystal in the center – a white cathedral with golden domes and a pillar-like bell tower encircled with a host of chapels and little churches, often multicolored but almost invariably gold-domed; the next ring saw palaties (Russian stone houses, *t/n*), services, and residential wooden houses, with the outmost rim featuring sturdy protective walls dotted with towers. A river meander was at their feet.

This motif first emerged over Dnepr in the beginning of the eleventh century to be rapidly replicated over Volkhov with its variations growing in numbers: in Pskov, Smolensk, Vladimir, Pereyaslavl, Chernigov, Rostov, Kolomna, Nizhniy Novgorod, Ustyug, Troitse-Sergiev, in big and small towns or in townless places, in a host of monasteries and kremlins. It would reach its apotheosis in the Moscow Kremlin in the epoch to follow.

This is worth reflecting upon. This phenomenon would hardly be sufficiently explained just in military-political, technical, or even cultural terms. Other countries located in similar geographical conditions, say, in feudal times, and, if I may say so, having similar religious climates had created completely different mystical art symbols, different aesthetical patterns and architectural canons in particular. Far from everywhere the architectural ensemble outgrew into the prime symbol, a synthetic reflection of the transmyth, a stone semblance of “the Sought-for City”. It came to symbolize this in Egypt, Babylonia, India, and some other Buddhist countries, in Athens but not in Iran, nor Japan, nor in the North American Indian culture; even in medieval abbeys it hardly bore the same

significance. Evidently, we are concerned here with the irrational factor, perhaps, the suprapeople's spiritual taste. The roots of this taste lead to unfathomable depths, to the patterns and regularities connecting the suprapeople to the upper-standing second reality.

Meanwhile, the epoch that had seen the crystallization of this image was becoming less and less favorable with each successive generation.

Should we decide, by analogy, to superimpose the three states of matter in our layer of reality – solid, liquid, and gaseous – onto other-material worlds, we will see that the state of the Eastern Slavs' egregor in the metahistorical picture of Kievan Rus' would resemble a rarified fog outspreading over the country of which blurred outlines were slowly emerging. Tornado-like vortices of Velga ripped this formation at its various parts every so often while onslaughts of Polovtsian, Lithuanian, and Polish egregors constantly changed its outlines shattering its whole being and severing some of its fragments into a flawed, illusively independent existence.

It was a feeble being capable of effectively resisting neither Velga, nor the steppe tribes' egregors.

In the thirteenth century, Gagtungr charged the emaciated Russian egregor with a dark-ether massive monster: the belligerent witzraor of the Mongolian tribes. I know not whether it was a fatal mistake of the Far East demiurge or if some other reasons had brought it to life, but its growth was remarkably rapid, and its avarice – unquenchable. The all too young Mongolian metaculture which synclite had been just emerging was an easy prey for this creature now being pulled into the vortex of the Antigod's metahistorical schemes. The demonic mind was playing a foolproof game: either the Russian metaculture would have been crushed by a more powerful enemy, or Yarosvet would have had to repel the Mongolian witzraor with a similar monster so as to save the very physical existence of the Russian people. This was the first mighty blow Gagtungr threw at Russia, and this was precisely that metahistorical event lying behind the first major catastrophe in our history – the invasion of the Tatars.

There could be different estimates, and historians do evaluate differently the scale of socio-political, cultural, and moral damage inflicted by the Tatar yoke upon Russia. Looking at the events from the metahistorical angle, we can only complement the tenets of historical science with the following indication: the influence of Velga in the princes' boisterous discords cleared the way for a

mightier force, and both these clusters of forces were, ultimately, the manifestation of the very infraphysical hierarchy's will at that. What had been shattered by Velga was to be further crushed by the Mongolian witzraor. Had he not succeeded fully in that, there would have been another instrument in store to pursue his activities in other times with other methods: the black kernel in the being of the future Russian witzraor.

Indeed: hammered by the Mongolian monster, the Russian egregor was smashed, half-shredded, and barely alive having a long way to mend. Karossa Dingra suffered a damage comparable to bleeding if translated into physical terms. As for Yarosvet, he was defeated in the battle with the Mongolian giant on the borders of Holy Russia; the young, frail, and small-in-numbers synclite hardly preserved from destruction the most dearly held sanctuaries of its heavenly country.

Having been saved by the demiurge, Navna was removed from the ravaged southern region of Holy Russia into unreachable pristine lands corresponding to the deep boreal forests in Enrof. Misty condensations of the wounded, half-shredded egregor clothed her in beggarly tatters in her new dwelling. The enemy's onslaught did not remit: the satiated Velga had crawled back into her Gashsharva, but the Mongolian witzraor swept every so often across the heavenly country like a tornado putting out lights, drying up metaetheric wellsprings while, at the same time, dispersing the living material substance of the suprapeople in Russia that forms the etheric bodies of each and every one of its member and which is essential to life in Enrof overall and of every human being in particular. It was becoming clear that the fulfilment of the tasks for which the light-filled dyad had taken their etheric incarnation was impossible until Dingra would regenerate the people's flesh; until Gagtungr's mighty instrument would be countered with an opponent from the same existential plane: a powerful demon of statehood. The demiurge of the suprapeople was faced with a choice: either to create a leviathan-like state in Enrof, hence allowing the Russian shrastr inhabited with igvas to emerge; or to withdraw from his mission on the Earth. He chose the former.

Evidently, the demiurge who still saw the coexistence of the ideal societal organization with the state as a viable possibility had realized the utmost necessity of the latter – the state was essential, and by all means it had to be very powerful as it was the only way the suprapeople could protect its very physical existence, whether it be protection from centrifugal forces from within like Velga's encroachments or invasions from without like the Mongolian witzraor at that time or from somebody else in the future. Only God knows if Yarosvet's idea of a

strong state being a major prerequisite was merging into his designs for the ideal societal organization, a would-be fruit of his future marriage with Navna. Did he understand with full clarity that by having descended to karossa Dingra as the father of their mutual child, begetting a witzraor from her, and dooming Navna to captivity in the massif of the coming statehood, he had delayed the day of his and Navna's wedding to unimaginably distant times? Be that as it may, karossa Dingra begot the first of Russia's witzraors carrying in him, together with the mother's blood, the accursed yetzerhara. Isn't it clear what it all meant?

The molder of the physical substance of the suprapeople gave birth to the demon of "greatpoweriness" from two principles: the suprapeople's demiurge from one side and the one who had once intruded into the flesh of the elemental Lilith, Gagtungr, from the other. Thus, yetzerhara was to become a curse of sorts weighing upon the Russian statehood and fatally distorting the Russian people's implementation of its global mission.

Could Yarosvet have possibly avoided having the demon of "greatpoweriness" born? Could he have protected the physical existence of the suprapeople in some other way? Didn't other cultures' examples show witzraors as unavoidably taking part in all metahistorical processes and being their indispensable evil and inner contradiction?

That is why Gagtungr had seen to the birth of this transphysical race of monsters in Babylonia. A chain reaction of sorts ensued: every demiurge in his metaculture was forced to counter the fierce malicious enemy with exactly the same defender. In his turn, the defender outgrew into a rapacious predator thereby spurring demiurges from neighboring metacultures to do likewise. Nowadays, only small nations forming parts of a suprapeople, unlike the suprapeople itself, do not have their own witzraors. From the times of Babylonia, there have not been metacultures without them.

As for Yarosvet, his infatuation with his dream prevented him from paying heed to the laws of perspective in the world of the new historical reality. He could not yet draw a clear line of distinction between the real statehood and the ideal societal organization between creating a state and the ultimate goal of his marriage. Only painful life experience along with acts of creativity could give the demiurge the wisdom to separate the near from the faraway, the then feasible from due limitations. The very nature of statehood was yet to be comprehended by him, and he was barely aware of the irreconcilability between the dominating principle of

statehood and the ideal societal organization. Nor did he understand that this societal organization could be established only in the far future when the physical preservation of the suprapeople would be warranted with humanity's unification into a single monolith.

The matter is that the societal organization can be of different types, and to differentiate across them is essential. The attached table outlines only several major types and, certainly, is far from exhausting all the variety of them including some transitory or vague forms.

1. Liquid statehood: rudimentarily centralized state power; constant clashes among weakly organized constituents; a great weight of tribal egregors and vampirical formations like Velga; the influence of the rather youthful dyad of the suprapeople primarily upon the ethical and religious aspects of consciousness.

Examples: Egypt in times of the nomes, Vedic India, Polis Greece, the European Middle Ages.

2. Solid-viscous statehood, rather malleable to the transformational work: limitation of tyrannical tendencies through the equilibrium of socio-political forces; the guidance of state is carried out by the demiurge through egregors; his marriage with the Ideal Collective Soul.

Examples: pre-Tutankhamun Egypt, Buddhist states of India and Southeast Asia, Tan and Sun empires of China, Athens in the time of Pericles.

3. Extremely solid statehood: a despotic state-colossus; the tyranny of the demon of greatpowerness; a highly limited etheric incarnation of the Collective Soul, that is, her entrapment in the massif of statehood; at the end of this stage or sometimes earlier, the demiurge revokes his sanction off the demon of statehood.

Examples: great tyrannical empires, Assyria, Carthage, Rome, Baghdad, empires of Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, the sixteenth century Spain, Great Britain of eighteenth-nineteenth centuries, Napoleon's empire, the state of Hitler, and so on.

4. Hierocracy: the captivation of state-creating forces by the church egregor; either its outgrowing into a witzraor-like vampirical creature having global claims along with the lodging out of the egregor sakwala into Gashsharva (papacy at the end of the Middle Ages), or self-isolation within ethnical boundaries while draining the inner wellsprings (Tibet). In the former case, the dyad of the suprapeople and synclite would fight with it, even if it is the distorted Global Religion Myth. In the

latter, the light-filled dyad would be limited within the infraphysical bounds of the metaculture from one side and the forces of the Highest Transmyth of the Global Religion from the other.

5. Fragmentation of a single suprapeople into a host of solid state units: development of local forces that have broken free from the hierarchies' control; weakening of the creative powers of the former; the state of the Collective Soul not unlike that of a serious ailment.

Examples: the Mediterranean in fourth-fifth centuries AD, Muslim countries after the Khalifate, Germany after the Thirty Years' War.

6. Subjugation by another people: the societal organization is exploited by other hierarchies for their own purposes unrelated to the given suprapeople; the Collective Soul's state equivalent to enslavement.

7. Statehood of a moderate type given the socio-ethical maturity of the suprapeople and no external threat: subordination of the state principle is directly given over to the demiurge; the beginnings of the non-violence principle; a possibility of preparation for the ideal societal organization opening up to the hierarchies; the Collective Soul being the demiurge's wife.

Examples: at the moment, this type has been achieved only by few small countries, Scandinavia and Switzerland being the purest examples. It is hoped that this type will reach the suprapeople scale in the future which is the only possible way for the suprapeople's metacultural fruits to ripen.

8. Inter-suprapeople unions: a transitory statehood form of the planetary union conceivable only theoretically at present; co-creativity of demiurges.

9. The ideal societal organization the abolition of statehood; transformation of the state system of humanity into brotherhood; the ideal organization of society as the only vessel for the etheric expression of Eternal Femininity being brought into the world by the hierarchies.

What has now become clear could not have been as evident to the demiurge a thousand years ago. His union with Dingra and the witzraor's birth erected a long lasting barrier between Yarosvet and Navna. Although the multifold significance of what had happened was beyond the demiurge's foresight, it was becoming clear that the barrier would ultimately fall, and that their marriage would see a creative materialization of their task only upon redeeming the committed mistake or, in

other words, when its consequences would come to a close; the formidable longevity of this redemption was beginning to dawn. What had been done came as a major stimulus to his spiritual maturation. The first collision with the archenemy of the citadel of the Light revealed the whole depth of the world duality to the demiurge, the insolubility of which he had not comprehended before. He was beset with poignant grief, an all too natural outcome of realizing the first great failure in life; only then he began to understand the tragedy of the demiurge of Byzantium and a looming possibility of his own collapse but on a much greater, global scale.

This state was aggravated by the fact that the witzraor's birth and childhood apparently justified the means: the demon of statehood proved to be a potent force in the suprapeople's fights with Velga and foreign witzraors.

The area of the most powerful inspirations of the First Zhrugr in Enrof was bound to a certain geographical location, on the banks of the Moskva River, and it became a focal point for the concentration and cultivation of the powers of metacultural and historical self-defense.

It was one of those rarest periods (in the life of every people) when forces varying in their very essence, hierarchical levels, and purpose became interlaced in the common work.

A process worth an in-depth contemplation by a metahistorian is one of those that made possible the emergence of personalities like Alexander Nevsky whose wisdom was bolstered by the demiurge, the purity of his intentions was preserved by Navna, the lineage of his successors was arranged by the mold of the people's flesh, the demon of statehood reinforced his sword, and the powers of the Christian Transmyth safeguarded him with its veil, woven from the light ether of the people's prayers, the martyrdom of those killed in the battles with or in the Tatar Horde, and the spiritual doings of church beacons. It's no coincidence that his death had sent ripples of grief across the whole country, and the most uncompromising movements of the national spirit would see this kin-guardian as their faraway predecessor in times to come.

Never again (this concerns the first witzraor) would the historical facts show as clearly the demiurge's patronage over this demon as in the ardent support coming from the shepherds of Russia – the church leaders – to the grand princes of Moscow; in the justification of the gathering of Russian lands as a supreme national-religious and moral goal and all-Russia movement as though blessed with the gonfalon of the church authority. This host of phenomena reflected in the

activities of the great Moscow patriarchs culminated in the blessing of Dmitry Donskoy for his battle with the Tatars by the greatest beacon of that time and in the personality of monk Peresvet who started the Kulikovo Battle by having wrestled with a Tatar athlete.

When the geographic center of the Russian metaculture was localized, it was only natural and inevitable for this national spiritual hotbed and citadel of statehood to be completed with a physical semblance of the crown of the suprapeople's Transmyth: the physical Kremlin. Daemons and other forces of the demiurge were being sent down to inspire the souls, minds, and willpower of the Moscow princes and metropolitans, monks and boyars, architects and icon-painters, celebrated and anonymous alike – these forces revealed to them those images of the Heavenly Russia and Fongaranda which were to be reflected in stone and brick. And this reflection began to emerge: slowly, laboriously, from year to year, from century to century, becoming more burdensome, haphazard, constantly being rebuilt, distorted with contingencies, crippled with fires, foreign invasions and the arbitrariness of authorities, with a golden diadem of tsardom on the head and with a brand of slavery and martyrdom wounds – on the face... yet, the most magnificent of all given the spiritual and material level of the medieval Russia.

## ***7.2. The Christian Myth and Pre-Russianism***

A more or less thorough scrutiny of a comprehensive, immensely broad and complex question of the metahistorical significance of the Orthodox Church, let alone the entire Christian Myth is a topic worth of a voluminous work or even a whole series of works. But it is clear and only natural that the inner mystical life of the Russian Church was shaped by its connection with the Christian Transmyth and those hierarchies and beings, cosmic and planetary alike, that had been revered by the Russian Church: with the Logos, Holy Mary, angelic hosts, and great spiritual figures of the all-Christian and Byzantine past. The height of their standing made it possible for them to actively help those below, in the concrete historical reality of Enrof, from zatomises, Heavenly Jerusalem, and the Synclite of Humanity.

Across many centuries, the Christian Myth had been permeating and enveloping the life of the Russian society manifesting by far in all spheres of the culture – from “wordage weaving”, the art of the written word as it was seen back then, to



the crockery and clothing ornaments. But the analysis would easily reveal a great many images, saturating the arts and aesthetical canons, developed in those times that would show connection neither to the ideology nor the pantheon of Christianity.

Herbal patterns on fabrics and candle holders are as far away from the Christian Myth in its pure form as the Firebird of our tales, warrior heroes of our epic poems, architectural singularities of our terems (tower houses, *translator's note*) or the stylized cockerels and fabulous animals decorating stoves, spinning-wheels, and crests of izbas (wooden cabins, *t/n*) are. This layer of images can be most certainly traced back to the pre-Christian world outlook, to the rudimentary and hardly ever elaborated Slavic mythology. Importantly, this world outlook manifested in the seventeenth century just in the same way as it had been in the twelfth; it was no longer noticeable or, rather, changed its look altogether only in the twentieth century. It had never been overcome or assimilated by the Christian Myth. Something else happened: a parallel coexistence of two world outlooks having two separate domains of manifestation. One of them, specifically the Christian, rapidly acquired prominence as the all-state and all-people circle of ideas, having ousted its competitor from a host of life domains, primarily – from the generalizing and systemizing thought. The other one blended with folklore, the grass-roots and applied arts, folk rites and conjurations, daily rounds of life but had never risen to the level of philosophical or, more broadly, ideological generalizations.

On the other hand, its phenomenal resilience and hardiness are truly astonishing. To a metahistorian, the resilience itself should come as an indication that this worldview wasn't rooted in the haphazard, casual components of the people's psyche but, rather, in something intrinsically woven into it. If we are dealing with psyche components, organic and inalienable, it is always an evidence of the hierarchies' creative manifestations, for everything in a people that bears no trace of their workings, turns out short-lived, superficial, ephemeral. Concerning that aspect of the topic in question related to procreation, everything that showed the heightened level and intensity of sexuality is evidently touched with the muddy, heated, restlessly fluttering substance of karossa Dingra. As a matter of fact, there could have been no other outlet for her manifestations in a Christian country. Yet, another layer, primarily aesthetical, clearly shows in this world outlook. The joy of creativity which those artists and masters experienced while creating their ornaments, their tales and terems come flooding straight into our souls as we come

in contact with them; the love for the world, nature, and the elementals that permeated them bears witness not of the karossa but, rather, of the demiurge breezing in the souls of these creators.

This world outlook (as we are talking about the Russian national past) has now to be recovered from under the layers of the Christian Myth, either through the help of a thorough scientific analysis or by means of metahistorical contemplation and reflection. I would call this world outlook “pre-Russianism”.

Essentially, pre-Russianism is nothing but the first stage of the development of the Russian suprapeople’s Myth.

Taken alone, the Transmyth of Christianity is not and cannot be at odds with the transmyths of suprapeoples; is not and cannot be in confrontation with them. Quite the opposite: the World Salvaterra, all permeated with the powers of the Logos and Virgin Mary, that is, with the uppermost reality of the Christian Transmyth, remains, at the same time, the summit of summits dimly shining through the transmyths of suprapeoples. Historical prospects for the future would have been grim and joyless had not they been illuminated with such a hope for the future worldview wherein the Christian Myth would mutually complement other suprapeoples’ myths all merging into a harmonious whole. Yet, in the historical past the already ripe Christian Transmyth had as though eclipsed the barely emerging Myth of the Russian suprapeople. Eclipse it did as, like all historical churches with their flawed narrowness, it strived to promote its own religious aspect of the world as the only and universal truth excluding the very possibility of an alternative.

Whatever reverence a metahistorian may subjectively feel toward the Christian Myth, however highly he may value its role in the cultural history of Russia, he or she would hardly forego the feeling of grief and regret, even some unconscious resentment while studying any of the medieval Russia’s arts. He or she would feel that those sprouts of the intrinsically national world outlook that had attempted to manifest themselves, at least through arts were frost-bitten and stifled.

The overarching formula was “The world lies in wickedness”. Hence the love for it, the childlike vivacity, sunshiny mirth, and spontaneity barely dared to reveal themselves in the vivid colors of the homeware, in the fairy-talish and toy-like, I would say, laughing style of glazed tiles and engravings, in the backdrops of icons where flowers, celestial bodies, and fabulous animals create a stunning setting emanating a touchingly pure, pantheistic love for the world.

The monastic ascetism was weighing down. Hence the creative acts of Dingra were relegated to the lower crust, to the very bottom of human life. The contact between spirituality and the physical aspect of love seemed a profanity. On a wedding night, icons were thoroughly curtained, for love, even hallowed with the sacrament of marriage, was a sin.

Overlordship was the Christian pantheon. Hence a soul, sensitive to the emanations coming from the hierarchies of the suprapeople and the elementals, dared not even to grow cognizant of their existence, which had no place in the Christian pantheon and was not sanctified by the church authorities. The precepts for the knowledge of God and the knowledge of the world were exhausted with the Old and New Testaments; any independent thought process was deemed as suspicious, if not heretical.

Art was largely seen as a “satellite” way of expressing the very truths of the Christian Myth. Therefore, secular art could not take shape, sculpture was seen as heathenry, poetry languished in the bounds of folklore, dancing was barely tolerated even as decorous *khoroovods* (circle dances, *t/n*), and sprouts of drama were mercilessly uprooted.

Having crossed-checked all this, it would be interesting to take a look at an art form in the artifacts of which pre-Russianism and the Christian Myth had been able to coexist alongside as though having divided the territory between themselves and keeping nearly apart even mechanically, while, strangely enough, complementing each other. I am referring to some schools of church architecture, from tent-shaped temples to so-called “Naryshkin Baroque”. The singularity of those artifacts that is most vividly seen, perhaps, in St. Basil’s Cathedral, is particularly stunning in the contrast between the exterior and interior. Turning your soul into all smiles, the contagious vivacity of these motley onions (onion-shaped domes, *t/n*) and pot-bellied uprights, these walls made into fairy-tale like gardens with merry patternworks from one side... But, once inside, you enter as though into a different culture which, strikingly, remains almost as Russian: barred little windows, narrow shutters, low vaults, rigid norms, stern faces, semigloom. Ousted to the outside, the Myth of the suprapeople is juxtaposed with the Myth of Christianity – oppositional to the world, forming the inner space, self-contained, and intolerant. Pre-Russianism and Orthodoxy. Neither a synthesis, nor a blending, but an almost mechanical segregation of domains. In terms of dialectics – a thesis along with its antithesis.

One may object: having been cleansed off the layers of centuries, the frescoes and icons of our temples would reveal much brighter colors, more cheerful patterns of ornamentation than is normally thought of. True, but if the influences of pre-Russianism did reflect as cheer in some of the paintings, time was working against it dampening the brightness of colors with the soot from the candles and icon lamps, unavoidable and inalienable attributes of the cult. A uniform local color was being created that aptly corresponded to low passageways, little windows, and the overall minor scale mood of the divine service. This combination of ways reached the utmost cohesion and expressiveness precisely in the interior of St. Basil's Cathedral with its segregation of the inner space into a great many isolated cells whence the divine service could not be seen, only heard, and the setting was best suited for solitary inner prayer. All in all, starting from the borrowed Byzantine single-domed temples to the Empire style churches of the nineteenth century, doesn't the appearance of Russian shrines bewilder one with its contrast between the interior and exterior, between form and content? Oh, it is far, far from being a harmony! The Russian temple is harmonious, true, while we behold it from without: whether it be a snowy-white cube with a golden helmet or a multicolored, tower-like, seemingly ever mirthful flower with its twisting wooden or stone petals. Inside, it is also harmonious, though the harmony is different. But between these two harmonies lives a chasm of mutual misunderstanding and deeply seated animosity. In the church architecture, the Christian Myth (for reasons largely unbeknownst) still tolerated and calmly accepted this territorial coexistence with the Myth of suprapeople<sup>1</sup>. In other spheres of culture and life, as I have already pointed out, it was much worse. It should come as no surprise that, under such conditions, pre-Russianism could evolve neither into an autonomous system, nor into a teaching. It could not even grow into an awareness of its own existence. For such an awareness, there have to be some sort of pivot, axis, central image belonging exclusively to a certain myth; the pivot point was not there. The influence of the demiurge and Navna upon individuals and the people overall did not cross the threshold of the consciousness; whatever was experienced in the soul was entirely attributed to the activities of other echelons, those of the Christian Myth.

If anything can surprise us here, it is the fact that pre-Russianism was not obliterated after all. Even more so: one may get an impression that someone had been curbing the hostilities of the Christian Myth, that some being, century after century, had guarded the feeble seedlings of pre-Russianism from being trampled down by the belligerent church. The demiurge, having partaken himself of the

Christian Transmyth but free from human limitations, had tended this sphere of the people's spiritual potentialities for the faraway, glorious ages to come; Navna herself had nurtured it with a shimmering spiritual dew.

Evolving from even deeper wisdom yet, the wisdom of self-sacrifice and self-restraint, shines in the fact that Yarosvet did not allow the Myth of pre-Russianism to vigorously sprout, to fully blossom. What would that have led to? Had pre-Russianism grown self-aware, been formed into a system, claimed the role of the dominant ideology, its gruesome tooth-and-nail fight with Christianity would have been unavoidable. Had they fought, one of them would have been destroyed. But the highest wisdom beholds both as precious, as justified by the same Truth hidden in them under the guise of two. Should Christianity be eradicated in Rus' or justification of the [physical] world by pre-Russianism fall silent, one of the two strongholds of the imminent synthetic culture would vanish. Both have to be well preserved till those distant times when not their mutual destruction but transition into a more harmonious stance toward the world and toward God free from the narrowness, the epochal parochialism of the one and the instinctive non-intellectuality of the other, is made possible. For we have only determined the inhibiting influence of the Christian Myth upon the Myth of the suprapeople. The very process had a flip side. Not an illusionary play of some random shadows but the highest reality of the Christian Transmyth – Heavenly Jerusalem and spheres of the World Salvaterra had been glimmering behind the Christian Myth. The very contact with these values of the highest order (let alone those lives sublimated with a spiritual feat, saintliness) would reveal the undrainable source of spiritual powers giving a powerful impulse to the growth of the inner self. This self-realization, of course, was primarily bound with the ascetic, monastic way; the worldly righteousness, though respected, was looked down on as a lower, preliminary stage for a monastic life. Had Orthodoxy elaborated and implemented the ideal of righteousness encompassing civic, family, social, and statehood virtues, that would have led to achievement of such a stage in human perfection that has yet to be seen in the world. In other words, it would have been possible under two scenarios: had the mission of Christ been accomplished rather than

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<sup>1</sup> The Church's struggle against the pre-Russianism Myth could be seen, for example, in the prohibition of tent-shaped temples in the eighteenth century so as to force the return to the canonical Byzantine style.

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interrupted and a new outpouring of cosmic spiritual powers poured down from the macrobramfatura into Shadanakar to weaken Gagtungr and thereby greatly expedite the transformation of humanity.

In the fifteenth century, Sylvester set in motion an undertaking the significance of which is not yet fully realized. “Domostroy” (Domestic Order, *t/n*) is an attempt at creating a grandiose religio-moral code aimed to establish and enact precisely the ideals of secular, family, and social morality. It was a tremendous task: its scale was commensurable to what Confucius had brought for his people and culture. It’s all too easy, of course, to blame Sylvester for not measuring up to the scale of such a task. But one can choose another perspective from which to look: shouldn’t the man of precisely this low stature have embarked on this task as this did not allow him to fully comprehend either the tremendousness of it, or its impossibility at that stage of the cultural and religious development? Had even one of the spiritually mature persons in the medieval Russia dared to bring forth such an undertaking precisely because their spiritual foresight and wisdom had prompted the untimeliness of it? – Sylvester, as is known, managed to compile a rather well-knit, seemingly stout, totally vapid system stunning with its lack of grace. It had neither the magnitude with which everything inspired by the demiurge is marked; nor the spiritual beauty inherent in all Navna’s involtations; nor the fervency surging in creations graced by the hierarchies of the Christian Transmyth. It was a totally different spirit: extremely self-righteous, intrusively demanding, narcissistically dogmatic, sanctimoniously concealing the ideal of the social inertia under the guise of the God-pleasing reinforcement of social harmony – the harmony never seen in real life. The epochs to follow will see many a time of completely different literary works, different doctrines with this heavy, chunky, strong-willed spirit – that of the demon of statehood.

In terms of ethics, the unfading value of the Russian Christian Myth is not in the attempts to create an all-people ethical code but in the actual development of the austere monastic way. Russian culture or, rather, metaculture owes the way of ascetism to its illustrious saints. The history of medieval Russia is marked with none of the creators of comprehensive philosophical and scientific teachings, few artistic geniuses, a host of heroes (though successive generations have lost the majority of their names) and not a constellation but a whole starry night of saints. Hundreds of their names have been kept by the church. Such a proportion, again, was determined by the potency of the Christian Myth with its discrimination across different kinds of spiritual creativity inherited from Byzantium.

Whatever stance one may have toward ascetic principle as applied to the living conditions, ideals, and psychological climate of the twentieth century, it is out of the question for a metahistorian whether the strict discipline of this way with its utmost concentration of inner powers is conducive to the mystical connection of the human being with the highest echelons of the spiritual world. Certainly so! Had not the most complete self-isolation from the sweeping storms, passions, and worries of the “earthly world” been conducive, what could have possibly been? With the narrowness in the understanding of such things, the average consciousness of our age is avenging to average consciousness of Kievan and Muscovite Rus’ with its own, reversed narrowness. The accusations of egotism, narcissistic yearning for salvation which followers of the ascetic way sometimes receive are only justifiable in regard to those having profaned this way; in regard to those being called saints, these accusations are grounded either on ignorance or some misunderstanding. Only a consistently materialistic viewpoint operates with mere logic, for it sees no value in one’s inner doing unless it brings about rapid and tangible results from without. Should we confine ourselves with materialism though, it would be pointless and impossible to have started “The Rose of the World” in the first place. One’s inner doing in general, and self-isolation in a cell in particular, open up something in a person that makes possible his or her serving and helping humanity out of reclusion. What is more: the religious worldview does not see life in the physical world as divorced from its otherworldly continuation; precisely in the spiritual realm it becomes possible for a saint like for no one else to take advantage of those mighty spiritual weapons, those means of helping humanity and all physical worlds, those means of fighting the dark principle which he or she had suffered for and developed over decades through self-mastery and self-purification. From the metahistorical perspective, the existence of not only Nilus of Sora or Seraphim of Sarov but also saints of a lower standing, of a lower spiritual magnitude, with a less direct influence upon the people’s psyche and morality, even those anonymous holy ones is of a much greater importance for a metaculture than the vegetation of thousands of spiritual second raters. There, they have their own “arithmetic”. Let us remember that whereas *gavvakh* and *eiphos*, radiations of jealousy, greed, avarice, and malice replenish the loss of energy in the camp of demons, emanations of spiritual joy, religious delight, and awe become the subtlest of “building materials” in the zatomises: conjubilation revitalizes the angelic host; the emanations of sublime love between man and woman ascend to the worlds denoted here as the Waves of the Eternal Femininity, the faraway azure glimmers of which we can apprehend in

the moments of delight; as for compassion, inspiration, the flames of creativity in people, these strengthen the abode of the Logos of Shadanakar.

Karamazov's "devil" attempted, of course, to caricaturize these regularities by reducing them to absurdity: in his words, the soul of one ascetic is the worth of a whole constellation. Be that as it may, our mind would be shocked and exasperated if it could ascertain these odd regularities of otherworldly "arithmetic". Yet, would it not seem as strange, if we were to remember that the existence of Pushkin is more important for Russian poetry than the poor poems written by millions of people. It doesn't mean, of course, that the value of people is only gauged against their stance toward poetry or holiness.

The gift of saintliness is a gift just like that of genius or the unbendable rod of the heroic mindset which makes possible not just a single act of extraordinary bravery (many are capable of this) but of turning one's life into a heroic romance. These three gifts (just as the gift of the kin-guardian which I will touch on later) can be explained as follows: a certain human being with an exceptional inborn predisposition to be inspired by the light hierarchies is sent a daemon (as a rule, it happens in childhood; sometimes, in a riper age). Daemons, messengers from the world of the winged humanity where the mission of Christ had finished victorious, and humanity itself far outpaced us in its spiritual development, see one of their major tasks in helping the lower planes of existence lagging behind and yet capable of ascending. Keeping vigil over people endowed with a light-filled gift, that is, having a special mission, daemons become mediums through whom the mind and will of such people are transfused with the Providential forces' emanations. It is the perception of their existence that gave rise to the firmly held views such as the convictions of many poet-geniuses in the presence of inspiring muses, of religious figures – in their accompanying guardian angels, and of some thinkers – in the literal influence of daemons upon them.

Summing up, we can say that the absolute value of the Christian Myth is contained within itself; its practical positive influence upon the metaculture of Russia was in revealing to the suprapeople, the subject of knowledge, the height and depth of the uppermost spheres of Shadanakar which the demiurge himself is aspiring for bearing along the suprapeople as his creation. The Christian Transmyth contains (the Christian Myth reveals it only partially) the planetary obligation that lies beyond or higher than any zatomises, any elementals or hierarchies. From all the existing and sufficiently defined cultures of humanity, only two were capable of going beyond the local boundaries and spreading their tenets nearly all over the



globe: Romano-Catholic and North-Western. Whatever underlying causes of that may be identified by historians – socio-economical, geographical, or cultural – and however unsatisfactory these might be, for a metahistorian appreciating their relative significance and mechanism, the primal cause will certainly lie elsewhere. He or she will search for this cause in the fact that the Christian Myth, primordially connected not only with Eden and Monsalvat but also with the reality of the Heavenly Jerusalem and the World Salvaterra itself, communicated to the European spirit its true stature and readied it for a truly worldwide mission.

Two other Christian metacultures, Byzantine and Abyssinian (Ethiopian, *t/n*), were so badly stifled, so much in the clutch of demonic forces that one of them ceased to exist in Enrof altogether, and the existence of the other was hopelessly arrested. The fifth metaculture permeated with rays of the Christian Transmyth was that of Russia. Due to a host of internal and external reasons, it had been developing slower than its Western sisters; yet, it overcame many a deadly threats, endured staggering onslaughts, and, by the turn of the second millennium, came out on the world stage intimidating allies and foes alike with its panhuman potentialities.

It is true that other international religions were connected, if only partially, with planes of Shadanakar standing higher than metacultures of zatomises. Their stature also appeared capable of communicating global tasks to their suprapeoples. Yet, the metahistorical gaze would discern three planes in the Muslim world. One – reflecting the transmyth of precisely the Muslim suprapeople and oriented solely toward that transmyth, that is, zatomis Jannet. Another – giving a variation, somewhat debased and distorted yet grounding in the spiritual reality, of the Christian Transmyth. And the third – as if striving to burst into the metabramfatura yet unconscious of the Planetary Logos's existence and thus having bound and doomed itself to nondevelopment of any panhuman potentiality in the religion of Islam. Glimpses of the global aspiration scintillating in millions of souls enraptured by this religious stream in the first centuries of its existence made possible its fascinating outpouring, its expansion across a host of countries; but this psychological aspiration toward globalism wasn't ontologically panhuman. Precisely for this reason, Islam as an outpouring religion lost the momentum too soon and does not aspire for further proliferation larger than what had been achieved in distant centuries.

The Buddhist contemplation with the exception, perhaps, of the “abjiina” state of Gautama Buddha himself does not probe beyond Nirvana. Or, rather, the worlds of the highest aspect of the Buddhist Transmyth do not strive to grow aware of the

uppermost planes of Shadanakar. The feeling of profound hopelessness, incredulity in the transformation of worlds permeates this religion throughout. This is quite natural for all religions that had appeared before the Planetary Logos' incarnation in Enrof. It is understandable that this hopelessness also paralyzed any panhuman yearnings. What may come here as a surprise is that Buddhism had mobilized sufficiently enough to outpour in the first place, though its proselytism is long past. As for Hinduism, the very reason reflected on its fate and fortunes except with one historical singularity: by and large, proselytism has remained foreign to this religion.

By contrast: the Russian suprapeople's consciousness had intuited, through the Christian Myth, the globality of its mission from the very beginning – not a mission of a global dictatorship but of some higher truth which it was to announce and establish in the world for the benefit of all. This reveals itself in the intonation of Kievan and Muscovite chronicles, in the naïve ideology of epic poems that see its warrior heroes as bearers and champions of the highest spiritual truth beaoning to everyone willing to expose themselves to it. Furthermore, this self-awareness generates ideal images of Holy Rus': not great, nor powerful, nor gorgeous but holy<sup>2</sup>; finally, the idea of the Third Rome sees the crystallization of this feeling with utmost clarity.

In regard to the slowness of the development, apart from the causal approach, can't we view it teleologically? Is it impossible that, in the realm of the world metahistory, it would be only expedient for the Russian culture to step onto the world arena when it actually did? However, here we are touching on the problem that, at the moment, would be too premature to consider.

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<sup>2</sup> It would be edifying to compare it with the ideal image of the French people: la belle France (beautiful France) or the Indian: Bharat-Mata (Mother India)

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### *7.3. The Era of the First Witzraor*

So, the metahistorical event that underlies what is known in history as the rise of Moscow and the creation of the national state was karossa Dingra's giving birth to the demon of great-power statehood, as fathered by Yarosvet, and buttressing him with the powers of the demiurge, all to fight with the common enemy.

Yet, in the person of his procreation and its successors – two demons of greatpowerness in the wake of the first – Yarosvet got a kind of metahistorical rival that was also going to pursue the global goal albeit having completely switched the intent behind it.

The triplicity of nature of the First Zhrugr made his and his successors' path of life complicated and tragic, and so too their metahistorical destiny and the fate of what they had impressed into the history.

Over centuries, with the succession of three generations of witzraors, as their world outlook was expanding and their might grew, they began to realize the true potentiality of the global mission. Naturally, the clarity of this awareness as climaxed in the last witzraor, could not have been achieved by the first.

Nevertheless, by the sixteenth century the idea of the global mission, Christian-demiurgical in nature yet being continuously distorted became the highest sanction with which the first demon of the Russian greatpowerness justified himself, as well as his far-reaching ambitions. This was the idea of the Third Rome – the amalgam of the Orthodox-religious pre-eminence, the witzraor's national pride, and historical phantasms intrinsic to the early stages of the culture that were emanating from the demiurge as a forefeeling of the planetwide future coupled with a lofty ethical dream inspired by the Transmyth of Christianity.

Yet, yetzerhara inside the witzraors was gradually infusing this impulse with a different content setting another, similar on the outside but, at bottom, completely opposite goal. The essence of yetzerhara is in the irresistible, painful yearning for its bearer – to consume everything into its egotistical self. In the ideal scenario, it yearns to be alone in the universe having swallowed it all. This longing for absolute tyranny is intrinsic to any demonic monad; but witzraors not only have it, but also are very much conscious of it. The witzraor is beyond ethics. This is not to say that he espouses some other, non-human ethical views; it means that he is incapable of contemplating the world from the ethical angle altogether.

The third element he inherited from Dingra – impulsivity and lack of restraint that, to a greater or lesser degree, are characteristic of all the elementals reaching their peak in Lilith and karossas. Thence is the acuity of his feelings, their incredible intensity, and, despite all Zhrugr's cunningness, the lack of the controlling mind.

The etheric tissues of the Russian egregor were engulfed by the demon of statehood. The egregor as a similitude of a personality possessing a sort of consciousness and a semblance of willpower ceased to exist. The emanations from those human psyches that were transforming into its tissues became thereafter Zhrugr's food. Thus he came to subsist on an unflagging stream of those etheric forces, which only a mass of certain human individuals possess.

As with witzraors from any metaculture, foreseeing the imminent struggle with the demiurge, synclite and the Collective Soul, he was forced to take an active part in erecting a new citadel of antihumankind – Drukkarg and setting the stage for its settlement with races of raruggs and igvas. From then onward, the interests of Zhrugr and antihumankind have been nearly concurring, for both he and the populace of Drukkarg take interest in shavva, a dew-like food coming from the Enrof of Russia, in defeating the synclite and the demiurge, in keeping Navna in captivity in the fortress of Drukkarg, in the impending advent of igvas into Enrof and their taking hold of three- and four-dimensional planes of Shadanakar. Both parties are undoubtedly interested in weakening and then conquering all other shrastrs, other witzraors, and, overall, all other metacultures.

Thence comes a complex character of the Muscovite state. As though encircling the Russian light-filled dyad and Dingra with a fortification wall, shielding them from the attacks of external egregors and witzraors, that is, protecting the people from foreign enslavements, Zhrugr and his projection in Enrof – the state – perform a task shouldered on them by the demiurge. Zhrugr remains within the bounds of this task when striving to expand the state within the natural geographical boundaries of the country or take hold of vacant lands, the future arena for the life and creativity of the multiplying people. Yet, when this process of natural expansion outgrows into the off-bounds swelling, with planetwide ambitions at that – the witzraor turns into a tormenter of the people and falls under the sway of his satanic kernel. Putting it more straightforwardly, he becomes a totally docile weapon in the hands of the Great Torturer who has already made a few attempts in world history to create a dark-ether organism that would encompass the entirety of then earthly Enrof so as to make the necessary preconditions for and expedite the day of the antichrist's coming. The Roman

Empire, Timur's empire, hierocracy of popes, the empire of King Philip II of Spain on which "the sun never set", as well as the colonial empires of modernity are nothing but these attempts or, rather, repetitions.

When, in relationship to his people, the witzraor cannot content himself with that fraction of violence which is indispensable for any state to exist and, being gnawed with unquenchable avarice and burning hunger for absolute power, turns his state into an all-out system of tentacles pumping shavva into his bottomless infraphysical belly – this becomes just another aspect of his activity as the Great Torturer's medium. His vampirical structure as inherited from Gagtungr gives the swelling flesh of the witzraor a semblance of a ghoul that has sunk its suckers into the people's body, into its etheric and astral tissue. Zhrugr exists for as long as he is able to suck out shavva, that is, the emanations of people associated with the statehood complex of their psyche. But, consuming this shavva as he does, he needs its continuous replenishment and increase. First of all, he needs more individuals comprising the people so that their psyche would emit precisely those radiations of the statehood complex, and not the others. Interestingly enough, in some epochs, witzraors saw about the populace growth, which was reflected even in the country's legislation, and in other epochs the Molochs of "greatpowerness" paradoxically contributed to the suprapeople's increase. The second goal – the flourishing of such individuals that are mostly amenable to radiating shavva – had been achieved in diverse ways, varying from epoch to epoch means of rearing or, to put it better, crippling, from drill sessions in barracks to belligerent sermons in churches to knocking the ideal of greatpowerness into children's heads. But all this is discernible to any of us. The invisible part was as described in the book about the infraphysics of Shadanakar: the sucking out of certain human souls or, more precisely, their astral bodies during sleep by the witzraor and thrusting them into the bosom of the karossa. Upon waking up, such people have their psyche somewhat altered: this is repeated for several nights until the victim has turned into an ardent champion and unconscious slave of the greatpowerness ideology. The object, of course, is always convinced of his or her new credo as if dawning through impartial and independent reflection.

As for the mechanism of procreation of the witzraor breed, as I have already pointed out, we will not find even some far-fetched analogies of it in the world of humans. This process, rather, is reminiscent of budding, and there is nothing like extraneous fertilization at that.

As long as the witzraor's "baby" has fully split off of the parent body, it turns into a rapidly growing rival and potential patricide. Therefore, the witzraor strives to devour his procreations. The unremitting drive of any powerful statehood is to annihilate the new statehood nuclei emerging in the helter-skelter of all those movements which aim to replace the existing societal organization with another one – it is nothing but reflections of the gruesome scenes of the world's shadow side in the mirror of history.

I would be grossly misunderstood if anyone deduced from my words that the tyrannical tendency latent in the human being is dictated by the mere existence of witzraors, and that the proclivity for destruction comes solely from Velga. Definitely, these tendencies would have existed without them. What the infraphysical predators do is amplify these tendencies, take advantage of the fruits of the activated tendencies, attract and concentrate these tendencies around and inside themselves.

The hierarchy which the Great Torturer had already made use of during the first period of his struggle with Russia's forces of the Light, Velga that is, continues to exist in Gashsharva every so often rocketing from thence and coming to grips with the witzraor. He sees after the bloating of the state's dark-ether organism whereas she strives to destroy it and suck up its tissues inside herself. He is a tyrannical master-builder while she is a predatory annihilator. Having satiated or been defeated, she falls into slumber in her two-dimensional world, her pulse being buttressed with what can be called as the etheric evaporations from human blood which she inhales, half-asleep, from torture chambers, jails, scaffolds, battlefields. This continues for as long – in metahistorical terms – until the witzraor's doings unintentionally arouse her or, on the plane of history, until the tyranny causes a backlash: the unbridling of base instincts and disinhibition of all the impulses of destruction.

The total liquidation of the Tatar yoke under Ivan III and the conquest of Astrakhan and Kazan under Ivan IV marked the end of that period in the First Zhrugr's life when he had created the human vessel that gave shape and form to the streamy-breezy Collective Soul of the people in Enrof. At that time, as already said, the forces of all the hierarchies favored him, and yetzerhara that had yet to define the course of its action was reading patiently the wings.

Had this creature been free from yetzerhara, historically the Russian statehood would not have outgrown itself, the state would not have turned into a predator

tormenting its own and surrounding peoples; the monarchy would not have degraded into a tyranny.

I would specify what is understood by “kin-guardian” in this book. Kin-guardians have a decisive and benign effect on the fate of a people or state and are ruled in their actions by the inspiration from the demiurge of the suprapeople. Upon entering the synclite of the metaculture after their death along with saints, geniuses, heroes, and a host of enlightened souls, they exert an immense and, from century to century, ever growing influence upon those aspects of existence which had been linked with their acts on the historical, physical plane. The kin-guardians of medieval Russia were Vladimir the Great, Yaroslav the Wise, Vladimir Monomakh, Alexander Nevsky, Kuzma Minin, Dmitry Pozharsky, Patriarch Hermogenes. For some period of his life, Dmitry Donskoy was a kin-guardian. So was, in part, Ivan III, although the inspiration of the witzraor had already begun to blanket Yarosvet’s inspiration, and what was achieved by this monarch was thereby greatly distorted as compared to what he could have done as a kin-guardian, messenger, and friend of the demiurge.

Ivan IV (Ivan the Terrible, *translator’s note*) had been destined to become a kin-guardian. The dire transphysical fate of Ioann lies in the fact that certain of his traits made him an easy prey to unconscious spiritual influences. The untrammelled power unleashed his emotions, corrupted his will, weakened his mind, irreparably damaged his etheric body, and molded the twists and turns or, rather, downfalls of his individual path into a string of misfortunes for the suprapeople and a catastrophe for the entire state.

To follow and unravel the shadow side of this process, both metahistorical and psychological, would be a task for an independent monography. But anyone who takes interest in this topic, even non-specialists, could easily trace the influences, concurring at one moment, clashing the next, of both the demiurge of the suprapeople and the belligerent demon of “greatpowerness”. As in 1546, during a strange elopement of his, first to Troitsa, then to his royal residence Alexandrovskaya Sloboda, the witzraor completely bent Ivan’s personality to his tasks, and the resulting ghastly metamorphosis in the monarch’s creativity, psychological state, and even in his appearance appalled his retinue. The oprichnina ( mass repression of the aristocracy, *t/n*) was decreed – that nucleus of absolute tyranny that, as intended by its creator, was to organize inside and around itself the young nobility as an obedient weapon of the new statehood. It is hardly to be doubted that the oprichnina was conceived just as the first stage of

establishing the zone of absolute tyranny over all the country, even at the cost of wiping out entire classes and that rapid and appalling deterioration of overall morality and creativity which always accompanies a tyrannical societal organization.

Thus reflected in our three-dimensional world the fortification of that structure in the demonic world which is an inverted semblance of the Heavenly Kremlin and its transphysical polarity; which, first, wobbled in the mirror of history as a devilish caricature of the Alexandrovskaya Sloboda monastery just to be followed by the disfiguring and desecrating of the Moscow Kremlin with torture chambers, prisons, scaffolds, and abominable orgies. Thus was being erected and strengthened the black citadel in Drukkarg; thus great igvas were drafting the Imminent; thus bloodthirsty raruggs spurred on with impunity were raving about; thus were breaking loose forces of the country's shadow side which several centuries later was to become the focal point of planetary efforts to tear the whole of humanity away from the World Salvaterra's influence.

Yet, the fate of tyranny is inevitable: at a certain stage of development it comes into antagonistic conflict with the state interests as a sum of individuals. This means that through the inspiration of the witzraor bursts another influence, that is, the will of Velga. It was not hard to understand that the activities of Ivan IV directed at the strengthening of the state from without and its consolidation from within were the crossover of the demiurge's and the demon of statehood's inspirations, with another string of activities seeking to turn the state into an absolute tyranny inspired solely by the witzraor. Another task is not as easy – that is, to ponder the metahistorical significance of that aspect of the king's doings that undermined the state rather than having strengthened it. If we do ponder, we will discern who was stilling the infraphysical hunger of never-before-seen streams of gavvakh – the radiation of human pain from the bloody mayhems in Novgorod and Tver', torture, and countless executions in Moscow. We will see the physical semblance of which diabolic throng were squads of black riders with dog heads attached to their saddles, and who subjugated the king's soul when, blinded by fury, he smote his son, successor to the throne and the dynasty's hope, with a staff<sup>1</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> It is edifying to recall the view on Ivan IV in one of the recent epochs that saw his tyrannical tendency, even the oprichnina as undoubtedly forward-looking.

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Subtle, intimate, deeply human warmth soothes, if I may say so, the scorching image of this king with one circumstance: a waft from the Ideal Collective Soul, apparently, lived in his love toward his first wife – the unfortunately early deceased Anastasia. He loved this queen, as Klyuchevsky put it, with some “notedly affectionate, non-Domostroy love”. It is only natural that the afterlife of this figure was as disastrous as his life. The imperishable part of his being was slashed into three. The shelt, regarding which the daemon had not fulfilled his task, had now the daemon as a helper in the agelong path of retribution. The part of the Terrible’s being seized by the witzraor was swept along with the flow of the dark-ether blood coursing through the demon of “greatpowerness” tissue. And the remaining part, the catch of Velga that is, could not experience anything but disintegrating into miniscule, flake-like, homeless shells dashing about in the unimaginable deserts of the shadow side of the Russian metaculture.

Therefore, Ivan IV perfectly exemplifies a historically not infrequent tyrannical kin-guardian. He was an individual, destined to broad cultural and state activities by the demiurge of the suprapeople, who dazzlingly stepped into this domain only to be crashed down into the abyss of infraphysical planes from the steep inclines of which the demon of statehood had raised him. The Terrible’s doings laid the ground for the Time of Troubles, a one-of-a-kind period. Its chronicles are illumined with fantastical glimmers of mass visions, preternatural interventions, and demonic invasions. If metahistorical contemplation has readied us for the understanding of such testimonies as manifestations of the mass psychic experience of the suprapeople, we will be poring over these historical events and discover the cipher that the somber poem of the all-out confrontation between the hierarchies at the beginning of the seventeenth century was written in.

## **Book VIII:**

### **On the Metahistory of the Grand Duchy of Moscow**

#### ***8.1. The Succession of Witzraors***

The demiurge of the suprapeople revoked his sanction from the demon of statehood when activities of the latter became dictated in the main by his own black kernel. At the very moment, the witzraor's human instrument fell short of the involution of the demiurge on the historical plane.

This is just a formula. But in this formula, all notions are anthropomorphized so as to make them commensurable with our mental abilities. This will have to be done thenceforth as I do not have any other means of making my topic conceivable for the reader.

So, the king's falling short of perceiving (or the right to perceive) the demiurgical involution, his complete turning into an instrument of the infraphysical tyranny well reflects the spirit of the Alexandrovskaya Sloboda, that is, the period in Ivan the Terrible's reign when his nickname was affixed.

The idiosyncrasy of such metahistorical and historical provisions lies in the fact that falling under the black kernel always and invariably leads the witzraor and his human instrument into confrontation with two mutually antagonistic principles: with the light-filled dyad of the suprapeople and Dingra from one side and with Velga – from the other. For the inner forces of the anticocosmos are torn with struggle and contradictions: this steady equilibrium is but the goal of Gagtungr, the goal achievable only through an all-out tyranny.

But tyranny has its inner invincible logic. Branching out into thousands of channels, into thousands of human individuals in the historical reality with their complex psychic structures, the tyrannical tendency ceases to be monolithic. Its channels break out from under the center's control only to start harrowing the state's body on their own. It would be naïve to think that the activities of the Terrible, as he was called, took on the forms that were dangerous for the state only by mere coincidence. Any tyranny is fraught with such forms, moreover: these are precisely its hallmarks. You can trace this process back to the reign of Caligula, Nero, or Domitian, so too the rule of Louis XI in France, Genghis Khan's in the East, Aurangzeb's in India, Hitler's in Germany, and so on.

Instead of consolidating the state principle, the oprichnina (Oprichnina was the state policy implemented by king Ivan the Terrible between 1565 and 1572, *translator's note*) only caused unrest, terror, and confusion all over the country. If not in the arbitrariness, sadistic cruelty, anarchic barbarity of the ruling minority's antisocial passions, where else shall we search for a vivid manifestation of Velga's influence but in the oprichnina?

None of his deeds, even the abolishment of oprichnina could have righted what the Terrible had already wronged: this was no longer a man but a disintegrating psychic being incapable of linear movement in any direction. And when, finally, he killed the successor to his throne in a fit of rage, even the demon of statehood turned his back on the Terrible's degrading dynasty. It should come as no surprise that the last years of the king were nothing but a series of failures.

Did it become clear to the demonic consciousness of Zhrugr – however foreign it may seem to us – that the historical version of his own tyrannical tendency threatens him with a loss of much that he had acquired? Yet, a witzraor can step back only for the time being; he cannot change his principal tendency just as he is incapable of expunging his yetzerhara. Ivan IV got out of his hand, but Ivan V was already being primed – the very prince Ivan whose coming enthronization so much frightened and engloomed his contemporaries. The prince dies from the Terrible's own hand as the former tries to save his young pregnant wife from his father's lust. Having knee stroked his step-daughter upon her belly, the old man finishes off by murdering his son along with the murder of the unborn grandson. Thereby the demonic involution of the Rurik dynasty comes to a complete close. Let prayful Fyodor Ivanovich (Ivan's next-in-line son, *t/n*) reign as he would please: he will not live long all the same, and it will not be him who will actually rule. A new, young, robust, wholesome dynasty is needed – an ascending one. None of the branches of the ramifying tree of the Ruriks is befitting: the parochial mindset, small-town superstitions, oligarchic tendencies, the spirit of rivalry, the animal-like attachment to the ways of the past – all this was inherent to the old family boyars (nobility, *t/n*). What is needed? The strong-willed cast of a genuine statesman. A bold yet precautionous mind. A freedom from the feudal mindset of the boyars. A brimming over yet shrewdly concealed thirst for power. Finally, the capacity to encompass and comprehend the problems of the European scale. In other words, there was needed someone like Boris Godunov.

The obstacles have been removed, the road has been cleared, and the primacy of noble birth becomes temporarily paralyzed in the minds of people – for the first time in the Russian history, a homeless upstart takes the throne.

Yet: too late.

On glancing back from the faraway epoch, it pains one – both for Godunov and the whole country – to witness how the demon of statehood tried to make amends for his doings; how he yearned to reclaim the help of the demiurge by promoting Boris as a personality suitable to both parties; how Boris was being inculcated with such measures that would do grace to any ruler. Crown prince Fyodor (son of Boris, *t/n*) was being reared with utmost care and acumen. It was obvious that he was being molded not only into a wise ruler but a highly moral individual worthy of becoming a kin-guardian, if the conciliation with the demiurge came to pass. At the same time, the tyrannical tendency shined through these undertakings, now with a wave of new disfavours and executions reminiscent of the Terrible's days, now with the laws that are hard to see as anything but the final legitimization of serfdom (agricultural servitude to landowners not unlike slavery, *t/n*) in the era of Boris.

When in Pushkin's (a celebrated Russian poet, *t/n*) tragedy Boris ruefully peers into the string of his benign political endeavors and their fatal fiascos, he – as thought of by the poet – is inclined to see the cause of that in moral law which had rendered him, the prince's murderer, unworthy of the crown. This is an aberration characteristic of those attempting to eagerly demand the immediate retribution during this lifetime and extrapolate the norms of human morality onto phenomena of a much grander scale that have its roots in metahistory. Aren't we familiar with many a cases when infinitely greater crimes of power holders remained unpunished or, rather, unpunished here, in the viewable leg of their unimaginably protracted spiritual journey? Could Timur, Henry VIII, Louis XIV, Stalin – all these sovereigns who died a natural death in the ripe age and at the pinnacle of their might – have possibly understood why and how Pushkin's Boris is tormenting himself? The truth, of course, is something else. More specifically, no figure nominated by the witzraor would have been sanctioned by the higher hierarchies; the matter is that the witzraor was left alone with the consequences of his tyrannical attempt with Ivan.

Just as Newton who, in spite of his genius, could not “rise” to the relativity theory in the seventeenth century, so too was Pushkin incapable of surpassing the level of the nineteenth century's historical experience and metahistorical consciousness.

His genius did show in the fact that he intuited the ethical nature of the conflict between the intentions of Boris and the unblessedness that weighed down upon him. It should come as no surprise that the great poet whose literary works date back some hundred and thirty years explained this conflict in terms of the king's violation of moral law.

It is well-known what the Godunovs, when left on their own, had impressed upon history. And, perhaps, no one, having acquainted themselves with the Time of Troubles' chronicles, would remain indifferent to the demise of king Fyodor Borisovich. Possessing such a purity and generosity of heart, having been so caringly nurtured in anticipation of the future tasks of a ruler, so courageous and kind, he died "for father's sins" as a sixteen-year-old youth and in such a horrible death that the young warrior passed out from pain thus making it possible for his assassins to accomplish their deed. Yet, he did not die for the "sins" of Boris alone but for the sins of four Ivans, three Vasilies, Dmitry, Simeon, and so forth – in sum, all those who had woven this karma of the throne which this boy now suffered for. He died, because in that epoch the demiurge rejected everything, even the benign, inasmuch as it came from the witzraor or was used to the latter's advantage. But something else is quite clear: the beautiful human nature and light personal karma of Fyodor II fended him from the afterlife karmic connection with the witzraor and the ways of the latter's fate; this connection had been exhausted through the king's martyrdom. Through his threshold of pain did he go in the hour of death. Thereafter, he would reap the beautiful fruits of what he had sown in life. Instead of the burdensome rule in Moscow which he was perfectly ready for, he took the weight and joy of the corresponding way in Holy Russia.

Preempting the current of events, I shall call attention to the destiny of another personage of that epoch similar to the destiny of Fyodor II in none of its strains, yet close to it metahistorically – the destiny of Mikhail Skopin-Shuisky. This was the First Zhrugr's last attempt to slide his channel into history, having selected for this end a successful warlord, valiant statesman, high-minded human being, and national hero. But a short series of Shuisky's victories came to a catastrophic close just as the pacification of the state was looming large. At the feast of another Shuisky, a hapless ambitionist who had designs for the throne of the childless King Vasily IV, Skopin was offered a goblet with poisoned wine by the beautiful hostess.

Skopin-Shuisky's death caused an outburst of national grief unseen since the demise of Nevsky. The capital, towns, villages, and monasteries were resounding

with weeping. This flush of bereavement united all the strata of Moscow from the patriarch to boyars to commoners. In despair, King Vasily fell beside his throne ripping his hair and garments. Even the commander of the Swedish mercenaries, a Lutheran, kneeled before the hero's coffin, his rough face wet with tears. – It would seem: what else could have possibly been proof that Skopin had been led by the demiurge of the suprapeople and was destined to become a kin-guardian, a savior of the country and its statehood, in those tumultuous times? – But, I would repeat, not always and not all stirrings of the national spirit stem from that hierarchy. Hadn't the look of the demiurge been more penetrating than the sight of the masses of people and their leaders, he would not have been the demiurge of the suprapeople. Something unfathomable to the people, yet well-known to him, withheld him from blessing Skopin, from buttressing the destiny of this hero with the shield of his sanction. The nomination of Skopin, at heart, was the witzraor's last cry for help. Thereby he would renounce his tyrannical tendencies, his past, at least, for the time being. In fact, this was a repetition of what had happened with Fyodor II.

In sightings similar to the nationwide grief in the hour of Skopin's death, a metahistorian taps into a source of reverential feelings akin, as strange as it sounds, to an enlightening joy. Hopelessness is foreign to the metahistorical outlook. It is crystal clear to a metahistorian that a great people's love and doings which have caused it are not amenable to the law of annihilation, if the doings were light-filled, and the love was justified. Having transitioned through death, the hero opens doors to ever new creative ways of influencing the historical plane, from the top downward. Skopin's lifetime doings were not accepted by Yarosvet. But their lofty aspirations could not but bring their fruits, and his soul faced no obstacles upon entering the Synclite of the metaculture. What boundaries could delineate, what scale could weigh, what definitions could encompass the significance of the spiritual and creative contribution of Skopin – past and, perhaps, present – to the cause of saving Russia, to its metahistorical development, as well as the contribution of all the heroes of the past in their otherworldly existence?

Yet, having been precipitated by the inner metahistory of Russia, the Time of Troubles, as is known, was aggravated by the fact that, on the border with and partially spilling over the Russian land, was the newly formed Polish-Lithuanian state. Just as Russia had done, Poland entered a path of belligerent expansion.

In connection with the concept I am expounding on, I shall talk about this state only once, at this precise moment. It is clear that any speculations in regard to such a broad and complex subject as the metahistory of Poland would be injudicious here; besides, I am not authorized in making any. Yet, one thing is certainly needful: to pinpoint the existence of some infraphysical being under the statehood of that country which I would dare calling, without going into detail, the witzraor of Poland. Complicated relationships between this young and weak, yet besotted with ambitions creature, and the belligerent demon of papacy bolstered the crystallization of a certain mindset in Polish ruling circles. It could be boiled down to a rather emotional idea of creating a strong state on the easternmost outskirts of Catholic civilization, at the expense of and in opposition to Russia. In the ideal scenario, they envisioned the possibility of eradicating the Orthodox culture, Russia's falling under the rule of the Polish statehood, and including the Russians as a small and backward nation among the satellites of the Roman-Catholic suprapeople.

Searching across Enrof for a human individual capable of becoming his temporary instrument, the witzraor of Poland discovered a being, totally ignominious, yet deeply convinced of its rights to the Russian throne and willing to make a deal even with the devil for that end.

Elucidation of the origins and the real name of this individual is, of course, beyond the purview of metahistorical contemplation. Here, it may lead only to the following: the unveiling of a certain component in this unknown which had an unshakeable conviction of its organic relation to the once ruling dynasty in Russia, its rights to the usurped throne, and the duty of avenging the usurper.

The iron-cast undauntedness, even obsessiveness of this idea is at staggering odds with flippant, giddy, erratic human temperament of False Dmitry. This man could vacillate between abject despair and groundless delight, make the most ill-considered plans, unmindfully yet wholeheartedly give himself up to carnal infatuations. He could lay all his designs on the line out of passion for a pretty she-Pole only to cheat on her the next day having been magnetized with Xenia Godunova's looks. With the same ease, he could picture himself now in the emperor's crown (not the king's, precisely the emperor's), now in the rags of an outcast. But the idea or, rather, the irrational feeling of his entitlement to the throne and of his regalness never waned in him. The last minute of his life is truly striking when he, sprawled on the Kremlin stone blocks, with his chest burst and one of his legs broken, beheld the unsheathed swords raised over him and outraged

faces of his persecutors. About his right to the throne, nothing else was babbling away incoherently his hardening tongue.

Such a duality in one's being is quite natural when encrusted with some foreign "ego". Its bearer may be unaware of it (certain rare characteristics are needed to bring it to consciousness), but the mere presence of this foreign component leads to a disastrous discoordination between the life purpose of the individual and his or her mold, between his or her qualities and conduct. And this was precisely the case with the unknown who went down in history under the name "False Dmitry I". At a tender age, perhaps, from the moment of his birth, there crept into and nestled in him one of those many unflaggingly dashing, homeless shells looking for harborage in living beings – those shells, those shreds, which a part of the Terrible's being had disintegrated to, having fallen prey to Velga. Just to avoid redundancy in future, every time when speaking about those shreds of the personality, I will be referring to them as the "micro-ego".

The conviction concerning his identity was, clearly, just an aberration of this man's consciousness inherent to his simple cast that lacked in any mysticism or proclivity to self-analysis. The irrational feeling of his regality demanded a rational substantiation, justification. And it would not have been possible to find a more plausible substantiation than the one that, first, was prompted by his mind and then became merged with his principal idea.

Thus, the extraordinary destiny of False Dmitry was shaped (overall, stemming from inner reasons) by two factors: a shred from the deceased tyrannical kinsguardian's being and the personality of the unknown himself. This disharmony spawned forth actions not only incongruent with the principal goal but fatally contradicting it.

In a long chain of bizarre – precisely for their simplicity – mistakes of the unknown, two are particularly standing out. One of those was through involving himself with Marina, a crafty, yet completely lacking in the sense of statehood, lady. As is known, it was precisely Marina who was one of the instigators of the conflict between False Dmitry and the Muscovites; it was she who had the szlachta (Polish gentry, *translator's note*) bring along all the sloppiness of Polish governance, all its anarchy, arbitrariness, all its belligerent haughtiness. Another mistake of False Dmitry was his sheer ignorance of his situation in Moscow and of a whole series of blunders made during his reign. These blunders (starting from pardoning Shuisky after unveiling the first plot to blatantly neglecting all the traditional ways and practices of the Muscovites) poured fuel on the fire of the



conflict until it brought about a catastrophe. This shows once again how foreign to his flippant and, overall, good-natured personality was his idea of life that he was obsessed with.

A metahistorical hierarchy that was most actively involved in the life of Muscovites at the time was, aside from Velga, the weakened demon of statehood. He was still alive, and nothing but a deadly combat between two witzraors could have eventuated out of False Dmitry's rule. To vanquish the enemy in his geographical foothold, the Kremlin, where the Polish witzraor's forces could hardly reach, Zhrugr was still capable of exerting himself. Most importantly, Velga no longer needed her instrument: having eroded the central power in the state, involved foreign forces in the country's life, shaken all traditional norms and figures of authority in the entire generation of Russians with this imposture, the unknown played his role.

Speculations like those that False Dmitriy, with some of his mental properties, stood higher than the Muscovite society of the time, or that had not it been for the confluence of circumstances surrounding the successful state coup in May of 1606, the king would have continued the most progressive undertakings of his predecessors – these speculations are meaningless from the metahistorical vantage point. Whatever his subjective intentions were, False Dmitry remained an outlander that was not organically connected with Russian culture and statehood. On his shaky throne, he was bolstered neither by the hierarchies of the suprapeople, nor by the demon of statehood, nor even by that infraphysical she-predator whose powers had helped him before in the power struggle. An incomplete year is only a natural term for such a phantom-like reign.

In dealing with an array of questions like the contemporaries' testimonies of various dark miracles around the lacerated and defiled body of the imposter, a metahistorian does not interest himself or herself whether all this actually came to pass as described. However distorted were the facts as reflected in the naïve fantasies of the magical-religious consciousness of that epoch, taken alone – and precisely the way they are described by contemporaries – these testify to a certain metahistorical experience of not just a few individuals but of human multitudes, acknowledged by various authors. Through these images shines a burning feeling of closeness to the raging, otherworldly forces for which the unknown was but a toy. What swarms were reveling over his corpse on Red Square that apocalyptic night – what and why?

The witzraor accepted into his material tissue none of the particles of the deceased: having no upper hand over the immortal part of his being that was falling headlong to the Pit of Shadanakar, he slashed it into a great many pieces and swept them across the planes from Skrivnus to Drukkarg. A new momentary human instrument of the demon imitated the very act with which it had held sway over: the physical remains of the unknown. And the canon, primed with False Dmitry's ashes, fired toward Polish borders. Yet, this act of hatred and revenge proved to be suicidal.

Of course, it is not easy to accept certain things not only from the standpoint of the seventeenth century but also from the twentieth's. It would seem an absurdity and insanity that, for example, one of the Terrible's micro-egos possessed the unknown's being, poisoned his soul throughout and, at the same time – just as what microorganisms do in the water medium – entered the process of swelling; that the afterlife of the unknown served as a frightening example of the pulverization of his being, not only in the physical but also infraphysical space; and, finally, that each of those particles entered a new cycle of existence leeching, as parasites, off the souls of the living and giving rise to historical phenomena unknown to previous epochs. For over a decade, they divide into fractions and multiply in the geometrical progression of sorts rapidly degenerating in terms of the individuals' stature and range of activity. Finally, it all comes to ghostly formations known to history only by their nicknames. All further fractioning recedes from our view into obscure planes of infraphysics.

It is clear that the afterlife destiny of False Dmitry's shelt, which manifested not only in juggling with the interests of the people and the state, but also with a host of noble acts and the whole tone of his personality amenable, it seems, to the ascending movement – the afterlife of this shelt could not be identical to the afterlife of the micro-ego leeching off of it. Regardless of some personal qualities of that man, his objective historical role – the undermining of the social and moral norms of Russia – followed on from his dark mission. The immediate afterlife stages of all dark mission bearers are just the same: falling into the Pit. Only centuries-long stay down there can redeem those dark missions which is followed – unless Gagtungr pulls the shelt of the wretched one back to Gashsharva – with a new stage: redemption of that karmic freight in the shrastr that was created by the individual during his or her stay on Earth, as a ruler and consolidator of the state. That is why the imposter is based now in Drukkarg toiling as a slave stone carrier alongside other sovereign prisoners.

Meanwhile, around every particle of the disintegrating micro-ego of the Terrible, there appear dark-ether vortices, there billow movements of Kazaks, a service class gentry, the impoverished peasantry, lumpen, the have-nots. A time comes when ruling the country in earnest is none other than Velga.

Her awakening and coming out of Gashsharva and into the shrastr of the metaculture, vortex-like coils of her violet and black coats whizzing over the suprapeople, mark the scene every time when the demon of statehood's might is on the wane. Her emergence is even more so precipitated when the tyrannical tendency of witzraors and their ravaging of millions of human destinies devalues human lives and exposes all human scum. Not "the gods are athirst" but athirst is the great transphysical she-predator – one may say so in regard to such epochs.

She surfaced from her depths, preceded and followed by those devilish swarms which were stamped in, as the people's otherworldly experience, in countless fantastical stories of the time.

It may appear, sometimes, that her frenzies are reminiscent of the ancient orgies of the karossa: the selfsame rampancy of unbridled elements, the very outbursts of bravado and whirlpools of lust; at times, it may be hard indeed to distinguish between the historical projections of these two principles. Yet, this similarity is but superficial, a mere result of the entanglement of these two principles in a deadly fight, for the She-annihilator, first and foremost, threatens the She-molder of the people's flesh. The impulse of destruction and defilement, the mayhem of centrifugal anti-state forces, roiling waves of civil wars, all fighting all, pulling foreign destructive forces into the vortex of the all-out chaos, clashes of infinitely differentiated particles – this is a historical projection of the otherworldly doings of Velga sucking, part by part, the living material substance of the people, its arungvilta-prana into infraphysical crevices.

This chaos sent huge ripples to the surface of history when King Vasily Shuisky was still there. His reign is nothing but the death throes of the first witzraor: these were the spasmodic, nearly blind swings of his tentacles, tossing his head on an unimaginably long neck, the shuddering of his body being mauled alive by the enemies.

With a stamp of disgrace, inadequacy, and irreparable spiritual deficiency have been marked this reign, from the beginning all the way to the end. As is known, Shuisky was proclaimed king by a spontaneously gathered crowd on the square only, four years later, to be ripped off the door posts and dragged out of the palace,

held tight by his hands and voiced “on his behalf” to the utterances required for taking the monastic vows. Reflecting the immense humiliation of the witzraor, the mirror of the historical plane shows us the dumbfounding concluding episode: the infirm Shuisky in Polish captivity, in Krakow, in full view of the court and szlachta, kissing Sigismund’s hand. Since the time of Russian princes’ travels to the Golden Horde’s Khan, the Russian statehood had not experienced such a humiliation.

What does the good-for-nothing personality of Vasily IV signify? What precisely is this nonentity of his? Evidently, the inviolating powers of the demon of greatpowerness were rapidly declining. On the other hand, some other outcome of the falling-out with the demiurge could hardly have been anticipated. The circumstances were such that he was forced, if I may put it thus, to grasp at any political figure that possessed two qualities at the very least: being organically bound up with the old statehood principle as well as the thirst for power.

It was a rueful reign, as Zhrugr could see his own progenies budding forth from him, each ready and lusting to devour him and take his place. They were incarnating into those kernels of the new statehood which appear to historians as emerging in the vagaries of revolutionary movements. There were not enough powers for the struggle – now Pollacks, now Swedes were called upon for help. Thereby, the foreigners were shown the straight path into the heart of the country. Moscow owned but a shred of the erstwhile vast state. After Skopin’s death and the dethronement of King Vasily, the hours of the First Zhrugr were counted. He died at that metahistorical moment which the interregnum in the historical plane corresponded to.

The procreations of Zhrugr were writhing about, fighting one another, and making haste to condense their dark-ether tissues – multifarious formations appearing in the main as armies, militias, bodyguards, even, at times, as gangs of outlaws. Perhaps, what I am going to say would seem rather abstruse, but I cannot circumvent this fact: the future witzraor would have to devour the heart of his predecessor and father, the focal point of his feelings and will that was homelessly dashing about in a state of inexplicable yearning for the expanses of Kragr – that plane where battles of witzraors rage – after his demonic shelt had sunk to the depths of Uppum, a world known as the Rain of Eternal Misery. There was no end to the skirmishes and mutual destruction of Zhrugr’s juniors just as with Velga’s interminable ravings. Smashed was the vessel of the societal organization. Navna

was rising as a resplendent mist, while, below, the waves of infraphysical forces were billowing and blocking her descent toward the people.

Meanwhile, the Polish witzraor was initiating a new onslaught.

Russia was fortunate indeed that this witzraor, whose temperament had reflected so tellingly in the obtuse statehood of the szlachta Poland, was, if I may say so, his own worst enemy. Unwilling to rise above his momentary arbitrariness, he could not lay the necessary groundwork for his human instrument to materialize his witzraor involution. Nor was he able to choose for his instrument an individual whose individual qualities would meet the demands of the designated tasks. Had the movement been led by a more strong-willed and foresighted individual, with a mind more lucid than that of Sigismund III, the events would have turned out differently: the Polish dynasty would have taken hold of the Moscow Crown, and it is hard to imagine the possible historical vicissitudes in the aftermath of such an event.

Still, the Polish witzraor's destiny maintained the ascending momentum. The Pollacks took possession of the heart of Russia – the Kremlin, and all around the beheaded, yet living country was seething.

What did Yarosvet himself come to realize drawing on this apocalyptic epoch's dreadful experience? Not even daring – it would be naïve on our part to try to think over this experience together with him with our tridimensional consciousness. But the equivalent that projects into this consciousness – invariably simplifying along – is roughly as follows.

For Yarosvet to accomplish his goal on Earth, for the suprapeople's Collective Soul to give birth to Zventa-Sventana from him, the suprapeople is to mature into creating a worthwhile material vessel. Such a vessel can only be a societal organization exceedingly more elysian than any state can ever be. Any witzraor of the Russian suprapeople will be bearing inside the distorting and ruinous yetzerhara. Yes. But who else, save the mighty Zhrugrs, could protect the suprapeople from being enslaved by the witzraors of other states surrounding it? Who else would warrant creating new upon new generations of Russian people to karossa Dingra? Who else would guard Navna from the danger of captivity by foreign witzraors or her disembodiment and return to heavenly Rangaraidr? (Not as a great collective Self with the fulfilled mission though, but as a monad that has failed miserably in Shadanakar and is now compelled to start anew its creative ascension in the uncharted times, spaces, and forms). Roads to the future

worldwide brotherhood were wrapped in unfathomable darkness. But to avert the impending doom of the suprapeople, to secure its further physical existence, there was only one way: to decide in favor of one of the witzraor's procreations, to pour new life into it, to bless it for the battle with the foreign enemy and for its further agelong existence as a great state – as the only possible way, for the time being, of protecting the Collective Soul.

And made the choice was. The potential bearer of the most robust kernel in the societal organization, the most full-blooded strata of the nation turns out to be the middle class: craftsmen, traders, lower clergy. Old-time moral norms were still there just as the proclivity to acts of bravery and self-sacrifice, the willfulness to mold life and create, the inner wholesomeness, the purity.

Through the patriarch Hermogenes, a great kin-guardian of the Time of Troubles, the demiurge of the suprapeople made an appeal to its grassroots. Hermogenes paid with martyrdom for putting the word out, but this was picked up by the kin-guardian Minin. The gold and silver that poured into the young militia, having bolstered and magnified it, was a physical semblance of those higher forces which poured into the young witzraor from the upper sources of the light-filled will and authority: Yarosvet and the Synclite of Russia. There came the time for a mighty outpouring of will of the second demon of statehood and of Yarosvet himself into the historical plane, the outpouring that swept through more and more strata of the people, turning nobility, tradesmen, clergy, Kazaks, and peasants into those partaking in the feat and pulling the militia into Moscow, under leadership of the kin-guardian Pozharsky, so as to conclude the all-Russia bloody drama: the succession of witzraors.

When Velga, wounded by the new Zhrugr in the under-earth Drukkarg, crept away into her Gashsharva, squirming as the faded and torn-apart black blankets, and the witzraor of Poland pulled back into the confines of his country to lick the wounds on his stubbed tentacles, the new Zhrugr devoured the heart of the former, and a new dynasty crowned by Yarosvet and the powers of the Christian Myth began its work on the new historical societal organization of Russia.

## ***8.2. The Egegorg of Orthodoxy and the Infraphysical Fear***

Any conscientious researcher would hardly deny the fact so embittering to our national pride: the lack whatsoever of artefacts that would testify to a fruitful work of the analyzing and broadly generalizing thought. Strictly speaking, neither to Russian chroniclers, nor to church writers and poets from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, nor even to Ivan the Terrible who had shown an extraordinary intellectual vigor in his letters to Kurbsky, could we apply the term “thinker”.

As a matter of fact, this is only natural. Early historical stages of any people do not and cannot see anything different. What could puncture our pride is too protracted – over more than eight hundred years – a period of our cultural childhood.

Something else is natural, too: a remarkable integrity of character and, I would say, undifferentiation of psyche intrinsic to the people of those times. Russian characters of the eleventh or sixteenth centuries, whether it be Alexander Nevsky or Ivan Kalita, Svyatopolk the Accursed or Malyuta Skuratov, Stephen of Perm or Nil Sorsky, Andrei Rublev or the author of “The Tale of Igor’s Campaign” (it is possible to judge the author’s personality from his literary work) would appear to us as though carved out of stone. It seems that the only kind of inner conflict those people were well familiar with was the pangs of conscience. Yet, for this kind of conflict, a kind of catharsis was also procured by the shepherd of souls, the Church: repentance or, in some extreme cases, taking the monastic vows.

This was only natural because, up until the second half of the sixteenth century, historical experience did not bring the Russian consciousness to clash with the unresolvable contradictions of thought and spirit, did not provide the grounds to peer into the abyss of ethical and religious dualism. The struggle with the Tatars was a struggle with a concrete, plain, clearly delineated, nationwide enemy: such a struggle could only spur the development of a wholesome and adamant character. The contemporaries of Yuri Dolgoruky or Vasily the Dark were barely aware of the collision between the Christian Myth and pre-Russianism as a deep spiritual conflict. Rather, there prevailed a syncretism of sorts – a steady, not quite conscious dual faith of everyday life which was adhered to by all but a small group of society: the monks.

The first historical figure that heralded the passing over into another stage was Ivan the Terrible. It is clear that such a figure, with the pedestal of his supreme political authority being in full view, as it were, of all the people, could not have made a more staggering, appalling, I would say, totally bewildering impression

upon his contemporaries. But Ivan the Terrible was followed by the Time of Troubles revealing the all-out confrontation of metahistorical forces – the time that pulled all strata of the suprapeople into its apocalypse.

The metahistorical experience of those years translated into a certain mindset shared by broad layers of the people, which, ultimately, led to a great Church dissent.

The people's psyche severely traumatized by the hardships of the Time of Troubles and their transphysical undercurrent could recuperate only over a turn of a few generations. Too palpable and burning was the breath of the anticocosmos that scorched the contemporaries of Ivan the Terrible and False Dmitry. It was the first time in history when the people was on the brink of demise, not at the hands of a flat-out, unmistakable foreign enemy like the Tatars but of some enigmatic forces lurking from within and opening the doors to an enemy from without – irrational, mysterious, and thereby even more frightening influences. For the first time, Russia came to realize what abysses surrounded not only her physical, but also her psychological existence. Flagrant crimes committed by the rulers with impunity, their inner tragedies exhibited to everyone, the pangs of their conscience, their uncanny horror of the otherworldly retribution, the evanescence of their royal grandeur and frailty of all undertakings which had had no blessing from above, mass apparitions of light-filled and dark armies fighting each other for something most sacrosanct, most pivotal, most untouchable in the people, perhaps, for some divine being – this was the country's atmosphere from Ivan the Terrible's childhood up until the childhood of Peter I. An acute watchfulness, mistrust, and suspicion of everything novel and untried in that epoch was natural and explicable. It took the lapse of the whole century for the people to be able to take to something new. In order to reconcile with a cultural revolution not unlike Peter's reforms, it had to distance itself from the Time of Troubles.

Indeed: hadn't the first witzraor's tyrannical tendency been manifested so precociously and vigorously, inner reforms of Peter the Great would have been possible a century earlier. I personally believe that the light-filled mission of Ioann IV, of which he accomplished only a fraction, may have even been a preparation precisely for the broad reforms aimed at coming closer together with other Christian cultures. Yet, the fact of the matter is: not only Russia need not have hastened to be on close terms with the West but precisely protraction of its historical movement in the sixteenth-seventeenth centuries could have had a providential meaning. Had the transformational change in Peter the Great's



fashion occurred in the sixteenth century (given the autocracy of Moscow rulers beginning from Ivan the Terrible, this could have happened only if a legitimate ruler of Peter's type and stature had found himself on the throne), this change might have grossly distorted the nascent metahistorical – and historical – ways of Russia. The people was too naïve spiritually, too drained psychologically by the Tatar yoke, and not yet tempered in combat with infraphysical temptations. Had Europeanism gushed into the cultural zone of Russia, it could have flooded the hotbeds of Russian national spirituality and stifled fragile shoots of the idiosyncratic Russian culture with the alluvial sludge of a foreign, more materially developed civilization. The people should have been first allowed to strengthen, the country should have been led through the crucible of satanic temptations to begin with – these were unavoidable all the same. Yet, at the same time, the tempting forces should have been compelled to limit their repertoire to temptations that the people could handle, unlike intellectually high and ethically low temptations of Catholicism at the time of the inquisition from one side, and temptations of the secular era that Western Europe was already poised to enter – from the other. Russia had been destined for a singular and unique role, a global-wide mission was being prepared inside her and above her. The implementation of this mission would have been doomed should the spiritually unseasoned people and unripe country have been pulled into the orbit of the more mature metacultures of the West, that is, turned into one of the many nations of the Catholic and North-Western cultures.

The demiurges of suprapeoples are not the highest metahistorical hierarchy. There are others. There is the Griddrutva, the White Chamber wherein the enlightened ones, upon rising into the World Synclite from the zatomises, are creating together the spiritual plane for the all-human ascent; there is the Synclite of Humanity, there is the Elite of Shadanakar, there is the World Salvaterra. The unfathomable designs of these hierarchies peek through, if only partially, after a lapse of centuries. Only then the higher aspect begins to show through, the innermost layer of teleology, of which rippled and fragmented reflections make their way into the teleological blueprints of all humanity's demiurges – the creations of magnificent yet limited spirits, imperfect or too parochial plans in spite of all their grandeur, which do not foresee, forethink, and encompass everything there is.

And so, the Time of Troubles snapped the people out of childhood. It gave the people a metahistorical experience, an enriching one at that. Yet, the assimilation of this experience took a long time; apparently, even nowadays it has yet to be

assimilated fully. The seventeenth century is marked entirely with this assimilation, this transition from childhood to adolescence. Apart from assimilation, the time was also marked with a certain new factor which encumbered this process and shaped it in most peculiar ways.

World history knows of graphic examples when belligerent egregors have also emerged over religious communities. An impetuously manifesting expansionist and, all the more so, vampirical tendency, once tightly merged with the religio-communal worldview, bears the best testimony to a powerful religious egregor being actively demonized by Gagtungr, thus transforming from a mere unavoidable obstacle into a conscious and dynamic enemy of the Providential process of metahistory. It suffices to recall the history of Judaism or the murderous expansion of early Islam.

We have already talked about the immense – and fortunate at that – significance of Vladimir the Holy's personal decision in regard to Russia's state creed. Now we ought to recall that Vladimir had Russia embrace precisely this creed that, owing to its almost millennial-old tradition, and the circumstances of its formation in the cultural centers of Byzantium by the emperor's throne, was spared of the extreme theocratic tendency. Compared to the egregors of Islam and Calvinism, and also – all the more so – the monsters towering behind Judaism and the Papacy, the egregor of Russian Orthodoxy was torpid, amorphous, unaggressive, and weak. The Church had long become the state's spiritual ally, then helper, then lackey, then, under the Third Zhurgr – slave, only once having attempted to claim its supreme all-state role. However lamentable this staircase of ever-increasing submission to the state is from the religio-cultural or even denominational-Orthodox point of view, still it is the lesser of two evils compared to its opposite extreme.

A dark-ether egregor grew strong over the Russian Orthodox Church owing to the psychological climate that dominated in the country, much as a result of the struggle with the Tatars and the establishment of the national belligerent "greatpowerness". The egregor was being formed from those radiations of the churching human masses which were imported by any soul that had not achieved righteousness and admixed the radiations of so-called "rubs and worries of life" to the emanations of awe, adoration, and love. The egregor's growth was also fatally propelled by the peculiarities of the medieval half-magical pietism which prompted believers to make huge donations to monasteries for conducting memorial services and impelled princes to confer on monasteries massive land

tracts. The monks, in their turn, took it all for granted. The prodigious accumulation of wealth by the monasteries, the overall enmeshment of monks and clergy in worldly matters was a rather fertile ground for a dark-etheric outgrowth on the church's organism. At the foot of its collective meta-ether massif, something of a foggy lump was condensing, a billowy haze of sorts which, with its blind equivalent of consciousness, apparently identified itself with the church. The danger of its swelling lay in the emergence of a kind of invisible barrier between believers' souls and the transphysical essence of the church that these souls were aspiring for. Therefore, however dimly believers sensed this danger, it must have appeared to them as even more menacing than the vampirical tendency of the Zhrugrs.

Of course, the Church did not stay indifferent to this worrisome phenomenon. A historical manifestation of these two chief tendencies contending within it – egregorial and Providential – was the confrontation of proponents and opponents of large land-ownership by monasteries. The most prominent representatives of both these trends were Nil Sorsky and Joseph Volotsky, with their open battleground being the Assembly of 1503, as well as heated literary debates. Tellingly, the leader of those opposing the land ownership happened to be precisely Nil Sorsky, a man of an exceedingly subtle soul organization, the true poet of hermitage, the bearer of a real saintliness, a vessel of spirituality in the full meaning of the word. It was not the stirrings of “the historical feeling” that Nil Sorsky, together with nearly all hermits lacked in, but, rather, a profound transphysical concern for the church that nudged him out of his seclusion and had him confront the Josephites. Although the church did canonize him later – to not honor the memory of one of the greatest Russians saints would have been impossible – all in all, the victory was with the Josephites. Thus the egregor of Orthodoxy retained the breeding ground for the dark-etheric milieu nourishing it. In the space of a century, shortly after the Time of Troubles, the fruits of all this reaped with bounty.

Having carried out the intrachurch reforms of an almost exclusively liturgic and textual nature, patriarch Nikon undoubtedly manifested the sheer will of the church as such. Having aspired for the supreme post in the state, attempting to overshadow the cloth of the king with that of the patriarch – whatever his personal intentions were – he turned into a blunt instrument of that parasitic dark-etheric formation on the church's body which we are talking about.

His and his inspirer's defeat stemmed not only from the greater power possessed by the demon of statehood but also a broader epochal-historical rationale behind the demon's actions. The witzraor's legitimacy was apparently sensed by a wide swath of the population. If the purely liturgical reforms of Nikon caused a backlash – one so strong that the constructive forms of the Old Belief which it was molded into have survived until our days – his attempt at a theocratic or, rather, hierocratic revolution must have repelled even larger masses, including the overwhelming majority of the clergy. The latter, as a result of this revolution, would have been shouldered with an unreasonable, strange, incomprehensible, hence unrealizable responsibility. The “pope-like” ambitions of Nikon breathed of a vaguely familiar spirit: it was reminiscent of that tyrannical tendency that had deeply scorched the Russian society in the time of Ivan the Terrible and, again, succeeded in blowing strongly at the end of Boris Godunov's reign. Still fresh in memory were sufferings it had led to and the abysses it had cast into. The fact that this danger was now coming not from the demon of statehood but from something uncannily nebulous, coming from the bosom of the church itself, only intensified the irrational, transphysical fear.

The hierocratic encroachments of Nikon were cut short, but the otherworldly fear could not have been eradicated by that alone. This gave rise to Raskol (a major religious schism in the fold of the Russian Orthodox church in the mid-seventeenth century, *translator's note*) permeated with the terror before the “Prince of this World” which seemed as though he had already come and built a nest in the *sancta sanctorum* of humankind – in the church. From thence, the “non-class” or “beyond-class” nature of Raskol was joined by people from all social strata and walks of life, by all those who had sensed that infraphysical fear in their hearts. From thence came Avvakum's vehement intolerance and denial of any possibility of compromise as well as passionate yearning for martyrdom. From thence evolved the unflinching ruthlessness of schismatics that were ready, in case of their church and political victory, to stack corpses upon corpses of “Satan's children”. From thence emanated that ardent, impatient longing for deliverance, for ultimate salvation, for the sought-for end of the world, which is hardly graspable to people from other epochs. From thence, finally, came that unparalleled heroism of bodily self-destruction – as we delve into the history of massive self-immolations – something that stupefies us, unless metahistorical contemplation is not foreign to us at least in some degree, and shatters us to the core of our being if, as issuing from such contemplations, the true nature of this fascinating phenomena has been revealed to us.

Nikon was exiled; then, he passed away. However, the church did sanction his reforms. Decades passed by, yet no return to the old faith was in sight. And when the demiurge, in materializing his planetary design, nominated such a giant as Peter the Great; when the Second Zhuravskiy involuted him with all his youthful might; when, on behalf of the king-reformer, the state assigned the church a small corner in its domain having bent religion to its interests and narrowed down the people's spiritual creativity, only then did Raskol take on a concrete shape to which its otherworldly consternation and hatred were attached. *Peter was proclaimed the Antichrist.*

We should not be surprised with the pettiness of the purely formal, far from dogmatic dissensions between the Old Belief and Nikon's Orthodoxy; from the seventeenth century's vantage point – half-magical and, at the same time, unafraid of some radical inferences – the Antichrist's spirit was not bound to manifest in defying the Creed or physical decimation of the religious community. This spirit was envisaged as “the Father of Lies” starting off from satellitic, superficial switches only to drag the ensnared soul, step by step, down into the anticosmic abyss. And if we cannot feel sympathy with Raskol's actors in their ideological orientation and methods, the understanding of and sympathy with a great vexation of minds caused by Raskol are within our reach.

It is true that the egregor of Orthodoxy was met with a resounding rebuff, and, from that side, dissipate the danger did. What is also true is that behind Peter there stood such inspirators, and the pathway, having been traced by this king, opened such prospects that the idea of the Third Rome could appear a backwater parochialism. Yet, this future, at the same time, boded for a chain of such changes and switches, yawned with such unexplored abysses, and the recent flames of the Time of Trouble gleamed with such premonition that the mind involuntarily flinched back, inside, into the spiritually veracious, centuries-hallowed forms of spirituality that had delivered salvation to the countless legions of souls of grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

Therefore, a spiritual process of extraordinary importance began emerging in the sixteenth century and took its final shape a century later. It could be outlined with the following complementary definitions:

- a) disintegration of the primeval wholesomeness of the soul's organization;
- b) dialectically unavoidable passing through a protracted period of inner disharmony;

- c) developing the ability to simultaneously contemplate antipodal spiritual depths;
- d) a cultural and transphysical broadening of personal limitations;
- e) struggling of thought to comprehend the metahistorical experience

It could be surmised that this spiritual process stopped short, died out, and confined itself within the Old Belief owing to a sheer historical feebleness and inability to probe into the essence of cultural-historical processes. Quite the contrary: all religious philosophy and historiosophy of the nineteenth century from Pyotr Chaadaev and the Slavophiles to Vladimir Solovyov, Dmitri Merezhkovsky, and Sergei Bulgakov, all psychological dualism, all contemplation, emotional and life experience of both spiritual polarities residing just as in Lermontov and Gogol, so – even to a greater degree – in Dostoevsky, Vrubel, and, finally, Blok, are nothing but subsequent stages of this process.

Let us consider this in more detail.

In the nineteenth century, the fragmentation of the primeval wholesomeness of the soul reached such a depth that even Pushkin's personality, riddled with contradictions and having swung between opposite poles in religious and political views, yet appears to us wholesome as compared to the psychological cast of his contemporaries and descendants.

Nearly all the cultural creativity of the nineteenth century is marked with an inner disharmony. Only by the end of that century does there emerge a possibility of its overcoming – a deficient possibility fraught with even more dismal catastrophes at that – as on the global historical plane, so in terms of the personal eschatology, that is, of the otherworldly destiny of human shells. What I mean by this: here we find the origins of the colossal movement over which the figures of Plekhanov and Lenin tower.

The ability to simultaneously contemplate opposite spiritual depths proved to be nothing but the manifestation of the archetypal Russian proclivity for uncircumscribed breadth that merely corresponded to the new cultural age of the nation: the selfsame broadness which, in times of primitive and wholesome characters, manifested psychologically – in the oneness of the soul organization coupled with the width of boundless forests and steppes; emotionally – in the heroic valor; and historically – in having created a monolithic state from the Baltics to the Pacific Ocean. Pechorins and Pierre Bezukhovs, Stavrogins and Ivan Karamazovs, characters of *The "Enchanted Wanderer"* and *"Crime and*

*Punishment*” – grandsons of path-breakers and oprichniks (oppressors of the groups of people opposed to the king, *t/n*), monks and highwaymen, Cossack leaders and self-immolated dissenters; it was simply a matter of a different cultural age, hence a different magnitude.

This led to the cultural and transphysical broadening of personality – such a fact appears to be obvious, with no need for illustrations or commentaries.

As for the struggle of thought to comprehend the metahistorical experience, the best Russian minds of the nineteenth century were, essentially, given to that, and this is despite the fact that the notion of metahistory was yet to be formulated and even become conscious. In the contemplations of Belinsky upon the new Russian literature, doesn't one feel attempts to read history as a system of ostensible tokens of some invisible spiritual process? Don't masses of people and their leaders come to be manifestations and instruments of the otherworldly forces in Leo Tolstoy's unparalleled historical epic (*“War and Peace”*, *t/n*)? As for Dostoevsky's historical concepts, doesn't one sense in them an unflaggingly glimmering otherworldly light that transforms historical perspectives into misplaced, overturned, uncanny, and fascinating perspectives of the metahistory? Would anybody deny the spiritual standpoint on the national past in the artwork of Surikov or popular dramas of Mussorgsky? – I limit myself to pinpointing only the nineteenth century's luminaries, for mentioning names of a lower stature would demand a separate chapter.

So, all five features of the aforementioned process in question have been made plain. It becomes clear to us that the process which had originated in the far-distant times of oprichnina – the process of experiencing both polarities of the transphysical world, of their perception and comprehension stage by stage – reached a climax in genius artistic generalizations and philosophical intuition by the twentieth century. I hardly need to explain the fact that the twentieth century's events were to further deepen this process – to take to the extreme just as the inner disharmony, so the struggling concepts, so the emotional fervor of the polarized ideas. Thus was laid the groundwork for the phase of synthesis which was to be realized by the generations to follow.

In this sense, we cannot but feel our kinship with those who had burned themselves two hundred fifty years back – a feat almost unfathomable to us; nor with those who were creating an epic of the invisible town Kitezh in the decades to follow.

For the above reasons, the crystallization of this legend was precipitated precisely in Raskol. It is only natural that the epic allocates this town of the righteous on the shores of Svetloyar (a lake in Russia, *t/n*) to the remote trans-Volga woodland, which had been lit by hermitage lampions of saints since time immemorial. Its connection with the outside world is carried out through the town of Minor Kitezh being carried over onto the borders of steppes – a symbol of the historical church with its human weaknesses: that historical church the true essence of which is concealed from searching souls and muddled by the hazy, dense, and sensual egregor of Orthodoxy. Under a rapid and sweeping onslaught of the foreign enemy, the historical church perishes “without striking a blow and with a great disgrace”. It does not perish completely, of course: Maiden Fevronia, an embodiment of the Ideal Soul steeped with a poetry that can issue from Navna alone, enters Great Kitezh<sup>1</sup> as a martyr. Great Kitezh is physically defenseless: a small warrior host of its heroes suffers martyrdom in the Battle at Kerzhents. And then, as a response to the people’s ardent prayer to the Great Intercessor, the town mysteriously submerges to the bottom of Lake Svetloyar into “the life eternal” – it passes over into another mode of existence.

In a transformed way, The Kitezh epic reflected the essence of Raskol as it was envisaged by its loftiest dreamers, contemplators, and “poets of the heart”. It did idealize the reality beyond recognition. Yet, thereby it produced an incomparably deeper, lasting, and universal image than the very historical phenomenon of Raskol: the mystery of the people, culture, or an individual soul, which inviolable inner sanctuary, protected by the hierarchies of the Light, remains unapproachable to any, even the most powerful enemy, for it withdraws into the mysterious spiritual depth from any invasion, from any malign encroachment.

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<sup>1</sup> Here, I am trying to pinpoint the metahistorical significance of Rimsky-Korsakov’s musical mysterial as the hitherto highest stage in the development of this fascinating epic.

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### 8.3. *Bridging the Gaps Across Cultures*

What impulses were at work creating that gigantic geographical whole, that uncanny conglomerate of deserts, tundras, exceedingly fertile and heavily populated areas, enormous cities, and horizonless taiga that, by and large, overlapped with the boundaries of the Russian suprapeople?

In entertaining these questions, one cannot help but reminisce upon some of the world history's epochs when a people or suprapeople vacillated between geographical isolation and hurtling expansion. In order to explain this phenomena, historical science proposed an array of witty suppositions on its geographical, socio-political, and, especially, economic reasons. Yet, one may cast into doubt whether it was, for example, only the lack of cultivatable lands that pushed Arabs, who had contented themselves with their agelong sparse and wretched existence on their peninsula, into a dazzlingly rapid unification and lightning-fast, dizzying expansion; an expansion not unlike unwinding of a spring or outpouring of lava from a crater, or a tornado; the expansion that went far beyond conquering affluent and fertile neighbouring countries sweeping, in only fifty years' time, across the territory from the Guadalquivir to the Indus (rivers, *translator's note*).

It is permissible to ask another question: why, after all, it was precisely Western Europe wherein, by the turn of the sixteenth century, the economy had come about so unprecedentedly and prodigiously that, for the first time in human history, two suprapeoples – Roman-Catholic and North-Western –prevailed the ocean, flooded America, pulled Africa into their orbit, discovered and partially brought under their control ancient cultures of the East? Within the framework of purely economic and socio-political motifs, one would only shrug shoulders and throw up hands when answering this simple question: Why did the socio-economic conjuncture that occasioned this expansion only come about once, and in one place, for the whole history of human cultures? If a similar conjuncture had come about elsewhere, say, in China, why wouldn't it have born the same results? It turns out that it is no crime to reserve a grain of doubt amid the overpowering force of the socio-economic explanations and, given such historical phenomena, even get an inkling of some other factor outside of the historical cause-and-effect mesh – the factor of the *irrational*.

This doubt and inkling outgrow into an enormous question mark when we seek to come to terms with the eastward Russian expansion at the end of the sixteenth and

in the seventeenth centuries. The seventeenth century overall presents quite a few riddles to historical thought, one of the most puzzling ones being as follows: Why, for what end, and guided by what socio-economic rationale was the Russian people – the people so sparsely scattered across the East European Plain – inspired, just in the space of a hundred years and solely through the private efforts of individuals, not the state's, to flood across the expanse that was three times the size of its motherland, a severe, cold, uninviting, and almost uninhabited land, rich only in furs and fish, and, in the next century, to make a further stride as far as California in crossing over the Bering Strait? Of course, the intensifying exploitation of the serfs pushed thousands of people to the eastern uninhabited outskirts where they had to make a livelihood. However, weren't the Ural and Siberia spacious enough to accommodate and feed the populace vastly greater than the Cossack squads that had passed over the Ural Mountains under the reign of Ivan Terrible, Boris Godunov, and Alexei Mikhailovich? Why weren't these peasants (the overwhelming majority of Cossacks came from peasantry) given to their habitual labor on the new generous lands, but, rather, took to hunting and thus fell into heavy dependence on the traders and the state for selling their produce? – Were people running from the landowners' oppression? Yes, they were. Why couldn't they nicely settle down on the Ob, Irtysh, or Angara (rivers, *t/n*) that had never seen any landowners whatsoever? Instead, they ran farther and farther away, not from some non-existent pursuers, but from God knows whom and to God knows where, into some wakeless backwater, across gargantuan rivers and impassible taiga, through areas inhabited by foreigners who offered resistance, and, finally, having reached the shores of the Pacific Ocean – they did not settle down even there, and vaulted over to America.

Russian Cossacks – so they say – were lured by the abundance of wild beast and riches of fish in the Far East. True, lured they were. Yet, not only Russians knew that fish tastes great; not only Russians wore and traded furs. Strangely enough, these very riches did not attract, for example, the Chinese who lived in much closer proximity to them and, undoubtedly, stood higher than Russians in terms of culture as of the seventeenth century. Besides, they suffered from overpopulation. Why not the Chinese then?

All these questions arise spontaneously as early as when sitting on a school bench. However, they cannot elicit an adequate response, as the factors, to which modern science deigns, are inexplicable; the factor that could elucidate the matter in question remains beyond science's scope. This selfsame factor, as deliberately

simplified and scornfully cringed at as it is, is usually referred to as “psychological”. Without taking it into account, the whole of history turns not only into a dead schemata but an outright sham of science – a sham that shrouds its inability to answer the simplest of questions either with dogmatic verbiage, or with a feigned disregard of them.

Let us not be timid with words. Indeed: the excess of bodily powers and maturation of the national spirit, in which inner integrity is not too fully lost in order for a wanderlust to become enkindled, are, psychologically, a manifestation of the irrational factor in the epoch that we are dwelling on. What is that call enticing the path-breakers farther and farther? What is this mysterious instinct (let us use this obscure term, even more enigmatic than “ether” in the physics of the recent past)?

There is no need to envisage the demiurge’s involtation only as a head-spinning epiphany or an in-streaming of resplendent images. On the contrary: this form of involtation – or inspiration – is quite rare. It presupposes a developed personality, even a particular giftedness similar to artistic but not identical to it; rather, it is a type of religious aptitude. As for the demiurgic involtation of “a person from the masses”, it knows other ways. In such a soul, the demiurge does not rage like a storm; to such a mind, he inspires no grandiose ideas; to such a soul, no cosmic panoramas or ethical horizons are swung open by him. He does something else: he rises from the depths of the soul as a wordless, forbidding, and authoritative call of the Unconscious.

Through the summons of the Unconscious, other hierarchies, too, communicate with a person from the masses: karossa, witzraor, the Collective Soul of the people, even Velga. To differentiate across them is only possible by way of the feelings and deeds inspired. As for the deeds impressed upon the path-breakers, they can be reduced to one and only one, yet great undertaking: with the aid of just a few hundred warriors, to seize and stake the immense spatial reserves for the Russian suprapeople – all the empty territory amid the massifs of now existing cultures. Not a single Cossack, none of the heroes of the Siberian conquests, of course, had even an inkling of that. None of them could see the overarching historical purpose, but only a small, individual, and concrete end: to struggle for existence by going east for weasel, squirrel, and sable. All these were bountiful in the already conquered areas; yet, for reasons unbeknownst, they forged on. They could not stop, for wild scents from the mysterious wastelands of the East tickled their nostrils and intoxicated them like wine. They could not stop, lured by the

clang of cranes and trumpet-like calls of deer – intense, passionate, and free voices of the animal world. They could not stop because of the bluish haze over the horizon that deep forests merged into in the east. They could not resist sleepovers out in the open, bonfires, the faces and stories of companions, songs, and adventurous life. It was as though even the sun quietly showed them the path and the goal while rising over the mysterious eastern expanses. The most irresistible yet, was the call of their own blood teaching them to understand voices of the wind and the sun, beasts and birds, precisely that way – the blood that was buzzing in their veins with its authoritative “yonder!” call, with its irrational and providential intoxication of vagrancy. “What kind of psychology is that? It is poetry!” somebody could say. Well, does historical science stand higher than poetry, so as to snub it? Provided that they are equal, if they are to fertilize each other, then not only the history of poetry has a bearing, but so does the poetry of history. In particular, ridiculing the poetic component of history does not pertain to those who, without resorting to this component, could answer the raised question only by beating about the bush or blushinglly keeping their quiet.

Tellingly, the demon of Russian statehood had long stayed aloof from the path-breakers’ movement. One can sense that in the nonchalance of the Russian state as it watched Russian people claim immense areas in the east. When this movement had started, the First Zhrugr was engrossed with something else: he had forfeited the demiurge’s sanction, and the very existence of the witzraor was drawing to a close. Therefore, he took no interest in Siberia. Over all three centuries of his existence, the Second Zhrugr saw the Asian expanses only as a penultimate source for the state’s enrichment. Astoundingly, up until the twentieth century he could not understand why, after all, history and his own people had shouldered Siberia and the Far East upon him. And when fur trade ceased to be a major item of the state’s income, Siberia turned into a place of exile, and the Russian America was sold. What would Peter the Great (a Russian king, *t/n*), this great fleet builder and sea lover, have to say, had he known that in two centuries, by 1925, his successors would have neither navy, nor, by and large, a civil fleet on the Pacific Ocean? Unconsciously, Peter understood more than the demon of statehood did. He understood, for example, that, for some reason (as obscure as it was), he had to carry out such a grandiose undertaking as the Great Northern Expedition. None of the European monarchs embarked on anything similar to this in the seventeenth, eighteenth, or even nineteenth centuries. There is no way to ascertain that Peter clearly realized the significance, as well as the purpose of this undertaking. Be that as it may, the colossal expenses this required could not be recouped with some

meager economic gains, even if Russian ships had plowed through the Arctic Ocean to India. Yet, Peter did not fancy wasting money on anything that did not reap state benefits. The matter is that Peter the Great, as I attempt to show in the next chapter, was not only a conductor of the demon of statehood's designs: the demiurge, more than through all other Russian rulers of the new time, willed through him. If we refuse to see the fruits of his inspiration in a host of Peter's doings, we will understand nothing about the last few centuries of Russian history.

So, the demiurge's concerns were reflected in Russians' having taken claim of the North Asian territories, vast and almost uninhabited. Why did he expedite this process though? So as others would not grab hold of the lands ahead of Russians? But who? China? Up until the twentieth century, China could not even properly hold sway over Manchuria. England? But Siberia was of no interest to it, either before, or after. Japan? The United States? But the expansion of these states began only at the turn of the twentieth century.

It is beyond us to reconcile: For the avoidance of what evil was the demiurge expediting his suprapeople's claim of those lands? Did he foresee a possibility of their occupation by some foreign invaders? Or, did there loom a possibility of formation of an independent state in Siberia, a powerful one capable of defence and offence, which would entail a series of unwarranted hardships, victims, and bloodshed? All these are only suppositions having no metahistorical bearing, hence lacking in any value.

It is quite obvious, however, that Russia's transformation from a peripheral Eastern European country into a great Eurasian power that filled in all the empty space between the North West, Roman-Catholic, Muslim, Indian, and Far East cultures (that is, among all currently existing cultures) bore a great significance for Yarosvet. One may conjecture that it had to do with the global mission of Russia, and those spatial reserves were to become an arena for the suprapeople's creative works in the twenty-first or twenty-second centuries. A culture destined to outgrow into an interculture can fulfil its mission only by closely interacting with all other cultures, which it is to assimilate, unify, and transform into the planetwide whole. If a suprapeople is meant to become a catalyst transforming itself, as well as all suprapeoples of the world into a single Humankind, the territories given to its disposal have to correspond to the scale of its struggle, its ideas, and works of creativity.

#### ***8.4. Kin-Guardian Peter and the Demonic Distortion of His Mission***

Amid the riddles of the seventeenth century for historical thought to ponder, not the least mysterious is a strange fact: the birth of a man into no less than a royal family who, with his spiritual stature, giftedness, intellect, cast, and even physical temperament, perfectly befitted an ideal statesman of which Russia, her metaculture, her mission, and her destiny were needful at the time.

The birth of personalities of such caliber is as rare as one in hundreds of millions. The precise odds that such a person happened to be the prince are nearing zero.

Meanwhile, given the seventeenth century's milieu, a revolution not unlike Peter the Great's could have been carried out only by a great genius of statesmanship and only under one binding condition: the legitimacy of his authority in the eyes of the contemporaries. Far less ambitious undertakings of Boris and False Dmitry on bringing closer together Russia and the West were forgiven by the Russians to neither and entailed, among other reasons, these two premature deaths.

Undoubtedly, the statecraft of these rulers was far behind Peter's genius. But it is also beyond doubt that no usurper, even such a genius as Peter, could thwart the agelong social norms permeated with the ancient idea of the hereditary base for the succession of power.

Yet, the science of today, as dogmatically denying the historical teleology as it does, is bound to circumvent this fact with silence. As always in such cases, it feigns as though questions of this kind have no bearing. It perfectly understands that, within the causal approach to phenomena alone, it will not be able to utter even a single sound in trying to explain this fact.

Such a state of the modern historian – a historian in the narrow sense of this word – is only natural. For him or her, applying the teleological principle to historical facts is inconceivable. Indeed: what methodology would make it possible to approach the facts with the question as to “why”? From the steep inclines of this question opens nothing but a boundless sea of fantasy.

Yet, a metahistorian is in no need to narrow down his or her outlook to the bounds of the causal framework. For him or her – from the steep inclines of the “why” question – opens none other than a sea, not of fantasies though but of the second reality. Causality is no fetish for a metahistorian who approaches many problems from another, teleological angle. In particular, the dependence of mold and aptitude upon the birth and childhood setting makes the case. Should a historian

opt for not seeing the cardinal difference between dupes of fantasy and the metahistorical method – let us, at least, not deny him or her consolation in the idea that abiding within the enclosure of causality supposedly presents the ultimate and most spectacular achievement on the way of attaining knowledge.

Apparently, the demiurge and karossa Dingra had long laid the groundwork for the etheric-physical form or, rather, the apparatus which was to accommodate such a colossal involution as well as carry out its tasks. This dated back over several generations, in both the prince's paternal and maternal lineages. The process of this preparation is, of course, outside the metahistorian's scope. He or she is only allowed to track the culmination of it – the providential circumstances of Peter's childhood and adolescence that put the final brushstrokes upon his personality.

Reformation tasks would demand of him an immense exertion. Hence Peter's childhood in Preobrazhenskoe village, unlike that of his two brothers who had withered in the sheltered life of the palace, seasoned his body and availed him of an opportunity for various physical exercises including those that appeared totally unbecoming to his contemporaries.

The reformer in the making would need an exceptional independence of mind, a habit to rely on no authorities and to think for himself. Therefore, neither in his childhood, nor adolescence was there allowed into Peter's retinue anyone who, through their intellectual and volitional faculties, could even for a short time tamper the boy's independent mental activity with a blind reliance on "the say-so".

The immensity of his tasks as a ruler would demand of him the unheard-of, monstrous, almost unrealizable forms of conduct. He would have to shed his royal garment and, having rolled up his sleeves, be setting an example for carpenters, ship builders, blacksmiths, cabinetmakers – in sum, craftsmen of all sorts. In the very Preobrazhenskoe village were created conditions that sufficiently met the demands of the future king – to not only accustom oneself to such works, but also to become skilled at some of them. Succeeding the boyars (Russian aristocracy, *t/n*) were talented commoners as found by him, and also the Streltsy (soldiers, *t/n*) had to be replaced – only God knows how and whence – by a new army that corresponded with the needs of the coming day. And so, his playmates in Preobrazhenskoe turned out youths from the populace – witty, loyal, and bold – the nucleus of the future guard.

The harsh duty of being a kingly revolutionary would demand of him intransigence with the enemies of his political designs. From his early years, his

heart would harden in witnessing the bloody mutinies of the Streltsy and executions as well as in such human relationships as Princess Sophia's stance toward him. Had an ordinary child, not nurtured by the metahistorical forces, been put into the same environment, nothing exceptional would have become of him. Yet, given his inborn genius, that is to say, his heightened sensitivity to the inspiration of the accompanying him daemon that had been the fruit of the demiurge and the karossa's workings, the whole setting of the Preobrazhenskoe village brought about the formation and refining of this human instrument.

Such teleological perspective could be applied to the biography of any individual who numbers among kin-guardians, geniuses, and saints under one condition: that there is ample biographical data to make use of.

What was, after all, the historical task of Peter I as betokened by the demiurge?

Inasmuch as it is possible to peel off this task from the influence of the witzraor, and to the extent that it is explicable in human terms, the task can be outlined as follows:

Russia is destined with a global mission of which the emperor knows nothing. He has to be confident only in one thing: its global nature. His personal task comes down to redirecting the suprapeople from the vegetative state of national seclusion to the vast expanse of pan-human development. The Russian people is to be included within the elect of the leading nations not merely as a satellite or younger historical partner but as a great power which other peoples have to reckon with from the very start. Such a shift is possible only if Russia embraces the objective advancements of the neighboring older culture, for this culture is one of the two which were able to prevail over the limitations of its aristocracy-centered classicist society and its parochial isolation from the rest of the world. For such a shift to occur and its fruits to be lasting, there needed to be a complete transformation from within: it would annul boyars as a ruling class that had shown its inaptitude for the historical tasks and hand over the leading role to the gentry and middle class. Why not to the clergy or peasantry? Not to the clergy, for its dominance in the state would entail the rampant encroachment of the egregor of Orthodoxy and, ultimately, hierocratic despotism, the most torpid of all despotisms that there are. And, certainly, not to the peasantry, as it was the most backward class that had to be aided for centuries before it could play a constructive role in the formation of the state and social creativity.



It is impossible here to make a detailed examination of how much the historical doings of Peter agreed with this task. Yet, what *is* possible and needful – to point out the significance of the second involution, as though interlayered between the demiurge's involution and the emperor's personality, which imparted the latter with the qualities that not at all times and not in all instances met the desires of Yarosvet.

This involution of the demon of statehood acted upon certain traits in Peter's character and temperament, and, on other occasions, upon his reasoning abilities. At that, it distorted the course of his thought and actions to the extent that he was bound by these very traits' and abilities' influence.

Zhrugr really saw to the infusing of the kin-guardian with his tyrannical tendency. With this aim in mind, he managed to remold Peter's rugged firmness, an indispensable quality in his situation, into intransigence; the inner freedom from authorities – into implacable ferocity toward any influence from the past; the forthright dedication to his cause – into hatred toward anything seemingly useless, that is, having no utility in his schemes; and his sweeping spontaneity – into unfettered sensuality and boundless rudeness. His irony outgrew into a proclivity to mockery. His utilitarian mindset emasculated his aesthetic wellsprings which forked into two directions: the artistic approach to the trades and the artisan approach to arts. As for his outbursts of cruelty, some of these took on a sadistic tint.

From these qualities stemmed the blunders of political thought which led Peter to the actions that were erroneous and detrimental from the metahistorical and, arguably, also from the historical vantage point: to the unwarranted cruelty toward the boyars, toward the Streltsy and schismatics, toward his own son, and, most importantly – toward his own people that lay not only tremendous but, at times, unwarranted sacrifices on the altar of the king's designs; the sheer oblivion of the pressing historical need to secure the development and, later, the leading role of the middle class, which subsequently proved a fatal mistake; to violence against the church that resulted, as one of the late thinkers put it, in the paralysis and – under the third witzraor – subservience to its own enemy which would seem totally unthinkable in any other epoch; to disregard of the peasantry's interests that entailed the aggravation of serfdom and arrested the cultural development of the Russian society's most numerous class for centuries; and, finally, to the atmosphere of terror reigning supreme in the country, to the devaluation of human life, and disregard of individual rights which long outlived Peter and became a

hallmark of “greatpowerness” in a host of epochs to come. However grandiose the figure of the emperor was, and however providentially needful were his doings, the duality of the involution apprehended by his raging heart, Herculean will, and forward-looking yet utilitarian mind, turned the kin-guardian into a double-natured being before whom the gates of the Synclite were shut tight.

It is hard to find a more striking dissonance than between the figures of two kin-guardians who, both, gravely eroded their missions: the one who had been lifted to the heights of autocracy – Ivan IV – and the other, Peter I, who, despite all odds, remained the recipient of Yarosvet’s inspiration. There is, indeed, a dramatic contrast between the circumstances of the deaths of their sons, Ivan and Alexei. In one case, it is an act which proved suicidal for the dynasty and the state, committed by a being stripped of his humanity and besotted with rage: a manifestation of Velga at its finest. In the other case, it is a coldly thought-out and, in spite of all human sentiments, ruthlessly carried-out measure in the name of a political idea for which his own flesh and blood was slain: an equally stark involution of the demon of statehood.

It is equally curious, perhaps, to have sight of the pastime of both rulers’ when they are not busy with state affairs, not squashing Tatars or the Swedes, but feasting. One, frowningly gazing around his table companions, only in the next moment to do something abominable, even monstrous: one time – smiting a disgraced boyar on the chest with his staff; another time – biting off the ear of some guest; and on yet another occasion – laughing himself to tears at some prince sewn up in a bearskin being mauled by dogs; or on one occasion – forcing some unfortunate one to eat his own father’s feces.

The other is a great ruler a century and half later: a giant with a murky look but standing firm on his straddling legs who forces, laughing and clapping on the shoulder a former boyar or, perhaps, a yesterday’s shoemaker or pastry maker and the today’s state official, to bottoms up a Great Eagle goblet. A truly great person cannot not be generous. The Terrible is humongous, yet void of largesse, hence of greatness. But Peter is generous with some extraordinary, terrific magnanimity. How wonderfully this was intuited by Pushkin (translated from Russian):

*No! With his subjects he makes peace;  
When forgiving one at fault,  
He rejoices; foams his lips  
From the king’s cup the absolved.*

But the most eloquent parallel would be, in my opinion, comparing the circumstances of death of the two rulers. On the one hand, we have one decaying while alive, dashing about in anguish and prayers, and making desperate attempts to appease the deity having pardoned criminals and unbolted all the dungeons. On the other hand, there is one who wholeheartedly gives himself up in an urge to save the perishing sailors and dies himself as a result of this heroic deed. It is clear, of course, that Peter's afterlife was a far cry from his distant predecessor's. But whoever turns himself or herself into an extortioner, both literally and figuratively; whoever goes over corpses upon corpses of his or her innocent subjects that yield up their spirit only because, say, in the heat of the moment and without any concern for their lives, the ruler demanded thousands of builders to erect a new capital – be it even the gateway to Russia's global future – those cannot enter into the Synclite

To this capital became attached the shelt, the astral body, and the demonized ether of the founder of the Petersburg empire. Falconet's Bronze Horseman (a monument to Peter I, *t/n*) is not simply a statue. It is an icon of sorts of the Second Zhrugr that became personified in the tentative cast of his most prominent human instrument. It also bears similarity with the Duggur's founder speeding along on a mad rarugg. Moreover, it happens to be a reflection – tailored in conformity to the human consciousness and conditions – of him sitting on a humongous snake under dim moonlight, holding up a torch in his outstretched hand that illumines the somber square. At the Senate's square, all notions are turned on their heads: galloping on the horse is Peter who smites the serpent; lightsome empire (architectural style, *t/n*) colonnades surround them. But, as any icon in which the emanations of the depicted meet those of the gazeful and awe-struck human masses, this monument is connected, through thousands of threads, to the one whose ashes rest in the vault of Peter and Paul Fortress.

Now, the emperor's shelt, clothed in demonized materiality, is chained with the heavy chain of his doings to the underside of his own installation. As a moving caryatid (a supporting column having human features, *t/n*) in the citadel of Drukkarg, this giant has been propping up to the present his own creation: the Russian world power. Is it his alone? Zhrugrs may come and go, different forms of societal organization crumble and are built anew, but the great reformer remains one of those who buttress the Russian state with their powers while it continues to exist on Earth. What is next? When and by whom will this burden of Atlas be taken down? Only the liberation of Navna, only the destruction of Drukkarg, only

the demise of the last of Zhrugrs, only the end of the Russian “greatpowerness” will.

# **BOOK IX:**

## **On the Metahistory of the Petersburg Empire**

### ***9.1. The Second Witzraor and the World Arena***

In attempting to gain insight into the Russian metahistory of the last centuries, conscious thought will surely have to come to terms with striking comparison between two historical junctures.

Elected by the nationwide assembly, blessed by the church, saluted by all the social strata, sanctioned with the gravitas of the great kin-guardians of the Times of Troubles, the Romanov dynasty set about the noble and rigorous task of restoring and aggrandizing Russia. The king was a sixteen-year-old boy who, by all appearances, was completely ungifted and, thereafter, demonstrated no exceptional qualities. Yet, everything was forgiven him, no one demanded any brilliance of him. The society's confidence was unfailing in that this monarchy had been hard fought for in the crucible of civil unrest, foreign invasions, and anarchy, and had been guided from above. Indeed: the fatal inability to create other, more light-filled forces so as to safeguard the people from devastating onslaughts from without and ruinous skirmish from within weighed down upon the demiurge. As to the lesser of evils, that all led to the blessing of the Second Witzraor of Russia along with his human instruments – the bearers of state authority – with the providential sanction.

Three centuries passed by. Hated by all the classes, despised by all the creative minds of the nation, condemned by the highest representative body of the people, lured into the murk of mysticism through the hypnotizing gaze of a conman who dreamt of the patriarch's headgear, the Romanov dynasty collapsed offering barely any resistance. The last emperor was almost as bleak and narrow-minded as the dynasty's founder; yet, he was forgiven nothing. He was imputed precisely for the lack of inborn genius, for only a genius of statehood could have salvaged the old empire by bringing to it a new momentum, infusing it with a new power, and showing it a new goal. Society was totally convinced that the Romanov dynasty fell short of its historical tasks and was no longer guided by higher forces, hence forfeited the right of existence. Indeed: glimmers from the demiurge had for long not come close to the emperor's head. Whether they be stubborn fools or tragic

losers, grace had failed to descend upon their activities. It was clear to all that the solemn rite of enthronization was but an abject masquerade and illusion. Had not the catastrophe thwarted the natural course of events, it is likely that Grigori Rasputin would have had the patriarchy restored, the headgear of the saint Hermogenes (a former patriarch of the Russian Church, *translator's note*) would have crowned the head of the Khlyst "Tsevaot" (Khlysts were an underground Christian sect practicing dubious rites, with Rasputin being among its members, *t/n*), debaucher, and former horse-stealer, and, a few years later, Alexei II (the last Russian emperor Nikolai II's son, *t/n*) would have been enthroned in the Uspenski Cathedral by this demonical puppet of Gashsharva (Rasputin, *t/n*). The church was spared from such an indelible disgrace only thanks to the catastrophe (the Russian Revolution of 1917, *t/n*).

Evidently, the Second Witzraor had long been denied the demiurge's sanction. Why so? And when exactly?

The fact that Peter the Great's activities were suffused with the demiurge's involution – albeit not only his – appears to be beyond doubt. Hence, falling short of the involution happened in one of the subsequent epochs. But when? And under whom? What was the transgression of the Witzraor, which entailed the loss? Besides, don't we see some extraordinary personage, whose destiny is yet unintelligible to us, at this turning point of history?

The historicism of all the schools comes down to the fact that, among those at the helm of the country over the space of three centuries, Peter I had been the most prominent figure, and no one else's significance and stature could be commensured with his. However, this thesis needs to be revised. It does, as it leaves out certain factors and processes; another reason being that it totally disregards the spiritual underside of the historical process, that is, metahistory.

Let us see whether there is a personality no less significant than Peter I but, as it were, antipodal to him by the nature of his doings, that marked his presence on the historical plane in the wake of this great founder of the empire. Let us also find out whether the destiny of this individual has a connection to the circumstances and timeframe when the demiurge revoked his sanction from the Second Witzraor. And, finally, let us realize the true significance – not just for his contemporaries but also for us, the distant successors – of this strange, doubling, and veiled-in-legends mysterious image.

However, before we proceed head-on with the task, we cannot avoid accounting for a whole string of other problems, which, unless thoroughly understood from the metahistorical standpoint, will fail to shed light on the role of this individual. These problems come down to the overall estimation of the Second Witzraor's activities based on the comparison between the tasks assigned to him by the demiurge and what was actually accomplished by the second demon of "greatpowerness".

The pinnacle of his creativity was, undoubtedly, the era of Peter I. As compared with the historical prospects opened before Russia then, the old notion of the Third Rome started to seem but an idle dream, a shallow abstraction. What shall we make of this new prospect after all? That is, how could it possibly present itself to the consciousness of those living at the turn of the eighteenth century?

Obviously, it was a vague, yet compelling foretaste of the global expanses; it resembled the breathing of the ocean, a penetrating, boisterous, salty wind that, all of a sudden, has burst into a world that had been in a centuries-long isolation. The center of the statehood had moved to the shore of the sea space. The statehood was now being built by a new continent of people; for them, this atmosphere with blurred geographical boundaries, northerly chilling and demanding like a sea, seemed incomparably higher than a sultry, earthly, and viscous atmosphere of the Muscovite Rus' saturated with the local scents.

To my mind, the historical significance of this feeling rests in the fact that Peter I's contemporaries and their successors had realized humanity and their own place in it in a new way.

The Tatar rule and the agelong struggle aimed at creating the national state brought the Russians into contact only with peoples that did not surpass them in terms of cultural development. Nearly always, this happened on a battlefield at that. This resulted in an enormous national egocentrism, radiating in all the colors of the rainbow: from religio-mystical pride to tacky, philistine haughtiness. Moreover, having defeated the Pollacks in 1612, the Russian people felt lifted up in its own eyes as some sort of giant, as the only godly people on the Earth. It was not far from the boiling point giving rise to such explosive fumes, which, ultimately, would blast the vessel of national-state existence, as had once happened to the Jews. When reading the works of the protopope Avvakum (a major figure in Raskol, *t/n*) or familiarizing oneself with the eschatological recumbencies of other teachers of Raskol (a major schism within the Russian Church, *t/n*), this Orthodox-Russian messiahship strikes our, fortunately, now

imperceptive mind so strongly that you cannot help flinching, which feels not unlike jerking back your hand from a heated steam jet. Adoring the individual heroism of schismatics is possible and needful. It is also quite natural to sympathize, in one's own fashion, with the transphysical angst behind the emergence of Raskol. But, thanks God, this movement did not prevail in Rus'. A people that fancies itself as a messiah and sees the rest of the world as wandering about in darkness would only incur one of two fatalities: either the tragedy of the destruction of its own historical citadel (let us recall the Jewry), or fruitless seething and boiling away from the inside, within the very boundaries, which are meant to ward off great cultural and ethical temptations – Byzantium may come to mind here. There has long been realized and expressed the fact that any people bringing, as Dostoevsky put it, a new word into the world feels itself as the chosen one. Yet, this chosenness is far from singular, and any self-delusion in this regard is fraught with disaster.

The era of Peter I providentially turned around the Russians' notion of humanity; now, it came to comprise three variables, not just two. First – the great Western culture (at the time, they did not discriminate between the Roman-Catholic and the North-Western, predominantly Germanic Protestant, cultures). This seemingly whole Western culture was magically alluring, deep, mature, versatile; this culture was remarkable, among other things, for having become democratically hard-working while remaining aristocratically arrogant. There was no other way but, in many respects, to learn from it.

Second – there was the nebulous mass of “barbarian” and “heathen” peoples wherein, due to the ignorance on the part of the Russians, were included Buddhists, Hindus, and even Muslims: these were thought to have nothing to learn from and so could be looked down upon from the aristocratic “pedestal”.

Finally, here comes the Russian suprapeople: albeit not bearing the promise of a messiah, yet, owing to great size, territory, and perceived inner power, it was apparently destined to something grandiose and thus had to hastily make up for lost time. Yet, if we were to try to discover new ideological depth under this layer of new notions, we, ruefully bewildered, would soon have to come to a halt. Indeed: what meaning was to be read into “the great future” of Russia? With what cultural or social significance was it infused?

In the eighteenth century, we will not find a more enlightening answer than Lomonosov's (a great Russian scientist, *t/n*) formula: “Our own nimble-minded Newtons along with Platos, blessed by the Muses, will walk the Russian land”.



That is, the Russian people would turn out to be no less gifted than others, with certain individuals of genius brought to the fore. Just that.

Yet, Lomonosov himself – perhaps, our first genius (messenger) since the time of Andrei Rublev (a renown Russian icon painter, *t/n*) – apparently must have been, to some degree, under the influence of Yarosvet and Navna. Should we depart from these extremely simplistic, albeit bearing the glimmer of this inspiration, formulas to the layers of the national consciousness, which were corralled by the demon of statehood, we will be astonished with the shallowness of the idea of “Russian grandeur”.

No matter how hard we search for the content of this idea through the utterances of individuals from the eighteenth century, from Menshikov to Potemkin to Suvorov, we will find nothing beyond notions of militarism and “greatpowerness”, in sum, purely superficial strength. This ideal would be further proclaimed, now in the dry, imperative language of orders and statutes; then in the turgid lexis of manifestos; or, finally, within the sonorous rattling of poetic lyres. The theory of the Third Rome had been illumined with a glint, however sketchy, of the religio-ethical ideal. At the time, even this distant radiance died out, and the all-too-familiar wordage about “the orthodox king” degenerated into a lifeless figure of speech. Besides, it was hard to attach much importance to the orthodoxy of the one who entertained himself, along with his capital with such sightings as “the all-jest assembly”, that is, rough escapades not unlike those antireligious processions and carnivals which the voluntary society “Bezbozhnik” (infidel, *t/n*) would become infamous for in the 20’s of the twentieth century. Yet, the leaders of this society would be far from proclaiming themselves as orthodox believers. On the contrary: they, sharp-tongued and blatant, would go to great lengths emphasizing their religious intolerance. What could be said then about the “orthodoxy” of their distant predecessor? Certainly, Peter I had a complex, contradictory, and ambivalent personality: now – mocking the church; the next day – earnestly praying. But the integrity of his prayers was often cast into doubt by many of those who had witnessed his sacrilegious antics just the day before.

Thus was soon revealed the ideological poverty of the second demon of statehood; his ambitions for superficial might had proven to be the only positive goal.

On the historical plane, a string of victorious military campaigns and a host of illustrious heroes of the empire were a reflection of this metahistorical yearning of the witzraor. Were those enterprises needful from the teleological vantage point of the demiurge Yarosvet?

Had the Second Witzraor been totally bereft of the demiurgical guidance – something similar to this had happened to his predecessor in the time of Ivan the Terrible – the sanction of Yarosvet would have been revoked as early as in the eighteenth century. However, the Patriotic War of 1812 with its staggering and wakeful influence upon the people pinpoints a collaboration of sorts between the demiurge and the demon of statehood as a possibility at the time. Hence, however shallow the wars of Anna, Elizabeth, and Ekaterina (Russian empresses, *t/n*) may seem to us, some of them pursued goals unintelligible to their implementors, yet having a metahistorical footing. Owing to them, the nineteenth century Russian state assumed those geographical contours that, by and large, coincided with the boundaries of the suprapeople. Thereby was eliminated the danger that had taken such a great toll upon the history of so many other cultures: the danger of fractioning into a few steady state units that would rip apart the body and the soul of its suprapeople with blood-letting strife and spiritual rivalry.

Yet, in the light of all the above, the Second Witzraor had not acquired a truly global outlook. Perhaps, this was only natural for the demon of a purely continental nation. Be that as it may, Peter the Great had failed to pass down to his successors, either close or distant, the ocean-like magnitude of his dream. Subsequently, this dream of his grand grandfather apparently glimmered only in the consciousness of Alexander I, who would equip world-wide expeditions one after another.

The other bearers of state authority, from Biron to Nikolai II, simply reiterated on the historical plane the very blind parochialism of the one whose enthralled eyes had been riveted to the dark-ether giants of Western Europe, as the only locale to be accounted for and the only perceived source of sought-for triumph.

This ideological poverty prompted to grab hold of the lore of the historical past thereby making up for its own creative infertility. Such is the obstinate latching of the Russian statehood onto its perceived succession to the Byzantium Empire – a wretched rudiment of the religious concept of the Third Rome. The images of the double-headed eagle on the citadel of Istanbul and the cross of Hagia Sophia (the former Greek Orthodox Christian patriarchal cathedral in Istanbul, Turkey, *t/n*) magnetized its gaze from century to century. All over, there emerged and collapsed states; great revolutions shattered the world; the newly discovered continents loomed at the horizon; new ideological systems, which promised to bring to naught all mythologies of the past, were being designed. Preempted with prophecies and social upheavals, the executioners of not only the monarchy, not

only of the Orthodoxy were closing in... Yet, the selfsame obsessive idea of Tsargrad (the old Russian name of Constantinople, the capital of the Byzantium Empire, *t/n*) and the “straits” hovered around the last king’s eyes as lumpishly as around Potemkin’s (a Russian statesman, *t/n*). The very inborn inability to think on a global scale and grow abreast of the expanding historical arena was to blame.

The issue of the straits merited to become a penultimate concern of the Russian statehood at best. For the passage to the Mediterranean Sea, which is as enclosed as the Black Sea, did not promise Russia anything save private trade profits and new conflicts with the neighbors. Only an incorrigibly parochial consciousness could see the passage as a real deal. By no means did it correspond either to the scale, or to the vistas of the nineteenth and, all the more so, twentieth centuries. As they set about the task of procuring a passage to the open seas, couldn’t they see that, to the south, right along the Tiflis meridian, partitioned off of Russia with the already stagnant, yet belligerent Persia, were the rolling waves of the Indian Ocean? Something that Peter I had not managed to accomplish, as the southern steppes and Georgia were yet to be incorporated – could and must have been done by the rulers at the turn or beginning of the nineteenth century. Yet, their indifference to this task was stunning. The diplomatic scheming of England sufficed for the Russian movement to lose traction there forever. Only the death of Griboedov (a Russian diplomat and man of the pen, *t/n*) looms black – just like a funerary monument – on this path, upon which the Russian statehood could but make a step, only to hastily retreat the next moment.

The second demon of statehood turned out to be as short-sighted when it came to the Siberian and Pacific territories. Ultimately, this amorphous and improvident politics reached its rather predictable culmination in Tsushima and Mukden (major battles, *t/n*). However, one may often hear the following questions: did Russia really need those wasteful expanses? Wasn’t the resultant territory too large? Was it worth of that many sacrifices?

Indeed, it has cost too many a sacrifice and still does. However, the nearly barren Siberian, Far East, and American territories, as I have already pointed out, had been occupied not under the auspices of the state but through the grassroot efforts of the people. Lamenting such a process is as strange, for instance, as finding fault with a liquid which, having been spilled over a plain surface, spreads all around through natural laws until the bonding of the particles outweighs the momentum of the spreading. But the spreading of the suprapeople across the empty lands, as legitimate as were many state interests and expansionist aspirations of the empire,

however wrongly misinterpreted by the Second Witzraor, were far from natural. This totally applies as to the idea of the “straits”, so the slaughterous Balkan wars, so the conquering of Central Asia in which Russia had no need whatsoever. No one, perhaps, would have thought of incorporating it, if it were not for the cowardice of the statesmen whose worries about the occupation of Central Asia by the English – a highly surreal scenario – ultimately had outgrown into a nightmarish obsession. In sum, the witzraor, as unreceptive to the significance and pathos of the global expanse as he was, misdirected his blows. The demiurge’s attempts to involtate the demon of statehood with this pathos were a failure. At the same time, the task was precisely in filling out the whole empty continuum amid the still existing cultures with Russia. With Siberia and Alaska occupied, it was as if the people prompted the course of actions to its empire; yet, this voice was neither heard, nor understood. Both geography and history were suggestive of finding a passage to the Indian Ocean. Yet, the emperors were “deaf” – it was a voice of one crying out in the wilderness.

One may ask in perplexity: how is that possible? Does it mean that metahistorical contemplation can well justify conquests? And even regret that some conquest could not be carried out? How to square it with basic moral norms, which are as clear as day and as needful as bread?

A paramount topic – the basic principles of metahistorical ethics – is being touched upon here. It would be more pleasant, both for the author and the reader, to have it all answered in the form of some neat aphorisms. I would rather dwell on this topic than to leave the reader in puzzlement or even indignation, even at the cost of slightly elongating this chapter.

The task could be somewhat simplified with the following preliminary consideration: certain phenomena in history, as inherently evil as they are for they bring the death of and cause suffering to multitudes of people, may be and certainly are, at the same time, the lesser of evils. War is evil as it is a source of peoples’ sufferings and spiritual downfall. Yet, a greater evil is still conceivable – for example, the evil of a protracted, all-out, and emaciating enslavement. Therefore, if there is a historical choice between two forms of evil, opting for the lesser one is justifiable. The struggle with the Tatars, the coming to grips with the Polish invasion in 1612, the war with Napoleon – all these warlike activities did translate into immense suffering and sacrifice. Yet, no one doubts that it all was justifiable. From the metahistorical standpoint, the most ruinous disaster for a suprapeople is its irretrievable falling short of its metahistorical, and historical,

task. Any meander in the historical path fraught with such a danger is to be avoided at all costs. When a danger like this weighs down on one of the scales, no sum of individual sufferings would outbalance it.

This law is cruel indeed. Yet, neither demiurges, nor God the Creator are to blame. The biological and historical laws that now reign supreme in Shadanakar cannot be morally apprehended other than through the recognition of their duality, the aggravation and distortion of the original Providential principles of the universal ascent through demonic interference. But the enlightenment of the Law is a grandiose, drawn-out task, which is not going to be accomplished by some magical stroke and in the twinkling of an eye. We live within the Law, are bound by it, and have to reckon with it. The worst scenario, that is, its further corruption and aggravation, is a dream of the Antigod. This is the reason why this Law, in many cases, is to be approached as the lesser of evils.

I do not want to leave this thesis unsubstantiated with historical examples. How to approach, for instance, such a fact as the colonial expansion of the European nations in the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries? From the vantage point of “absolute humanism”, it was none other than an endless string of violence perpetrated by the strong over the weak and, often, by the worse over the better. By way of this violence, the upper classes of the Western European societies amassed riches, while entire peoples from other corners of the world became impoverished or even disappeared from the historical arena. Not only in the light of some theories, but as prompted by our direct, living conscience this is horrendous. It certainly is. Yet, what about considering the metahistorical outlook?

Metahistory is named exactly this way for the fact that it sees neither individual human life, nor the existence of a whole people or even humanity as divorced from its spiritual preexistence and afterlife. The trajectory of development of any being or its group has been already traced through the layers of variomateriality, through a host of worlds, across the ladder of different forms of existence, and, having skipped our current form, will aspire – perhaps, over immeasurable periods – toward a new array of ascending and enlightenable worlds. The leg of time we are living in is to the whole as a brief train-stop at a waypoint in the dark steppe of its trip over a giant continent. Unless we inure ourselves to contemplating historical and cosmic panoramas in all their grandeur, unless we become accustomed to those proportions, scales, and regularities, our reasoning will hardly be any different from that of insects or animals that approach the phenomena of life from the angle of their own individual or small-group interests.

Our direct conscience is troubled with sightings of suffering, and in that it is right. But it discounts the possibilities of even worse sufferings, which may be averted by the present one, and so too the horizonless expanse and unfathomable complexity of the spiritual destinies of both monads and their clusterings. These are the limitations of conscience. In the same vein, all humanistic norms born out of this conscientious impulse are right yet, to the same extent, limited.

Metahistorical ethics is rooted in absolute trust. At times, what some historical and seemingly useless sacrifices were made for, and how they are going to be redeemed can be revealed to a metahistorian. At other times, his or her consciousness will not be able to contain this absolute Law. Yet at other times, it becomes obvious that certain sacrifices and the very historical circumstances, which have brought them forth, are nothing but an outcome of the Antigod's influence, running counter to the designs of Providential Forces and thus never justifiable. In any case, the metahistorian adheres to his or her only tenet: You are benign, and so is the providence of Yours. The dark and the cruel are not of You.

So, the question arising is to be answered forthright, however many individual consciousnesses would be morally repelled by this. Indeed, the global task of the two Western peoples is to achieve such a level of civilization that would make possible the unification of the world and the realization in the majority of countries of a certain set of moral-judicial norms, not particularly high as yet but enabling a certain idea – authored and carried forward by a hierarchy other than Western demiurges – to emerge and prevail. The idea is as follows: the transformation of states into brotherhoods in parallel with their unification first into a worldwide federation and subsequently – into a monolithic humanity wherein different national and cultural ways would be knitted together with spirituality and high ethics rather than through the apparatus of state violence. This process will be led by an ever-growing cohort of people nurturing new generations with the ideal of the ennobled human being. However, this stage is not within the obligation of Western cultures alone.

Only the North-West culture proved to be advanced enough for elaborating and disseminating the stated set of preliminary moral-judicial norms. The colonial expansion had happened prior to that; North-West cultures were developing these norms in parallel and synchronically with enslaving and emaciating the colonized. Only by the twentieth century, had these principles been acknowledged and thus gained a foothold in the North-West societies to such an extent so as to start spreading out. Thereby, military expansion gave way to the expansion of socio-

judicial ideas. It is hard to say how many centuries the peoples of the East and the South would have had to linger in their socio-judicial primitiveness hadn't democratic, humanistic, and socio-economic notions gushed into their consciousness from the formerly subjugating and now liberating Western civilization. It was liberating, contrary to its own early colonialism, just through the logic of events; liberating not only from its own oppression but also from the millennia-long chaos of feudalism, from suffocation in ancient obsolete ideas, from fossilized forms of life and many other evils. And this is just the onset of a truly global stage when humanity would be reaping the fruits sown in the fields of all the countries by this ruthlessly murderous and highly humanistic civilization.

The subject in question appears to be so vital that I would dare to have the reader dwell on another example, one more particular but not the least complex. We are outraged and appalled with the Spanish conquistadors' nefarious extermination of the Peruvian culture and kingdom. There can be no justification for their crimes; the afterlife fate of each and every one of them is, by all appearances, gruesome. But this is just one side of the catastrophe that swept across South America in 1532. Grasping the other side is incomparably more difficult. It is hard to admit that, for metahistorical contemplation, the fascinating and idiosyncratic empire of the Incas (for a historian, it yet remains no more than a curious local rarity) appears to be a phenomenon of an altogether different scale, an embryo of unmaterialized formation, grandiose and formidable, which is fraught with the downfall of countless human multitudes from treacherously hidden spiritual inclines.

The advent of the Spaniards saw the Incan empire to have already spread across nearly a quarter of the South American continent that queer spiritual, economical, and socio-political (some researchers define it as theocratic socialism) model, which is characterized with material affluence at the cost of the utter subjection of individuality, of the utter loss of the "I" in the perfectly docile and faceless throng. There is nothing more dreadful than such a political system honed to perfection, that is, the well-tuned devilish mechanism of mass spiritual killings – the dream of Gagtungr embodied inasmuch as it concerns us humans. He dreams on a planetary scale at that, but one has to start with some humble beginnings... Had the empire of the Incas garnered strength for fending off the Spaniards, for incorporating their technical and military advancements, and for its further independent development as, for instance, was the case with Japan, over time humanity would have been faced with such a centralized, all-out, powerful, and imperturbable tyranny that

one's gaze becomes lost in the glares of the all-human cataclysms, which were prevented owing to the Spaniards and only to them.

Do these further benign consequences justify those who brutalized emperor Atahualpa, along with all other individuals who comprised the Peruvian people? All in all, can anyone who commits evil be justified with further, unforeseen positive outcomes from his or her doings? What strange reasoning this is. Certainly not! Indirect, distant, unintentional ripples of a deed, however benign or malign, cannot be credited or imputed to the one who committed it. One is to be vindicated or blamed only for the immediate effects within his or her eye span and, more importantly, the intentions that were informing the one at the time. This is what personal karma is all about.

What then does one reap from his or her sufferings and death when falling prey to a national calamity? In part, one reaps the fruits of his or her personal karma. If one does not bear responsibility for any evil deeds, he or she suffers and dies not as an individual as such but as a member of the national collective, thereby contributing – through his or her throes – to the untying of this karmic knot for good. This is the collective karma, in this particular case – national, cultural, and political. As for the sum of the individuals that comprised the Peruvian people in the second quarter of the sixteenth century and untied, through its demise, this horrible knot of national karma – did they thus become liberated so as to ascend in variomaterial worlds and establish therein their enlightened metacultural sphere? Definitely. Such a sphere is now being created in a host of zatomises; it is called Intil, and all those who once made up the people of ancient Peru are ascending or, sooner or later, will have ascended there.

Now, should the overall fact of the extermination of the Peruvian empire – not of some individual malefactions of Conquistadores – be ethically reevaluated in such a way so that the evildoers would still be flashed out as such by our conscience; so that none of the incurred implacable karmic consequences in the afterlife, down to the agelong suffering in Fukabirn or Propulk, would evade them; but, at the same time, so that a certain justification of this evil could still be made: not in terms of individual moral responsibility, but in terms of the peoples' and the entire humanity's becoming under the auspices of demiurges? Yes, it should.

Precisely this kind of evaluation, as applied to our case study, would be proper for metahistorical ethics. This is the second ethical layer of sorts spreading over our purely humanistic ethics which our consciousness and conscience are accustomed to.



This major digression on certain principles of metahistorical ethics was necessary in order to answer the question which was posed a few pages before.

Yes: in certain cases, metahistorical contemplation can somewhat justify – only in terms of the development of humanity, not of individual karmic responsibility – expansionist enterprises. It may even make one bemoan that such and such enterprise could not be carried out. And it should be possible to reconcile this with basic moral norms, which are “as clear as day and as needful as bread” – I have revealed how.

Only now does it truly become possible for us to come back to and entirely clarify the matter in question, that is, the stance of the Second Witzraor toward the world arena.

So, why should we consider erroneous – from the metahistorical standpoint – the loss of such a godforsaken, remote, and hard-kept territory as the Russian America? And why has so much importance been attached to the might-have-been access to the Indian Ocean?

We have twice mentioned the momentous task that the Russian statehood was entrusted with: filling out the space among all existent cultures. Filling out means a very close interaction with all of them, a mutual exchange of spiritual emanations, hence not only coming closer together outwardly but also providing spiritual enrichment.

Rapid development of the Russian America, carried on with a dogged resolve and with whatever cost it took, could not but result in very close and immensely important cultural ties between Russia and the ascending, lavishly endowed with potential young culture of the United States. It is quite possible that, possessing the gold extracted from its depths and taking advantage of its remoteness from the metropole, the Russian America would have separated and founded another Russia – incomparably smaller, but forward-looking, venturesome, and, most importantly, more democratic. Its reciprocal cultural and ideological influence upon the autocratic metropole would have energized the liberation movement in the empire, imparting to it a totally different coloration. Thereby, by the middle of the twentieth century, instead of languishing under the tyrannical power of the Third Zhruqr, the Russians would have built a much more harmonious political regime and seen to a more moral, gentle, and just way of life.

Having access to the Indian Ocean, interaction with the Arabic-Muslim culture not on its outskirts, that is, in Middle Asia and Azerbaijan, but at its very cradle, and,

more importantly, close proximity to the inexhaustible spiritual riches of the highly developed Indian and Indomalayan cultures – all this would have certainly led first to commercial, then close cultural ties with all the countries of the Indo-Oceanic basin. Familiarity with the already accumulated and still developing values of these cultures, with the versatility and splendor of their psychological, social, religious, and artistic facets, with their historical and spiritual experience which all these cultures preserved in their literature and daily rounds of life, philosophy and religion, art and morality – all this would have expanded the horizons of the thinking strata of the Russian suprapeople to such an extent that its continental, half-European parochialism would have vanished without a ripple.

For two hundred years, we had been on a cultural pilgrimage to the West. It was needful, unavoidable, deeply thought-out, and justified. However, the fixation of the Russian gaze on Western Europe alone barred the Russians from an opportunity to cross-compare the faces and values of different, yet equipollent cultures. The platitude and utilitarianism of the latter-day European civilization were embraced by a wide swath of the population as a philosophy of life of sorts, as a world outlook, and the dire consequences thereof are still far from fading away. Cultural pilgrimage to the East, toward millennia-old hotbeds of spirituality would have diluted the influence of this Klingsor side of the Western spirit, balanced it out with idealism and contemplativeness, without which the energy of people becomes heavily sidetracked into the acquisition of material goods, and the mind dwells in rationally explicable truths alone. Russians are good at assimilating. Into the assimilated forms, they pour a new content; as a result, there emerge totally idiosyncratic progenies of culture and civilization. There are numerous examples of that.

Let us recall Russian literature, one of the deepest on the planet, of which we are rightfully proud; all the genres it abode and still abides in have been borrowed from the West. Moreover, Russian literature was given birth to precisely after having assimilated them. Had what I am taking about come to pass, Russian literature would have been enriched with new themes, genres, techniques, and plotlines, and these would have been commensurable to the ideas and imagery of the masterpieces which, in fact, have remained unmaterialized. Russian visual art would have been enriched with new ways of looking at the world unlike just being stuck in the realistic primitivity of the Wanderers (a group of realist artists, *t/n*) for an entire century. It would have glistened with such colors, compositions, feelings, and themes which are now impossible to imagine. Russian architecture, in essence

the borrowed and adapted Western classicism, had for long wore thin; whereas it could have gained such an inflow of ideas from the undrainable architectural trove of the East that the second half of the nineteenth and, perhaps, the whole twentieth century would have been its golden age, rather than a deep decline. Russia – it is time to admit this – has not created a philosophy. The kind of philosophy that had been developed by antiquity and the West could not meet the innermost needs of and, by and large, impregnate Russian generalizing thought. Would it have happened exactly the same way if, a century ago, a broad strata of Russian intelligentsia had been exposed in full measure to the philosophies and mythologies of the East? The conservative parochialism of the Russian Orthodoxy was neither perturbed, nor refreshed with the influx of Europeanism. Yet, would it have remained as amorphous and torpid if an instream of ideas from the East and the South had gushed, the ideas developed over millennia of spiritual life in Asia, this cradle of all the religions?

Most importantly: the Russian suprapeople was destined, sooner or later, to take the lead in creating an interreligion and interculture.

Perhaps, the leading roles in this process would later have been assumed by other peoples, but laying its foundations, in all likelihood, would be shouldered by the Russians. Such a people, more than anyone else, needs not only the knowledge but also the psychological understanding of other mentalities, an ability to synthetically materialize and to love other mindsets, cultural forms, life ideals, other racial and national expressions of spirit. What else could be more instrumental in this than a mutual penetration, a friendly one, between a wide swath of the populace, not just a few individuals at that, and the historical reality of other cultures? What else could spare one from pushing onto other peoples one's own socio-political system, one's own world outlook that reigns supreme in one's country at the moment? In our history, there should have been the cultural pilgrimage to the East and to the South. Yet, unfortunately for us and the whole world, this never happened

Unless we rid ourselves of our national-cultural conceit, unless we stop thinking of Russia as the best country in the whole wide world, our giant massif would present nothing but a threat of despotism to humanity.

Perhaps, some of my readers have not been convinced by my arguments, and they are left wondering how it is possible to regret the Russian expansion to have missed out on Iran a century and a half ago. Don't my arguments come down to

enumerating the benefits of this expansion for Russia while completely leaving Iran out of the picture?

No. My arguments meant something else. In fact, I was talking about the benefits of this expansion not for the Russian suprapeople as such but for the bearer of a certain mission. Taken alone, the peoples of Russia have been existing these hundred and fifty years without the annexation of Iran and showing no signs of perishing or fading at that. Had the national egotism informed my thinking, it would have found its expression anywhere but on the pages of "The Rose of the World". The changes in the Russian culture, history, psychology, temperament, and world outlook, which could have resulted from this expansion, would have affected what Russia is spreading over the world in the middle of the twentieth century and will have spread by the end of it. What is being spread would have been different: broader, freer, more humane, more tolerant, gentle, and kind, more spiritual. All peoples are essentially interested in this, Iranians included. The historical losses of the Iranian people, if conquered by the Russians a century and a half ago, would have hardly made it more miserable than spending the same years under its own shahs (rulers, *t/n*), at least, no more miserable than Middle Asia after its incorporation into Russia.

Some would say something along these lines: "The passage to the Indian Ocean did not materialize. Why rant about something nonexistent?"

The reason is: first of all, we are talking here about the Second Witzaor of Russia and his stance toward the world arena, about what he did right and also his wrongdoings. Secondly, as is known, we learn based on past mistakes and omissions. Having finally realized what exactly we have missed out on, how exactly we have encumbered the implementation of the suprapeople's mission, under new conditions and in a new epoch, we will try to make up for lost ground. What I mean to say is not attempting to reclaim the Russian America or to grab hold of Iran, of course. Now Russia, and so too the whole world, is going through a completely different stage. It is clear to everyone that such designs would be a ludicrous and detrimental anachronism now, reminding us of that odd fellow who danced away at the funeral only because he had missed such an opportunity at the wedding. I mean to say something totally different: nurturing in oneself, in our nation, in its broadest strata such an attitude toward other cultures, other psychologies, ways of life, and mindsets that would be affable, sensitive, full of understanding, filled with love, patience, and concern; such an attitude of which

the essence would be the desire to enrich oneself spiritually while spiritually enriching others.

So, the Second Witzraor, almost out of breath from the dreaming of his physical, that is, military greatness, not only did not prove consonant with the global tasks of the suprapeople (no witzraor could ascend to this level due to the demonic in his nature), not only did not fill the idea of superficial might with some inner content, he also could not measure up to those epochal tasks which were set for the statehood of the empire. He remained deeply parochial. For any nationalism, if by this term we understand preferring one's nation to any other and pursuing its interests at the expense of all others, is nothing by way of parochialism, absolutized and espoused as a worldview.

Thereby, with regards to the world arena, the Second Witzraor proved his inadequacy. How about now fulfilling his obligation toward the homeland?

## ***9.2. The Second Witzraor and the Homeland Space***

In trying to project what the demiurge demanded of the demon of statehood in the times of Peter I onto the plane of human notions, I have emphasized in the preceding chapters the imperious need for inner reform in Russia, namely: the elimination of the boyars as the leading force in the state (this was accomplished); transference of this leading role onto the gentry (this was also carried out) and middle class (this remained in the embryonic stage) – all to gradually uplift and engage the poor, savage-like peasantry into civil and cultural life. This was far from being materialized either.

The fact that Peter I did not manage to see this through was only half the problem: the deadlines could still be met. The real problem was that, over the following century and a half, his successors could not or did not will to make this happen.

If what I have described in the preceding chapters about the interreligion, interculture, and transformation of the state into a brotherhood is properly understood, there could be made a rather rueful conclusion: that the spectacle of the suprapeople, having been called out of nonexistence for the sake of these very goals and yet, after almost a millennium, languishing in slavery with 80% of its mass – such a spectacle can only evoke poignant concern and deep sadness.

What saddens one is not only the fact of serfdom as such: at a certain period, this evil was hardly avertible for it had been precipitated by a host of objective reasons which are all too well-known to dwell on them. Lamentable and unrelievable was the too late emancipation.

What appalls us is the yawning ethical gap between the obligation laid upon the suprapeople and its societal organization which it had tolerated for so many centuries. Frightening is the gap between the actual ethical level of the suprapeople and what is required for the implementation of its mission. The lag in the emancipation brought forth an array of immediate consequences, which reverberated, in turn, through our post-revolutionary time.

What are the most significant of these consequences from the metahistorical perspective?

The first consequence is economical and cultural. That is to say – there existed a caveman level of material wellbeing with its correspondent living standards. We ought to realize that, apart from being a pure evil debasing rather than elevating the human, this factor enabled the Third Witzraor – a monster of the twentieth century – to develop his methods which could take hold only in a society accustomed to all sorts of hardships, shoddiness, and poverty.

The second is a moral-psychological consequence, namely a steady, deeply-ingrained aptitude for subservience in the psyche of the masses: the lacking in the complex of civil sentiments and ideas, humiliating submissiveness, disrespect for the individual, and, finally, the proclivity of former slaves to be turned into despots once, by a stroke of luck, they find themselves raised above the habitual perch. How tragic is the confession of Chekhov, one of our literary luminaries, made at the turn of the twentieth century about “squeezing slavishness out of himself” – this applied even to him! – over the years, for the whole of his life.

Without this psychological characteristic, which wears off gradually and only with effort, the emergence and flourishing of the Third Witzraor would have been otherwise impossible.

The third consequence is religious in the broadest sense. Out of the slavish psychology, out of the poverty of demands and aspirations, out of the narrow-mindedness, out of misery there sprang up a paralysis of the spiritual-creative impulse. It is impossible to sit, with burning splinters grudgingly giving off the light, with a belly bloated from hunger, with a brain unsullied by a single book and a throng of nude children, while creating, at the same time, “spiritual values”. The

people that proved its spiritual giftedness, depth, and scale of religious capabilities through some of its greatest sons and daughters, by and large, did not produce, over the space of many centuries, any developed spiritual movement other than the Old Faith. The survey of Russian sects leaves a painful impression, especially upon those familiar, however superficially, with the history of religious thought in antiquity, Byzantium, or from India and Germany. Russian sectionalism would either come down to outbursts of ancient orgiastic elements comingled with a muddled and unrecognizable squirt of Christianity and transformed into little vortices of mystical lust, with radiations from Duggur as a surrogate of spirituality; or, it would take on the form of the rationalistic sects of Western European origin lacking in the murk of the Khlysts and barbarity of the Skoptsy (self-castraters, *translator's note*), yet overbearing with the shallowness of their commandments, with the astonishing lack of aesthetic principle, with poverty of imagination, and with some overall winglessness, I would say, unblessedness. It would be best to not delve into the intellectually generalizing, “theological” side of all these sects, which is a sheer desolation peppered only with little prickles of venomous and haughty polemics. As for the dominance of the church, save the five-six names of remarkable ascetics, this only genuine fount of spirituality of the great country had rippled with none of new waves, had glinted with none of fresh streams for over two centuries. Only the silent subterranean waters of pilgrimage, wandering, praying in cells, and the mysterial communion of the masses with the Transmyth of Christianity through divine services and sacraments attested to the church’s vitality.

Such was the third consequence of the agelong slavery of the masses and the religious politics of the empire. Perhaps, it is needless to say that, without this consequence, the domination of the Third Witzraor in that soul-stifling expression in which history came to know it would have been impossible. The late outpouring of primitive materialism across the largest swath of the boundless working class and half-educated masses would have not materialized either. The religious ignorance of the new Soviet generations would have been barely conceivable, the one comparable with the primitive nihilism of the Kubu Tribe well-known in the scientific circles. In a word, illuminers, heralds of the Rose of the World would have not had to come to grips with the tenacity of the consequential religious level, which was a nearly superhumanly arduous task.

There was yet another failing – on the already long list – of the obtuse demon of “greatpowerness”. I have mentioned it only in passing: the ignoring of the

essential historical need to transfer the leading political-social role onto the middle class.

Enumerating the political measures that, over the course of a century and a half, hindered the development of merchantry and the lower middle-class, as well as pointing out the slackness of the state in creating conditions for the emergence of the interclass intelligentsia up until the epoch of Alexander II, would be a redundancy. But it would do no harm, perhaps, to vocalize a thought shared by many but, as far as I know, not properly formulated in our literature: had the statehood, without severing ties with the nobility, been able to garner the support of the merchantry and the lower middle-class as early as in the seventeenth century; had the formation of the national bourgeoisie and the intelligentsia outside of the gentry happened a few decades earlier than it actually did – the history of Russia would have taken a different turn, most likely, an evolutionary one in the narrow sense of this word. It is hard to imagine how many calamities and tragedies would not have entered into both our motherland and the entire planet.

However, while pondering upon the failings of the Second Demon of Statehood which ultimately entailed his loss of the demiurge's sanction and demise, we cannot but ask ourselves: perhaps, these failings are not so much the demon's, but rather the blame mostly lies upon the instruments of his will that, over the last few centuries, had successively taken the helm of the Russian state?

Since olden times and up until the twentieth century, Russia had been a hereditary monarchy. That is why the dynasty happened to be, in a matter-of-fact way, the main instrument of witzraors. Yet, the dynasty was comprised not of some ghostlike automats, not of ideally fine-tuned agents of witzraors but of living humans, each of them having a unique set of inborn characteristics. Through them, a peculiar scale of different degrees of involtation was being created. Some of the monarchs, up to a point, became instruments of the demonic will simply by virtue of their standing and, so to speak, in accord with the logic of power. Their lacking in special abilities rendered them tolerable for the witzraor, nothing more. Others turned out to be completely unfitting for his goals, whether it be for mental sluggishness, wild mood swings, or being of a young age in the absence of a suitable regent – these traits were detrimental to any sustained, goal-oriented string of actions. The bearers of such traits had to be forcibly eliminated (Ivan VI and Anna Leopoldovna, Peter III, Pavel). Therefore, the collision between the witzraors' will and the living motley of human characteristics was but one of those tragic inner contradictions of the societal organization which the witzraor



safeguarded and buttressed, and which could be headed only by a hereditary monarch. The principle of hereditary absolutism turned out to be an extremely imperfect, unreliable instrument distorting the metahistorical plan of the witzraors with an unflagging inflow of contingencies.

The state of the demon of statehood was also aggravated by the fact that, having eliminated some contenders for power and elevated others, he created something that was beyond his understanding as anything related to ethics – witzraors are amoral by nature. What I mean here is that the mesh of human karma, the tracery of failings and retributions, the moral law of crime and punishment are simply beyond the grasp of the witzraors. According to this law which rarely becomes overridden, and only through the intervention of Providential Forces at that, a failing that is not redeemed in one's lifetime as if bifurcates: it aggravates not only the afterlife of the transgressor but also the fate of his or her progeny.

One can envision a monumental psychological-historical research based on the painstaking analysis of a plethora of biographical materials about the life of the Romanov dynasty's members – it would reveal the inexorable workings of karma from Patriarch Philaret down to the last emperor and his offspring. In this research, there would be touched upon not only the outward flowing of destinies but also the depths of the inner life, the inner collisions, the maze of which could be grasped only through combining the erudition and objectivity of a scientist, the imagination of an artist, and the intuition of a thinker. As I possess these qualities not, I am just passingly outlining the possibility of such a theme and make a few brief comments on certain historical junctions of this agelong dynastical tragedy.

When murdering his son Alexei, Peter I barely had an inkling, nor did his invisible inspirer have one, of the karmic knot he was tying. The reins of power went through a succession of the dynasty members, and each time the right to the throne of each of them was cast into doubt. Among thirteen monarchs who had reigned from Peter the Great to Nikolai II, four were enthroned through a coup d'état, and six died by violence. In the halls of the Winter Palace and Ropsha (a settlement in Russia, *t/n*), in the bedchamber of the Engineers' Castle, in the barracks of Shlisselburg (a town in Russia, *t/n*), in the basements of the revolutionary Ekaterinburg (a town in Russia, *t/n*), even at the Petersburg's waterfront sparsely lit by the winter sun, rulers had been struck by their fateful hour, as the tangle of [karmic] failings had been passed down, with more and more threads being interwoven into the destinies of the successors.

Thus, the collision of the witzraor's will with the law of human karma, unintelligible to him as it was, was the second contradiction of the societal organization which he stood guard over and bolstered. A string of palace coups turned out to be a mere expression of this metahistorical disarray in the transference of power. Individuals that ruled the country, be they successful or unsuccessful instruments of Zhrugr's will, got their individual "just desserts" in the afterlife. But the responsibility lay solely upon the demon of statehood for failing and not even trying, over the space of two centuries, to create a historical instrument that would be more fine-tuned to his involution and to transfer the state power to the successor, another human instrument, in a more orderly fashion.

There is something more important yet. If, while surveying the historical activity of the witzraor, we overlook, even for a split second, his ultimate goal and dream, that is, the ideal tyranny, we will get entangled in contradictions and, after all, understand nothing in the subject of our interest. Ideal tyranny hovered around the Second Witzraor's eyes first as a distant dream. Yet, from the times of Peter the Great, something else became observable: the demon of statehood's aims as it began to swing between the fulfilment of the demiurge's will and his own tendency of converting statehood into a tyrannical apparatus. This can be traced in the activities of Anna, Ekaterina II, Pavel, and, finally, Alexander I. At the end of the latter's rule, the witzraor's willingness to follow the demiurgical precepts waned completely. And so, Nikolai I, having become an obedient instrument of the immensely prideful witzraor, entered the very fatal path that had been Ivan the Terrible's three hundred years before.

So, we are coming to understand why the Second Zhrugr fell short of Yarosvet's sanction, hence his historical doom.

I do not want the reader, however, to take this survey of the Second Witzraor's activities as a belated criticism. It is far from being a decial; rather, it is an attempt to assess the historical deeds of the one who, over three centuries, has been overlooking the creation of the citadel of igvas below, in Drukkarg, and the citadel of the Russian "greatpowerness" here, above. Only metahistory can come closer to an assessment of the historical phenomena by asking the following question: what would happen, if, in such and such a case, another choice had been made, another force had triumphed? Metahistorical contemplation and the sense of proportion would preclude inquiring about secondary concerns, and the method, properly imbibed, would prevent from sprawling about in fantastic and untenable assumptions. Evidently, only in this way does it become possible to apply the

tenets of teleology, toward the overall comprehension of history as a string of symbols into a reading of these symbols, into deciphering the reality, into an interpretation of concrete historical phenomena.

### ***9.3. Withdrawal of the Sanction***

When, finally, Count Pahlen (a Baltic German courtier and general, *translator's note*) wrung a consent for the overthrow of Pavel I out of Prince Alexander, it was just that – a consent for the overthrow. There was no question about killing the half-looney emperor. It was presumed that the suddenly arrested ruler would sign the act of resignation and be sent away to Pavlovsk (a town in Russia, *t/n*). Yet, no one who was familiar with Pavel Petrovich's temperament could be confident enough that the royal blood would not be shed that very night. The prince had his hands free, flattering himself with the anticipated positive outcome of this undertaking; he could, as much as he pleased, banish a possibility from his mind that the wretched cocksure maniac (Pavel, *t/n*) would defend his royal dignity and rights for as long as he could breathe. Such a thought could not but burn in the trembling soul of Alexander. When the blood was actually shed, he blamed himself in patricide.

Had his enthronement been legitimate, he would have born upon himself, as any sovereign, the weight of the state karma: the very weight that trails behind the coffin – once the individual karma has been unraveled – as the lot of a slave builder of the witzraors' fortress. Now Alexander aggravated his etheric being with a silent, informal, inner consent for his father's murder. In the afterlife, such a crime entails a downfall into the depths of the transphysical magmas.

Alleviating the great severity of this guilt is the fact that the murder of Pavel I was, in essence, a measure of self-defence for Alexander and the entire society – both were the recipients of the monarch's arbitrariness, the direct outcome of his disintegrating psyche while alive. But the subjective conscience of Alexander was telling him something else. Was it the dread of an afterlife punishment? In his contrition, the dominating feeling was, apparently, shame. Shame and pity for the murdered. Shame, pity, and that unique, poignant and burning feeling which is the very essence of the pangs of conscience.

This unrelenting feeling that had haunted him always and everywhere, not abating over years, was an important component in the sum of causes which precipitated an unparalleled turn in his destiny at the very end of his reign and beyond its worldly, chronological bound.

The second component was his inborn mystical predisposition. He possessed such a mold, such a mindset and emotional makeup which make one feel that all his or her activities – in direct proportion to the power wielded – are inseparably connected with some hierarchies of Good and Evil abiding both within and without one's soul in an ongoing spiritual confrontation.

The trepidation felt in the depth of his conscience (some shallow observers took it for his weakness) and his sense of responsibility became painfully acute, for he strived to apply the religio-moral gauge to everything and because of his proclivity for self-analysis. He was rather strong-willed to endure the battle with Napoleon as long as he felt empathy coming from the masses of the people. Yet, he could waiver in executing some large-scale plans without his fellow-thinkers' support. In fact, he felt lonely, and progressively lonelier at that, for a number of reasons: his position as a sovereign; the idiosyncrasy of his nature; his proclivity to ideas that were alien to his epoch; conflicts in his personal life; and, finally, the inborn reticence which had been aggravated by his sense of guilt for the committed crime.

The third component of Alexander's nature was something for which his inner circle, sensitive to the emanations of his personality, called him, even before 1812, "our angel" and, after the victory over Napoleon, "the blessed" and "the kin-guardian of the nineteenth century".

It is possible, of course, to aggravate one's inborn short-sightedness to the point of seeing only base and shallow motifs in all alien phenomena of the socio-political life. In this case, in these nicknames of Alexander I we would see nothing but subservience to the king. Yet, what matters is that even subservience, imaginary or real, attached to him precisely those names and none other. For some reason, it did not occur to his flatterers to call him "wise", "valiant", or "great". At the same time, the multitudes of people, not only courtiers but also gentry, merchants, and even townsfolk called him precisely "the blessed" and, of all others – "kin-guardian". Perhaps, these nicknames were imprecise and unjustified philosophically or historically. What is reflected in them, of course, is not some metahistorical conclusion but something else: the living need of the people, unsophisticated in philosophical and mystical nuances, to express the understanding that the personality of this monarch had some special, exceedingly

light-filled, moral, and “acceptable before God”, as they used to call it, significance. Evidently, this royal individual emanated something that put him in stark contrast with the kingly-majestic, at times deigning, at times fearsome and sinister, but never “angelic” emanations of his predecessors. Such emanations can result only from a deeply spiritual life, a custom of perceiving one’s ethical obligation, and weighing each and every step on the scales of morality.

These three constituents – deep conscience, the mystical cast of his character, and a sense of ethical dutifulness both of a sovereign and a human being – were manifestations of the innermost being of Emperor Alexander, of his better, higher Self. Two factors countered this: the inborn and the acquired.

Only one sixteenth of the blood running in Alexander’s veins was Russian. This was the heredity of Peter the Great, transfigured through the psychophysical form of the pathetic Peter III and the mentally ill Pavel. As though poisoned at those junctions in the lineage, it commingled there with the dense, obstinate, unyielding blood of the German ruling dynasties. Adoration of the Prussian origin; irrational apprehension of everything German as kindred; love for the military parade; notions of the lofty, seemingly moral significance of militarism combined overall with petty and formal understanding of the qualities of a warrior; the exultant, nearly ecstatic fondness for foot drills and regimentation – all this had been passed down through the lineage with an astonishing consistency, from generation to generation, starting from Peter III down to and including Alexander III. Alexander I was less affected than others, but he was not and could not be totally exempt of it. It overpowered him as it was a matter of heredity.

And, finally, there was an extraneous factor, a purely negative one, which played a major role in the activities of Alexander I. It was that “logic of power” which is inherent in any autocracy. The mere fact of sitting on the throne predisposes the monarch to the voice of the demon of statehood: contrary to morality, humanity, and lofty considerations. Its many manifestations, albeit not all, are often oiled by certain politicians with such vindicating and even flattering terms as “political common sense” or “political realism”. The demon of “greatpowerness” is selfish and absolutely egocentric. He is incapable of forgoing his immediate interests for the sake of some general idea. Precisely for this psychological reason, many reforms, initiated out of lofty ideals, either stopped in their tracks, were not followed through, or became utterly distorted. The state stubbornly refused to even slightly sacrifice its sovereignty in order to join hands with others for the sake of common, rather than individual, goals. The authorities, “having dug their heels” in

the political tradition, resisted any movements in the country that championed essential, historically legitimate reforms. Finally, smitten with the animal fear for their own existence, those in power embarked on mass repressions, thereby antagonizing even their own supporters. A ruler has to be a kin-guardian to never yield to those urges. Despite the hearsay, a kin-guardian Alexander was not.

In his complex nature, the voice of “political common sense” was peculiarly mixed with the irrational fear of the Luciferian-revolutionary principle, an awareness of the deep psychological trauma left by revolutionary upheavals in Europe. This voice had railed against his better Self in all the years of his reformatory activities. This very voice nudged him to dwarf and emasculate reforms. Its ringing victoriously strengthened when merged with the chorus of reactionary social circles, particularly with the solo of Karamzin (a Russian man of pen and historian, *t/n*), that bellowed about the preservation of serfdom. This voice muffled the rest before the Patriotic War of 1812 when Speransky, the initiator and implementor of the reforms, was sent into exile. All this only proves that Alexander did not become a kin-guardian despite having certain chances.

Yet, a great historical moment arrived when the confrontation between the two wills in his country and his very soul – those of the demiurge and the oppressing “greatpowerness” – suddenly concurred, and the consciousness of the king, riven by these two, was illumined with an absolute certitude in the fairness of his cause, in the Divine help when Napoleon invaded Russia.

The providentialism of the Patriotic War’s outcome is so clear that it needs no explications. The volleys of Borodino (the decisive battle when the Russians beat the French in 1812, *t/n*) and the burning embers of Moscow (to a great extent, Moscow was burnt down as the Russians retreated, *t/n*) snapped the consciousness and will of the age-long slave out of its slumber. As for the providentialism which marked the course of the events in the war of 1812-1814, this becomes apparent from those far-reaching consequences which could spring only from particular developments and not others. The arousal of self-awareness and the activation of forces in all strata of the society would have been impossible without an impetus, which the Battle of Borodino, the occupation of the ancient, sacred heart of the country by the enemy and its burning down happened to be. Squashing the empire of the Bonapartes would have not occurred if, as Kutuzov (a celebrated Russian general, *t/n*) desired, the Russians had limited themselves with driving away the enemy from their dear land. Pouring of ideas and vivid impressions of a more mature culture into the Russian society – the consequences of this are numerous –

would have been unthought-of without transferring the hostilities onto the fields of Western Europe and a more prolonged stay of the Russian army there. All that is clear. Much less obvious and less studied is the following: the striking difference of the original idea of the Holy Alliance that belonged personally to Alexander I from what this Holy Alliance had degenerated into when Alexander, understood neither in Russia, nor in the West, backtracked. Thus, the European thought, acquiring an instrument in “political common sense” and the immoral will of Metternich (an Austrian diplomat, *t/n*), made use of this establishment in the interests of local, self-interested beneficiaries.

A trace of the higher ethical dutifulness always glimmered in the notions of Alexander I about the supreme power, its meaning and purpose. With those notions, influenced in part by La Harpe (a Swiss political leader, *t/n*) and checked against the unbridled arbitrariness of Pavel I, he ascended the throne. In their light, he undertook the reforms, which later saw the interruption. These notions hovered around his mind’s eye in 1812, 1813, and 1814. With the highest inner sanction, they hallowed the idea of the Holy Alliance.

The Holy Alliance, as Alexander I envisioned it, apparently came down to uniting all the leading nations of Europe in some harmonious whole inspired by the religious-moral truth, all under the stewardship of those who, at the time, appeared as the natural, legitimate rulers of the peoples. These rulers were to make up a body that would override the sovereignty of individual nations and ensure security from wars, coups, and dictatorships in Europe, as well as the inner peace, development of spiritual forces, and gradual moral perfection of the Christian world<sup>1</sup>.

Thereby, the idea of the Holy Alliance was the first step in history toward a united humanity – at least, as far as Christians were concerned – from above, in a peaceful way. We would not find any historical precedents of this, unless in the cosmopolitan hierocracy of Roman popes. Do I really need to show how much closer the ideas and even the methods of the Holy Alliance were to the humanistic, citizenly undertakings of the twentieth century than to the druidic autocracy of the

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<sup>1</sup> Containment of the Holy Alliance within the bounds of Christian peoples was totally natural for the religio-political outlook of the early nineteenth century. Rebuking Alexander I for the incomplete universality of his idea is as strange as, for instance, blaming Peter the Great for not developing national aviation.

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Middle Ages? The next stage of this idea would be none other than expanding the capacity of the sought-for union up to global bounds and attempting to materialize it into the League of Nations, then the UN, and, finally, into the global federation of the future. A metahistorian cannot be surprised with all this. If one feels, despite whatsoever human blinders, into Yarosvet's goals of transforming humanity into a brotherhood, this being his or her most cherished yearning, would it appear odd or psychologically unfounded that the first, approximated reflection of this design had emerged in the consciousness of precisely Alexander I? In whom else's consciousness save this monarch's, the deepest, the most religious, and ethically sensitive individual that had ever sat on the Russian throne?

Yet, whenever there is a witzraor lurking behind the statehood, should the ruler earnestly announce ethically-backed ideas, there could be but two possible outcomes: either the demon of "greatpowerness" eliminates such a herald as an unwanted nuisance; or the witzraor puts the announced ideal on his muzzle as a mask of sorts, thus gradually emasculating the original design and turning it into its opposite.

All the more so, this could not but happen to the idea with which Alexander I outpaced his time by a whole century. Bound with the witzraor principle of legitimacy, the emperor could not think of any other supranational body than the one based on the goodwill and living conscience of Christian rulers. As they were not perfect human beings but rather ordinary kings, guided, first and foremost, with so-called "political realism" and "political common sense", it became obvious from the very start that the implementation of the ideal would invariably discredit it.

It was only natural that in this greatest and truly global lifelong ambition of his, Alexander I felt even lonelier than ever.

In three to four years, it became totally evident to the emperor that the rulers of the European countries were incapable of imbuing such designs; that, among Russian intellectuals, this idea did not kindle a single mind or resonate with a single heart; that there were no sympathetic statesmen whom Alexander I could lean upon – not a single one; and that the Holy Alliance, the way it was envisioned, could not materialize. Worse yet: already founded at his initiative, the alliance invariably transformed into a purely political tool of feudal reactionism, in particular, and specifically, into a tool of the narrow, self-seeking policy of the Austrian court. He returned to Petersburg as the vanquisher of Napoleon, an arbiter to great political



powers, and the lord of Europe. A shrewd diplomat and a gentleman from top to toe – such was the image of him imprinted upon European high society.

An incorrigible lover of military parades that could spend hours and days inventing new forms of buttonholes and chevrons for guards regiments; a royal horseman who, upon the triumphant entry into the capital, impulsively dashed after a commoner with his sabre drawn when the poor thing unwittingly crossed the king's path; a friend of Arakcheev (a Russian general, *t/n*) – this is the way he came to be known in Russia.

This is the way Pushkin (a great Russian poet, *t/n*) came to know him, too. Having peered into “the bust of the conqueror”, he decided that the portrait was accurate:

*There can be no mistake – the sculptor  
Applied his wits, along with all his craft:  
A smile's on the lips of the marble Alexander,  
His cold and glossy head displaying wrath.*

Yet, the carver did not make a single move with his chisel to let people know about the portrait of the one who dreamed of humanity's transformation into a Christian brotherhood; the portrait of an eager seeker of mystical conversations with an aged visionary Madame de Krudiner; the portrait of a tireless reader of the Holy Scripture, church fathers, and visionaries of the West; the portrait of an unfortunate one who had remained on his knees for hours on end in his lonely room and sobbed himself to sleep at night.

How did he take the ruin of his dream of the Holy Alliance? Perhaps, he saw this as an omen that his light-filled design was unwanted by Providence: not unwanted as such, but because *he* dared to bring it forth – he, a criminal, a violator of the moral foundations of the world order the night he had ascended the throne.

He had an unflagging sense that Providence had expected some move from him which he, time and again, had failed to guess. Apparently, through his activities as a ruler, he was to absolve this sin. And was it the only sin? Didn't the guilt of the whole dynasty, “this dark house of Artryds wherein the retribution passes down from one head onto another”<sup>2</sup> lie on him? In 1812 he met the expectations of Providence – for him this was beyond doubt. But prior to and after the war...

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<sup>2</sup> An expression by D. Merezhkovsky (a Russian man of pen, *t/n*)

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What was he to do? What? Apparently, busying himself with the Holy Alliance. Yet, this undertaking was not accepted from on high: he was unworthy. As for Reforms... Yes, this was the task that he could not accomplish. It was the last tarry given to the demon of “greatpoweriness”! Perhaps, had the return of Alexander I from the liberated Europe been marked with broad reforms; had the demon himself demolished the dungeon of Navna in the citadel of witzraors, and his instrument – the emperor – had reflected this act through the limiting the monarchy and the lifting of severe prohibitions, thus opening the doors to a free expression of the people’s will – the sanction of the demiurge would have not been withdrawn from the demon of statehood. Yet, Zhruqr was growing more autocratic. He was becoming more entrenched, and the hope for his involution by Yarosvet’s powers was lost. His voice, which we call “the logic of power” and “political common sense”, concurred with that of heredity and the irrational dread of revolution. Even before, it was suggesting to the king that embracing the way of reforms was a mistake. After his stay in the West, the king became totally convinced in that. This voice insisted that the Holy Alliance as molded by Metternich was still better than a new string of European revolutions and the plunging of Russia into their vortex. This very voice invited duality into Alexander I’s life after 1816. Arakcheev, reactionism, military settlements, Magnitsky (a high-rank Russian politician, *t/n*) – all that appearingly postponed the upheaval which echoes were being heard from afar – were but one side. The other side: the secret, intense, rueful life of Alexander’s soul, its inward orientation, vacillating from one idea to another, an ardent yearning to finally comprehend and realize his duty. I cannot say which year exactly marked the moment of enlightenment, of clear understanding that the last glimmer of Divine emanation over the anointed one, as well as over the whole empire died out. Evidently, this happened at the end of Alexander’s reign.

While the sanction still lingered, Alexander’s religious life demanded some action visible to all, some commemoration of his ardent faith in offering praises of thanksgiving to God for all those heroic days of struggle with the foreign invader when he felt confident (it was just one year out of twenty five years of his rule in total) that he was following God’s Will. And so, he set about to deliver on his vow, that is, erecting a cathedral in memory of the Patriotic War. At the architectural design contest, an extraordinary entry caught his eye: robust staircases ascending from the river, deep cavernous halls – sepulchers of those fallen on the field of Borodino hidden behind rows of heavy columns embedded into the steep coastal ridge. Above them, on the crest, there sat a capacious and

stately cathedral, and still higher – a magnificent rotunda with a grand dome resembling a golden peak shooting into the azure heavens. It was a project of the young and barely known Alexander Vitberg; he was not even an alumnus of the Academy of Arts. It stirred in the emperor the very voice of fine artistic instinct, exquisite taste, and aesthetic elation that had ushered in the rise of the Russian architecture to its zenith and turned the capital (Petersburg, *t/n*) into one of the most beautiful cities of the world. The project received the highest approval notwithstanding biddings by celebrated academicians. And so, in 1817 on the Vorobyovy Gory (the Sparrow Hills, *t/n*) in Moscow, with a concourse of half a million people, after a solemn prayer service in the presence of a few hundred of church hierarchs and the monarch, there was laid the foundation of the Cathedral of Body, Soul, and Spirit.

Years passed by, but the project was not even half underway. The sandy soil of the Vorobyovy Gory could not uphold the weight of such a grandiose structure. Vitberg was discharged from the site management, all works came to a halt. Birches and barren fields were still humming and rustling on the Vorobyovy Gory. What about Alexander I?

His angst drove him from one place to another, from palace to palace, from town to town. In winter blizzards and spring thaws, in the dead of winter and in blistering heat, the carriage of the emperor ripped through the semi-civilized provinces, scaring off passers-by, through wretched, dwarfish towns, through identical, looking as though stamped-out, military settlements. One after another, the years rose and set behind the leady horizon, the years of grievous and lonesome inner work of his spirit.

Yet, a man of Alexander I's temperament, whose conscience was bleeding from a misdeed which somebody else would simply leave unnoticed; a man who, in over twenty years of rule, had become convinced that statehood could not be illumined by Divine principle; a man who had realized how the religious and ethical duty for the whole dynasty and the entire country could weigh down on one's shoulders; a man who had long contemplated the highest truth of the monastic life, hence the expiatory significance of abdication – such a man could be only lead by his inner work to a conclusion which uproots one's life altogether and steals it out of history's scope into a murky and faraway mystery.

## ***9.4. The Feat***

«Statehood is marred with the primordial sin; its enlightenment is impossible» – Alexander I could have clothed his subjective experience of kingship in such a formula, unwittingly making use of traditional notions of Christianity.

Alexander I himself – both as a monarch and breacher of ethical foundations on that murderous night of March 23, all for the sake of his own and his country's wellbeing – became a bearer of the primordial sin of immoral statehood, doubly so. He felt responsible both for those who had reigned before him and for his successors. Could he live up to this responsibility while remaining in power? Yet, the ennoblement of state that can be practically realized is fraught with the shattering of all bonds, with revolutionary outbreak, and all-out destruction. Objectively, there are no other ways toward enlightenment. Besides, a patricide has no such right.

There is yet another, suprastate truth, the only one upon which Alexander firmly stood: repentance, love, and spiritual doing for the sake of humanity and in the name of God.

And so: was this a call to solemn abdication and receding into monastic life? Yet, Alexander was no Charles V (a European monarch that retired to a monastery, *t/n*). Turning the most intimate drama of his destiny and soul into a theatrical-mystical masquerade in the full view of everyone... Not for the world! Becoming a monk in complete secrecy, however, seemed a way, as well as leaving the country in the hands of those who were young, full of energy, without the pangs of conscience, unstained by the prior crime, and oblivious of the inevitable terrifying ethical and religious dilemmas. To leave it would be! To leave as a nameless vagrant wandering along dusty roads, from village to village. It would be such a delight for him to be asking for alms! Yet, he had no right even for this. The richest of the world monarchs, clothed in tatters and begging for brass from his own subjects: what a pathetic farce! No. Just letting two-three people into this secret – there was no other way – including Empress Elizabeth. She would understand. She would justify and support him. And the leaving was to be arranged in such a way so that all forty million subjects would think he has gone to the next world; so that the sealed, empty coffin would sink into the royal sepulcher in the full view of everyone.

Some time ago, in the moment of great jeopardy for his country, Alexander I let it drop that he would rather grow a beard and hit the road in a linsey-woolsey than surrender to the enemy. And now, the time had come for deeds, not words. Now, the enemy was not the French emperor, but the demon of statehood himself. Yet, he would leave him exactly in this way. In an *armiak* (a peasant's coat of heavy cloth, *t/n*) or *chuika* (a long cloth overcoat, *t/n*), as a commoner, he would reach the designated monastery. It would be too premature to take the monastic vows: work of penance comes first. Praying for the rest of his life cleansing and redeeming himself. Praying for Russia. For the sinful and bloodstained royal dynasty. For its enlightenment; for its wisdom; let this cup of retribution pass from children and grandchildren! And, if it is not meant to be, then let this small bit from him be accounted for in their after-death judgment. For them! For all of them! For the whole people, already overshadowed with something unknown, something imminent, something inconceivably dreadful.

His train of thought, of course, might have been not exactly this, for I impart it the coloration inherent in my consciousness. There are no indications that he was aware of or acutely felt the existence of the demon of statehood or the demiurge as transphysical personages, as hierarchies. Besides, he might have long been pestered by the idea which had grown deeply rooted in his church-shaped, denominational consciousness: whoever becomes anointed to reign has no right to voluntarily take down the crown – never and under no circumstances, for it is tantamount to betraying a mission vested from above. Perhaps, this idea had long prevented him from taking the fateful step, until he clearly felt that the forces at the helm of his country had fallen short of the Divine blessing, perhaps, forevermore. We may presume that precisely at that moment he felt that he could step down. Be that as it may, his psychological orientation, the major landmarks of his inner path were shaped, apparently, along these lines. This can be drawn from everything that had preceded and all that followed.

It is the early spring of 1825 with golden foliage lit by the sun. There was no longer that tormenting anxiety which made him toss about all the provinces and towns of the empire but rather a thoroughly thought-out plan that brought Alexander I to Taganrog. The Rubicon was reached, an unheard-of turn of destiny was being shaped. No one except the empress, medical doctor, and personal attender were admitted to the ruler: final preparations were underway. Then the coffin was brought in. A tall, aged traveler garbed like a commoner, with a sack on his back and a staff in his aristocratically small hand was heading north upon

leaving Taganrog. At the same time, there were muffled movements, the rustle, and whispery voices reverberating across the palace. The coffin was screwed and sealed with lead. A grievous news was announced to Russia: Emperor Alexander has timelessly deceased. The medical doctor drew the ruler's profile on the deathbed: in the capital, it was going to be proof that the emperor had died in earnest, and the coffin contained none other than his body. They were transporting the coffin all across Russia so as to lower it down into the royal sepulchre with all the due ceremonies.

Historical science has not yet delivered its authoritative verdict as to what is known in literature under the strange title "*A Legend on Elder Fyodor Kuz'mich*"<sup>1</sup>.

Apparently, the powers of Zhrugrs, both the Second and the Third, took much trouble creating such a mentality as in the dynasty, so in the society and scientific circles that even a thought of Emperor Alexander's leave would appear outlandish. This was only natural. In the eyes of the state church, such an act remained a treachery, a betrayal, a spiritual crime. To the dynasty, it appeared as a feared temptation for the people, a dangerous precedent casting into doubt the legitimacy of all successive monarchs and, at the least, of the moral essence of the state. It is clear that, until the demise of the Second Witzraor, a serious scientific probe into this question remained nearly undone. When the Third Zhrugr marked his presence in the transphysical layers of Russia, another, no less formidable impediment came about: the ruler of the overthrown dynasty with a halo of a feat, self-renunciation, and saintliness around him was to sink into oblivion. Yet, new data cropped up waiting to be clarified. There appeared studies abroad which were silenced here. After the revolution (the October Revolution of 1917, *t/n*), science, as an obedient slave of the Third Witzraor, made haste to discredit the names of numerous historical figures, and Alexander I, among a few others, was targeted with particular animosity. His image was debunked, debased, denigrated, marred; they attempted to present even a mere supposition of his leave as out of phase with reality. All this, perhaps, was due to an inkling that the demon of statehood had acquired a great and intransigent enemy in the person of this great spirit. The

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<sup>1</sup> The word "legend" is inappropriate here in any event, for it was not the reality of Fyodor Kuz'mich as such that was cast into doubt, but his identity to Emperor Alexander I.

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“legend” about elder Fyodor Kuz’mich was as though shrouded in conspiratorial silence. Barely known yet is the stunning historical fact that the coffin of Alexander I turned out empty when unsealed at the Peter and Paul Fortress.

Here, I cannot go on at length presenting my arguments in favor of this so-called legend. I am not writing a historical research but a metahistorical article. The one who, with his inner gaze, caught a light-filled giant whooshing through the aerial abyss; the one who, transfixed and awe-struck, apprehended the meaning of the inimitable path which this enlightened one (Alexander I, *t/n*) stepped upon a century ago – his knowledge could not be shaken by the lack of scientific proof or even the total absence thereof.

O, a hundred years ago he was far, far from that. There remained a full-size portrait of elder Fyodor Kuz’mich painted with the brush of an unskilled local artist (he was from Tobolsk, it seems). This document was published<sup>2</sup>. It is more telltale than any of the other proofs. It stuns one.

A giant, bare, half-spherical skull. Vestiges of snowy white hair above the ears half cover the pinna. The “cold and glossy head”, which the sculptor furnished with wrath, is now almost awe-inspiring. The lips, which clearly show between the moustache and the patchy beard, are pressed together with unspeakable sorrow. The eyes staring at the viewer are full of austere reflection and impervious mystery. The withered features shine with rueful wisdom – the very features which we saw so many a time in the emperor’s portraits. Precisely these. They became transformed to the extent and in the way, which only years and the inner fire of a true feat could enable.

In order to “fabricate” this portrait, in order to deliberately (what for?) lend the elder an intentional semblance to Alexander I – with such a depth of psychological penetration into the logic of the king’s spiritual tragedy at that – for this kind of insight, the unknown artist must have been a genius. Yet, a genius, even a modest talent, he was not: in terms of its artistic merit, the portrait remains rather homespun.

Against my will, I am getting into an argument. I would love to go out of my way to convey my knowledge to the reader, for the number of great rulers with such a

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<sup>2</sup> “*Hagiography of Homeland Zealots of Piety of the XVIII and XIX Centuries*”. January, 1906. The St. Panteleimon Monastery on the Holy Mt. Athos Press

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momentous catharsis can be counted on the fingers of one hand in world history. Diocletian (a Roman emperor, *t/n*)? Yet, having given up power, he did not go “into the desert” but simply retreated into his private life, just like Sulla (a former Roman consul, *t/n*). Charles V? But, while in the Monastery of Yuste, Charles was still involved in politics, and he was surrounded with such a comfort of which any duke would be jealous.

No, I recall certain Indian rulers, truly great ones, that is, spiritually. Chandragupta Maurya, the founder of the first Indian empire, comes to mind: after a spectacular rule, he abdicated, entered the ascetic path of Jains, and took his life through the expiatory suicide which is allowed in this religion (Jainism, *t/n*): the refusal from food. Emperor Ashoka, one of the greatest figures of all times, realized, upon a smashing victory over the state Kalinga, the sinfulness of the killing of one human being by another. He proclaimed his abandoning of the path of “conquering the world” for the sake of spreading piety, and, after a long reign – nearly the most light-filled in history – became a Buddhist monk. But all these destinies are deeply individual. Besides, I do not know another such story about one of the greatest monarchs who secretly left the throne and died in total obscurity many years later.

My passionate desire is for this to be finally understood. Precisely for this reason, sometimes I resort to historical arguments. But I do not have to, nor am I willing to. This is a task for researchers. As for me – certainly, without any argumentation on my part – I can only pinpoint, just a little, the metahistorical significance of some phenomena. Those years concurred with the last years of a great Russian saint whom we can and must put on the same plane with ascetics of the distant past: reverend Seraphim of Sarov. A word about him spread all over the country, and, among veneration of the Sarov shepherd and miracle-worker, there numbered names of the grand-ducal titulary.

At the end of 1825, an unknown middle-aged wanderer arrived at the Sarov convent. Reverend Seraphim himself received confession from him. The newcomer was admitted to the monastery as a novitiate named Fyodor under the reverend’s guidance. His origins and past were known, apparently, to no one save the reverend.

A few years passed by – a time sufficient enough for the official version of Emperor Alexander’s death in Taganrog to have grown deep roots in the public consciousness. A small circle of those let into the secret earnestly kept quite: each of them understood that revealing even a tiny bit of it was fraught with ending up in the dungeons of Shlisselburg (a fortress, *t/n*) or in more somber places.



December 14 (quashing the Decembrist revolt, *t/n*) was still fresh in memory, and even a slightest hearsay capable of casting into doubt the legitimacy of Nikolai I as a ruler would have been nipped in the bud. Empress Elizabeth (the wife of Alexander I, *t/n*) died. The new sovereign took hold of her diaries and letters, familiarized himself with their content in absolute privacy, and burned them in the fireplace with his own hand.

Burn them he did. But shortly after, his majesty the emperor, all of a sudden, visited the Sarov convent which was more than 1200 kilometers away from Petersburg. Barrel-chested, with awe-inspiring glassy eyes, he strode to a humble temple followed by his retinue. On the church porch, there awaited him a little humped old man in festive garments, with a tracery of wrinkles on his face and blue eyes, so bright as if he were seventeen, not seventy years of age. The emperor stooped, and his fuzzy, fragrant, well-groomed whiskers touched upon the sanctifier's pale hand, his fingers coarsened with non-stop work and strangely smelling of cypress.

After a stately service and no less stately meal, the king retired to the abbot's cell. There, a two- or three-hour conversation took place between the three: Seraphim of Sarov, Nikolai I, and the one who labored in Sarov under the humble name "novitiate Fyodor".

What did Nikolai feel when he saw his predecessor on the throne, his sibling brother in a plain black robe here, in the backwoods resounded only with the ringing of the bells? However much he had always reveled in his grandeur, the very first minute of their meeting brought forth a mix of trembling, horror, grief, admiration, a strange hope and a strange envy – all waved through his soul. He had never believed in such spiritual tragedies like the one of his brother which seemed either an extravagancy or a farce to him. Now – perhaps, just for a few hours or minutes – he realized that it was not a mere play or madness. Also, a vague joy stirred in him that this obscure seeker of God presided for him and the entire royal dynasty.

What did they talk about? The milieu precluded some insignificant topics or inquiries into each other's private living. The emperor did not travel more than a thousand kilometers on horses just to trifle away the time. Was Alexander Pavlovich trying to persuade him to carry out the reforms which he himself had sidestepped? Not on horses, but on foot did he himself traverse more than a thousand kilometers from Taganrog to Sarov, receiving a direct experience of his country, not from a carriage window. And if he did learn something from the

horrible sightings of Russian life, first of all, it must have been the sheer immorality and political madness of serfdom which was to be abolished immediately.

Yet, what could this conversation lead to? Whatever Alexander was asking for, whatever he admonished his brother about, however much he attempted to convey his hard-won knowledge to the young sovereign – what could possibly persuade him who was in the zenith of his might? Alas, they spoke in different languages.

The emperor came back to Petersburg. The logic of power carried on its relentless momentum. That blindness which then-politicians deemed as common sense – they could have called it, perhaps, the political realism, had this term been coined by then – was nearing the end of the empire. It goes without saying that only before his departing could Emperor Alexander I hope for his individual feat or even joint spiritual efforts of the entire Heavenly Russia to eliminate the karmic mesh of the dynasty, that is, to save it from its inexorable dues. When Alexander, having long left behind Sarov, was dying in the Siberian taiga as a very old man, his consciousness reached much more clarity, and he could see into such depths and heights which he, perhaps, could have not imagined in the beginning.

What made him leave Sarov – we know not. Reverend Seraphim passed away in 1832. And, in the fall of 1836, a very tall aged man, poorly yet neatly dressed, rode up to a blacksmith shop at the outskirts of Krasnoufimsk (a town in Russia, *t/n*). He asked to shoe his horse. Yet, his visage and manner of speech appeared out of the ordinary and strange to the smith and people crowding there. The man was apprehended and delivered to the town's prison; there, he called himself Fyodor Kuz'mich. But he refused to provide any further explanations for he declared himself a vagrant who did not remember his origins. He was tried precisely for vagrancy and, having first received twenty lashes, exiled to a settlement in Siberia. Village Zertsaly of Tomsk province was the destination.

Thus began the Siberian period of his life – a long, twenty-eight-year period. Cossacks, peasants, merchants, hunters, and priests – they all played a part in his destiny, for his vagrant life, piety, and the medical care which the locals received from him, the religious conversations which he engaged in soon lent him an air of righteousness and sagacity. But he considered himself as weighed down with a great sin, and, wherever he chanced to live, most of his time he spent in prayer. Everywhere and at all times, he had on him a few religious books, an icon of Alexander Nevsky, and a small ivory crucifix which stunned everybody with its non-Russian workmanship. Fyodor Kuzmich' did not discuss his past with anyone,

even with the bishops Innokenti and Afanasiy of Irkutsk who paid him great honors. Only on rare occasions, his reminiscences of the 1812 events dazed his listeners, for such details about the life of Petersburg's high circles could come only from an insider.

Fyodor Kuz'mich passed away in 1864. It would be a childish pretension to try to conjecture what "other worlds" had been revealed to him in his last years of life, and in what sequence he had apprehended mystery after mystery. Each spiritual way is unique, hence inimitable; what remains in common are the basics.

Yet, one of those basics comes down to the fact that the so-called "narrow path" (all chief religions have its varieties) not only prevents the ascending one from going down into the afterlife purgatories and tormentaries of the soul, but also shortens his or her stay in the worlds of enlightenment. For, to a point, ascetics enlighten material coats of their monads while alive, whereas the majority of us have to cross to the netherworld for this end. The degree of enlightenment achieved here determines the pace of the ascent *yonder*.

With a light breath, barely touching the ground of those worlds, Alexander the Blessed went up through the layers of Enlightenment and into the Heavenly Russia. There, his creativity grew; there, a ladder of ever new enlightenments awaited him while decades were passing *here*.

The one who, in the time of a great peril, had been at the head of defending the people and had seen to the liberation of Europe, was destined to take the lead of the enlightened forces of Russia in their struggle with the forces of antihumankind, with witzraors of our metaculture and with Gagtungr himself.

Archistratigus (a captain in the host of the Lord, *t/n*) of the Heavenly Kremlin, he remains there, in Holy Russia. But his spiritual might, his lightness are on the rise. He ascends higher and higher, he has already entered into the Heavenly Jerusalem, a blue glittering pyramid, the highest Transmyth of Christianity.

The one who, by way of his feat, broke away from the loops and knots of the kingly karma was destined to set free those who had been brought by this karma into agelong captivity – giants-prisoners in the citadel of the igvas and witzraors.

The one who, at one time, had laid the foundation of a great cathedral in the capital of Russia, which was never called into being by the second demon of statehood, was destined to overlook, along with the immortal architect of this cathedral, the erection of an unparalleled shrine: soon, it would become the abode

of Zventa-Sventana, the most holy daughter of Yarosvet and the Collective Soul of Russia.

He leads battle after battle between the Synclite of Russia and antihumankind. Yet, when the struggle between the demiurge and the demon of “greatpowerness” culminates in the release of Navna, and Zventa-Sventana assumes enlightened flesh in the Heavenly Kremlin, he will leave the summit of the Russian metaculture so as to enter into the Synclite of the World – those spheres which have already seen him as an iridescent guest.

As a light-filled nebule, whose oncoming billows appear as glittering waves of power and joy in the fabric of the visited planes, this rider, along with angels, daemons, and armies of the Synclite, is speeding toward the walls of Drukkarg. A rider he is, but his stead is magnificent and highly intelligent – it is one of those beings of the animal kingdom that rose above Hangvilla. And their riding together and battling together signify a union between enlightened humanity and enlightened animal kingdom.

Thus Alexander unraveled the knots of his karma. What about his brother Nikolai? And the Second Witzraor left to his own devices by Yarosvet? Enraptured with victories, Zhrugr now saw the demiurge’s will not as a guidance but as a nuisance, and this incited nothing but rage in him. A long era of struggle commenced – the struggle which was destined, spilling over the bounds of the suprapeople, to turn from a purely battle for Russia into a liberating struggle for the whole humankind.

Thus Nikolai I, an obedient tool of the demon of statehood, will unwittingly reiterate the apostasy of Ivan the Terrible. Likening these two historical figures may seem strange, but only to a historian: for a metahistorian, it is only grounded and rational. Different cultural-historical ages and milieus, dissimilar political situations, the singular individualities of the two witzraors, and, finally, the different temperaments of the two kings... yes, true, these differences are so sweeping that they eclipse what the kings do have in common in terms of their metahistorical destiny.

Especially dissimilar are, apparently, these two temperaments. After all, there can be different styles, as it were, of tyrannizing... And yet, these differences are but superficial. When the outraged Nikolay I riveted his jelly-like light eyes with two black pellets of pupils onto a subject, the unfortunate one would freeze and petrify just like a boyar or a serf did under the hawk’s gaze of Ivan the Terrible.

When Nikolai I played the role of a monarch, unfathomable in his largesse and nobility of his aspirations, and, believing in this farce himself, drove Ryleev (a Russian poet, *t/n*) into remorseful sobbing and the wise, incorruptible Pushkin into writing panegyrics to the great grandson of Peter I – isn't this reminiscent of the sadistic buffoonery of Ivan IV? Didn't both these monarchs believe, intoxicated and blinded with pride, in the glorious formula: "God – in the sky, me – on the earth"? Didn't they hallow themselves as shepherds of souls and bodies, unfellowed in their elevated knowledge of what the sheeple were or were not needful, of what was beneficial and harmful to them?

Nikolai I and Ivan IV heralded the zenith of the demon of statehood's might – this was first; second came his entering the path of struggle with the demiurge of the suprapeople; third, the maximizing of the tyrannical tendency; and fourth, the onset of the state's erosion.

Synchronistically, the lost wars with the Poles and Livonians at the end of Ivan the Terrible's reign run parallel to the lost Crimean war [in the time of Nikolai I]. Oprichnina can be matched with the terroristically stifling regime of Nikolai I, but now the gentry, which had been promoted by Ivan IV through oprichnina, was mirrored by bureaucracy. The suicide of Nikolai I who lived to see the downfall of what he had erected is equivalent to Ivan the Terrible's death. What matters, of course, is not the fact that one voluntarily poisoned himself, and the other vehemently and panicly resisted his own demise. What matters is that both these deaths are most vivid examples of spiritual-state bankruptcies.

# **Book X:**

## **On the Metahistory of Russian Culture**

### ***10.1. The Gift of Messagery***

In one of the preceding chapters, I have already pointed out that the cultural horizon of medieval Russia featured no brilliant thinkers. Neither was this period abundant with artistic geniuses. However, never again did the Russian metaculture shine with such a plethora of saints and righteous ones. It is also widely known that this righteousness was, for the most part, of an ascetic, monastic type in accord with the ethical tradition as bequeathed by the Orthodox Byzantium. From the vantage point of this tradition, any kind of human activity could bear only a relative, transient value. It is true that the role of the state leaders – great dukes and kings – was acknowledged, but it was deemed fruitful and appropriate inasmuch as it consorted with behests of the highest ethical barometer of those times: the chair of the metropolitan and the patriarch, solitary asceticism, the cell. Tellingly, when dying, kings took monastic vows thus heralding transition of their souls into the highest stage of spiritual life.

In the eighteenth century, the depletion of the spiritual waters, from which the roots of the Orthodox righteousness had been nourished, became obvious. There were fewer and fewer prominent religious figures; lofty shepherds of souls who had enlightened their hearts and subjugated their own selves were on the wane in society. The nineteenth century sees only a handful of individuals of such caliber – reverend Seraphim of Sarov, Theophan the Recluse, Ambrose and Makary of Optina. They can be likened to the images of those saints which the land had been rich with in the preceding centuries.

Ultimately, there was nothing in sight on the church horizon in the pre-revolutionary era. Moreover, this erosion of personality turned out to be just one of the manifestations of the overall creative impoverishment of Orthodoxy. Year after year, the church had increasingly lagged behind the requirements and challenges of the rapidly changing epochs. This lag even became raised into a principle: the church hierarchy viewed itself as the keeper of sacrosanct and exhaustive truths regardless of changing times and human psychology. Yet, as this

view was buttressed neither with the impeccability of the selfsame shepherds' life, nor with the intensity of their spiritual doing, nor with the wisdom of their responses to the new questions, whether social, political, or philosophical, the authority and significance of the church rapidly declined. The last spiritual efforts on the part of the church were spurred by the tempest of the Revolution. A host of nameless heroes and martyrs came to the fore. As their life journeys lapsed, the Orthodox Church proved to be even more devoid of the spirit of creativity. Having become a toy in the hands of shrewd politicians, Eastern Christian communities became a mere candleholder and instrument of the antireligious state.

Yet, as the church was losing its significance as the society's spiritual guide, a new agency was being propelled, which was tasked with this duty and which, in the person of its most remarkable representative, clearly realized it. This agency is "messagery".

A messenger is someone who is inspired by a daemon and makes other people feel – through artistic imagery in the broadest sense – the highest truth and light pouring from other worlds. Prophesizing and messaging are synonymous, yet not identical terms. A messenger acts only by way of art. A prophet can carry out his or her mission through other means, be it oral preaching, religious philosophy, or even his or her own lifestyle. From the other side, the notion of "messagery" is close to artistic genius, though it does not entirely concur with it either. Genius is the highest degree of artistic giftedness. The majority of geniuses were, to more or less extent, messengers, but, certainly, not all of them. Furthermore, a lot of messengers were not artistic geniuses – they were merely gifted.

The century that passed between the Patriotic War [of 1812, *translator's note*] and the Great Revolution [of 1917, *t/n*] was an age of artistic geniuses in every sense of the word. All of them, especially geniuses of literature, were opinion leaders of entire generations that looked up to them as teachers of life. Thanks to them, the formative and educational role of literature strengthened immensely. It manifested in activities of many talents – the influence of some of them was even stronger and more far-reaching than that of their genius contemporaries. From the time of 1860's, a certain multivalent fact became clearly established of which, however, the society was completely unaware: the influences of geniuses and talented ones started, in a very deep sense, to counterpose one another. Artistic geniuses of that time – Tyutchev, Leo Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Surikov, later on Vrubel and Blok – did not propose any social or political programs which could meet the demands of the masses in that epoch. They

enraptured the minds, hearts, and wills of their followers not along the horizontal of social reforms but along the vertical of the depths and heights of spirituality. They revealed the space of the world within and pointed out its unshakeable vertical axis.

With regards to the talents, the most influential of them at the least, these would articulate, with ever growing clarity, the problems of social and political activity to the consciousness of the generations. These were Herzen, Nekrasov, Chernyshevsky, Pisarev, all Sixtiers, Gleb Uspensky, Korolenko, Mikhailovsky, Gorky. Talents-messengers, such as Leskov or Alexei Konstantinovich Tolstoy, were like a handful of isolated islands. They rowed against the stream, as it were, not being properly understood or fairly appreciated by their contemporaries.

As Ivan the Terrible, despite all his stature, is to be acknowledged as an immense, but not great personality as he lacked in largesse – one of the signs of true greatness – so a whole host of artists, to whom many of us would apply the term “genius”, are not and have never been messengers. For their artistic activities are devoid of one of the main attributes of “messagery”: the feeling of being guided by a hierarchy which is external to and higher than one’s self. French literature, for instance, is rich in such names whereas, we have only two-three figures in the times of the revolutionary upsurge: Gorky and Mayakovski. The genius of these writers is a matter of dispute, but hardly anyone would view them as heralds of the higher reality.

The truths of the higher reality are refracted through the subordinate reality of Enrof. If an individual is vested with a mission of preaching and refracting these truths, with a duty of preaching in the language of artistic imagery, if, for this purpose, a daemon is sent to the artist – he or she cannot not feel (with a varying degree of acuity) its inspirational influence. The nature of this feeling and the methods of its expression may vary howsoever, but the same essence will always reveal: an experience of some force external to the consciousness of the artist that irrupts into it and manifests itself artistically. Such an experience may be familiar to people who cannot be classified as geniuses. An example of this is A.K. Tolstoy, a remarkable yet not genius poet. Few genius poets were able to express this feeling with such a clarity and definitiveness as Alexei Tolstoy did in his brilliant poem: “In vain, you, artist, take credit for your creations”. This poem alone may suffice for us to see, with full clarity and certainty, the gift of “messagery” that the poet possessed. At the same time, this poem is far behind some of the other A. Tolstoy’s masterpieces in terms of transphysical insight. Who



else in Russian literature save Alexei Tolstoy in his “John of Damascus” expressed with such clarity, tenability, vigor, and ardency the idea that art in general and the art of language in particular could be an expression of the higher reality, of the ultimate Truth, of the other worlds’ waft; that the poet actualizing his or her gift of “messagery” is destined to do this by the Divine forces? Isn’t his poem “Dracon” the first attempt in Russian literature to depict and probe into the metahistorical role of demonic entities not unlike witzraors? Not to mention his “Don Juan”, of which the transphysical concept would require a special research to be made apparent, or such a pearl of the Russian lyrics as the poem “A Tear Trembles in Your Jealous Gaze”?

All this elucidates the difference between the notion of artistic genius and that of “messagery”. We know gifted artists who did not claim the genius perfection of their works. Nonetheless, they heralded such heights and depths of otherworldly spheres which many geniuses fell far short of. From the other side, many creators who are convinced in their genius are, in actuality, simply talented ones. A barely noticeable yet irrefutable sign gives them away: they perceive the creative process not as a manifestation of the suprapersonal principle, but as their own purview, even merit, not unlike an athlete that perceives the power of his muscles as belonging entirely to him and fulfilling his wishes alone. Such pretenders of genius happen to be boastful and inclined to self-glorification. At the turn of the twentieth century, for instance, every so often there erupted the turgid declarations of one’s own genius.

*I am the preciousness of slow Russian language,  
I climax all the poetry – hark to this message... –*

exclaimed one. Another one, rephrasing Horacio, wiped off the name of the great Roman from the plinth and, with cursive letters, now falling to the right, then falling to the left, yet after cacophonously bumping into one another, inscribed his: “...and different people will take my name to their bosom... and call me simply: Valery Bryusov”.

*I, Igor Severyanin, a genius,  
Am enraptured with my victory... –*

announced the third.

*My poetry will reach  
across centuries’ ridges*

*And across the heads  
of poets and rulers... –*

claimed the fourth, a wishful thinker as he was.

Each of these reciters was convinced that genius was an unalienable quality of his personality, even an achievement of his. Not unlike teenagers feeling themselves stronger than their peers, they haughtily strained their poetic biceps and, with deep arrogance, looked down on other youngsters. All these are talents who were dazzled by themselves, masters who created in their own name, slaves of their own selfhood. They are not geniuses, but, rather, imposters of genius. Just like the imposter kings of our history, some of them managed to ascend to the literary throne and sit away on it for several years, one of them – even for three decades in a row. But the judgement of time invariably debunked them, posterity allotted humble places to their names, and their personal karma, weighed down with their pride, self-infatuation, and lowered self-rigor (“I am permitted more than others, for I am above all”), swept such personages further and further away in their afterlife from the Synclite of metaculture.

I would be grossly misunderstood if somebody concludes from my words that I am trying to make the following point: the creativity of any artist has to be invariably embedded into an ethical tendency, into an overarching religio-moral idea. Prior to placing any “demands”, I concern myself not with what things ought to be but, rather, with actuality. Precisely for this end, when introducing the notion of “messagery” I distinguish it from the notions of genius and talent. It would be ridiculous and bizarre of me to demand the following from any artist: as such and such thing is intrinsic to being a messenger, kindly live up to it. Genius and talent divorced from the gift of “messagery”, are, nonetheless, standalone Divine gifts. They are just conferred differently and contain different potentialities.

The transphysical difference of a mere genius or a mere talent from a messenger, is always, to a lesser or greater extent, about one’s personal giftedness. Talent and even genius are such universal capacities, which, in a given individual, flourished more than in others owing to his or her psychophysical makeup. These singularities are fashioned teleologically through the formative work of such and such Providential forces over the sheft, astral, etheric, and physical body. No daemon is sent to and no muse inspires such an artist; no invisible being is working behind the scenes on opening his or her spiritual organs of perception. Such a person, whether talented or even of genius, is incapable of experiencing the suprapersonal nature of his or her inspirations, simply because these inspirations

do not come from anything suprapersonal in the first place. If claims of this kind come from a gifted prodigy who has not yet reached his or her zenith, one of the following explanations is true: either it really is a young messenger; or, it is a gifted youngster striking an attitude of a messenger and imitating, consciously or unconsciously, the demeanor of great artists; or, finally, we are simply dealing with, by and large, harmless literary technique, something like a hollow apostrophe used by poets when addressing a muse.

A talent or even genius has an obligation rather than a mission, just as any other human being. Yet, a host of deeply individual singularities makes him or her stand out. As for the mission, it always bears a very broad significance, and the entire metaculture wills its accomplishment. For an artist to become a messenger, more strenuous and long-lasting efforts on the part of the Providential forces are needed. A non-stop work is required, starting long before the physical incarnation, over the material sheaths of the messenger's monad by cherubs, daemons, the elementals, the demiurge of the suprapeople and its Collective Soul, by the Synclite of metaculture and the Synclite of the World. For without the unsealing of the spiritual organs of one's being, "messagery" is simply impossible. It is an extremely arduous process, more arduous than endowing one even with the most powerful artistic genius.

As for genius or talent as such, they can be totally stripped of the task to herald and display – through the magical crystal of art – the highest reality. It suffices to recall Titian or Rubens, Balzac or Maupassant. Only universal ethical imperatives apply to them, and so too one condition: not to hide one's light under a bushel or use it for malevolent ends leading to the depravation of spirit. Only with such standards in mind, we can gauge the lives and activities of, say, Flaubert or Wells, Mayakovski or Yesenin, Korolenko or Gorky, Repin or Venetsianov, Dargomyzhsky or Lyadov, Montferrand or Thon. In sum, ethical demands placed on a talent or a genius are those of the universal ethical minimum.

A thought may cross one's mind – in such a case, wouldn't the demand placed on a messenger be that of the ethical maximum? The matter is, we do not have the right to place demands standing above the ethical minimum on whomsoever. Only the norms of the ethical minimum can be demanded of a messenger. It is not about our demands but the demands of those who, through their strenuous effort, have bestowed this gift of "messagery" upon the given artist. Apparently, in some cases these demands can be more lenient than ours, in other cases – much more severe. Certain violations of the universal ethical minimum on the part of a messenger can

be without any consequences. Yet, the gravest outcome stems from the betrayal, distortion of, or obscuring of the mission. For example, creating “The Virgin of Orleans” aggravated the karma of Voltaire incomparably more than a great many unseemly deeds in his personal life.

They say: “Genius and wickedness do not go together”. It is hard to say so judging by historical facts. Be that as it may, heavy vices, deep downfalls, numerous little weaknesses, even transgressions of basic ethical norms are not only compatible with artistic genius but, in the majority of cases, cannot be avoided, especially at a young age. Such people as Mozart who lived an amazingly pure life, are extremely rare. These are angelic beings that have never incarnated as humans and, therefore, carry the devilish yetzerhara only in their etheric-physical tissues, inherited from their human parents, not in their own shells.

There are geniuses who create their human image, and there are the ones who are destroying it. Those of the first kind, having gone through all sorts of twists and turns in their younger days, enrich the experience of their souls and, upon reaching maturity, free themselves from their downward and backward momentum, outgrow their tendency to self-destruction. Toward their vale of years, they become increasingly harmonized and transform the memory of their downfalls into the knowledge of good and evil. Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Cervantes, Goethe, Wagner, our Dostoevsky exemplify this. In his last days, Leo Tolstoy reached such harmonization of his personality. Pushkin, Lermontov, and Chekhov were, apparently, moving in this direction. As the lives of many geniuses are cut short early, we cannot confidently trace their potential trajectories. The history of culture knows such bearers of artistic genius or a great talent that were harmonious from the very start, though not in the same degree as Mozart: Bach, Gluck, Liszt, Tulsidas, Tagore, Alexei Tolstoy in Russia. There are also ones like Michelangelo who, even at the ebb of their lives, could harmonize neither the different fragments of their personality, nor their personality with the help of their mission.

Yet, there is also a host of geniuses of the descending kind who tragically fell prey to some unresolved inner contradiction: Francois Villon and Baudelaire, Gogol and Mussorgsky, Glinka and Tchaikovsky, Verlaine and Blok. The tragedy of each of them is not only infinitely individual but also so deep, so singular, so enigmatic that one has to approach the riddles of their destinies with utmost care, with chastity and love, with trembling gratefulness for all that we have learned through them, and without even the feeblest attempt to deliver an ethical verdict upon these great unfortunate ones. “To whom much is given, much will be required”, yes.

Yet, let the One who gave require, not us. We only learned from their tragedies, we only took and read the poems of Providence written by their catastrophes through which an ever clear, multilayered warning shines:

*I'm not hiding; everybody  
Look at me, I'm quite well-lit:  
Amidst scorching conflagration  
I am standing, bitten by the  
Blazes, those from the Pit.*

Verily, only “God and conscience” is their judge.

The great “monkey of God” (Satan, *t/n*), of course, does not idle in this sphere either. If there are messengers of Providence, it must be easy to guess that the cultural-historical process has not been without dark messengers. Yet, when it comes to art, they are much less numerous, and, even having met them, it is not easy to discern their true essence. Dark messengers rarely talk openly and forthright about the mysteries of the demonic principles: why would Gagtungr divulge his own utter darkness through them? Often, the activities of dark messengers are negative: they “bust” and mock spirituality in history, art, religion, life, in the human soul. It would hardly occur to anyone that brilliant, charmingly giddy Parny (a French poet, *t/n*) has been carrying out (perhaps, unconsciously or half-consciously) a dark mission: by clothing profanities into glamorous poetic forms he has downgraded religious values, discredited the manifestations of the World Femininity, curbed spiritual aspirations in the human hearts, and debunked ethical ideals.

However, most often we would see dark messengers in philosophy and science rather than in art. For instance, Bacon was one of the first who has ensured the ultimate divorce of science from whatsoever ethics and whatsoever spirituality. To all existing religions, Comte has counterposed his religion “of the left hand”, his rational, emasculated, ghastly cold “cult of Humankind” based on the whole system of slithery and dispiriting switches. To the same cohort belongs Stirner with his “ethical” system undermining any morality with the razor of the highest criterion “I want”. Nietzsche, with his idea of the superhuman, has distorted and profaned the ideal of combining – all in one person – the utmost giftedness with the utmost power and the utmost righteousness. He has prevented this ideal from being apprehended by the consciousness of his epoch. Marx, having grabbed hold of one of the wheels in the transmission gear, that is, the economy, has declared its

onliness and primacy. As for science, dark messengers are hardly ever prominent, genius scientists. Rather, they are those at a lower echelon – interpreters and distorters of profound scientific theories, not unlike Timiryazev who has vulgarized and reduced the teaching of Darwin to the purely materialistic plain.

In art – and so too in science – there happen to be dark messengers who are not on some dark missions. They become heralds of darkness simply because of their personal delusions. A vivid example of this would be Skryabin (a Russian composer and pianist, *t/n*). He did believe in God and, in his own way, loved Him. He considered himself a messenger, even a prophet but astonishingly easily pulled switches and fell prey to his own spiritual unrestraint, this way turning into a messenger of Duggur. Only few understand that in his “The Poem of Ecstasy” he depicts with striking bluntness precisely that demonic plane with its mystical sensuality, with its en masse sexual orgies, with transference of the impulse of lust onto the cosmic plane. Most importantly, it is held as an ideal, not as something to expose and be wary of. It is only natural that a sensitive listener of “The Poem of Ecstasy” first becomes confused, then enraptured with this phonic panorama of the cosmic coition, then, finally, feels as if in an inner demagnetization and deep prostration.

Under specific conditions of the real historical-cultural process, it is not rare – in the nineteenth century it was particularly common – that the inextinguishable feeling of the religio-ethical mission in a messenger’s soul enters into conflict with the actual possibilities of the given epoch and with the artistic “categorical imperative” of his or her giftedness. Unaware of this conflict were Andrei Rublev (a celebrated Russian icon painter, *t/n*) and the builders of St. Basil’s Cathedral, Surikov and Levitan (prominent Russian artists, *t/n*), or even Dostoevsky who was an unmatched expert in thousands of other inner conflicts. The former could not have been aware of it, for their artistic leanings completely concurred with the concrete potencies of the epoch and their own religio-ethical missions. The latter managed to overcome the unfavorable psychological climate of their time. They were lucky to realize that their pieces of work spoke – the closer toward their maturity and old age, the louder – of precisely those spiritual heights to which these artists were messengers and warned of those abysses of which they were given to contemplate and warn.

The inner conflict I am talking about has a triple nature, it is a struggle amid three tendencies: the religio-ethical-proselytizing; the self-contained ethical; and one more tendency, that of the basest freedom, as it were – the yearning of the

individual to realize his or her universal human rights for a normal life unburdened with high ethical norms, which also include the right for weaknesses, the right for passions, the right for prosperity. This inner conflict clearly shaped up as far back as in Pushkin. The series of his poems wherein “When the clamor of life quietens down for a mortal”, “Fathers-hermits and immaculate wives”, “Prophet”, “There, to the heavenly cell”, and others scintillate with such a worriment and gloom – this is a stark testimony of the call for spiritual doing that had grown in the poet’s soul from year to year, and only those who had never experienced this call within themselves would not have understood that. This inner conflict intensified in Lermontov, was experienced with an immense acuity by Gogol and Leo Tolstoy, and turned the destiny of Blok into a tragedy of spiritual descent. I will talk about this in greater detail in the chapters to follow.

Some would say: indeed, such conflicts were pertinent to certain luminaries of Russian literature. Yet, other peoples have their literatures, too. Would we find a lot of such conflicts in them? Were many bearers of a great artistic gift even aware of their mission as of synthesising artistic creations and the spiritual feat?

Quite a voluminous work would be required to give an exhaustive answer to this question. Within the bounds of this book, I can only note down as follows.

First of all, a lot depends on precisely what literature we are going to consider. Ancient Greek tragedy, for example, is associated if not with the clear awareness than, at least, with the unflagging urge to announce and establish the higher-order reality. Persian poetry as represented by Ferdowsi, Saadi, Nizami, and Rumi is a sheer constellation of mystical geniuses, teachers of the soul. Indian literature throughout, from Vedic hymns to Rabindranath Tagore, is an ocean of religio-ethical revelations expressed by means of artistic imagery. Without exception, to the very array are to be added as geniuses of the Western Middle Ages from Eschenbach to Dante and Petrarch, so too geniuses of Spain – Cervantes and Calderon, also the great poets of England – Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats, let alone the luminaries of German and Scandinavian literature.

Clearly standing apart is French literature which, surprisingly, lacks in “messagery”. Yet, this is closely linked with the overall metahistorical tragedy of France. As early as at the beginning of the sixteenth century, its people-guiding spirit stirred up a revolt of sorts against the demiurgic plan. Apparently, he wanted the French witzraor, which had been born shortly before, to be sanctioned from above for the unification of Roman-Catholic peoples on the basis of the French

statehood, not Catholicism. Such a demand led to the displacement of this spirit, and France fell short of the direct guidance. Its Synclite – remaining in Eden – merged with the Synclite of Apostle Peter. Yet, subsequently only the few entered into it from France – the rest ascended to Monsalvat. Hence the progressive spiritual lameness that meets the gaze of a metahistorian overlooking French culture from the seventeenth century onwards.

Later, it finds its expression in literature and philosophical pretensions in the epoch of encyclopedians – the phenomena suggestive of the lamentable supremacy of reason emasculated from any spirituality and even consciously opposing to it. This is not the right place to unravel the extraordinarily complex knot of metahistorical processes, which was the Great French Revolution. In keeping with the name of this chapter, I will merely indicate that the civic ideals of “freedom, equality, and brotherhood”, that is, “human rights” which began their triumphant march across the whole globe were an attempt of the demiurge of Roman-Catholic metaculture, together with his brother – the demiurge of the North-West – to uplift the abandoned people with those ideals which were more intrinsic to it.

Yet, the increasing void in the transphysical planes over France made it more and more susceptible to all kinds of demonic influences. The distortion of the proclaimed ideals and switching them for revolutionary tyranny commenced just a few days after the Storming of the Bastille. A throng of people with dark missions entered the picture, and a furious rampage which inundated France was a clear evidence of the might of the demonic forces that invaded its shrastr from Gashsharva. The disaster was not exhausted with the bloodshed in France itself – it assumed global proportions, for the entire ideological-spiritual stream that gushed into other European lands from this country was contaminated.

Among the bearers of dark missions, the greatest one was unquestionably Napoleon. His dual task was in twisting the international liberative-civic ideas with the idea of single-person tyranny and increasing the plumes of gavvakh by means of the unflagging international bloodshed<sup>1</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> The one who was Napoleon had been born a few centuries earlier with a similar mission of “amplifying sufferings” in the khalifate of Abbasids. After his apotheosis as a French emperor he spent several years in the Pit, then in Gashsharva where he was being readied for the third dark mission – creating a religion of the left hand in Germany. Had this been a success, the tasks of Hitler would have been much simplified, and Napoleon, having gotten the third time to the Pit, would have fallen to Sufetkh and been expunged from Shadanakar. Luckily, he was



pulled out from Gashsharva: by the way, Saint Louis and Joan of Arc herself took part in this.

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Gradually, France slid into a vacuum between two metacultures, two Synclites. As for French literature, its descent upon the steps of the waning spirituality ultimately took shape in the nineteenth century. However highly one can appraise the artistic giftedness of Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant, France, no signs of messagery can be found in their works. Only few French writers of the latest period have glimpses of it: Chateaubriand, Hugo, and, perhaps, Mallarme. The last one whose works reflected at times the shimmering gleam of “messagery” was, apparently, Romain Rolland.

Such are the metahistorical circumstances, which lead those contemplating French literature to the rueful and worrisome conclusions. Be that as it may, this literature with its combination of high artistry and low spirituality, with its poorly manifested messagery is the exception amid the host of world literatures.

And yet, it is also true that no other literature, save the Russian, has shown so vividly, insightfully, and tragically the apprehension of the following spiritual fact: for a messenger, it does not suffice to be merely a great artist. In this sense, Russian literature truly stands apart. I am not passing a judgement here but simply pointing out a fact of history.

Not only our geniuses but also quite a number of less gifted ones, each in his or her fashion, expressed this thought. It could be shaped into a demand of a civil, even political feat: Radishchev, Ryleyev, Herzen, Nekrasov, Sixtiers, even Bolsheviks vocalized this appeal. Or, artistic activities were combined, or attempted, with Orthodox preaching: starting from Gogol and down to Dostoevsky. Finally, masters of the pen presaged, searched for, and found or, rather, languished in their roaming about the desert in search for the highest synthesis of the religio-ethical and artistic service: not to mention Gogol and Leo Tolstoy, let us recall and ponder about Alexei Tolstoy, Garshin, Vladimir Solovyov, Blok, and Vyacheslav Ivanov. Let us reminisce about the breakthroughs of the cosmic awareness, as reflected in the works of Lomonosov, Derzhavin, and Tyutchev. Let us penetrate into the biographies of the prematurely deceased Griboyedov, Pushkin, and Lermontov, only to find in them enough resolve to step onto the spiritual path. Let us contemplate the images of Leskov’s saints and the ardent faith of this portrayer of spiritual doing. Or, how about the deep sense and understanding of Christ in Leonid Andreev (he was the father of Daniil Andreev, *t/n*) who, in a number of his works, primarily in “Judas Iscariot”, tried to express

this feeling as an unflagging battle in his soul with the comprehension of the dark, demonic nature of the universal law? The latter idea, as profound as only ideas of messengers can be, found its expression in “The Life of Man”, and it was as obvious as the milieu and the artistic, unlike philosophical or metahistorical, mold of this writer<sup>2</sup> permitted. Let us follow further on the “messagery” tendency, however distorted, in the anthroposophical teaching of Andrei Bely; in the delirious ideas of Khlebnikov regarding the transformation of the Earth and his insane dreams of becoming the ruler of the world for this end; in the civil feat of Gumilyov who grew more and more religious; in the lofty attempt of Maximillian Voloshin to define his personal course as an artist and a contemporary of the revolution and of great wars with the religio-ethical behest: “In times of the revolution, be a human, not a citizen”.

It is not by accident that the great Russian literature began from the ode “God”. It is for a reason that its first pages shine with the electrifying verses of Pushkin’s “Prophet”! The conventional interpretation of this poem comes down to the depiction of the ideal image of the poet overall. Yet, such interpretation is based on a fallacious displacement of the notions of messenger, prophet, and artistic genius. This visionary poem thunders not about genius, not about the possession of the highest gift of artistic endowment, not even about bearing the gift of “messagery”, but precisely about the ideal image of the prophet. About the ideal image of the one whose highest abilities of spiritual apprehension, with the help of Providential forces, are unsealed, whose sight and hearing penetrate through the entire Shadanakar, inside out, and who heralds about what has been seen and known not only through the works of art but also with his or her own saintly living. It is precisely that ideal image which, as an irresistibly alluring goal, hovered around the eyes of Gogol, who languished from contemplating chimeras; of Dostoevsky, who tearfully prostrated on the ground and lifted up his hands toward the Milky Way shining over the Optyn Pustyn (a monastery in Russia, *t/n*); of Tolstoy, who longed for the sultry roads of wandering and of preaching to the

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<sup>2</sup> In one of his previous incarnations, L. Andreev was a major merchant. That was the epoch of emperor August and Tiberius. Andreev, by and large, only heard about Jesus Christ, but once he saw Christ from afar on a street in Jerusalem. The Savior was walking in the company of His disciples. The encounter lasted for a few minutes, and Andreev did not know who He was. Yet, the face of Jesus astounded him and etched itself upon his memory forevermore.

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people's masses; of Blok, who descended the steps of mystical switches and became aware of this too late. Some would say: it is good that this ideal image only hovered around their eyes. It is just sad that the fruitless aspirations toward it deprived us of those works of art that Gogol and Tolstoy would have created had this image not hovered around at all.

Let them keep their quiet of what they know not! With ever sealed spiritual sight and hearing, from cradle to grave, with wingless imagination kissing the dust – what do they know about the radiant stream of fabulous creations that incomparably exceed everything created before, the stream that would have streamed from the spirit of an artist who would have become a prophet in earnest, not just in imagination? Let no one judge Icarus for his reckless flight and neither the sun that melted his wings.

Do they think that this aspiration, these foaming and heaving waves of culture, passing through a century and a half of the great Russian literature, is just a mere contingency? If such is the contingency, what would the regularity be like? If it is not a contingency but a reverberation of the mighty voice, which, as a categorical imperative, reaches the ears of bearers of the most profound endowments of our Golden Age – how is this voice related to the ultimate goals of the Russian suprapeople? Where does it stream from? From the mouth of the demiurge inspiring his messengers to do what is ought to be done? From the transmyth of Christianity concealing the full knowledge of the future as well as of the concluding epochs of humanity, those epochs of the ultimate confrontation between the two principles when the Russian suprapeople and its Synclite will have to accomplish their planetary mission? The materialization of what ideals of the distant historical future did he preempt by alluring Russian creators toward the synthesis of the artistic and religious service? Finally, what metahistorical significance can be read in their turbulent, sinful, and radiant lives, in their exceptional destinies?

## ***10.2. Missions and Destinies***

All that is created by the demiurge Yarosvet, all that is manifesting his influence upon the historical plane is directly or indirectly connected to his supreme task, which realization has to justify the thousand-year path of gory and appallingly

agonizing development of the Russian suprapeople. I have already talked about this task, for it is comprehensible and expressible with the help of our conceptions, but I shall repeat this again. Metahistorically, its realization is the birth of Zventa-Sventana by the demiurge and the Ideal Collective Soul of the Russian suprapeople. Historically, it is the appearance of the Rose of the World, that is, such a religio-ethical body which, through exemplifying unblemished purity, aesthetical richness, and comprehensive cultural understanding, would earn the highest reputation among the peoples of the globe and, by way of the world-wide referendum, assume ethical control over the activities of all states-members of the Global Federation. Gradually shaping generations of ennobled humans through diverse cultural means, it will preempt the ultimate rather than merely palliative transformation of the state's very essence into an international brotherhood.

Apparently, it was clear to the demiurgic wisdom as early as in the seventeenth century – human religious wisdom came to terms with this much later – that the Orthodox Russian Church, the centuries-long spiritual guide of the society, had proven to be incapable of comprehending its ultimate goal; that the transphysical significance of its existence had turned out to be something else; and that it was high time to introduce another power in order for this goal to be achieved.

Orthodoxy, as a teaching and practice, by and large, had formed as far back as in Byzantium times and was based on the long bygone stages of the overall cultural awareness. It is only natural that, consequently, Orthodoxy was not able to rid itself of a certain archaic primitivity, a certain narrowness and constraint in the cultural awareness and social mindset. This type of awareness and mindset was to hand over its leading role to a novel type – the one that was to be heralded by the artistic geniuses and most brilliant talents of Russia, thereby transforming itself into a new historical factor of utmost importance.

What prerequisites exactly would enable the future task of Zventa-Sventana which, only for brevity's sake, I have defined as the transformation of states into Brotherhood? Let us outline just some of them – the most important, apparent, and simple ones.

Firstly, this transformation is impossible unless the boundaries among world religions have been eliminated or downplayed at the least; unless such a religious perspective has been formed that views Christian doctrines and those of all other religions of the right hand not as mutually exclusive but, rather, complementary; unless the Rose of the World has unified all Christian churches on a new ground and closely drawn in other religions as freely affiliated.

Secondly, the transformation of state essence is impossible within local boundaries alone: if this process has taken place only in one state whereas others continue to exist as is, they would take over and absorb such a brotherhood that has sprung amid them. Hence this task cannot be resolved unless the overall fragmentation has been overcome, unless a world state has been brought into being. It is impossible without the establishment of a new approach toward state, toward societal organization, toward such phenomena as boundaries, wars, and dictatorships in the consciousness of Russia and the whole of humanity. There have to emerge such conditions that would rapidly necessitate the need for global unity, the loathing of violence, and the dread of tyranny. Strange though it may appear, to a certain extent witzraors are culpable in the development of these feelings in humans: the dread of tyranny can be familiar only to those who have experienced it directly or close enough; the need for global unity develops only in those who can no longer physically tolerate the fragmentation. Therefore, the activities of witzraors and antihumankind dialectically elicited such a state in people which set the stage for the paralysis and defeat of witzraors. However, for this state to reach the due condition, that is, to become a psychological prerequisite for global unity and the end of the world's fragmentation, the world had to pass through a stage when states would have outgrown into tyrants, penal system – into the machine of unheard-of mass repressions, and wars – into the tragic extermination of entire countries and peoples. At the same time, there still remained a risk that the tyrannical apparatus would have proven to be stronger than the sum of all the active protests it had spawned forth. That is the reason why the efforts of the demiurge or, rather, of all humanity's demiurges had to invariably strengthen the complex of such feelings and ideas in people that would spur them to confront tyranny, to overcome the fragmentation, and, ultimately, to unify.

Thirdly, the transformation of the state's essence is impossible until a certain level of universal material wellbeing has been reached, and each and every individual has partaken of it matter-of-factly. For this to happen, the entrenched class, national, and social antagonisms and prejudices have to be eradicated, and the progress of science and technologies is to be fully expedited from one side. From the other, the development of corresponding intellectual and volitional qualities in human beings is to be aided by Providential forces despite the fact that, with every decade, the meddling of Gagtungr into this process widens the breach between the level of human technologies and that of human ethics.

Fourthly, the transformation of the state's essence is impossible without people's recognition of its depravity. Therefore, all effort is to be hurled into exposing it.

Fifthly, the transformation of the state into a brotherhood is hardly feasible until the contradiction between two cultural tendencies has been resolved: between ascetic spirituality renouncing the world and the so-called "heathenry" asserting the world and physicality; until Nature has been apprehended as something dualistic: as a source of joy, happiness, and light from one side and as the arena of demonic forces' rampage from the other; until Nature has been approached with a lofty moral and creative duty and consumed with active love; until the worlds of the light-filled elementals have been treated with spiritual and physical amiability.

Finally, the triumph of the Rose of the World is impossible unless and until a new, deeper significance has been discovered in the aspiration toward Eternal Femininity; unless and until a waft from Zventa-Sventana has mollified and enlightened the burning severity of the masculine principle, which has reigned supreme in ethics, religion, and social life thus far.

There was a host of other historical prerequisites, of course, let alone the metahistorical ones, without which this task could not be accomplished. But the ones I have mentioned seem to suffice.

So, the most immediate and concrete goals of the demiurge were: the loosening of the barriers across different, historically formed types of religiosity; the strengthening of those ideas and feelings in human souls which could be directed toward confronting tyranny, overcoming the world's fragmentation, and unifying all; deepening the feeling of social compassion, the thirst for social justice and the recognition of universal social rights; the unsealing of those potentialities of mind and reason in humans which would foster the rapid development of science and technologies; exposing the aggressive and vampirical essence of the state; resolving the contradiction in the minds of many people between the spiritual-ascetic and "heathen" tendencies, as well as developing a synthetic approach toward Nature; the activation of the Eternal Femininity's manifestations in the historical reality, whose emaciated and bedeviled vessel in Russia, Navna that is, has been in an age-long captivity.

In the light of these objects of the demiurgic involution, the total inaptitude of the Russian Orthodox Church becomes clear. Precisely for these ideas to gain traction, the demiurge and Navna have involuted great artistic geniuses and the most brilliant talents of Russia, those who we call "messengers". The psychological

picture, of course, was aggravated with plenty of purely human factors, be it cultural, social, or individual, and, at times, with the radiation from the great spiritual receptacle of the past centuries, that is, Orthodoxy. Every so often, inspirations from demonic worlds, mainly Drukkarg and Duggur, irrputed.

Had I dedicated at least one chapter to the mission and destiny of each and every Russian messenger limiting myself to the art of writing alone, there would have been a separate work with more than twenty chapters. Therefore, I had to make do with the minimum – the number of totally aphoristic and undeveloped characteristics along with my judgments about these figures will invariably take the form of mere statements, mostly stripped of any argumentation. I had to bypass – not even making a brief stop – the epochs of Lomonosov, Derzhavin, and Karamzin and begin from the metahistorical characteristics of the one whose name has long been associated with the onset of our literature's Golden Age.

As is known, there are piles of research on and thousands of opinions about Pushkin. Let me add on yet another characteristic coming under an angle which has not been considered thus far – that of metahistory. Under this angle, the mission of Pushkin was the creation of a concise, flexible, rich, and exceedingly expressive literary language, so as to give a decisive impetus to the development of a nationwide love for language, word, verse, and the culture of language itself as the primary means of human communication; in order to equip creators following in his footsteps with this perfect tool for expressing all ideas and feelings; to elaborate a host of new genres for this end; and, finally, to take the helm of this process of expressing these ideas and images artistically.

What are these ideas and images?

Firstly, these are the ideas consorting with the task of exposing the demonic nature of the state and strengthening the complex of the moral-liberating aspirations of the individual soul and the entire nation. Among them numbers the idea of not forgiving the crimes of the highest authority, that is, acknowledging the ineptitude of the authority, if it violates ethical norms (the ode "Liberty" and, especially, "Boris Godunov"). Another idea is the inability to resolve contradictions – neither logically or rationally, nor within one's humanistic conscience – between the individual and the state, between the individual and the demonized laws of the world ("The Bronze Horseman"). A related idea would be confrontation between the basest, selfish individual freedom and social harmony ("Gypsies"). These ideas were to influence the consciousness of the masses that were taken to literature so as to have them, ultimately, acknowledge the superiority of ethics over the

principle of statehood. In other words – however utopian it may appear to us now – the idea of the establishment of a highly ethical agency controlling and leading the amoral statehood was to be inculcated.

The second cycle of ideas orbited around the task of changing Christian humanity's stance toward Nature. In the main, it was the idea of experiencing Nature as something objectively beautiful, not accursed or hostile in any shape or form, but having a side to it, which often leads to apprehending Nature as indifferent toward and uncaring of the human being. Yet, at the same time, this perceived indifference did not preclude one from experiencing Nature as something subjectively lovable. These experiences which found their expression in a host of exquisite verses and parts of big poems readied the consciousness for the vaguely dreamt-of, new kind of interaction with Nature: the jovial-sensual, amicable and, at the same time, not at all sinful.

This intertwined with a new apprehension of the current of life in its everyday guise: discovering elements of poetry and beauty and enlightening the base and mundane layers of human existence with them. All this and so too the preceding were at odds with the behests of the ascetic period and paved the way for understanding the faraway future tasks of the Rose of the World – the tasks of steeping all aspects of life with spirituality and religio-poetic impulses.

The third cycle was about discovering a new, more profound significance of human religious aspirations toward Eternal Femininity. Here, it seems, not only a waft from Navna, but also that from Zventa-Sventana herself have manifested.

The idea of Eternal Femininity as a transcendental cosmic principle belongs to this cycle. The howsoever manifestation of it in the concrete human plurality or in an individual woman is unthinkable and impossible (“The Poor Knight”).

Compounding it is the antinomic idea of Eternal Femininity as a principle inherent to humans: certainly, it does not become embodied as such but assumes a distant reflection in a beautiful soul of the woman walking amid us (“Eugene Onegin”). In Karamzin's “Poor Liza”, one may trace the first, bleak glimmers of Navna. All images of beautiful femininity, be it even feeble attempts to depict it in art, carry in glimpses of one of the Great Sisters. For – before Zventa-Sventana's descent from the cosmic heights into Shadanakar, prior to the nineteenth century that is – the presence of Ideal Collectives Souls of the peoples in Shadanakar alone enabled the forces of Femininity to penetrate into human selves. Amid the female images of our literature, Tatyana Larina (a main character in Pushkin's “Eugene Onegin”, *t/n*), the first charming and harmonious image that continues to influence



descendants across a century with the same force, is enveloped in the subtlest fragrance of Navna.

Furthermore: Pushkin was the first who fully raised the specifically Russian and, later, global question about the artist, as a messenger of the supreme reality, and the ideal image of the prophet, as the ultimate obligation of the messenger. Of course, he could not see clearly that his intuition reached beyond the compass of what could have been realized in the nineteenth century and dashed toward the coming epoch, when the Rose of the World would have been embodied in the historical plane.

Finally, in a host of his works ("The Captain's Daughter", "A Feast in Time of Plague", "Mozart and Salieri", and many others) Pushkin raised a number of more specific psychological, moral, and cultural issues, which were picked up by his successors.

It goes without saying that the thoughts I am laying out here would hardly make up the exhaustive metahistorical characteristics of Pushkin. It is just the first experience of this sort, and I have no doubt that the works on Pushkin's significance made by successive generations will totally eclipse this lame draft of mine.

Many researchers pointed out that Pushkin's harmony is only illusionary. According to them, in actuality he was besotted with contradictions, and the way of his development was quite complicated and meandering if, rather, it be aimed at a greater harmonization. This is certainly so. No less important is the fact that, despite his contrariety, despite all his twists and turns, as it were, Pushkin was and still remains a bearer of the harmonious confluence of poetry and life in the minds of millions. And this illusion plays its positive role (and so do many other illusions in the history of our culture): this sunny god of our Parnassus (the world of poetry; named after a mountain in Greece, *t/n*) passes by, now laughing, then contemplating, now playing, then grieving or praying. In the consciousness of many, this brings closer together the domains of poetry and life, removes the barrier separating human everyday activities and the lives of ordinary people from the sphere of the solemn, empyrean, and fleshless voices of poetry.

Every line of Pushkin evokes in us, Russians, so many cultural and historical associations, which we hold dear and sacred, that we become too easily inclined to exaggerate his significance, to see the global dimension in the otherwise national messenger and genius. My personal conversations and meetings with foreigners

formed in me a strong conviction, which has been molded under the influence of reviews on Pushkin from abroad: foreigners lacking in associations which intrinsically strike us and apprehending the works of Pushkin in their nakedness, as it were, simply cannot understand why his name is so much revered in Russia, in a nearly cultish sort of way. Perhaps, had better quality translations of his works appeared in the European languages while he was still alive, they would have been more eagerly embraced. But translations were done too late, and now there is no call to hope that a trove of ideas and images in Pushkin's poetry or, all the more so, his lyrical tunes would ever incite the cultural space of other peoples.

Tellingly, foreigners of any nationality, which I happened to talk with, whether it be Germans, Japanese, Polish or Arabs, were struck with the emotional phonation of and acknowledged the global dimension in Lermontov, not Pushkin.

It seems that Dostoevsky in his famous speech at the opening of Pushkin's memorial in Moscow a bit exaggerated precisely the international dimension of Pushkin's works. Nonetheless, Zhukovsky and Pushkin were the first Russian poets whose poetic vision assumed a global scale, not in line with the conventionality and false classicism of Knyazhin or Ozerov, but in terms of truly deep, intuitive penetration into the spirit of other nations and cultures. It is only natural that this cultural-historical fact belongs precisely in the first half of the nineteenth century. Back then, among the chief tasks of the inviolating forces of the demiurge, there clearly was as the task of bridging the cultural gap among peoples, so the task of bringing the Russian people closer together with other peoples, and the task of developing the capacities for the psychological and ideological penetration into the essence of other cultures.

All talks to the effect that Pushkin presumably reached the zenith of his creativity when he turned thirty seven, and nothing could have been expected of him save some historical and cultural works and a few second-rate pieces of writing had he stayed alive – all these talks are worthless and groundless. The only merit of such talks was that they have revealed the shallowness of analysis on the part of judges, who could not distinguish the unavoidable periods of creative rut and the accumulation of energy in the life of any artist from a total depletion of the creative impulse.

The nationwide grief over the poet's death swept across Russia. This showed that, for the first time in history, a mission of nationwide scale was placed not upon a kin-guardian, a hero, or an ascetic, but upon an artistic genius. This also showed that the people, if not fully aware of that, then certainly felt it. The murder of the

genius was apprehended by all as an utter malefaction, and the criminal was ejected from Russia like slag. One may feel impotent wrath and indignation reading about the wellbeing and prosperity which the further destiny of d'Anthes (the one who killed Pushkin in a duel, *t/n*) showered upon him – the destiny of a smug moneybag and dealmaker, senator of the Second Empire, who did not show even a tincture of remorse in the committed crime. Yet, for metahistorical contemplation, it is as clear as day how transient and cheap this triumph actually was, and how horrendous the afterlife of d'Anthes turned out to be. Now, after his accomplishment of the second dark mission and another fall into the Pit of Shadanakar, the third dark mission looms over him only to be followed by his ejection from our bramfatura.

Whereas Pushkin's death was a great disaster for Russia, the death of Lermontov was a sheer catastrophe – this blow shattered the creative womb of not only Russian but also other metacultures.

The mission of Pushkin, not without difficulties and only partially, is yet explicable in human terms; essentially, it is clear.

Lermontov's mission is one of the deepest enigmas of our culture.

From a very early age, Lermontov featured as follows: the unflagging feeling of his chosenness, of some exceptional duty weighing down on his destiny and soul; the phenomenal precocity of a raging, blistering imagination and a powerful, cold mind; a supranational psychological mold coupled with Russian impulsivity; a stern and clear gaze, piercing the human soul to the core; deep religiosity, relaying even doubts from the philosophical plane into a mutiny against God – the legacy of previous incarnations of this monad into the humankind of Titans; remarkable artistic giftedness, together with harsh self-criticism, which pushed him to select only the cream of the crop, only masterpieces for publication... All this was combined in Lermontov, and it can only strengthen our conviction that a thunderstorm near Pyatigorsk that muffled the shot of Martynov (Lermontov, just as Pushkin, was killed in a duel, *t/n*) raged far beyond Enrof at the moment. Thus the common Enemy overtook and thwarted the unfinished mission of the one who, over time, was to create something, which significance goes beyond our imagination and inklings – something truly titanic.

To my knowledge, there are three great contemplators of “both abysses” – the heights of the heavenly world and the depths of the demonic planes – in our culture: Ivan the Terrible, Lermontov, and Dostoevsky. I could also add Alexander

Blok as the fourth had it not been for his lesser stature compared to those individuals.

If the mystery of Lermontov's unaccomplished mission is never going to be unraveled, at least we could guess its trajectory through metahistorical contemplation and pondering the polarity of his soul. Such contemplation would lead to the following conclusion: two opposite tendencies are discernible in Lermontov's personality and creativity. The first – the struggle against God, which shaped up as early as in his childhood poems and would seem to a superficial observer as a variance of the fashionable Byronism. If Byronism counterposes a free and proud individuality to the human society, enchained with conventions and mediocrity, then Byronism it is. Yet, this is only on the surface. The undercurrents of these manifestations in the creative development of these poets are quite different. The mutiny of Byron, first and foremost, is directed against society. The images of Lucifer, Cain, and Manfred are merely literary techniques and artistic masks.

A bearer of a genius poetic gift as he was, Byron had a rather small stature as a human being. He never was a Titan in his previous incarnations. A dream about the crown of Greece would seem a petty and pathetic childish fancy to a genuine Titan, and the demonic poses, which Byron loved to strike, would elicit but the Titan's smile, hadn't a real demonic influence been discernible through them.

Actually, there were such influences and rather insistent at that. A burning longing for fame and power, the unflagging masquerade of life, the baseness of Italian adventures – all this points out this man's susceptibility to the demonic involution rather than the Titanic nature of his. As his overall giftedness was immense, and the backdrop of his activities – the then society – was totally bleak, his masquerade could delude not only Countess Gvicholi, but even such a true Titan as Goethe. Byron is non-mystical. His creativity, essentially, was nothing but an English variance of the cultural phenomenon, which had formed on the continent as the ideological revolution of encyclopedians: the revolution of skeptical consciousness against, as Spengler would put it, "the great forms of antiquity". Lermontov's mutiny against society was something secondary: his mutiny was not as consistent, stubborn, and deep as Byron's; it did not throw him into voluntary exile or into the hotbeds of the liberation movements. Yet, Lermontov's "Demon" was far from a mere literary technique or the means to apater the aristocracy or bourgeoisie – it was an attempt to artistically express a certain profound and ancient experience of his soul, which had been acquired in preexistence and from

encounters with such a formidable and powerful hierarchy that the trace of them surfaced from the poet's deep memory to his consciousness throughout his life. Unlike Byron, Lermontov, essentially, was a mystic. No, he was not a mystic-decadent of the later, depleting culture, which mysticism was predetermined by the epoch's fashion and social-political existence. He was a mystic "by God's grace", as it were, for his subtle organs – spiritual sight, hearing, and deep memory, as well as the ability to contemplate cosmic panoramas and the gift of comprehending human souls – were unsealed from his very birth, and another reality was seeping through them into his consciousness: the reality, not a fantasy. Merezhkovsky brilliantly demonstrated this in his analysis of Lermontov's works. He was the only critic and thinker who, in his judgments of Lermontov, did not just skim through, but grabbed hold of the transphysical root of things (D.S. Merezhkovsky, "Lermontov").

Till the end of his life, Lermontov felt discontented with his poem "Demon". As he grew more mature and astute, he couldn't help seeing how much of the personal, timely, humanly, casual, and autobiographical was entwined into the fabric of the poem, thereby lowering its transphysical level, muddying and downgrading the image, and anthropomorphizing the plot. Evidently, hadn't he died, he would have returned to these texts time and time again and, ultimately, created a poem which would have retained only a few dozen of the original stanzas. The matter is that not only was Lermontov a great mystic, but also a man living to the fullest, and one of the nineteenth century's most brilliant minds. Apart from the mystical experience in his deep memory, Lermontov's God-fighting tendency manifested on a purely intellectual plane and in his various everyday activities. In this light, many facts of his "outer" biography are to be understood: his carouses and escapades; his debauchery at a younger age – not mirthful like Pushkin's, but somber and onerous was his conduct with those women to whom he appeared now as Pechorin (a main character in Lermontov's "The Hero of Our Time", *t/n*), then almost as Demon; and, perhaps, his valiancy (by twenty five years of age, Lermontov had outlived and lost any interest in all those 'somersaults', whereas Byron remained a puppet for all kinds of forces till the end of his thirty-five-year life). Intellectually, this rebellious tendency took the form of a cold and bitter skepticism, of grievous, gnawingly pessimistic reflections of the one, who saw through human souls so well. This tendency of his reflected in "The Hero of our Time", "Sashka", "Poems for Children", and so on.

In parallel with this tendency, from Lermontov's early years onwards, there quietly flowed and gurgled yet another stream in the depths of his poems, rising at times to majestic tones – that of light-filled, soulful, and toasty faith. To overlook this is to demonstrate the total lack of understanding of the spiritual reality – just what the Russian critics of the last century did with regard to Lermontov's poems, which speak of this reality in black and white and testify of it loud and clear.

One's thought must have been paralyzed to be unable to see that the Angel carrying Lermontov's soul to the earth and singing him the tune, which "none of the earth's boring songs" could replace is not merely a literary technique – not unlike those used by Byron – but a fact. It would be interesting to know: what other poetic image as testifying to a daemon, long accompanying him, except this could one expect from a genius and messenger? One must be totally stripped of any religious hearing to not be able to feel all the authenticity and depth of Lermontov's experiences, which spawned forth the lyrical canticle "I, Mother of God, Am Now Prayful"; to apprehend that musical-poetic fact that most perfect stanzas of Lermontov, in terms of their musicality and poeticism, speak precisely of the second reality shining through the all too well known: "The Branch of Palestine", "Mermaid", brilliant lines on the East in "The Dispute", "When the Yellowish Fields Get Ruffled", "On the Ocean of Air", "At Blazing Noon, in Dagestan's Deep Valley", "Three Palm-Trees", in pictures of nature in "Mtsyri", "Demon", and many more.

Apparently, further polarization of these two tendencies, their deadly fight, victory of the life-asserting principle, and achieving the highest wisdom and enlightenment of the creative spirit made up the unaccomplished mission of Lermontov. The matter is that Lermontov was not "an artistic genius in general" or simply a messenger – he was a *Russian* artistic genius and *Russian* messenger and, as such, could not be contented with the formula "words of a poet are his deeds" (this motto belongs to Pushkin, *t/n*). Essentially, the whole life of Mikhail Yuryevich was a painful search of how to apply the force that was tearing him apart. The university, of course, proved to be too small. The Bohemian life of the then professional writers was hopelessly shallow.

Even the best-minded ones, I think, could not picture Lermontov to be bound by the family, to be withdrawn into personal wellbeing. The military campaign in Caucasus nearly lured him with its romantic side and enriched him with a plethora of impressions. Yet, after "Valerik" (a war poem, *t/n*) Lermontov must have apprehended military activities as something totally alien to what he was to do in

life. But what exactly? What feat could a man of such a stature and such a circle of ideas find for himself had his life lasted forty or fifty years longer? Imagining Lermontov as joining the revolutionary movement of the 1860's -1870's is as impossible as picturing Leo Tolstoy as a member of a terrorist organization or Dostoevsky as the Social Democratic Party's champion. A poetic retirement into Tarkhany (Lermontov's estate, *t/n*)? His Herculean powers would hardly have permitted this. A monastery? A cell? Indeed: the burden of monastic solitary life was within the abilities of this spiritual athlete; his powers could have been well applied along these lines. Yet, Orthodox monasticism is incompatible with the artistic creativity of his type and those forms which have marked our late times – Lermontov, apparently, would have never renounced his kind of creativity. Perhaps, this Titan would have never solved the task he was given to, that is, merging artistic creativity with spiritual doing and the feat of life, transforming from a messenger into a prophet. I personally believe that something else was yet more likely: if it were not for the catastrophe in Pyatigorsk (the town where Lermontov died in a duel, *t/n*), over time, Russian society would have witnessed such an unimaginable and idiosyncratic way of life, which would have led the elder-Lermontov to the heights where ethics, religion, and art merge into a single whole; where all wanderings and downfalls have been overcome, thought out, and have enriched the spirit; and where wisdom, acumen, and enlightened grandeur have reached such an extent that all humanity would gaze at those colossuses of culture with awe, love, and vibrant joy.

In what exact forms of the artistic word would this life and spiritual experience have found its expression? As is known, Lermontov conceived a trilogy novel, the first part of which would have described the times of Pugachev's Rebellion, the second – the epoch of Decembrists, and the third – the 1840's. Yet, he would most likely have completed this trilogy by age forty. What next?... Perhaps, a cycle of "ideological novels" would follow? Or, an epic mystery not unlike "Faust"? Be that as it may, in the 1870's and 1880's Europe would have witnessed an unparalleled creation from the mysterious bosom of Russia, which would have preempted those times when, out of the very bosom, the flower of planetwide brotherhood – the Rose of the World nurtured by messengers, geniuses, saints, and prophets – would sprout.

Lermontov's death, of course, did not send a single ripple into the historical Europe. Yet, when the fatal shot resounded at the foot of Mashuk (a mountain in the vicinity of which Lermontov was shot, *t/n*), the creative heart of not only

Russian but also Western metacultures convulsed – perhaps, demiurge Yarosvet himself would have cried in a similar fashion had the life of Wolfgang Goethe been cut short somewhere on the banks of the Rhein.

Lermontov bears a considerable share of responsibility for his own death. I do not know what purgatories he went through in the afterlife, while untying the knots of his karma. What I do know is that he is now one of the brightest stars in the Russian Synclite, that he invisibly passes amid and through us, creates over and inside us, and that the scope and grandeur of his creativity is beyond any of our conceptions.

Therein, another of our luminaries is busy creating other creations: the one who used to be our near and dear Gogol.

The task presaged by Pushkin, the task, which Lermontov may have resolved by the end of his life, proved to be exceptionally burning when Gogol came to grips with it.

No conscious progression is possible without awareness and understanding of the imperfection of the current level.

For Russia to grow cognizant of all the imperfection of its stage of development, of all the unseemliness of its unenlightened life, Gogol was there to help, and help he did. He was endowed with a dreadful gift of seeing the underside of life. His second gift was the artistic genius that made it possible for him to objectively embody everything he saw in his works for everyone to see. But the tragedy of Gogol was his apprehension of yet another gift which was hidden inside him and poignantly demanded to be unsealed whereas he did not know and did not find out how to do this – this was the gift of the “messagery” for the ascending worlds, the gift of prophesy and guideship. He could not differentiate between “messagery” and prophesy at that: it appeared to him that the “messagery” for the worlds of the Light must have been associated with ethical heights, with personal righteousness. The limited capacities of his mind, as compared with his artistic genius, did not enable him to see the incompatibility between his task and the forms of Orthodox proselytizing in which he tried to clothe it. Debilitated through contemplating monsters with “dull faces”, the psychophysical makeup of Gogol’s being could not withstand the collision between Orthodox asceticism and the demands of his artistic creativity, between the sense of his call for prophecy and the feeling of his own inadequacy, between emaciating visions of infernal rings and his ardent thirst for heralding and teaching about heavenly worlds. Finally, his lack of volition, as



compared with Lermontov, seemingly drove this conflict into the innards of his soul, rid him of necessary outward manifestations, and colored the last, decisive period of his life in mystery.

“Gogol is fasting away...”, “Gogol is praying away...”, “Gogol strayed away in mysticism...” – how pathetic are these banalities which have lingered in our press for some hundred years. Repin’s painting “Self-immolation of Gogol” is widely known. After all, each viewer imparts something of his or her own into a painting, and it is impossible to confirm whether he or she sees something in it which others do not. Professional artists, at times, give rather skeptical or even indignant reviews of this painting of Repin. Some hold that this is an illegitimate intrusion of “literature” into art. There appear even harsher reviews misrepresenting the spiritual tragedy of Gogol as a purely physiological collision. I personally see none of this. I do see something else: no commentator, even such a deep analyst as Merezhkovsky, was as deep and astute as otherwise rather short-witted Repin.

When peering into the painting without any professional biases, it is as though one gets pulled into the psychological abyss through successive psychophysical layers.

First, one sees what appears as an ailing, half-mad or, perhaps, fully demented person languishing in his struggle with, perhaps, some hallucinatory visions. One would experience a mix of compassion and that unconscious repugnance which “psychologically normal” people feel when coming in touch with those mentally impaired. Now, this layer flakes off. All of a sudden, one discerns a human face distorted with a near-death anguish, a human that has seemingly sacrificed everything that he had held dear: his innermost thoughts, most loved creations, cherished dreams – the whole purpose of life. The terror and despair of true self-immolation shows in the fading eyes and contorted lips. This terror passes onto the viewer and mixes up with pity; it seems that no heart can bear such emotional intensity. And now appears the third layer – I am not sure whether the last: the very fading eyes and lips, either cramped or crooked with a wild and desperate smile, begin to shine with a childish, pure, and unshakeable faith and the love out of which a sobbing baby would fall onto the mother’s lap. “I gave up to You everything – accept me, dear Lord! Soothe me and embrace!” say the eyes of the dying.

The wonder of the artist is in giving the answer in the supplication of these eyes, which seemingly behold the Great Mediatrix, embracing and accepting this excruciated soul into the womb of love.

The one who will pass through the layers of this stunning Repin's piece would hardly cast into doubt this highest, all-comforting, and all-justifying connotation: the gates of the Synclite have swung open before Gogol, as before one of its most lovable children.

These first three great geniuses of Russian literature elevated and established it, at the height where it became the society's spiritual guide, teacher of life, landmark of ideals, and herald of the worlds of spiritual light. They won for this literature fame and nationwide authority and crowned it with the halo of martyrdom.

### ***10.3. Missions and Destinies (cont.)***

When describing – to the best of my ability – the nature of the connection between humankind and the sakwala of Daemons in the chapter on the middle planes of Shadanakar, I mentioned the race of metaprototypes that abide close to daemons and are essential for understanding certain works of art in Enrof.

Leo Tolstoy is the father of Andrei Bolkonsky (a fictional character in Tolstoy's "War and Peace", *translator's note*) – not in the same sense, of course, as fathering Sergey Lvovich and Tatyana Lvovna (biological children of Tolstoy, *t/n*). The genius artist synthesized the image of Andrei out of certain psychological and physical traits of different people. Through this amalgam as an etheric focusing point of sorts, he intuited a similar yet even more significant image of a being from Zheram – a layer in the sakwala of Daemons that plays the same role for them as Enrof does for us. This being belonged to the race of metaprototypes, which lagged in development behind the daemons, and the race under their wardship. I have already mentioned that they are strikingly similar to humans in their appearance and psyche. The image of Andrei Bolkonsky was apprehended and creatively empathized by millions of people that read the Tolstoy's epic ("The War and Peace", *t/n*). Psychic radiations of these human multitudes immensely magnified this objectively existing image of Andrei created by Tolstoy. It became a material clothing for the metaprototype connected to it, its etheric body of sorts – something that was necessary for or, rather, facilitated and expedited its further development, filled its being with new seething energies and richness of life. I cannot analyze this process any further. Perhaps, in the next eon the transformed humanity will proceed to redeeming those fallen into the magmas and the core of

Shadanakar. The one known as Andrei Bolkonsky, currently abiding in Magirna, would then incarnate in Enrof and join in our magnificent creative work. As for the current eon, each metaprototype that has received etheric clothing from the artists of Enrof not only absorbs our psychic emanations, which it elicits but also influences back upon multitudes of concrete human psyches: it either stimulates or hinders their development, depending on what the artist had imported into his or her creation in the first place. That is why great artists are not bound with the universal human duty of parenthood: it becomes replaced with a parenthood of a different sort. Dante, Leonardo, Rafael, Michelangelo, Cervantes, Shiller, Mozart, Beethoven, Lermontov, Gogol, Chekhov, Glinka, Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky, and a great many of other artistic geniuses and messengers did not have children. Yet, our moral instinct does not put them to blame for this, precisely because we unconsciously know that, however extraordinarily, they have fulfilled their parental duty.

It would be a gross simplification to assume that metaprototypes from the daemon world stand behind all human images in general fiction and art. Quite the contrary: they make up just a tiny fraction of this infinite gallery of images and are normally associated with bright and great personalities. Yet, when such human images with metaprototypes behind them do transpire, the purpose behind their creation is bilateral. Firstly, a powerful influence upon human beings of our plane is being exerted through them. Secondly, just to repeat: a subtle material coating is created, which invigorates the metaprototype and shortens its path to the sakwala of Daemons.

It is clear, however, that the artist cannot be free from the karmic connection with prototypes which were reflected through him or her and the karmic responsibility for their fate – just as a parent is responsible for the fate of the children he or she gives life to and rears. It took Gogol immense effort and a truly titanic work to help those he had named Sobakevich, Chichikov, and Plyushkin (fictional characters in Gogol's novel "Dead Souls", *t/n*) ascend. Whether he presaged this while alive or not, it is a well-known fact that he attempted a literary 'conversion' of "Dead Souls" characters for them to enter the path of ascension. Again, what is left unaccomplished by the living artist is brought to a close in his or her afterlife.

The greater the human image created by the artist, the more opportunities open up for the metaprototype. The one portrayed by Goethe as Faust would soon enter into the Synclite of the World – Don Quixote had already stayed there awhile –

only to become a magnificent individual amid the transformed humanity in the second eon.

For someone with unsealed spiritual hearing and sight, encountering the one who has been known and loved as Andrei Bolkonsky is as achievable and absolutely real as meeting the great human spirit that used to be Leo Tolstoy. It is all about the state of the organs of perception, as well as using them to penetrate into such and such plane of Shadanakar.

However far-fetched and outlandish all I am talking about may appear, and whatever scoffs would target the confident tone of my statements, I am totally prepared for them and will take back none of the thoughts I am laying down here.

After what has been already put forth, the following would hardly seem at all strange: in terms of the method of influence, the role of the winged daemon with respect to the human bearer of the gift, first of all, is in unsealing the impulse of creativity within the messenger or any human being overall. This helps impregnate the creative womb of the artist with an in-streaming of life impressions, which would morph into one or another image, often – into that of a human. The daemon's further work over the messenger's astral body is aimed at loosening the rigidity of etheric-physical barriers, which separate the human consciousness from the highest capacities of the astral body. Depending on the artistic endowment and personality of the given artist, as well as the nature of his or her mission, the daemon's efforts can be focused on opening up one of these capacities: spiritual sight or hearing; deep memory; the ability to contemplate cosmic panoramas and perspectives; the ability to comprehend other human souls from the highest vantage point – it can be called the ability for spiritual analysis; and, finally, the aptitude for Love in its highest sense. In certain cases, the daemon is focused entirely on opening up only one capacity which would facilitate and expedite his or her work over other capacities in later periods of the messenger's earthly life.

Something similar to that, for example, happened with Chekhov. His mission was to steep the art of writing with the love for people to the extent that only Dickens and Dostoevsky had approached. Chekhov stood on an absolutely straight path. Although his spiritual sight and hearing, as well as his ability to contemplate cosmic panoramas were sealed, this was only temporary, for the daemon hurled all effort into developing Chekhov's gift for the highest love. When this phase of work came to a close, other capacities would have opened up quite rapidly. By seventy, Chekhov would have exemplified a mix of genius and sainthood. Only his death at forty-four prevented this from happening, only his death.

There exists a certain law of scales: the deeper a monad sinks down and suffers in the course of its development, the more magnificent it becomes. The monad emanates from the Father's bosom into matter not simply to skim through one of the planes of the planetary cosmos, but to slice through it, to apprehend it inside out, to transform it in all its entirety, and, rising from grandeur to grandeur, to become a guide for stars, creator of galaxies, and, ultimately, companion of the Father in creating new monads and universes.

Thence comes our feeling of awe and adoration not only before the category of beauty and sublimity, but also before that of greatness.

Thence – the emergence of this feeling in our soul, when we come in touch with such images as Oedipus, Prometheus, Faust, Don Juan, or Brandt.

Precisely these vast scales of potentialities in their souls distinguish “the children of Dostoevsky”.

After all, what would justify infinitely varying – from novel to novel, from character to character – “infernal” descents of these figures? What good can come from our wanderings together with them across the labyrinths of these passions, these murders and suicides, this bodily and spiritual depravity, across the darkest nooks and crannies of the world of psyche? Aren't these wanderings, on the contrary, fraught with perils – to yield to a temptation, to proceed to imitating and committing the very unpardonable, even criminal acts?

Those who love Dostoevsky often justify this to the effect that the great writer teaches one to discern “the sparkle of God” even in the most fallen soul, that he inculcates compassion to the wretched, etc. Inculcate compassion he does, and great compassion at that. Yet, does this happen all the time? Is compassion the main component in our stance toward Stavrogin, Petr Verkhovensky, or Svidrigailov? Besides, discovering “the sparkle of God” in Verkhovensky or Smerdyakov would come as a lame consolation, for this does not justify or mitigate their criminal deeds. The essence of the matter is something else: rather than justifying them, it is their stature, which we irrationally feel, that makes us believe in their highest potentialities. By no means does this relieve them of their responsibility for the committed acts. Rather, we or, at least, those of us having a metahistorical disposition, grow confident that the deeper these souls sank into temptation, the lower their [infernal] rings of experience became, the higher their ascension, the more grandiose their experience, the broader their future

personalities, and the more magnificent their faraway other-worldly destiny would turn out to be.

As an artist-ethicist that arouses our compassion toward the wretched and the fallen, Dostoevsky is great – so great that this alone would suffice to permanently stake out for him one of the top spots in the pantheon of world literature. Perhaps, he is no less great as an artist-messenger of the Eternal Femininity. Yet, one is to search for a waft from this Principle not in the muddied, psychologically crippled, spiritually disoriented, and hysterical, hence debased images of Nastasya Filippovna and Katerina Ivanovna, but in the universal human theme personified as Margarita and Solveig in the West, which was created precisely by our Dostoevsky. The story of Sonya Marmeladova and Raskolnikov is a staggering testimony of “das Ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan.”<sup>1</sup>

The greatness of Dostoevsky is revealed even more as he guides us, just as Virgil guides Dante, through the darkest, utmost sinful, most unenlightened, and faulted scarps, leaving no stone unturned, no devil holed up. This was the main specialty of his mission: enlightening the darkest and most macabre layers of psyche by way of spiritual analysis. In this respect, he is, perhaps, the greatest writer of all time. Then he proceeded with something quite the opposite: using this very analysis to penetrate into the light-filled layers. Yet, he had barely enough time to make even a few steps in that direction.

In any event, if the ultimate goal of the demiurge, which I touched upon in the previous chapter, presupposes the broadening boundaries of personality, for it to include the most dismal infraphysical layers (for as long as they remain unexplored, they cannot be enlightened), none other than Dostoevsky accomplished this exceedingly well.

It is not by chance that I have mentioned Dante. Yet, in order to understand this connection, one is to be well aware of the different planes, different forms and stages of this descent into the infraphysical abyss.

The work of the daemon over Dostoevsky mainly focused upon his penetration into other human souls; his other spiritual organs were only slightly activated. For this reason, he does not describe variomaterial images as directly and explicitly as

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<sup>1</sup> The Eternal Feminine lures us heavenward (“Faust”, Goethe)

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Dante, but, rather, their role in the human psyche, human deeds and destinies. Those having a clearer memory of such descents would be capable of discerning the functions of the lower layers in the psyche and thus the doings of many of Dostoevsky's characters: Duggur or Shim-big and the Pit in the soul of Stavrogin and Svidrigailov; Drukkarg and Gashsharva – in the psyche of Petr Verkhovensky; Gashsharva and Tsebrumr – the layer of the coming antichurch of Antichrist – in the Great Inquisitor. Ivan Karamazov's personality would reveal functions of a host of worlds, of both ascending and descending range. The chapter "Cana of Galilee" is a clear reminiscence of the Heavenly Russia, perhaps, even of the Blue Pyramid's glimmer – the Transmyth of Christianity. The psyche of Myshkin, Alyosha Karamazov, and, especially, Elder Zosima features traces of half-forgotten journeys across very high planes. The image, even the words of Gimpy testify to the memory of a great elemental – Mother Earth.

The gallery of human images created by Dostoevsky is unrivaled, not only within the bounds of Russian literature at that. It is no coincidence that no other Russian writer, save Tolstoy, enjoys such an unwavering international reputation. It is a widely known fact that philosophical, moral, psychological, social-historical, and cultural ideas put forth by Dostoevsky are truly countless. I will limit myself to highlighting only two of them, those having a particular significance from the metahistorical standpoint.

The first is an interpretation of the then revolutionary movement, for which Dostoevsky was dubbed "a prophet of the Russian Revolution". In "Devils" Dostoevsky laid down a plethora of details accurately characterizing narodovoltsy (members of the political terrorist organization "Narodnaya Volya" or "People's Will", *t/n*) which, nonetheless, did not pass down onto their historical successors (Bolsheviks, *t/n*). Precisely for this reason, the latter would deny any relation to the characters in the famous novel and considered it a defamation of the revolution. Yet, if one peers through the blindingly bright details, a certain substance, a certain "root of things", as common for Verkhovensky and his cohorts, so also their historical successors, would reveal. Both of these parties hungered after the collapse of the then existing order, so as to "build things in their own fashion". Both parties tried to achieve this by shaking the social norms and, finally, through a violent coup. Both of them not only showed no mercy and were bereft of the slightest trace of pity, gratitude, or condescendence, but also hated any obstacles on their path with a burning, vengeful, and uncontainable hatred. The former foresaw while the latter carried out, each in his own way, the

spreading of the legend of “Ivan the Prince”, a wonderworking leader. The former dreamed about, whereas the latter carried out “an all-out convulsion every several years”, which claimed multitudes of lives. The former dreamed about, whereas the latter nurtured new generations with illusionary freedom and stripped them of their soul. Both of them are two consecutive stages in the development of the same tendency, despite the fact that the metahistorical forces standing behind each stage were – I will try to demonstrate this later – if not identical, then rather, kindred.

Another idea of Dostoevsky is no less directly related to the ultimate goal of the demiurge and the future of humanity overall. This idea is laid down in the famous conversation of Ivan Karamazov with monks in a monastery (the chapter “So Be It! So Be It!”). The idea comes down to the anticipation of something quite the opposite to the Catholic idea of transformation of church into state (at least, this is Dostoevsky’s understanding of the idea), that is, transformation of state into church. Seventy-five years back, such an idea would appear as a utopian anachronism; twenty-five years back – the delirium of a mystic; now, it makes one ponder; in ten or twenty years, it will begin its triumphant march across humanity. It is only natural that Dostoevsky saw the realization of this task not by way of the Rose of the World – even he could not foresee it in the nineteenth century – but by way of Orthodoxy.

The destiny of Dostoevsky himself is marked with the clear signs of providentialism. No doubt, suffering is always suffering, and our heart may be wrung with pity and compassion, when we read about the endless tribulations and ordeals, which his life was woven of on the outside. Yet, however horrible were these events from the humanistic standpoint, they were absolutely necessary to mold this man and artist into the giant that he became. Hence his epilepsy, anomalies in his sexual sphere, his unrestrained and passionate nature, the minutes spent on the scaffold (Dostoevsky was nearly executed – the pardon was read out to him when the rifles were already cocked, *t/n*), his penal servitude and, apparently, his poverty.

And yet, almost none of the literary sources talk about the following exceptionally important fact: in the last years of his life, Dostoevsky rid himself, one by one, of these passions, which were to be overcome and rooted out – there came the time for purification. A great heart, the one capable of containing so many human tragedies, of agonizing over the destinies of so many children of his own artistic genius, grew more and more transparent, pure, and receptive to the powers of love. When going through certain pages of “The Karamazov Brothers”, for example, in



the chapter about captain Snegirev, or in reading the paragraphs about Dimitry, one is gripped with an unequivocal feeling: to be able to love, embrace with compassion, and forgive this way, one must be verging on righteousness.

In his afterlife, Dostoevsky did become capable of saving and raising his metaprototypes in ways we cannot fathom. Partially, at least, for a certain period, this made up his afterlife creativity. Soon, another work commenced: to be a Virgil for those sleeping throughout the infraphysical rings.

While it is still within our powers to imagine this, his further leaps of creativity would lead us into such heights, and assume such a scale, that apprehending them would require spiritual vision from those living, or entering into the Zatomis of our metaculture after one's death.

Speaking of the historical and psychological prerequisites of the Rose of the World, I have already taken notice of a major one: relieving the long-standing confrontation between the ascetic-spiritual and the so-called "heathen" principles. The self-contained ascetic principle was justified by the metahistorical dialectics in the early stages of many metacultures. In Christian metacultures – as was already said – it resulted by way of interruption, in the non-accomplishment of the mission of Christ. One must be stuck at this stage to believe in earnest that the ultimate goal of the whole development of the world, is saving just a few hundred thousands of saints. This thought resonated well with the early Christians: the formation of historical Christianity had been grounded precisely in such an outlook. Other religions, which had formed a thousand and a half or two thousand years earlier, did not and could not feature this particular broadness. The only half-successful attempt to somewhat change the ossified dogmas was the Reformation.

Yet, the Renaissance and the Reformation exemplify extremely entangled metahistorical knots. The transphysical monster that stood behind the Inquisition had begun its activities long before the emergence of the Inquisition on the historical arena and caused a rift among the forces of the Light. One faction strived for the purification of Christianity, but had no inner unity: two movements shaped up in it. One reflected, however muddily, on the Reformation; the other – on the desire, however weak, of Catholicism to purge the church of the abominable sins of the previous stage.

The other faction of the forces of the Light felt compelled to depart altogether, for the time being, from the historically established forms of Christianity. They hoped that the development of secular, civilian humanism in Europe, would gradually see

a re-evaluation of Christian ideals. Therefore, the Renaissance and the Reformation turned into habitation for two opposing principles: the just described forces of the Light, which had no unity or common orientation, and the demonic forces.

It is only natural that as soon as the religious coercion was lessened, the unprepared soul was flooded with the outpouring from various dark worlds: Mudgabr, Yunukamn, and Duggur. The influence of karossas intensified. Urparp himself put in quite an effort: the widening of the rift between science and ethics was, undoubtedly, inspired by him, so as to divorce science from morality, religion, or any spirituality whatsoever. Special beings, dark daemons of sorts, were instrumental in achieving this task. They meddled in and manipulated even the activities of people with totally enlightened will. Even Copernicus, Galilei, and Descartes were not spared of their influence. Such a daemon stood behind Leonardo's back all his life, though the Light, ultimately, suppressed its involtation. Many great artists of the Renaissance were, so to speak, in the purview of demonic forces, for example, Titian. Yet, the artist's impulsivity and the extreme blurring of his consciousness precluded Urparp from making a profane seducer out of him the way he would have wanted. Even Rafael's creativity was not totally pure. The "Enrofization" of Shadanakar's highest worlds – such a definition would be too trite and plain. Yet, the creativity of Rafael, as well as the Renaissance in its entirety, stood under the sign of precisely this process. Despite all the artistic achievements, it was a step backwards of sorts, albeit logical and unavoidable if one keeps in mind – this is always to be remembered! – the tragic consequences of the incomplete mission of Christ.

Leaders of Protestantism did not make a turn toward enriching the world of religious ideas, epiphanies, and feelings. Rather, they took to its emasculation, at the cost of ejecting mysterial and magical elements, as well as weakening the religio-esthetical component. In the heat of the struggle with Rome, any hopes for the spiritual guidance of state on the part of the religio-ethical bodies, if rather a dream of a faraway possibility, were dashed. This lameness of Protestantism could not even be compensated with a partial justification of secular principle, for, instead of simply limiting the superfluous demands of ascetic spirituality, it dismissed them altogether. So too, the secular principle was deprived of the opportunity of transformation and enlightenment. Luther distorted his obligation and appropriated the mission, in an imposter kind of way. He could have become a pope; he could have been given power for purificatory reforms. Instead, he did

what he did: he turned out to be culpable in the fragmentation of the Western Church and the spiritual withering of its breakaway half. It should come as no surprise that he was to experience the descending range in the afterlife and rose to the Synclite of Germany only recently.

The further current of cultural-historical processes in the West showed that Protestantism essentially proved to be yet another step in the overall – as started from the early Renaissance and later spilled over into humanism – a movement of the “dereligionization” of life (I beg my pardon for this awkward word, I will try to not repeat it again). Of course, leaders of the Reformation could neither know nor understand this. Yet, their objective activities, however differently interpreted by them, precisely showed this orientation. This was the Red Horseman of the Apocalypse galloping over the Christian humanity – the one whose road ends in our generation. After the Reformation, the next step in this process was the empirical philosophy in England, the development of the sciences that emancipated themselves from religion and ethics. This was succeeded by the “encyclopedians” with their half-deistic, half-materialistic philosophy, which had already made an attempt, however pathetic and feeble, to turn into a cult under Robespierre. The stage of scientific-philosophic materialism was next. Of all its varieties in the twentieth century, materialism would culminate into a mandatory, dogma-like state ideology.

This would happen not in the West, but in a country that had not passed the stage of Protestantism and had barely touched upon philosophical deism – it directly borrowed the ideas of the much later stage from outside. The soil that enabled the historical ground of Russia for such borrowing to take place was nothing but the lagging behind of the historical Christianity – now, in its Orthodox variety – when it came to the objective broadening of the cultural outlook and the rapid shifts in psychology. This was the revenge of secular “heathenry” for its agelong oppression. New forms, which this cultural movement morphed into in the nineteenth century, may and must be considered as Western intellectual forms for the intrinsically Russian or, rather, “Rossian” content. These forms were: social doctrines borrowed from the West, such as Fourierism, socialism, and anarchism; fiction genres – novel, novella, tragedy, and comedy; household genres in art; symphony, sonata, opera, and musical drama; critique and opinion-based journalism... Their overarching theme was the outlook passionately defending its rights, which were finally made conscious. Yet, the time had already changed by then. Whereas pre-Russianism was not bereft of spirituality by any means – it was

just particularly connected with Navna and the worlds of the elementals, rather than the Transmyth of Christianity – the new stage was marked with almost an entire fading of magical and mysterial elements, as well as vigorous manifestations and growth in social-reformational and revolutionary-political impulses. Thus the subterranean streams burst onto the surface of culture and flooded the whole country with all of its churches and monasteries in the first half of the twentieth century.

With regard to this process, metahistorical dialectics comes down to understanding the very “Rossian” movement in culture – the justification of the light-filled side of the elementals, coupled with the dark demonism of the other; the progressiveness of the one stage and the regressivity of the other (By regressivity, I mean, of course, any engagement in struggle with the Providential principle in humanity and cosmos.).

Love for the world is not only justifiable, but indispensable: nothing is possible without it, except the egotistical striving for individual salvation.

Yet, love differs.

Love for the world, that is, for the natural and cultural environment, with a purely utilitarian and hedonistic approach, seeing it entirely as our serf and slave – this is something that we can well do without.

Love for the world as for something beautiful, albeit distorted, muddied, and suffering, yet bound to become purer, more beautiful and blissful over the ages and eons of our enlightening work – this is the totally legitimate love.

This does not imply, of course, that the forces of Nature cannot be turned to the advantage of humans. It only means that, alongside such treatment, there has to be reciprocity: turning the forces of humans toward the advantage – spiritual advantage at that – of Nature.

Love for life, as for a sum of our gratifications and benefits or for a material that we forcibly and tyrannically transform into whatever we want – such impulse of ours is subject to complete and unequivocal eradication.

Love for life as for the global current of being created by God, hierarchies, and humans, blessed throughout from constellations and suns to electrons and protons (except for everything demonic); love for beauty, not merely of our plane but of myriads of other planes, awaiting our engagement in them, all for the sake of love – this is what prevents humanity from all-out tyranny and spiritual extinguishment.

Again, this does not mean that sensual joy as such, is to be forbidden for humans. Quite the opposite: such joy is justifiable if it does not increase the sum of sufferings of other beings and is balanced out with our eagerness to accept grief, labor, and duty alongside the pleasures in life.

Such clarity of distinctions could not be reached as late as in the previous century. Mixing these forms of love for the world and life was still inevitable. Yet, their amplification, intensity, and upswing were needful, and this is what the mission of our second greatest artistic genius, Leo Tolstoy was all about (if one considers Dostoevsky to be the first).

Whatever other, more particular tasks were carried out by Tolstoy through his literary creations, however great were the human images created by him, however many psychological, ethical, and cultural questions he raised and attempted to resolve – what truly matters for a metahistorian, is his powerful message of love for the world and life. No, not the life in that condensed, degraded, and totally unenlightened sense in which, say, Balzac or Zola understood it. The life I am talking about lives when its images and forms are transfused with the light of some indefinable and inexpressible, but invariably supreme Truth. In some cases, this Truth would be shining through grandiose historical collisions, through wars of peoples and fires of capitals; in others – through magnificent, full-blooded, and passionate nature; yet in others – through the individual searchings of human souls, their love, their unremitting longing for the good, their spiritual thirst and faith. Tolstoy, as a genius and messenger, had to and did spread this kind of message, often despite his too logical, too rationalizing mind. Rather than giving opinionated sermons, he wrapped his message into artistic images, totally steeped in love for the world, life, and the highest Truth standing behind them – the images which are more powerful than all sermons and more compelling than any rationality.

He loved and, through enjoyment of this love, taught us to love everything: a branch of the blossoming cherry-tree sprinkled with rain; the trembling nostrils of the spirited horse; a song of scythemen walking down the road, with sounds of their song as though swaying the ground; the strong calves of running boys; the twilight years of the harborless Karl Ivanovich; manor idylls of Lyovins and Rostovs; the spiritual thirst leading Pierre to the masons and inspiring father Sergiy to set out for a pilgrimage; the crackling of snow under the hasty steps of Sonya, when her face, illumined with the winter moon, draws to the lips of Nikolai with uncompromised youthful purity and amorous beauty; the ardent prayer of

God's fool Grisha; the physical enjoyment of galloping the horse and swimming, drinking cold water from a creek and wearing a corny dress, working in the field and sensual love.

Yet, it is no coincidence that stanzas from Pushkin's "Prophet" have been branded, once and for all, in the first pages of the great Russian literature. This is what led Gogol to self-immolation and Tolstoy to renounce his literary works and attempt to realize the image of Prophet within himself.

All my life I hear all around the lamentations of literature lovers, to the effect that Tolstoy took to religio-moral preaching. "So many genius artistic creations have not come into existence because of that!" – wailings like this only prove the lack of understanding of Tolstoy's personality and childish crudity with regard to what the Russian artistic genius is. At the twilight of life for each of the Russian geniuses, there emerges a powerful, irresistible need: to become more than a messenger – a prophet, a harbinger of the heavenly world, expressing the highest Truth, not only through artistic means, but also through one's lifestyle. Finding such a synthesis and realizing it is the province of only the few. Leo Tolstoy was unable to find it and did not create anything comparable to "War and Peace" once he took to preaching. Yet, he could not do otherwise.

The tragedy of Tolstoy is not in departing from general fiction but in being unable to tap into the gifts necessary for turning one's life into a majestic image that would exceed the significance of all artistic works. His spiritual sight was not unsealed, so he could not behold heavenly planes. As he remained spiritually deaf, he did not hear the world harmony. What his soul had experienced in other planes or in other incarnations was not released by his deep memory. For him, Shadanakar remained unexplored, metahistory – unintelligible, historical processes and goals – unraveled, and love for the world and the demands of spirituality – unreconciled. His preaching does not seem grace-filled, for it was born only by conscience and rested upon rationality alone, rather than spiritual knowledge. Hence, he could not become a prophet in the true sense.

Yet, his spiritual thirst was so great, and the sense of responsibility for preaching weighted down on him so relentlessly, that, for thirty years, he had tried to teach what his conscience would prompt to him. Owing to his deep conscience, sharp mind, and superb mastery of writing, even his graceless preaching proved to be potent enough to create a sect and to spill over far beyond Russia, disseminating ideas of non-resistance to evil. These seeds fell onto the fertile soil of some

countries and sprouted, for example, as the social-ethical doctrine of Mahatma Gandhi.

Thus, the essence of what had happened to Tolstoy starts glimmering to us fifty years later. He took his spiritual thirst for a call to preaching; his repentance – for the right to sententiously address the world; his embarking on a long and thorny path to prophecy – as a sanction for prophecy. He outpaced himself.

Yet, his premature prophesizing puffed up his pride and, by entangling him in contradictions, slowed down, rather than expedited his movement along that leg of his journey, which led to the opening of his inner gifts and turning him into a prophet. It seemed to him that some heroic act was to be committed on his part: either martyrdom for faith, or ascetic reclusion from society and cultural life. Indeed: hadn't he strayed amid the shambles of his mind; had he left home twenty years earlier, first going into reclusion, then preaching to people, literally wandering the roads of Russia and telling the common folk in simple words about the Heavenly Russia, about the highest worlds of Shadanakar, about the supreme Truth and universal love – this preaching would have resounded all over the world, this embodied image of Prophet would have shone over the whole of Europe at the turn of the twentieth century, over the whole of humanity, and it is impossible to gauge the uplifting and purifying influence this would have exerted on millions upon millions of hearts. Yet, having been entangled in his conflicting responsibilities, real or imaginary, Tolstoy long hesitated over the soundness of his thought to leave behind his family and lifestyle, established over so many scores of years. When he finally believed in himself and took the plunge, he was already eighty-two, his life forces were on the wane, and his spiritual thirst was quenched, after so much waiting, only on the other side of death.

The one who used to be Tolstoy, does not guide, it seems, anyone living over the rings of Shadanakar, unlike Lermontov, Gogol, or Dostoevsky. At the height of the metaculture, he is busy with something else – for those planes, it appears even more grandiose than “War and Peace” does for us. For the threefold gift-duty of the genius-messenger-prophet, which he had long fought for with himself, is only a semblance of the highest forms of serving and creativity inherent to the zatomises of metacultures or still higher – to the Synclite of Humanity. Earthly creativity is but a preparation for creativity at a higher level. Precisely for this reason Providential forces take so much care of the destinies and souls of those who we normally call, cultural luminaries. That is why daemons are sent to them, cherubs are so watchful over them, and demonic forces are so adamant to fight for

every sliver of their life and every movement of their soul.

#### ***10.4. Missions and Destinies (end)***

There is a specificity in the history of Russian culture which, once taken notice of, stuns and gives rise to rather disturbing thoughts.

Antiquity would strike one with quite versatile and intense expressions of the Feminine Principle in the Greek mythology. Without Athena, Artemis, and Demeter, without the nine Muses, without a host of lesser goddesses and half-goddesses, the Olympian myth is inconceivable. Neither is imaginable the heroic-human plane of Greek mythology without Helen, Andromache, Penelope, Antigone, and Phaedra.

The spiritual world of the ancient Germans would be crippled without Freya, Frigga, Valkyries, and so too would be their heroic epics, without the images of Brunhilda or Gudruna.

In no other culture do women and Femininity play such a role in the pantheon, mythology, and epics and, further on, in all kinds of arts, as in the Indian culture. Goddess Saraswathi and goddess Lakshmi reign, sitting on the highest of thrones. Then, for two millennia, Brahmanism and Hinduism erect thousands of temples, sculpt millions of statues of the Great Mother of worlds – Kali-Durga, the sustainer and destroyer of the universe. Art, poetry, sculpture, drama, dance, philosophy, theology, cult, folklore, even the daily rounds of life – all in India is suffused with experiences of the Feminine Principle: now burning, then tender, then stringent.

Not only the pantheon, but also the epics of every people is familiar, at least to some degree, with feminine images, those loved by the people and reproduced by artists from epic to epic, from art to art, from century to century.

What do we see in Russia?

At the earliest, pre-Christian stage, not a single female name is comparable to Jarilo or Perun (heathen male gods, *translator's note*) in terms of invocation or worshipping.

The Russian Christian pantheon borrows the cult of the Virgin Mary entirely from Byzantium, as well as worshipping certain, again, Byzantine female saints.



Folk legends about Saint Fevronia make one feel dismally frustrated, given the earlier exposure to the variety of her image in Rimsky-Korsakov's mystery-play. The image of Yaroslavna is barely outlined in "The Word about Igor's Regiment". Over six hundred years, not a single tale, piece of visual art, or poem tried to give a more detailed and elaborated variety of this image. The seventh century since the creation of the genius poem was drawing to a close and, finally, Borodin's opera revealed a new musicality of Yaroslavna's image.

A great many of Kievan and Novgorod epics are almost entirely stripped of the female imagery.

Save the legend about Cupid and Psyche that had been carried to our locale, in ways which are anyone's guess, and had been transformed into "The Scarlet Flower" tale, the boundless sea of Russian tales seems to offer only one light-filled female image, bearing a deeper significance: Vasilisa the Wise.

And this scarcity lasts not for just one or two centuries, but is millennium-long, lasting up until the nineteenth century.

And, all of a sudden, there appears Tatyana Larina. She is followed by Lyudmila Glinki. Then it was as though some Aran struck the dead rock with his wonderworking rod, releasing a stream of fascinating images, one that is deeper, more poetic, more heroic, more touching, and more captivating than another: Lisa Kalitina, Elena from "On the Eve", Asya, Zinaida, Lukerya from "The Living Hallows", countess Marya Volkonskaya, Natasha Rostova, Grushen'ka Svetlova, Marya Timofeevna Lebyadkina, Lisa Khokhlakova, Volkonskaya and Trubetskaya of Nekrasov, Katerina of Ostrovsky, Marfa of Mussorgsky, mother Manefa and Flenushka of Mel'nikov-Pechersky, the grandma in Goncharov's "The Precipice", the grandma in Gorky's "Childhood", "The Lady with the Dog" and "Seagull" of Chekhov, Kuprin's "Olesya" and, finally, Beautiful Lady of Blok.

What is that?

This is the direct outcome of the estrangement between Yarosvet and the Second Witzraor.

After the conquest of Paris, the second demon of "greatpoweriness" swelled with an inordinate pride and something similar to what psychiatrists call "delusion of grandeur". Through involtating the king and other political figures of Russia, he saw to the emasculation of the original idea of the Holy Union and the establishment of "arakcheevschina" (the period of great influence of general

Arakcheev upon the political process, *t/n*) inside the country. Finally, the demiurge stipulated a condition, an ultimatum of sorts, to Zhrugr – to not block Alexander I from apprehending the demiurgic involution, which came down to, by and large, planting the idea for immediate and radical reforms: the liberation of peasantry and the convocation of the all-people Assembly of the Land on a permanent basis. The witzraor spurned this demand. Then, in 1819, Yarosvet, for the first time wielded his light-filled weapon against Zhrugr: a part of the igvas' citadel in Drukkarg was destroyed; the involution of Navna that had been vainly trying to break through these agelong agglomerations, so as to reach the creative layers of the suprapeople's consciousness, finally succeeded. It is highly emblematic that the birth of the first image in the female pantheon of Russia – that of Tatyana Larina – falls precisely in the years following 1819. Open confrontation between the two hierarchies ensued. One of its forms on the part of the witzraor was the forcible elimination of those people in Enrof that were bearers of light-filled missions. Directly connected to this are the tragic deaths or, rather, murders of Griboyedov, Pushkin, and Lermontov; the obscuration and entanglement of Gogol, Alexander Ivanov, and Mussorgsky in unresolvable contradictions; the untimely death of Vladimir Solovyov and Chekhov.

The history of “messagery” in Russian literature is a chain of tragedies, a string of unaccomplished missions.

*Russian poets' lot is dismal:  
Fate, in its mysterious ways,  
Finished Pushkin with a pistol,  
Saw to Dostoevsky's chains.*

(M. Voloshin)

But it was the witzraor, even Urparp at times, not fate, that did away with some, only to be replaced by others. Here, standing out is Turgenev, a great writer that was endowed with the highest degree of artistic giftedness.

Undoubtedly, Turgenev's images of “superfluous people” are quite lively and curious to a historian. Yet – only to a historian. Characters such as Rudin, Lavretsky, or Litvinov, to my mind, hardly provide any material that would be interesting to a psychologist, let alone to a metahistorian, for they express or reflect neither metahistorical beings, nor metahistorical processes. The figure of Bazarov is more symptomatic, of course. But the great metahistorical significance of Turgenev's works lies in a totally different sphere.

The mission of Turgenev came down to creating a gallery of female images marked with Navna's and Zventa-Sventana's influence.

Whether as a result of his idiosyncratic, defective personal destiny, or, perhaps, some of the deeper, inborn traits of his temperament and endowment, Turgenev – more than anyone else in his generation of writers – understood and adored love at its budding stage: he is a genius poet of “first dates” and “first declarations”. The further development of events leads every time to a catastrophe, which happens before the destinies of the lovers have been united at that. Perhaps, this way the prejudice of the “old school” writers would manifest to the effect that happy love is a shallow and ungracious theme. Yet, it seems this specificity in Turgenev's stories could better be explained in terms of his personal life experience: in that he simply lacked the material for some other development of love plots.

Nonetheless, he tried to overcome this deficiency of his. One of his most wonderful female characters, Elena, as is known, becomes united with Insarov, accompanies him in all the twists and turns of his life, and partners him in his life feat. Yet, having outlined a way out of this vicious circle, Turgenev was unable to find such a material in the storage of his life impressions that would have allowed him to artistically elaborate and clothe this plot into flesh and blood. Moreover, having put together these two characters in their common life cause, Turgenev succumbed to his typical love melancholy – he had Insarov die and Elena continue her husband's work in solitude. So too, the idiosyncrasies of Turgenev's love esthetics did not fail to show: that apparently, he had a special artistic fondness for collisions, steeped in grief, breakdown, and a breach between hope and reality – a heart-rending melody of regretting the irremediable. Apparently, other collisions did not seem to him beautiful enough. True, there are people and entire epochs that see ruins as more poetic than any structure living in full bloom. Yet, if we recall that Navna still languished in Zhrugr's captivity, and Yarosvet had destroyed the citadel of igvas only in part, this deficiency of Turgenev's love poems would no longer appear just an outcome of his own personal collisions – it would be understood with full objectivity and regularity.

And yet, Elena is the first image of a Russian woman that breaks free from the age-long isolation of female destiny, from its narrow predetermination by custom, and takes to what was deemed as an exclusively male domain: to social struggle, to the space of social activism. The femininely heroic line, that line of Navna that originates from the monumental figure of princess Olga towering at the very dawn of Russian culture, followed by Marfa Posadnitsa and boyarina Morozova, then, in

the epoch preceding Turgenev, by the figures of Decembrists' wives – this line reached a whole new level in the image of Elena and, for the first time, found its artistic embodiment.

Whoever happens to write about Turgenev's female characters, be it Pisarev or a small-time student, it seems that the character of Lisa Kalitina is yet to be given its due. This is only natural. It remains underappreciated, because the most influential critics, journalists, and literary scholars had been precisely those who wailed over Gogol's departure from general fiction into religio-moral preaching, who boiled over the similar aspirations of Tolstoy, who ridiculed every writer that tried to show with his creativity or lifestyle that spiritual yearning had not completely dried up in humanity. Not only retirement to a monastery, but the very idea of monastery appeared reactionist and fundamentally flawed to Russian critics and the general public. The whole century, starting from 1855 passed under the sign of debunking and dethroning self-contained religious ideals. Even such mystic thinkers as Merezhkovsky, did not dare to approach the idea of the monastery, even from the angle of its temporary legitimacy at certain stages of religio-cultural personal and social development.

One would presume that deeply religious people (Lisa numbered among them) retire to monasteries without giving this any consideration, without any self-analysis, just flinging their young lives into some black hole on a whim. In other words, they commit a spiritual suicide of sorts, simply because they have not chanced to come across such forward-thinking and highly cultured people as us: a sober and bubbly voice from the outside would have certainly prevented the deluded from taking the fateful step. As if the drama of Lisa's life had not struck a blow at something most cherished and tender that she bore inside – her religious conscience. There happened a collision between this conscience and love – Lisa was able to fall in love only once in her lifetime (she was the paragon of a one-man woman), and this love was as sacred to her as the notions of good and truth. She realized – and this realization was totally legitimate – that for her, for an individual with such conscience and such love, it was impossible to unravel this knot in her being, given the conditions of the human world. No sage would have offered another solution to this bind, provided that Lisa was precisely as described by Turgenev. If this knot was to be unraveled in ways unimaginable, what would fill in and make sense of the remaining years in Enrof, other than the preparation and self-purification for passing over into the next world, where the most intricate knots, which had been tied here, would finally unravel?

If so, what other path, except the monastic proves more solid and straight when it comes to such purification? It is true, however, that driving this home to people resenting Lisa, is as impossible as to those unhappy with Gogol and Tolstoy. What could they possibly know about the heights this most pure heart would have touched, beating under the nun's robe over those forty or fifty years? – Perhaps, the same ultimate fruits of sainthood that great, widely recognized he- and she-ascetics had achieved!.. Lisa Kalitina was certainly the one whom Turgenev did not have to save and finish creating in his afterlife. Perhaps, quite the opposite happened: Lisa may have taken a lot of sins off Ivan Sergeevich after his death.

Even more significant yet, is another image, which we become familiar with, thanks to its literary reproduction by Turgenev. Incidentally, it is more significant for another reason: there, Turgenev talks not about a female soul entering the path of righteousness, but about righteousness as such, already achieved and crowing the earthly life. I am talking Lukerya from the stunning sketch “The Living Hallows”. What could be said about her? Each word there is filled with a deeper meaning. One is to keep poring over this masterpiece, rather than making some comments about it. There, Turgenev overcame everything: as his own deficiency, so literary prejudices, so the belligerent-secular spirit of the epoch, so his one-sided, hence not fully legitimate love for youth, so his constant terror of illness and death. As is known, Lukerya was not a purely fictional character – in “The Living Hallows”, Turgenev depicts his meeting with a former she-serf of his mother, after not seeing her for many years. Perhaps, he did not even realize the profundity of Lukerya's simple words, which he thoroughly reproduced. It is doubtful that Turgenev himself believed that Lukerya “atoned her sins” and was going to atone the sins of her close ones. It is also highly unlikely that he understood the symbolism or, rather, the mystical reality of “the hot field”, which Lukerya is reaping in her “dream”, of the scythe turning into a crescent in her hair, and of the bridegroom Vasya, who is actually Jesus Christ approaching her over the wheat heads. This is one of those images that become invariably degraded through being interpreted. As Turgenev put it, it can only be taken notice of – and walked past.

Be that as it may, Russia had created only two images of such caliber by then: maiden Fevronia and Lukerya.

Those following the train of my thoughts, perhaps, expect me to characterize along the same lines, other bearers of the “messagery” gift in Russian literature: Alexei Tolstoy, Tyutchev, Leskov, Chekhov, Blok. But, for the purposes of this writing, I would rather indefinitely postpone sharing my thoughts on Tyutchev, Leskov, and

Chekhov. Alexei Tolstoy is to wait for a special article dedicated to him. And Blok, before being subjected to scrutiny, will first make way for Vladimir Solovyov.

Vladimir Solovyov... Such a strange figure on the horizon of Russian literature he is! He is neither a genius, nor a mere talent (well, as a poet he is just a talent, not the greatest one, but there is something in his poetry that lies beyond talent). A righteous man? True, Solovyov's ethical cast of mind was exceptional. Yet, as is known, he did not rid himself of many weaknesses while alive. A philosopher? Indeed, this is the only Russian philosopher deserving this title without a stretch. Yet, his philosophical system turned out to be not fully elaborated, did not leave a remarkable trace in the history of Russian culture, and remained largely unknown abroad. What was he? A prophet? If so, where and what, in actual fact, did he prophesize about and in what forms? Perhaps, "the silent prophet", as Merezhkovsky called him, signified some spiritual realities not by way of words but through his very being? Perhaps, of all suppositions, the latter is closer to reality, yet it does not consort with it.

The philosophical activities of Solovyov were dictated by the intention he had articulated quite early: to substantiate Orthodox theological teaching with the modern positivist philosophy. Of course, he often stepped far beyond the bounds of this task. At certain stages in his life, he departed from the strict Orthodoxy, as a result of which his "La Russie et l'Eglise Universelle"<sup>1</sup> could not be published in Russia. Yet, he was always concerned to not end up as a religious castaway, and the fate of a heresiarch appeared to him nothing if not appalling.

And yet, he turned out to be not a "heresiarch", of course, but a precursor of the movement, which is to shape up in the future and which Orthodox scripturists, at least, at the beginning, would treat as something verging on heresy.

Vladimir Solovyov was but a great spiritual visionary. He had some spiritual experience, not very broad, it seems. Yet, in terms of the height of Shadanakar layers that burst open to him, his experience, methinks, surpasses that of Eckhart, Böhme, Swedenborg, Ramakrishna, Ramanuja, and Patanjali. For Russia, his experience was totally unprecedented at the time. These are three visions or, as Solovyov calls them in his poem, "three meetings": he had had the first meeting as

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<sup>1</sup> "Russia and the Universal Church" (*trans. from French*)

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an eight-year boy, while attending the church service together with his tutoress; the second – as a young man in the British Museum’s library in London; and the third, the most grandiose one, shortly after the second – at night, in a desert close to Cairo, from where he had headed for England, responding to the call of his inner voice. Those interested, yet unfamiliar with the poem “Three Meetings”, are welcome to acquaint themselves with this unique religious document, as it speaks for itself. At the moment, I am deprived of the opportunity to quote from the poem, and I do not dare rephrasing it. I shall only take note that Solovyov experienced three times – the third time being marked with a special richness – the revelation of Zventa-Sventana. That is, he was transported to Raoris, one of the highest layers of Shadanakar, where Zventa-Sventana sojourned at the time. He experienced this revelation in the form of a vision, apprehended through his spiritual sight, spiritual hearing, spiritual olfaction, through the organs of contemplating cosmic panoramas and metahistorical perspectives – that is, through nearly all the organs of spiritual perception that burst open in him. When searching for some analogy of or, rather, precedent to such spiritual experience within the compass of the European history of religion, Solovyov deemed the Gnostic idea of Sophia, the Wisdom of God, most pertinent. Yet, the gnostic Valentine had encumbered the idea with layers of speculations, which hardly agreed with Solovyov. Moreover, the latter deemed all such speculations to be unacceptable and even sacrilegious. This idea neither gained momentum, nor, all the more so, was theologically elaborated and dogmatized in the historical Christianity. This is only natural provided that the emanation of the great God-born female monad into Shadanakar happened only at the turn of the nineteenth century. This metahistorical event was, if rather vaguely, intuited only by Goethe, Novalis, and, perhaps, Zhukovsky at the time. Therefore, up until the nineteenth century, there could have been no mystical experience comparable to Solovyov’s: the object of such an experience was simply non-existent yet in Shadanakar. In the epoch of Gnosticism, something different was apprehended – the downpour of the Universal Femininity into Shadanakar, shortly before Christ, that had no concrete manifestation, no focal point in a certain God-born monad. The echo of this event reached the consciousness of the great Gnostics and was shaped into the idea of Sophia. The image of Sophia, the Wisdom of God, yet took hold in the Eastern Christianity, while, at the same time, standing apart from and even quietly contradicting the Orthodox theological doctrine. Feeble attempts to reconcile them only led to absurdity, not unlike understanding Sophia as a symbolic representation of the Logos, Christ.

According to Solovyov himself, the milieu in the 1890's was still ill-timed for openly raising the question of incorporating the idea of Sophia into the Orthodox teaching. He understood well that an irruption of such a grandiose supreme reality into the ossified compass of Christian dogma, would shatter it and only split the church with a new schism, which he deemed a great evil, an asset of sorts for the coming Antichrist. He was concerned with quite the opposite – the unification of churches. For this reason, he did not come forth proclaiming the new revelation till the very end of his too early ended life. He had only allowed himself to mention it in his light and unpretentious poetic work. His personal modesty, coupled with deep chastity, which had showed, among other things, in the crystal-clear language of his purely philosophical works, prompted him to clothe the three meetings, three paramount events of his life, into a humorous and unpretentious slice-of-life narration. The poem remained largely unknown beyond the circle of people taking special interest in such documents: this circle had been far from numerous even before the revolution, and now it is totally unable to manifest itself outside the confines of solitary rooms. Yet, the influence of this poem, as well as some other lyrical verses of Solovyov, dedicated to the same topic, caught up to the idealistic philosophy at the turn of the twentieth century, in the persons of Trubetskoy, Florensky, and Bulgakov, as well as in the poetry of the symbolists, in particular, Blok's.

From what I have just said, one may draw a conclusion that the imminent birth of Zventa-Sventana in the Heavenly Russia, is directly connected to the ideas of Solovyov, for Zventa-Sventana is nothing but the manifestation of the Feminine hypostasis of the Godhead in Shadanakar. It is clear to anyone that such ideas, stemming from the revelation of the Eternal Femininity, did not concur with the understanding of the Trinity in traditional Christianity. It should come as no surprise that Vladimir Solovyov, who saw to the unification of Christianity rather than its further fragmentation into sects, was in no haste to proclaim his prophetic experience.

Perhaps, there was another reason. Solovyov, who was well-versed in the history of religion, could not ignore the fact that the introduction of cults, differentiating between the masculine and feminine principles, into the various religious organizations, was fraught with extraordinary perils. Not understood enough spiritually, not strictly segregated from the human sexual sphere, such an introduction leads precisely to muddying spirituality with sexual impulses, to the sacrilegious identification of the cosmic spiritual marriage with sensual love and,



ultimately, to ritual debauchery. For all we know, the positive experience of contemplating Zventa-Sventana in the form of superhuman and out-of-this-world feminine beauty, was so staggering for Solovyov, so incongruent with anything human or elemental, that any descent into the layers of the opposite principle felt repugnant to the visionary. He was aware of the existence of the Great Harlot, and quite well at that. Hence, he knew about the possibility of dreadful switches, lurking in wait for the insufficiently clear, insufficiently solid consciousness that has intuited the call of the Eternal Femininity, through the obscure layers of conflicting passions. Yet, the existence of the great elemental of humanity, Lilith, the molder and sustainer of peoples' flesh, apparently remained outside of his scope. He used the expression "Aphrodite of the common people" two-three times, but he evidently meant the hazy mix of elemental and satanic principles. Their entanglement and indiscreetness were beyond doubt for Solovyov. Yet, pointing out, if only tentatively, the peril awaiting in that direction, was critically important. After what happened with Alexander Blok, one can only regret that the warning had not been articulated well enough.

Solovyov bears no responsibility for the fact that his mission remained unfinished. For him, bridging the gap between a spiritual visionary and a prophet, was just a matter of overcoming some petty human weaknesses of his, which he would have done had his life lasted several years longer. His mission came down precisely to the prophesizing of Zventa-Sventana and laying down historical and religious foundations for the emergence of the Rose of the World. Back then, the Rose of the World or, rather, its seed could have sprouted inside Orthodoxy, transforming it alongside and bringing it closer together with all spiritual movements of the right hand. This could have happened in Russia even under the conditions of the constitutional monarchy. Solovyov should have entered the ministry and, having raised it in peoples' eyes to unheard-of heights through his authority as visionary, saint, and wonderworker, would have become the leader and reformer of the church. It is known that in the last years of his life, Solovyov more and more clearly saw with his inner eyes, the pictures of the last cataclysms of history and panoramas of the coming kingdom of the Antigod. Hence, he focused on the dream of the unification of churches and even the future union of Judaism and Islam with Christianity in the cause of fighting the common enemy, the Antichrist, whose coming lurked in the not-too-distant future. His letters unequivocally testify that he deemed the preparation of the social-religious consciousness for this struggle to be his calling. We cannot know of the organizational and structural forms of religiosity, which he would have relied upon to combine this task with

the prophetic service to the Eternal Femininity. These forms depended not upon him alone, but also upon the objective conditions of Russian and world history. Yet, the very current of this history would have been different, if the first thirty years of the twentieth century would have been illumined with this exceedingly light-filled human image, going along the straight path, only to become a wonderworker and the greatest visionary the world had ever known.

His calling did not completely materialize, his preaching was not fully spoken out, his spiritual knowledge was not properly apprehended by its recipients: Solovyov was snatched out of Enrof in the prime of his life by that demonic will which saw in him, and rightfully so, an intransigent and dangerous enemy.

The charm of his personality, of his ideas, and even of his appearance, which truly seemed ideal for a prophet, immensely influenced the predisposed circles of his contemporaries, and this was despite the fact that his religious teaching had not been well elaborated. During those fifteen years between his death and the revolution, a multivolume collection of his works was published, and a whole corpus of literature about Solovyov and his philosophy saw the light of the day. This work was halted for more than forty years by the forerunners of the one, about whom he had predicted. Just as a shroud of deadly silence descended upon the leg of the life of Alexander the Blessed, following Taganrog, so too, the name of Vladimir Solovyov was as if submerged in quiet waters. His works and the works about him were made barely accessible, and his name lurked only in some footnotes to Alexander Blok's poems, as the name of a clumsy reaction ideologist, who had planted some of his most regressive ideas into the young poet's mind. Due to Russia's philosophical poverty, only those in the nineteenth century that had had to their credit, social-political, literary-critical, or popular science articles, together with two-three artistically feckless novels – only those were proclaimed the luminaries of philosophy. The one and only Russian philosopher that created the methodologically spotless and totally original "Critique of Abstract Principles", a remarkable theodicy "The Justification of the Good", a host of prophetic concepts in "Lectures of Divine Humanity", "Three Conversations", and "Russia and the Universal Church" turned out to be as if nonexistent. It came to the point that entire generations of intelligentsia never heard the name of Vladimir Solovyov, resting under a cross-less gravestone in Moscow's Novodevichy Cemetery.

It appears totally natural and legitimate that the Russian Synclite is home to the mighty Pushkin, glorious Dostoevsky, splendid Lermontov, or sun-like Tolstoy.

Yet, millions upon millions would be astonished to see the one who used to be a forgotten idealistic philosopher in Russia, reaching and creating in worlds, unattainable to many luminaries of the Synclite.

### ***10.5. The Fall of the Messenger***

The immense corpus of research on Alexander Blok emerged in rather specific conditions, of which we know all too well. It should come as no surprise that hardly has anybody posed the problem of Blok's inner evolution. Of course, there is an official version to the effect that Blok came to express the outlook of the decadent epoch, with its inalienable mysticism, supposedly intrinsic to all such epochs; that, at the same time, he bore the seedlings of new, wholesome beginnings, which predisposed his joining the revolution of 1917; finally, that he had already been quite drained, and this supposedly resulted in his writer's block in the last years of his life and, ultimately, in his untimely death. Poems of this most autobiographic of poets are normally not taken as a chronicle, often literally reflecting events and processes of his personal life. Rather, they are viewed as some artistic pieces, valued for their high poetic quality and as responses to externalities of the epoch. In actuality, Blok belongs to the category of poets whose poems can exert their artistic-emotional influence upon anyone there is. The matter is, those lacking in mystical feeling and experience are as helpless when it comes to "puzzling out" Blok, as those trying to make sense of the theory of relativity without having first learned higher math. This deficiency would be amply made up for, over time. That is why I will only outline a few signposts of the religious-mystical tragedy of Blok, which, as it appears to me, shaped the course of his poetic evolution, his descent down the staircase of life, his fateful end, and expiatory afterlife. Yet, even this restricted task compels me to break the structure of the book at this point and dedicate Alexander Blok a separate chapter. The matter is that, by way of this chapter's material, I am getting closer to the compass of realities connected with Zventa-Sventana's manifestation into people's consciousness, with the danger of switching Her influence with demonic forces, and with one of the five future cults of the Rose of the World.

It is commonly known that in his early youth, at the time of his totally naïve and hazy poetic inspirations, bearing no mark of originality, not only did Blok become

acquainted with the philosophy of Vladimir Solovyov, but also, with his poetry. He met Solovyov in person only once and, apparently, was not even introduced to the then famous philosopher. Blok describes this meeting in his article “The Knight-Monk”, a barely known, yet quite remarkable piece from the metahistorical perspective. It all happened at the burial ceremony of some literary or public figure, on a grey winter day on the grounds of the Capital. The young and totally unknown poet, of course, could not help riveting his eyes to the one, who would make a staggering impression even on more thick-skinned people. Yet, their eyes met only once: the blue eyes of Zventa-Sventana’s visionary met the clear, grey-blue gaze of a tall and stately youth, with a curly, proudly cocked head. Only God knows what Solovyov read in Blok’s gaze, but his eyes strangely lingered on Blok. If one recalls the ardent love of Blok for Solovyov’s poetry and his extraordinary reverence toward the philosopher’s personality, it would seem only natural that, at the moment of their first and last meeting, the eyes of the future author of “Poems about the Beautiful Lady” reflected a lot – so much that the great mystic could effortlessly read in these eyes the cherished dream of the much too passionate soul, so too the temptations of the luscious and irremediable switches that were lurking in wait for him.

When describing this meeting, Blok apparently leaves something out. His natural modesty and reluctance to lay open something very intimate and sacrosanct in a journal article, prevented him from speaking out the significance of this meeting of the eyes, under the sparse, fluttering snowflakes of the Peterburg’s day.

Three years later, “Poems about the Beautiful Lady” appeared in bookstores. Solovyov, the only person who could have understood these poems on the deepest of levels, who could support his young follower on the thorny path and warn him of lurking dangers, was no longer among the living. Yet, the literary grapevine recognized Alexander Blok as the successor and poet-inheritor of the Eternal Femininity’s prophet.

It should come as no surprise that neither the then critics, nor the general public were able to comprehend the mystical duality, even multiplicity that had marked this first collection of Blok’s poems. The world of these ideas and feelings, of these nebulous hierarchies was too novel and unexplored, though everybody was confident that they had perfectly deciphered this poetic code, as a mere play of artistic techniques.

Meanwhile, the analysis of the text allows one to clearly differentiate across three totally distinct layers.

First of all, this book of poems captures one's attention with the motifs that, at times, start sounding with a proud and masculine metallic voice, with self-asserting intonations.

He may write about cosmic visions and pure universal brilliance, but the ray of Femininity, vaguely and quietly, would shine through them. It passes as if through the thick fogs rising from Russian meadows and lakes; when colored, it takes on specific hues of the Russian metaculture. The very name "Beautiful Lady" evokes distant reminiscences of the West: it is no coincidence that Blok always fancied the world of German legends and medieval romanticism. And yet: these glimpses of Europe go no farther than the name. The image of the one called Beautiful Lady is encased within Russian landscapes, spruce forests, hermitage lampions, and the drowsy poetry of enchanted terems (architectural wooden palaces with turrets, *t/n*). The old estate culture, wistful and bound for decadence but still alive, breathes in his poems – the late stage of this culture, its twilight. Had Beautiful Lady been versed not by a twenty-two-year-old youth, but by a master of words in his thirties or forties, a master of his emotions and analyst of his ideas, perhaps, he would have given Her another name, and we would have seen the purest and clearest reflection of one of the Great Sisters: the Ideal Collective Soul of the Russian suprapeople. Precisely for this reason, Andrei Bely, Sergei Solovyov, and Sergei Bulgakov could not recognize the One, to whom the deceased visionary (Vladimir Solovyov, *t/n*) had dedicated his "Three Meetings", in Blok's Beautiful Lady: totally oblivious of such hierarchies as Navna, they felt perplexed with the too human, too national clothes of Beautiful Lady, as foreign to Saint Sophia's worlds.

These poems have yet another layer, with which the worldly-wise Solovyov would have been alarmed. The collection of poems was being written at the time when Blok was in love with his fiancé, Lubov Dmitrievna Mendeleeva. The voice of bubbly human passion is veiled only with the dim and soft musicality of poetry. Ultimately, the constant entwining of tantalizing amorousness with the name and image of Beautiful Lady plunges all poems into a misty, worrisome, and flimsy uncertainty. One can sense that the poet himself is unaware of this uncertainty – he is totally immersed into it, he is inside this mix of the understated earthly and the insufficiently manifested heavenly.

The heavenly was not fully manifested – this is the root of all evil. Look at the portrait of the young Blok: a handsome, proudful, and charming face seems as though peering out of deep sleep. There is a stamp of vagueness, of something wistful, almost somnambulistic to it. This is what some of his contemporaries also

took notice of. Indeed: guided as a somnambule by his daemon during the mediumistic sleep across the scarps and rings of Shadanakar, he, when writing poetry in the state of wakefulness, mixed glimmers of those reminiscences with his seething passions and amorous feelings in the daily life. The lack of restraint, inherent to him, prevented him from noticing something not only dangerous and inappropriate, but sacrilegious in the direction he was headed: admixing purely human, sexual, elemental streams to the cult of the Eternal Femininity – that is, something that Vladimir Solovyov called “the greatest abomination”.

There is something like “the soul” of a lyric work, be it a song, romance, or hymn (of course, I mean only a very limited number of them, with talent and significance being the benchmark). These subtle-material condensations abide on various planes depending on their content. There is not a single trace of anthropomorphism in their look. Rather, they are semblant of multi-hued hazy fibers and musical sounds. They can be enlightened in parallel to the enlightenment of their creators; afterwards, they become incorporated into the creators’ personalities. Those of them, resplendent from the very beginning, uplift and enlighten both their creators and those apprehending them. Yet, poems suffused with gloom and despair or appealing to the base instincts of lust, jealousy, hatred, and unenlightened sensuality, not only debase the soul of those apprehending them, but also become a curse for their creators. There will inevitably be such bends and curves on his or her path, when the fumes of these poems’ souls – muddied, lustful, vicious, and viscous – have surrounded the poet’s own soul, screening out any light and demanding the access for their slithering and sucking fibers. In the late period of his life, Blok wrote:

*Keep quiet, you, damned books!*  
*I have nothing to do with you!*

It is nothing but his attempt to rid himself of the consequences of what he had called into being.

Three more years passed. The first revolution died down. He graduated from the university, and the family life had been long in place. But – first occasionally, then more and more often – the wine and disquiet of the nightly life in Petersburg came to shape his months and years.

“The Unexpected Joy”, another collection of his, came out.

As beautiful as it is, the title is hardly befitting. Neither the Unexpected Joy (the name of a venerated wonderworking icon of Virgin Mary), nor a mere joy, nor

anything unexpected is there. Everything is as expected. The only joy is the appearance of a colossal poet, which Russia had not seen for a while. Yet, the poet's face bore the marks of a heavy spiritual illness.

Only naïve people could expect the then twenty-five-year-old author of "Poems about the Beautiful Lady" to follow up with nothing but more enlightenment and sunshiny harmony: as though the burden of the sensual and the non-overcome that had infested the cult of his soul could simply vanish in the air after three years of living with a young wife and listening to gipsy songs in restaurants.

When reading critical reviews of Blok's poems by Andrei Bely or Merezhkovsky, those supposedly most sensitive and understanding critics, one is first bewildered, then embittered, then, finally, consumed in profound sadness. What a lack of concern, amicability, love, and sheer human delicacy! Even gloat seems to show in those sanctimonious outbursts with regard to the "betrayal" and "downfall" of Blok. Everything is clothed into such a brazenly pontifying tone that even an angel in place of Blok would have probably cried out: "Falling it is! It is better to be a Publican than a Pharisee."

And yet, there truly was a betrayal. Essentially, both of these unbidden judges were right.

Blok was no "Poor Knight" (the main character of a Pushkin's poem, *t/n*). Even if the "inconceivable" vision was shown to him, it must have happened in a deep somnambulistic sleep. In order to "not look at women" and to "not raise the metallic bar off the face", he was too young, healthy, physically fit, and had always felt disgusted with self-cultivation: it appeared to him as a violation of his unalienable human rights. The basest freedom – that of the self – was too dear to him. Besides, he was an individual, in whom heightened moodiness, strong sensuality, and, as I have already mentioned, unrestraint reigned supreme. Premature strivings for the ethereal entailed mutiny of the lower nature. Evidently, the course of this evolution would have been clear to Solovyov had he read the poems about Beautiful Lady. Perhaps, it was her, whom he foresaw the very minute when his eyes examined the drowsy-blue gaze of the unknown young poet?

The course of this evolution was natural, but not unavoidable. Hardly can anyone be fully justified with nods to the character weaknesses or unwillingness to get one's act together. Blok did not possess a brilliant mind. Yet, he was refined and clever enough in order to analyze and understand the polarity, antagonism, and

intransigence of the powers to which he was lured. Had he understood this, at least he could have differentiated across their projections in his life and creativity, given dues to the lower nature, without mixing the deadly venom with the Communion wine, without confusing the supreme source of the Divine wisdom and love with the Great Harlot.

The second and third collections of Blok's poems are the zenith of his artistic genius. Many scores of these poems belong to the brightest pearls of Russian poetry. The musicality of his poetry is such that Blok gains the repute of the most melodious of Russian poets. There even appears something beyond musicality, something enchanting and enthralling, an especial poetic magic, with which only the best poems of Lermontov and Tyutchev were marked. Yet, Blok himself made it clear that he did not love people that preferred his second collection. No wonder! The one who had stifled the love in his soul could not be expected to rejoice at the people celebrating his betrayal.

Expanding and fluctuating both in "The Unexpected Joy" and "The Earth Covered with Snow" is a luscious and intoxicating motif: a burning love, both mystical and sensual, toward Russia.

At times, this love soars toward prayerful ecstasy – the Kulikov field, the trumpety cries of swans, the white fogs over Nepryavda (a river in Russia, *t/n*).

Navna! Who else so clearly, so precisely wrote about Her, a great inspirer and the Collective Soul of Russia, about her descent into the hearts of heroes, into the destinies of the protectors of the Motherland, of Her poets, creators, and martyrs?

Whatever sins may weigh down the karma of the one who praises Her the way Blok does, his spiritual demise is impossible, no matter how much he yearns for it: sooner or later, his immortal "I" will be extracted by the Collective Soul of the people out of any purgatory.

Yet, the not-of-man's-making image on the shield will not remain "light-filled forever" either (the image of Christ on the shields of Russian warriors at the Kulikovo field, *t/n*).

In other poems, massive expanses blurred by sheets of autumn rains, empty tracts, lurking villages with the direful lights of drinkeries, fill the soul with angst and bravado, a passionate desire to lose oneself in those expanses, to forget oneself in the wanton, forbidden love beside vagabonds' bonfires, amid midnight grasses, glowing with sorcerous flickers.



Any doghouse of abdominal, pitch-dark life, filled with profanity and shamelessness, drunken swoon and debauchery – this Russia was no less dear to Blok. Jingle bells of blazing three-horse carriages, drunken screams, spunky songs of revelers or, maybe, robbers, and yet, another female figure, boisterously dancing some sorcerous or Wiccan dance, now come to the fore.

This is Russia, too. Yet, what kind of Russia? And what does this devilish, fiendish beauty have to do with Navna?

In one of Blok's poems, a she-figure has whirled all up in a dance, intoxicated all with potions, and now is sharpening a knife. She is no Navna, no Ideal Soul, but something quite the opposite.

First, in his blindness, Blok lauds Navna, taking her for the Eternal Femininity. Then he sings of Velga, taking her for Navna, with his blindness being even more aggravated.

Yet, this is only the beginning. Unsatiated with love affairs and minglings with people, Blok's passionate love for Russia, love toward her polar and antagonistic principles, mystical lasciviousness toward her, that is, lusting for something that can never be an object of physical possession – this was just one of the currents of his inner life in those years. Something else appears in parallel to it.

First with two to three, for the most part descriptive poems, then more and more persistently and imperiously, from cycle to cycle, a great town makes inroads into his creativity. This is the town of the Bronze Horseman and Rastrelli's columns, dockyard outskirts with bystreets smelling of sea, white nights mirrored in the gargantuan river – this is not just Petersburg or not only Petersburg. This is a transphysical layer below the great town of Enrof, wherein the flame in the outstretched hand of Peter may dance at night; wherein Peter himself, or some lookalike of his, may shortly reign over intersections of moon-lit streets, summoning the hosts of the faceless and nameless for coition and reveling; where the "dimpled-faced" sphinx is no longer a mere stone monument from faraway Egypt, but a majestic chimera, woven from the etheric gloom... Soon, strings of streetlamps will turn blurry blue, and, in place of the Saint Isaac's massif, that of the dark truncated pyramid – the sacrificial altar-palace-temple – will emerge out of the hazy, lunar darkness. This Petersburg is not of this world; it is not visible to physical eyes. Yet, it was beheld and well traversed by Blok: not in his poetic inspirations or nightly travels across islands and waterfronts, with yet another woman, with whom he chanced to fall in love, but in those nights when he fell into

the deepest sleep, and somebody was guiding him across tracts, wastelands, and the blizzardy bridges of infra-Petersburg.

I have already said that amid the negative-sign layers of Shadanakar there numbers the abode of mighty dark female elementals. They, in a vampirical sort of way, entice human hearts into vortices of the all-consuming thirst, which cannot be quenched with anything in our world. They instill a tantalizing passionate love toward the great city, aching and nagging as a true carnal infatuation. This is another kind of mystical lasciviousness – lusting for a city, and a nightly, vicious city at that, or for a stuffy and sultry town of summer twilights, when even a rustle of overflowing street crowds arouses an undirected desire. There follow fleeting meetings, stupefying and muddled nights, but they do not quench this thirst – rather, it turns out even more inflamed. Out of this unquenchable thirst, out of this otherworldly lasciviousness, there emerges a dream-like image, to each their own, the one that was encountered in earnest by anyone in their transphysical journeys, but almost entirely forgotten. Oh, it was not a daemon that was guiding Blok through those rings of temptation: some of Duggur's she-dwellers took the place of the daemon, some of the lesser demonesses imbued Blok with more and more lasciviousness, showing him such forms of spiritual and carnal, albeit non-physical debauchery, which are possible in no other place but Duggur.

I am not quite sure whether Blok, while sitting at his solitary table in a restaurant and daydreaming, really saw “the maiden's torso clothed in silks”. This may have been a pure fantasy. Yet, he would dream of her and poison his days and nights with an unquenchable longing, precisely because he had dim memories of their rendezvouses in Duggur.

Indeed: a stranger she was. Unless deep memory has been unsealed, unless there has been a flashback from Duggur, there is no way to throw light on such strangers! Yet, this memory becomes unblocked neither by downfalls, nor by debauchery, nor by wine. Nor does it happen when craving for something nonexistent in Enrof, lusting for someone who cannot be either forgotten or fully remembered, running after the ghost “from one passionate night to another”, for wine, at least, gives an illusion of her closeness, and physical intimacy – a fantasy of possessing something that cannot be possessed.

Blok's “The Snow Mask” is totally suffused with reminiscences of Duggur. Hardly does a poem start, and, all of a sudden, the reality has been sidelined, all fibers of the poem begin to vibrate, and there comes to the fore the landscape of another, adjacent world, another Neva (the main river of Petersburg, *t/n*), other

blizzards, other colossuses along the riverbanks – some icy agglomerates with caves and grottos, some flights atop “gloomy horses” through airy masses of another layer, that of infra-Petersburg.

“The Snow Mask” is the masterpiece of masterpieces. Its perfection is mesmerizing, the form of each verse and of the entire cycle overall is unparalleled, its rhythm is inimitable in terms of expressivity, and emotional intensity reaches a climax. Here, as well as in a host of poems in the subsequent collection, Blok proves to be the greatest of poets since Lermontov’s times. Yet, alongside his artistic development, there happens his deep spiritual downfall. Moreover, every such poem is a staggering testimony of descending down the ladder of switches: this is a demise-bought warning.

There was no more entanglement, confusion, and ambiguity with regard to what was happening, which would have alleviated the author’s responsibility for a string of switches toward the Soul of Russia. The fatality of the chosen path was crystal-clear.

There is barely another document in Russian literature save Blok’s poems, which speaks so forcefully and eloquently of one’s yearning to be damned, spiritually rejected and ruined, that is, the yearning for self-destruction, a spiritual suicide of sorts.

First, there were only inklings of this; then it was out in the open. Blok’s love for N. N. Volokhova (“The Snow Mask” was dedicated to no one but her) turned out to be a kind of magical crystal: one after another, with a stunning persistence, there follow such images of femininity, which cannot be attributed to any woman on our physical plane. They escalate in their otherworldliness and immensity from poem to poem.

When Blok talks, among other things, about “poplars of wicked eyes” in his “icy cave”, it is as clear as could be whom these eyes may belong to. Hardly would it occur to any sensitive researcher that the central female character of “The Snow Mask” is a concrete woman, an actress of such and such theater, N. N. Volokhova. Refined, intelligent, and noble, Volokhova, as far as one can judge from her unpublished memoir, apparently could not fully grasp the roots of Blok’s love toward her, whom he loved in her, behind her, and through her. Blok himself appears to be aware of this lack of understanding.

After all, the pregnant title “The Snow Mask” is no coincidence! The motif of masquerade, of a female face hidden from eyes, is not coincidental either. For

Blok, Volohkova, in a sense, might have been a mask on the face of a female entity, that irresistibly lured him now to the vortices of stars and blizzards, then further and further down, into the quagmire of Duggur.

It goes without saying: not each and every poem of Blok is to be viewed from this angle. A great many of his poems are totally free from any psychological murk. I am talking of his high road, his major trajectory of life.

“Your dull, long groan in the dark of the temple” – this is the way Blok addresses some female entity in the beginning of one of his poems, which he did not even dare to publish. It resonates well with the poems of his youth, when he, performing “a poor rite”, waited for “Beautiful Lady lit by red lampions” in “a dark temple”. Does Beautiful Lady still glimmer to her perishing singer? What does she say? Is there a way she can reassure and comfort him? Yet, in the remaining part of the poem, her voice sounds cold and stern as though ringing from some other, distant and negative-sign planes.

The way Blok describes her further well reminds one of Beautiful Lady. Among other things, she asserts that she has been the object of all his yearning and suffering. Who else but her? It means that, finally, we hear Beautiful Lady’s voice, or someone else speaking in her voice, in this poem.

Yet, when, to all his might-be love confessions, she promises to “whip him with an uproarious and cold laughter” – there is no more doubt, who she really is! Let her name, if she has any, remain unknown. What is as clear as day, is from what infraphysical wastelands, this insidious and predatory voice comes. Lady... a lady she is, but not of the heavenly chambers. Rather, her domain is an icy underworld, covered with grey snow. She is not the Great Harlot yet, but one of the spawns of hell on the way to her, not unlike Velga.

Blok used Fet’s (a Russian poet, *t/n*) line “Here, a man went down in flames” as the epigraph for one of his poems, wherein he talks about “the deadly fire of life”. What is this fire all about and why is it deadly? His whole life, Blok had been a noble, trustworthy, charitable, and kind person. He did not commit anything incorrigible, unpardonable, or criminal. His downfall manifested only outwardly, as a string of drunken evenings, passionate nights, and gypsy frenzies. People that just scratch the surface of life would quizzically ask: what “terrible downfall”, what “demise” are you talking about? Yet, only those who have fallen down themselves are capable of relating to others’ falls. Those stuck in the quagmire of life may fantasize all they want that this is just the nature of things for all mortals.

Yet, when one pores over Blok's poems as an autobiographical document, as a confession, it becomes clear what kind of downfall and what kind of demise he talks about.

Essentially, the third collection of poems is the smoldering ruins. The psychological state of the poet is woeful. Wakeless night has tightly embraced all – as the earth, so what is beneath it, so what is above it. One page turns after another, growing ever dismal. Shreds of memories of transphysical journeys intertwine with the daily routine of Blok, into a single unflagging nightmare. There is a line in the Koran: “like utter darkness in the deep sea”.

Precisely those years saw Blok's short article “The Knight-Monk”, which I have referred to at the beginning of this chapter. The title is strange indeed, unless understood metahistorically. How could Solovyov, a man who had never touched weapons, a philosophy doctor, lecturer, and armchair scientist, possibly be a knight? And what kind of monk could he make, without tonsure and the oath of celibacy, given his common, secular life as an albeit religious Orthodox Christian? Yet, Blok does not talk of Solovyov the way he used to be. Rather, he talks of him the way he became, the way he saw him on other planes many years later – wearing dark long robes, with hands crossed over the sword hilt. It is clear that his sword was not material, and his knighthood was not unlike that in “The Poor Knight” (Pushkin's poem, *t/n*), and his monkhood was not of this world, not of Enrof.

It is only natural that the knight of Zventa-Sventana did not abandon the younger brother that would dream of becoming such a knight, even after the betrayal. Yet, what exactly was happening during their transphysical meetings, what rings they happened to visit, and of what incorrigible, ultimate downfalls Solovyov spared Blok – this is to remain the poet's inviolable secret.

What Blok did happen to see during his otherworldly journeys in that period of his life, among other things, entailed something I would like to point out. Even earlier, during the period of Beautiful Lady, Blok had demonstrated his prophetic abilities – however rarely he used them – in the narrow sense of this word, that is, an ability to foresee historical events. His poem “Is It All Alright with the People?” written two years before the revolution of 1905 is worth a note, especially its ending, featuring “the dark, malevolent, and ferocious pacifier of people” driving them to “the unknown abysses”.

Now, this ability became enriched with a new experience, this time associated only with the demonic world. For this reason, Blok has no prophecies of the coming Light, of Zventa-Sventana's reflection in the historical reality of the future epochs, of the Rose of the World, of the Golden Age of humanity. His ghastly poem "A Voice from the Choir" depicts a faraway imminent epoch, the one that, once the reign of the Rose of the World over humanity has come to an end, will see its greatest enemy and the enemy of any spirituality overall – the one that Gagtungr has been fostering for so many centuries.

Yet, it was not given him to know the historical and metahistorical conclusion of the global tragedy of the first eon. He rid himself of this consolation with his downfalls, which muddled his spiritual eyes to everything, emanating from on High rather than the abyss.

After "The Earth Covered with Snow", he had twelve more years to live. Poems sprung up less and less often and over longer time intervals – these were artifacts of his inner void, as well as belated and futile regrets. After "The Rose and the Cross", the artistic quality of his poetry began to rapidly deteriorate – Blok did not write a single poem marked with a high giftedness for over five years. The Great Revolution reignited the fading genius one last time. Everything chaotic that his being was teeming with resonated with the chaos of the popular outbreak. It was intuited in his famous poem "Twelve" in an inimitably genius way – with its broken rhythms, outbursts of passions, shreds of ideas, blizzard nights of coups, figures embodying entire classes that clashed with one another, revelry of sailors, and patter of soldier's tongue twisters. Yet, as Blok attempted to make sense of this rebellious epoch, all became entangled: his own impulsivity, the iconoclastic hatred for the old, timeworn order of things, reminiscences of Christian mysticism, the enduring love for the "robbery beauty" of Russia, that is, Velga, and a vague faith, against all odds, in the coming truth of Russia – Navna. At the end, there came about an excellent artistic artifact of the first year of the Revolution. Yet, not only elements of prophecy, but also mere historical acumen, were lacking in this poem. "Twelve" is the last flash of the lamp that has run out of oil; it is a desperate attempt to find a foothold in the historical maelstrom, a raging slush in itself and only that. This is a death cry.

The death did come along, three and a half years later. The psychological darkness of these last years is indescribable. His psyche gave way, there appeared signs of its disintegration. Scurvy shortened his agony or, rather, that kind of suffering, which is inherent to the outer physical plane. Blok died before reaching the age of

forty-two. It must be said that many of those who happened to see him at the time, spoke of him as of a living corpse.

I saw him in the summer and autumn of 1949. I can share something about this – it is not just my right but also duty. Although we did not meet while alive, and I was a young child when he passed away, I can proudly say that Blok was and still is my friend. Yet, certain legs of my [spiritual] path concurred with his. It was another epoch, another milieu, another individuality, I had his example as a warning of sorts, and most importantly – other, much more powerful forces deterred me from repeating some of his mistakes. I had met him in my transphysical journeys long ago, but did not retain any memory of this. Only in 1949, the milieu of my imprisonment proved to be conducive for the impressions from my nightly journeys to erupt into my waking memory.

He was showing me Agr. Neither sun, nor stars were present there; the solid dome of sky was dark, but certain objects were as though giving off their own light – all was colored in a single color that vaguely reminded one of our crimson. I have already described this plane twice – the second time was in the fourth part of this book. To remind again of its ghastly landscape, would be redundant. It is worth a note precisely why my guide was showing me Agr: it was the plane where he had stayed for quite a while after his rise from Duggur. The Knight-Monk (Vladimir Solovyov, *t/n*) had redeemed him, and everything that was subject to expiation had been expiated. His face, scorched with the underworld flame, is now being enlightened. Over the years that have passed since then, he has already entered into the Synclite of Russia.

# **Book XI:**

## **On the Metahistory of the Twentieth Century**

### ***11.1. The Enthronement of the Third Zhrugr***

When finishing the book on the metahistory of the Petersburg Empire, I compared two historical figures, whose characters and appearances are so different that putting them together would seem out of the ordinary. Yet, their historical roles are not only comparable, but, to a point, one comes as a variance of the other: they have an identical significance, each for its own cycle of epochs. Both heralded the zenith of the Russian witzraors' might, their entering the path of outright confrontation with the demiurge, maximizing the tyrannical tendency, and initiating the process of the state's collapse. These two historical figures are Ivan IV and Nikolai I.

Ivan the Terrible's direct successors on the throne were Fyodor Ioannovich and Boris Godunov. The former was an exceptionally charitable, meek, and prayerful man, not only lacking in the skills of statesmanship, but in any superior intelligence for that matter. The latter had a mind of a true statesman that felt motivated to lead the country out of the stalemate, to which Ivan the Terrible had brought it, and to robustly settle the people's lives through the harmonizing of the conflicting interests of different social classes and groups. One may suppose that the very fact of having such a person as Fyodor on the throne reflected the metahistorical need of Russia to counterbalance the image of a ferocious ruler with that of a merciful and angerless "God's fool". As for Boris, he was a clear, conscious reflection of the Russian statehood's need to right and amend the wrongs of Ivan the Terrible, by way of eliminating any traces of oprichnina, bringing terror to a close, liberalizing legislation, and strengthening international ties.

Right after Nikolai I, Alexander II ascended the throne. He was a good-natured and compassionate, but also unstable, albeit very stubborn man, who had been nurtured on the principles of absolutism. Neither did his mind sparkle with particular brilliance. Nonetheless, it would be unfair to credit Alexander with extreme narrow-mindedness. One might say that this man was midway between



the kind-hearted and pious yet half-witted Fyodor and Boris, an energetic and authoritative statesman. However, Alexander remained as far from the spirituality of the former as from the acumen and sensibility of the latter.

When the Russian historical scene bids farewell to a great tyrant that has reigned for some thirty or forty years and left behind him mountains of victims, brought the state to the brink of a military catastrophe, and has disparaged in the eyes of the people the very notion of an anointed sovereign, national leader and father, there inevitably will happen the following. His successors will attempt to right his wrongs by way of limited reforms, thereby striving to show that the reign of terror was a mere historical contingency, and now the authorities will be totally guided with the ideas of national wellbeing. At the same time, the new rulers that now have their hands fatally tied by the political succession, turn out to be incapable of shaking off the foundations of the old political concept. It is beyond them how much the tyranny and terror have delegitimized the ideas of this very concept in the eyes of people. To these rulers, partial distancing from the words and deeds of the deceased despot would appear sufficient enough for the people to forgive the authorities for the gory, monstrous, and meaningless stage that has just blown over. Yet, soon it will turn out that the people have not forgotten, have not forgiven, and are not going to forgive anything; that everything has calmed down only for the time being, as the system of policing that had been perfected by the despot, albeit weakened, carries on to exist; that the atmosphere of political, cultural, and spiritual autocracy that had reigned supreme for so many years has ossified the psychological soil, which then prevents any seedlings of new ideologies from sprouting. Nonetheless, from year to year, it will become more and more obvious that the people are dreaming of fundamentally changing the political structure, as, provided “business as usual”, they do not feel secure from the potential recurrences of past miseries. Another reason being, there has remained a feeling of profound resentment, which, merging with exasperation and the call for justice, cannot be satisfied with “bones”, thrown to the people as a gratuity for several decades of arbitrariness and bloodshed.

Such is a law of Russian history, a law in the sense that a certain historical phenomenon has recurred three times at the least.

It goes without saying that this law, while manifesting in a new social, cultural, and international milieu, molds the concrete historical material of the new epoch. As a result, we have as if a new variance of the old theme, now clothed in more complex specificities of the new time. One has to differentiate between the essence

of this law and mere historical contingencies clinging to it. For example, it does not matter that the end of Boris' reign saw the Polish witzraor meddling into the Russian strife, whereas nothing similar to that happened under Alexander II; or, that Boris died, or took his life, because an imposter appeared on the political stage, whereas Alexander was killed by the opponents of autocracy and the people's avengers. What does matter is that both these figures expressed a desperate attempt on the part of the demon of "greatpower" statehood to amend the committed mistakes and crimes through systematic liberalizing reforms; both failed to hold on to this course, for it provided too broad an outlet for the gurgling discontent of the people; both staggered in their political initiatives now to the right, then to the left; both made now a step forward, then a move backward; finally, both underwent what all do, when trying to play both sides of the fence.

The root of these failures rests in the fact that both times, witzraors acted without the demiurge's sanction, as it had been revoked long before. In the latter case, even a more tragic process was initiated: the demiurge had openly come to grips with the witzraor. It is under this angle that the metahistorian has to view all the events of Russian statehood and culture throughout the rule of Nikolai I, Alexander II, and Alexander III: the vehement fight between the belligerent principle of statehood and that of culture and creativity; the death of Pushkin and Lermontov; the suffocation of literature; paralysis of reflective thought; dominance of bureaucracy and militarism; weakening of international ties; the rising fear of the Russian colossus in Western countries; the lost Crimean War; the forced change of the course; abolition of serfdom; attempts at all kinds of reforms; more frequent outbursts of revolutionary passions; the grassroot terrorist movement "Narodnaya Volya", along with its acts of terror; the murder of the king; the panic in the higher circles of the society; yet another dash backwards; the reaction under Alexander III and the ripening of a new revolutionary situation.

All this was aggravated by the fact that the demiurge Yarosvet and the Second Zhrugr were not the only contestants: the Zhrugr's spawns, the predatory and rapacious younglings that every once in a while had budded off him, also gotten themselves involved into the strife. Before, Zhrugr had managed to eliminate the first two that had taken on the father, at the time when he did not have to fend off Yarosvet's forces. Razin's and Pugachev's movements were drowned in blood. The third Zhrugr junior was feeble and rather passive: he did not even succeed to put forth his human instrument, the leader of the new movement; nor did he manage to involtate the masses of people. If anything, crushing the Decembrist

movement did not take much effort. Shortly after Nikolai I's death, the witzraor needed a kind of *modus vivendi* (a compromise between conflicting parties, *translator's note*) after straining himself so much in his combat with the demiurge, and so too the historical state authorities, after thirty years of suppressing spirituality, wafts of beauty, freedom, artistic genius, and forward-looking social thought. At this very moment, a new Zhrugr junior budded off: reddish-brown, very energetic, having black lusterless eyes and quite an intelligent ferocious face. Like a weaselly and evasive orca around a clumsy whale, he started circling around his emaciated ancient father. He demanded food from igvas, and his pressure was so intense that many of Drukkarg's inhabitants did not dare to disobey: they started delivering the nourishing dew to the junior, instead of to the old Zhrugr. Soon, his strident, shrill, mocking, and brazen voice reached the earth's surface, working its way through the consciousness of a few scores of people that possessed the sense of *zeitgeist*, as well as intellectual glibness, the will for social activism, and some writing skills at that. Through them, this voice began to transform itself into a small stock of new ideas. These ideas were being preached ably or without any spark of talent, but invariably with great vigor, cheerfulness, boldness, and, for the most part, with a strident, mocking, and cynical tone. The 1860's commenced.

Only a step was left from word to deed, from propaganda to revolutionary terror. Change was made swiftly, and the old Zhrugr shivered in pain and rage, when the Zhrugr junior hacked off one of its main tentacles, as the agents of this junior's will in Enrof murdered Alexander II right on a Petersburg's street. Unstable, weak, and too lenient as he was, the emperor, nonetheless, had been the human instrument of the Second Zhrugr.

What about Yarosvet? Having revoked the sanction from the Second witzraor, could he bless his new spawn? What prospects did the rule of Zhrugr junior offer in Drukkarg? What new statehood could this being possibly build in Enrof, having started off with bloodshed? From the very start, its narrow witzraor mind had refused altogether to contain the involtation coming from the demiurge. What was the point of helping this being to occupy the place of its father? It was already poised to sweep the country with waves of revolutionary frenzy. So it should come as no surprise that, for the time being, the demiurge sheathed his weapon: this way, he allowed the "oldster" to concentrate on the struggle with his spawn. The father proved to have enough powers in store to emaciate the Zhrugr junior for quite a while.

Yet, the old Zhrugr could not outsmart himself. Having been long ideologically ineffectual, he failed once again to take advantage of this break for creating a new concept of authority, a new philosophical theme, any new ideals. Autocracy, Orthodoxy, and nationalism – these three components, and in the most debased and emasculated sense at that – were all the statehood of Alexander III could squeeze out of itself.

Yet, the older the witzraor grows, the more often new offspring bud off him. In the 1880's, the igvas saw for the first time a new entity quietly slithering into Drukkarg and grabbing hold of the nourishing dew in the absence of the old Zhrugr. It was dark scarlet, its head perched on an uncannily elongated neck, with a whole lot of suckers. It did not have the guts yet to attack its father. Rather, it preferred to camouflage itself and to hide around, until it would be able to carry enough weight. Soon, the third entity came along: pale, very scrawny, yet featuring gigantic jaws. Why would an entity, relying solely on suckers for feeding, need those jaws, and why couldn't it content itself with a tubular mouth for speaking, as all Zhrugrs do? Apparently, this monster had obtained those jaws preemptively, for satisfying some future need. At the time, he was only capable of quietly whining, as though complaining of his father, as well as systematically and sensibly making the case with the Great Igvas that he would have been more successful than his father in managing tasks.

Whole generations have now been nurtured on the ideals of revolutionary struggle and could see, from one side, the wholehearted heroism of the masses of people and their leaders during the 1905 events and, from the other, the bloody arbitrariness of the authorities. I understand that these generations would resent the thought that, behind all these marvelous epics, there lurks the strife of the abominable monsters of metahistory – so abominable that none of them could be hallowed by the glimmer of the demiurge's sanction. Yet, the very fact of the witzraors' existence and their infighting, diminishes neither the spiritual beauty of the revolutionary heroism; nor the justness of the subjective motifs that were driving the purest and most selfless champions of the people's liberation; nor, finally, the nefarious cruelty of their executioners. One simply has to realize that the historical events blinding us with their grandeur and making us romanticize them are, essentially, the outcome of the metahistorical battle of monsters – precisely for this reason, such historical epics turn out to be so gory, and their concrete positive results are so dubious. After all, the fight of monsters lurks

behind world wars, too. At least, it is good that we no longer romanticize them. Over time, we will stop seeing revolutions through rose-colored glasses either.

Yet, it is also true that metahistory overall, and the metahistorical drama of Russia in the twentieth century in particular, are not exhausted with the mutual strife of the metacultural hierarchies. Precisely the turn of the twentieth century and, especially, the grandiose events in Russia saw the influence of planetary principles, that is, the intricate entwinement and confrontation of inspirations coming from much more large-scale centers and pursuing much broader goals.

As is known, the mid-nineteenth century in Western Europe saw the formation of a universal teaching that, over the next hundred years, would reign supreme in a third of the planet. Its first triumph, having truly global ramifications, took place in Russia. Thus Russia was propelled into such a standing, which made this country the guide of nearly half of humanity and an active participant in the most terrible military confrontations that had ever shaken the surface of our Earth. There is no call for the metahistorical-philosophical analysis of this teaching here – it might be a topic for a separate monumental work. Yet, it is imperative to take notice of the inner contradiction of this teaching, that is, of a gap between its ideals and methods. Its economic side is deeply substantiated theoretically and morally justified. Precisely due to this gap, it underwent grave distortions as soon as its practical realization was made possible. As for the philosophical doctrine built atop the economical program, it was begotten by those plagued by the overall narrow-mindedness of the nineteenth century. Featuring belligerent rationality, inherited from “encyclopedians” and boosted by spectacular achievements in the natural sciences, those minds absolutized and dogmatized certain tenets of the then materialism. It did not even occur to them that these were very natural sciences that would undermine their dogmas in a century’s time. Economy, one of the “transmission gears” between the hierarchies leading the people and the historical reality, was proclaimed to be the supreme ruler of historical destinies. Was this a conscious deception? Apparently not. Yet, by the end of his life, the founder of this teaching (Carl Marx, *t/n*) hit upon the idea that this “transmission gear” was moved by some force. Yet, this new understanding would require such a dramatic rehashing of the entire doctrine that the founder preferred to pass it all over in silence. For all I know, no cues of this discovery of his were found in his papers, and my notice of it is based on the very sources that I use in all my other scientifically unverifiable claims.

It is clear that the positive ideals of this teaching, which resonated well with the dreams of the loftiest of hearts, were not and could not be inspired by Gagtungr. They are rooted in a host of universal human ideas, antagonistic to the planetary demon, which included quite a few manifestations of Christian spirituality. Yet, when ground over by the rollers of the energetic, tireless, prideful, narrow, and parochial mind, these ideas became flattened, smashed, compressed. Finally, they were squeezed of any spirituality, and their proclaimed methods turned out to be at great odds with the demands of common humanness. Perhaps, this spiritual deficiency showed most vividly in the contention that the only path to materialize these ideals was through an armed struggle, violent coup, merciless extermination of enemies, and the dictatorship of a single class or, rather, of its organized part, over all other social strata. Therefore, there unfolded a struggle between the demonic and providential forces within this teaching, between its ideals and its methods, even inside the mind and soul of its founder and, later, among its various interpreters and followers.

Moreover, this struggle carried on in the consciousness of the one who would take the helm of this movement in Russia at the turn of the twentieth century (Vladimir Lenin, *t/n*). A dream of humanity's happiness and an ardent faith in having totally grasped the way of materializing this happiness, flamed in his soul. Narrow, selfish ambition was alien to him: he hungered for power not to revel in it but for the sake of the majority – he wanted to make it happy, and he thought he knew “how” more clearly and unmistakably than others. Even the adoration of nature or artistic beauty were not totally alien to him – later, he would self-flagellate himself for those moments, explaining them in terms of his class half-bakedness (Vladimir Lenin was born to a better-off middle-class family, *t/n*). Yet, his foolhardy passion did not allow him to look every which way. The fact that he himself had become an instrument of the scarlet Zhrugr junior or even of Urparp was revealed to him only in the very end, when he was terminally ill. Yet, there was no way to return, and no one would have accepted his backpedaling at the time.

And so, at the turn of the twentieth century, Yarosvet carried on his simultaneous struggle with the old Zhrugr and all his three spawns. Yet, this struggle was aimed at harnessing rather than stamping out the entire Zhrugr brood: however much the witzraor, together with his offspring, counterposed themselves to the powers of Yarosvet and the Synclite, the former were still needed – this was the tragedy of Russia. No ocean, no mountain range protected Russia from the powerful empires that had formed in the West. Their aggressive witzraors were just waiting for the

weakening of the old Zhrugr, so as to charge the debilitating statehood of Russia in Enrof with their own, throughout militarized, statehood. Under this scenario, the total emaciation of the Zhrugr brood by the forces of the Light would not only have unlocked the gates of Drukkarg for the race of foreign igvas, but also would have stripped Russia's body of the armor, which alone secured its physical existence. For this reason, eradication of the entire Zhrugr brood was still out of question. There was no way of preferring one Zhrugr junior over another either: even the feeblest of them would dispel any doubts of his metahistorical potencies with a mere sighting of his gigantic jaws. His projection onto history, masking itself under the liberal and comely "His Majesty's opposition", could delude only those incapable of seeing through the platitude of politics and the general public, as well as those lacking in understanding that demagogic party programs, not unlike that of the Constitutional Democratic Party, harbored the belligerent spirit of national imperialism, the spirit of colonialism, the bourgeoisie spirit of insatiable greed, self-contained "common sense", and vulgarity.

Even more worrisome was the quietest of the Zhrugr juniors – the scarlet one. Hiding behind the backs of his brothers, he charged his father only occasionally, making rapid jerks and retreating at once, stealthily devouring the nourishing dew, while "the oldster" and two other spawns were fighting one another, all their tentacles interlaced. His face was dreadful, yet not without some satanic majesty. His head on the long neck was proudly cocked back, and his dark eyes, half closed with stern eyelids, resembling overthrown semicircles, featured swarming orange dots, which lent them an expression of vigorously developing thought and superhuman craftiness. Plainly, the historical projection of this very Zhrugr junior was being ideologically charged more than the others' – it alone was armed with a comprehensive ideological doctrine and understanding of the historical moment. No one but the scarlet Zhrugr junior was creating a perfect human instrument: a being with a heavy, tireless brain and ram-like forehead, wide, voracious, childish plump lips, and Tatar-like wild, merciless eyes.

I am infinitely far from touching on the moral responsibility of certain countries for the First World War. In one way or another, all the great states were responsible, either as aggressors or instigators. Yet, if I were asked which witzraor was the first to attack the neighbor, and which antihumankind race first invaded another shrastr, I would be sure to answer that the global massacre had been initiated by the German witzraor that had run amok due to its rapid growth, avarice, and jealousy, and had lost "the good eye" and ability to soberly gauge

things, both in his and our world. However, this was precisely Gagtungr's design. A part of this design was in having the Great Igva of Germany feel entitled to rule over all the shrastrs – no matter that this illusion claimed countless lives, including his own at that. A world war was also preplanned, for it would become an unheard-of source of nourishing gavvakh and a way of creating an embryo of a new social formation upon the shambles of certain states, the formation that would have transformed into the core of an absolute world tyranny in the distant future. Could the demonic mind of Shadanakar foresee, which of the devastated European empires would make the foundation of this new formation, or he would “play by ear”? Some other countries, aside from Russia, featured the ideology that, due to its international and universal nature, scientism, accessibility, lowered ethical standards, and concordance with the zeitgeist, would fit well for the aforementioned tasks. If this ideology managed to seize power in one country, a possibility of that would open in another, and, as a chain reaction, this would engulf the neighbors.

In any event, having unleashed the First World War, the witzraor and the shrastr of Germany did their part.

When the enemy, whose fury quadrupled as he was forced to fight on two fronts, invaded Drukkarg and clasped the body of the old Zhrugr in his iron embrace, even the reddish brown and pale Zhrugr juniors raced to his rescue. They realized that the existence of the whole Zhrugr citadel was at stake, and, in the case of its capture by the enemy, the brood of the Russian witzraors in the underworld, along with the Russian “greatpowerness” in Enrof, would come to a close. Only the scarlet Zhrugr junior turned out to be shrewder: new Great Igvas established themselves in Drukkarg, and one of them, actively inspired by Gagtungr, opened up truly breathtaking prospects for the scarlet Zhrugr junior in case of the old Zhrugr's death.

In the meantime, the old Zhrugr was nearing his end. In light of the German witzraor's titanic might, the help of the pale and reddish-brown witzraors was as negligible as children's hands to a soldier attacking a tank. Finally, they ran aside and, having snatched a moment during the father's agony, sank their teeth into his body, so as to devour his heart – by way of this act, the devourer becomes the successor of the deceased. That very moment Yarosvet himself realized the utter inability of the old demon of “greatpowerness” to protect Russia. Enraged, he pummeled the citadel of Drukkarg. Its slabs cracked and came apart, and this was a truly momentous and staggering event for the whole of the Russian people. The



statehood of the empire itself cracked and collapsed, and, through the yawning breach, millions of human souls apprehended with their spiritual eyes the blue glow of Navna. They felt the closeness of the one, whose liberation would enable the Russian people to realize their metahistorical mission, to arrive at global brotherhood. Their consciousness could not contain this resplendent vision. Yet, for several days all the fibers of their being were filled with indescribable joy and intoxicating faith. That was the faith in the realization of the agelong dream, in the arrival of universal happiness. These were unforgettable days at the turn between February and March in 1917, when the sacred intoxication of the bloodless revolution inundated Petersburg and Moscow, rolling from heart to heart, from house to house all over the country, across the heaving and rejoicing provinces. Even the most balanced minds believed for a moment that Russia had as though entered into the era of global brotherhood, leaving behind all the wickedness and pointing other peoples in the direction of world harmony. The vision faded away, the citadel [of Drukkarg] withstood, and the mind grasped barely anything of what had just happened. Yet, this fascinating moment of some global anticipation, this forefeeling of the brotherhood of all people was remembered by a multitude of human souls. Distorted by rationality, muddled by the influences from the squirming Zhrugr juniors, misappropriated by one or another political theory, the memory of this epiphany carried on to exist – it had to exist, it couldn't not exist, it was to be passed on from generation to generation.

Yet, the scarlet Zhrugr junior was fast in taking advantage of this moment so as to sink his teeth into the squirming body of his father. The rusty dome of the crown fell off the head of the wretched one: the otherworldly boom and ringing resounded all over the highlands and towns of Drukkarg, when the agelong emblem, the magical crystal of authority hit against the mountaintops, pointed toward the center of the Earth, and, jumping from peak to peak, broke into smithereens. Military orchestras in the towns of Enrof thundered the revolutionary hymn, and the jarring kettle-drums resembled either echoes of the smashed emblem, or the festive clamor of the musical instruments of igvas raving in ecstasy. For the old Zhrugr had long annoyed them with his senile vapidty, sterility, the lack of initiative, innate obtuseness, and his inability to materialize the global designs, which Gagtungr had imprinted on the igvas' minds with ever increasing precision.

Yet, the old Zhrugr was still alive. With his last bit of strength, bearing inside himself the scarlet Zhrugr junior that gnawed deeper and deeper toward his heart,

he plodded along to the main temple: he hoped that, having coincided with it with his bodily contours, he would incite a burst of enthusiasm in the igvas, which used to be the case on such festive occasions. And right there, over Drukkarg's streets, there budded the last Zhrugr junior off the dying parent – a black little slink, perhaps, the most vicious of all. No sooner than he was born, he sank his teeth into his parent's body, too. For a moment, the reddish-brown one froze in astonishment. Then, trying to make up for lost time, he, along with the scarlet one, dashed after the black Zhrugr junior, trying to outrace him on the way to the parent's heart.

Then the ancient Velga of Russia, wakening from sleep in Gashsharva, a great multiplier of victims and sufferings, felt that her hour had struck. She stepped down into Drukkarg, hardly visible by the igvas, as a billowing of purple and black blankets, with a semblance of the pointed head encased with a tight, slitless mask. She enveloped the slink with her blankets and poured into him her plentiful powers. There ensued anarchy in both Drukkarg and Enrof, that is, their mutual involtation.

The late autumn was blustering in Enrof. Icy rains lashed across Petersburg's avenues and palaces when the scarlet Zhrugr junior managed first to grab hold of the father's heart and yank it out his body. This was the moment when the cannons of the cruiser (Cruiser Aurora, *t/n*) banged at the walls of the Winter Palace from the Neva river. At the same time, in the deep underworld – inside the main temple of the igvas, high under the very cone – the scarlet winner pressed the pulsating heart to his chest and, drop by drop, started sucking out its blood. Other Zhrugr juniors, raving from jealousy and hatred, stepped far aside, all except the squirming black one. All of them attempted to rearm, amassing squads of igvas and raruggs around themselves, whereas the scarlet one carried on drinking – drop by drop.

The German witzraor, bitten by other enemies from behind yet still full of power, dragged along armies of other races of antihumankind, all scrambling to the main temple. He had already captured a fourth of the underground country, whereas the scarlet Zhrugr junior just carried on drinking. His human instrument seized the Kremlin and established himself in it while the scarlet one was still drinking. Only when the basement of Ekaterinburg resounded with shots, one after another (execution of the last Russian king Nikolai II and his family, *t/n*), and the last human instrument of the old Zhrugr, had paid for the sins of three centuries – the winner slipped his tentacles off the emptied, drunk-out heart. With those very

tentacles, he placed the golden cube, a crown of sorts, onto himself. Thereby he became the Third Witzraor of Russia.

Do we need now to ponder the metahistorical significance of the [Russian] Civil War (1917-1922, *t/n*)? To point out, which Zhrugr junior had stood behind which human instrument – the leader of this or that movement? All that is clear enough. Besides, it does not bear much importance from the standpoint of the global future.

What matters is that the struggle between demonic and providential principles carried on within this historical movement, as well as within the psychology which came to dominate by the end of the Civil War and did so over several decades. When analyzing this phenomena, one should remember that the seeds of this ideology and of this entire movement, aimed at perfect social organization, were sown in the historical field by the very forces that once had expounded to the minds and hearts of long passed generations, the ideals of global brotherhood, people's equality before God, and the right of freedom of every human being. Humanity could not materialize it all, for the mission of Christ had been interrupted. Therefore, these ideals were bound to be gradually stripped of spirituality, to become lowered and emasculated. As for their practice, the too slow Christian principle of self-perfection, which had discredited itself over the centuries, was to be replaced with the principle of outward violence. Thus the demonic principle distorted the ideal and washed the road with blood. Precisely this shows in vistas of the Civil War as well as in the subsequent historical stages. Yet, it does not mean that the demonic principle took the upper hand and totally controlled this movement, along with the psyche of the people that had joined it. No matter how lowered their ethical practice had become, and however hostile their minds, enslaved with the materialistic doctrine, had turned out to be, the movements within their human souls, emanating from the unconscious or superconscious, quite often were sublime, pure, and worthwhile. Hence the spirit of camaraderie, the hunger for knowledge, heroism, self-sacrifice was all the more precious, for those sacrificing themselves had done that for the sake of the coming [transformed and happy] humanity, not for some otherworldly perks.

From the metahistorical perspective, the first years of the revolution were illustrative for another reason. The new Zhrugr, having barely laid the golden cube upon himself, had already grown tentacles of an immense length. Therefore, despite being surrounded by enemies in the tight expanse of Central Russia, he could scrabble about far behind the enemies' backs, in their own shrastrs. It is also

worth noticing that these tentacles were still too thin and weak to clasp in a deadly embrace the witzraors of other metacultures. Yet, they were long and numerous enough to shake the foundations of other citadels and to put forth thousands of human instruments in Enrof. Finally, the possibility of the world revolution and transition into the global tyranny now became an actual threat. To prevent or postpone it at the least, the demiurge and the Synclite of Russia traced a ring of light, thus mounting a wall of sorts around the Russian witzraor.

Gagtungr's design was not materialized. Yet, it was not thwarted either. The new social formation, which was his brainchild and creation in Enrof as a step on the way to the worldwide tyranny, did not assume global proportions. Yet, the nucleus for this formation had been snatched away, solidified, and entrenched, so as to make it an example and the steppingstone for the capturing of other metacultures. Now, there came the time for building the formation itself. It had never existed before, save as a dream of the light-filled geniuses and saints of humanity. Yet, this dream became distorted and emasculated by powerful minds, which were gaining inspiration from Gagtungr, including by a certain dark messenger of the past century. Now, at the helm of the formation was a great human instrument of the Third Zhrugr.

## *11.2. Combating Spirituality*

A popular belief has it that poor material conditions of the society invariably translate into its spiritual poverty. And vice versa: material prosperity is bound to entail spiritual wealth.

Objective historical observations do not support this thesis. Until the late phase of capitalism, wealth had been owned by the privileged classes or groups rather than the society as a whole, and the material level of these groups rather than the average wellbeing of the society had set the benchmark. The notion of the material prosperity of the society as a whole can be applied only at the late stage of historical development. One may talk about prosperity and wealth – at least, at certain time periods – of such societies as modern Sweden, Netherlands, or Switzerland. The wealth of the United States would also make the case albeit with some reservations, for income difference across different social strata in this country is immense, and far from the whole American society has enjoyed

prosperity even at its heyday. With regard to countries of the socialist camp, I do not mention them here as they belong to a later period of history.

I would be quite excited to hear well substantiated arguments to the effect that the aforementioned societies featuring high levels of material prosperity, such as Sweden, Netherlands, and Switzerland, have manifested true spiritual riches alongside. It is true that they have made some contribution – and still do – to the world of science and technology. Yet, science and technology are the domain of intellectual rather than spiritual values. One is to learn to differentiate between these two types of phenomena to begin with. The mindset of a certain kind, which is quite widespread these days, cannot tell the intellectual from the spiritual. Humanities, art, sociology, ethics, religion, physico-mathematical, and biological cycles of sciences, even certain aspects of technology – all these are just lumped together. Works of Kalidas and Darwin, Hegel and Edison, Ramakrishna and Alekhin, Stalin and Ghandi, Dante and Pavlov are seen as kindred phenomena, as “spiritual” culture. This aberration may seem savagery, were it not for rather civilized and intelligent-looking people complicit in it. Meanwhile, it is as clear as day that we are dealing with two completely different kinds of phenomena: spiritual and intellectual. Nearly the whole domain of science, let alone of technology belongs to the latter. It also includes philosophical, aesthetic, and moral schemes to the extent they are stripped of any preternatural, variomaterial, otherworldly, and spiritual experiences in the truest sense of this word. In the same fashion, it comprises social movements, political programs, economical and social activities, even art and literary fiction. With regard to spirituality, it contains human manifestations directly related to the notion of multiplane existence and the apprehension of all kinds of threads interweaving the physical plane of existence with other planes, the spiritual included. These manifestations comprise religion, spiritualistic philosophy, metahistory, magic, high ethics, and the most profound creations of literature, music, and spatial arts.

If one realizes and takes in the difference between these two types of phenomena – spiritual and intellectual – it would become evident that spiritual riches are not directly proportional to material wealth. Spiritual activities are compromised only with two extremes of material standing: misery and luxury. The former makes one throw all efforts into the struggle for existence; the latter leads to chasing and multiplying riches [at the expense of spirituality] or jadedness and burnout, which cover the soul with psychological fat.

Neither Sweden, Netherlands, or the United States, but poor (from the European standpoint, of course) Thailand, Ceylon, Burma, and Cambodia, “half-barbarian” Tibet and Nepal, even downtrodden India exemplify societies wherein life is imbued – much greater than in Western societies – with artistry, routine involvement of the masses into the creation of highly aesthetical values, intense ideological searchings, and that emotional warmth, which abides only in countries featuring an age-long moral climate nourished by immense reservoirs of spirituality. We are given to focusing on the economic underdevelopment of these countries, on Indian poverty, on Tibetan illiteracy, on the primitive nature of daily life in Ceylon, on the vestiges of the Indian caste system, on the theocratic feudalism in Tibet, on the imperfections of family life. And we consciously turn a blind eye toward something else in these countries: toward those powers that had built and sustained towns consisting nearly half in stunningly beautiful and enlightening temples; toward those flights of genius which adorned the face of the Earth with delightful architecture; toward those hands that embellished the banks of the holy rivers flowing across these countries with countless monuments of human aspiration toward Spirit, light, and beauty. They forget the aspect of Indian life, without which no other people could have set themselves free from an age-long slavery by means of nonviolence – the most ethically pure method that has ever been thought up. Not intellectualism, but precisely spirituality breathes from all kinds of manifestations of the lives of people in the Indian and Indo-Malayan metaculture: from magnificent crafts suffused with inner light; from folk arts; from the attitude of an “average commoner” toward problems of life and death; from mysteries and epics, which are performed all night long on the deplorable square in any, even the most ramshackle village; from astounding forgiveness toward recent conquerors; from insignificant, as compared with America and Russia, crime rates; from highly ethical programs of action adopted by the ruling political party; even, for example, from the type of woman prevailing in Indian society that is so graphically depicted by Rabindranath Tagore and Prem Chand.

Switching intellectualism with spirituality is so widespread in Russia, and even the West that the meaning and purpose of this are crystal-clear: to dislodge the human psyche from the domain of the highest values into the purely utilitarian sphere. This striving and its practical realization is one of the main aspects of the cultural-historical process we are living in. This is, certainly, related to the emasculation of the faraway social ideal, which I have already talked about, and to the intention to do so gradually, stealthily, so that the society would, bit by bit, emasculate itself

and regenerate while being totally unaware of the forming vacuum, unaware of being stripped of the most precious of its values and fed back with other, supplementary ones.

Material wellbeing is an absolute value in itself. This is a natural, human-worthy level of outward existence. It represents a value, for it shields superficial wellbeing which enables the smooth ripening and fruition of the soul's seeds. Yet, proclaiming material wellbeing and the outward conquest of the forces of nature, again, all for the material prosperity of humankind, to be the primary and supreme value, the ultimate purpose of the armed struggle of the masses all over the world, the ideal of social development for the sake of which entire generations and whatever spiritual values are to be sacrificed – this is either a tragic mistake, or a half-conscious deception.

Yet, precisely this erroneous thought, sometimes proclaimed loud and clear, sometimes understated, but always discernible in the complex of revolutionary ideas of our century, shapes the nature of ideals cresting this complex, so too the methods inherent to it.

The comprehensive social-political and philosophical doctrine that had been elaborated in the mid-nineteenth century in the West, and that gradually came to dominate in the progressive, revolutionary thinking, will be called “the Doctrine” from now onwards for brevity's sake. This Doctrine is closely, “genetically” related to the preceding chains of Western philosophy and scientific thought, even Christianity. Yet, it is not hard to see that it had been elaborated with an active support of those forces which, were concerned with creating a powerful teaching to guide humanity. It led, however, down the ladder of ideological-social switches towards such a social, cultural, psychological, and technological state, which was within only a short leap from becoming the absolute, single-person tyranny. If one allows for such a supposition, the beam of the spotlight in which we were accustomed to contemplate cultural and historical phenomena, would rapidly shift. Phenomena that have seemed so well-defined would become overshadowed, whereas the things we have been clueless of would come to the fore. Ironclad, adamant, unyielding materialism was advocated literally with foaming mouth; burning, at times volcanic hatred toward everything with an inkling of religiosity, mysticism, or idealism; the complete exclusion of spirituality, equating it with the relic of the past, and asserting purely material and intellectual values; giving pride of place to the idea of the material prosperity of the majority and the approbation of any means instrumental in achieving this goal; proclaiming the dictatorship of

the proletariat, then replacing the proletariat with a single party, only to be supplanted by an autocratic leader; enunciating the austere need of the subjugation of the remaining social classes and, over time, the physical elimination of all the unwanted; close supervision of the state, that is, the autocratic party, over society's cultural "produce"; the colossal role of technology, machinery, industry, and the automatization of all industrial processes, and so too of social transactions and of the psyche itself – all these and many other things, if seen from a new angle, would take on a new, rather ominous significance.

It is highly symptomatic that the very Doctrine which had blazed the trail to the surface of the society with the help of liberating slogans and harangues about freedom started its reign from the dispersion of the All Russian Constituent Assembly, the very body it had vainly attempted to get the majority votes in. This was rapidly followed by prohibition of activities of all other parties and political organizations as well as elimination of all press except for the Doctrine's.

From the stated vantage point of metahistory, it is also important to consider such phenomena as science, technology, and industrialization.

Human nature – this not only concerns the physical body but the whole variomaterial conglomerate of the human being – holds such potentialities which, if developed, would infinitely expand our abilities to utilize material mediums and totally transform the relationship between the human and space, the human and time, the human and nature, the human and other planes of existence. The problem of flying can be solved by other means than aviation. Combating diseases so as to prolong life expectancy can be carried out in other ways than currently used by medicine. Rapid movement across space and communication over great distances are far from being monopolized by sciences busy with perfecting transportation and all means of communication. For example, the ability to fly, to travel through space with an unimaginable speed, to communicate over great distances, to pass through the dense medium, to overcome diseases, to elongate human life expectancy two- or threefold, to meet beings from other planes, to contemplate transphysical panoramas, to replenish the life force not with food but through absorbing emanations from the light-filled elementals and inhaling fragrant aromas – all these and many other abilities are deeply stored, in an embryonic state, in our innermost being. Technological achievements of our day (the mid-twentieth century, *translator's note*), such as jet planes, TV sets, or cybernetic devices would appear crude, laughingly clumsy, vulgar, heavy, primitive, abominably soulless, even, however strange it may sound, irrational to those capable of



foreseeing the human that wields the power of angelic flying, spiritual vision, performing instantaneous complex mental operations simply by virtue of developing the potentialities of our brain, of our physical etheric, and astral body. The spiritualized and wise beauty of bird wings is not as far from the ghastly glimmers of scrubbed airplane wings as the concrete results of going along these two contrasting paths of human development. Ancient magic and, later, certain movements in Eastern philosophical practice hardly touched upon the question of unsealing these potentialities. The path of this unsealing is little-trodden, extremely laborious, and bears fruit only as a result of many generations' successive efforts. Its particular difficulty rests in the fact that this practice is closely related to the overall spiritualization of the personality, to the uplifting of one's moral level, to cleansing out all sorts of murk. Ancient magic failed to make much progress on this path precisely because it underestimated the connection between the magical practice and ethics. In the majority of cases, engaging in all these activities for egotistical ends interrupts this movement altogether. Sometimes, the movement carries on, yet at the cost of the demonization of the shelt with all kinds of otherworldly ramifications.

At late cultural-historical stages, many movements and schools in the folds of highly evolved religions touched upon this problematic: as Pythagoreanism, so too the Cabbala, Eastern Christian monasticism and that of Daoism and Lamaism. It appears that Indian yoga was more intent on developing these very potentialities than others. The connection of this practice with ethics was obvious to them from the very start at that. Yet, yoga demanded renunciation of many common human needs and highly austere self-discipline, which prevented large masses of humanity from joining this movement. It is highly doubtful, however, that the only way of opening up these potentialities, regardless of the epoch and culture, has been extreme ascetism. Conditions of a new time would dictate, perhaps, not an agonizing mortification of flesh, not unlike the feats of monks in Isaac Sirin's days or of Indian hermits, but lighter forms similar to worldly righteousness or, for instance, to daily rounds of life of Southern Buddhist communities – strict and pure, yet rejecting flesh mortification.

In the metacultures of antiquity, Byzantium included, society had not yet made the ultimate choice between these two paths of development – for brevity's sake, let's call one of them “scientific-technological”. The panoramic view of the ancient Roman Empire, it must be said, would reveal that the then ancient public consciousness already lacked in the ideas associated with the first way of

development (ascetism, *t/n*). These were limited to esoteric and half esoteric societies, mystical cults, and certain priesthood circles. Yet, social-economic conditions of the Ancient Rome, Byzantium, even of the Western Middle Age could not rapidly propel the society along the second path (worldly righteousness, *t/n*). The borderline appears to be circa the fifteenth century – the epoch that saw the invention of gunpowder and book-printing, the discovery of America and India, and the colossal economic and psychological changes resulting from all this. Starting from the seventeenth century, there had been the predominance of leaning toward the second way of development. The fading potentialities of the first one were crystal-clear.

The second way of development is characterized with several specificities. First, there happens a dramatic and complete divorce between science, that is, comprehension of the outer world, and whatsoever spirituality, which becomes shoved aside into the field of theology, cult, mystical philosophy, and art – that is, the field first completely disregarded by science and then, much later, is studied, again, but from the purely scientific standpoint. Second, the methodology of knowledge narrows down to the fine-grained empiricism and purely rational generalizations of the material, obtained through empirical methods. Third, scientific activities as such completely depart from any applied ethics: self-interest or selflessness of motivation, depravity or virtuousness of the scientist no longer define the fruits of his or her activities. It goes without saying that the karmic consequences of malign scientific and technological activities, for example, military innovations, are still to be reaped by all in their afterlife. Yet, these consequences are far from the compass of the scientist's consciousness in his or her lifetime. And fourth, science essentially becomes accessible for anyone featuring persistence and diligence. The ultimate separation between the spiritual and the intellectual becomes an undeniable reality.

How to evaluate – from the metahistorical point of view – the path selection of Western humanity, which later shaped the direction of mental activities in other metacultures? Hadn't the mission of Christ been interrupted, humanity would have received a powerful impulse to move along the spiritual path. Under that scenario alone, there would have been a possibility to discover and master methods which would have enabled the engagement of the people's masses onto the path of spirituality, not just the select few in the Buddhist countries and India. Achievements of those generations would have proved incomparably greater and more palpable. It is like comparing the range of scientific achievements in

antiquity when only few individuals had worked in a certain field to what might have been the results of the engaged millions. The one who had snatched away the life of Christ at its very beginning carried on his deeply goal-oriented and satanically intelligent activities. It goes without saying that he put much effort into extinguishing all seedlings of spirituality and saw to a vigorous development of scientific and technological thought. It is self-explanatory why he needed the former. As for the latter, without great technological advances it would be impossible for him to unite humanity into a single monolith, hence to establish planetwide tyranny – the only tyranny deserving to be called “absolute”.

Yet, unification of humanity has been a goal or, rather, intermediary step toward the ultimate goal of other-than-demonic forces. Unification of humanity is a prerequisite for achieving the ultimate goal of the Providential principle as well. For, unless the unification has become a reality, humanity will be torn with revolutions and more and more devastating wars. There would come a day when the destructiveness of wars has endangered the whole organic life on the Earth’s surface. There is no way to avert this threat outside of global political and social unification. As humanity has long, albeit unconsciously, opted for the scientific-technological path of development, as it is impossible to derail the common mindset toward spirituality in a short span of time, Providential forces, on their part, have to propel humanity along the scientific-technological path, too. Such is the metahistorical dialectic. Forces of the Light are solely concerned with directing the scientific thought, as far as it depends on them, along such lines which would be least fraught with discoveries and inventions ruinous for humanity. The consciousness and will of scientists is a battlefield of the Light and darkness just as everything in Shadanakar is. At the same time, while the spiritualized minds of Einstein, Planck, and Curie, who would perform feats of their grandiose discoveries, were being enlightened with daemons’ inspirations, the minds of inventors of six-barreled mortars, thermonuclear bombs, covert listening devices, and intercontinental ballistic missiles were being guided by servants of our Nemesis.

Apart from the multiplication of destructive powers of war, technological advancement has played a paramount, yet contradictory role for humanity.

Compared to any other phenomena of spiritual and intellectual order, even to pure science that is driven in the main by the thirst for knowledge, technology cannot but be throughout utilitarian. The psyche of people that routinely work in technologies, over technologies, and with technologies becomes accustomed to

approaching everything in the world with the criterion of practical use. If humans leave this danger unnoticed, if they do not roundly segregate that sphere of their lives where technologies reign supreme from other spheres of life and their soul, they will turn into spiritual cripples, spiritual ineffectuals, spiritually blind fools. There is no better way of extinguishing anything spiritual inside; there is no straighter path for emasculating the psyche from understanding art, loving nature, gravitating toward religion, from yearning for world harmony, from hungering for love. Technological advancement is unavoidable in our eon: it is unavoidable and justifiable, for neither the unification of humanity, nor establishing the level of material wellbeing worthy of the human would be otherwise possible. Yet, woe be upon those who have allowed technologies to enslave their souls.

It is totally predictable and pregnant with historical logic that the Doctrine, first and foremost, appealed precisely to the proletariat, which had been preselected by it as the future hegemonic class. Back then, it was still possible to befool minds while calling for the sense of justice and pity, crying out about the proletariat creating material values for the one and only reason to end up rightless, oppressed, squashed, miserable, and bare. Naïve enthusiasts believed that, having done away with exploitation and having seized power, this class would create values of such a height that would put to shame all masterpieces of the past.

Feudal aristocracy did exploit people. Yet, the body of cultural values created by this class is infinite, horizonless. Priesthood and clergy, as is known even to a toddler, did exploit the dark masses. However, they created not only religious concepts and cult but also eternal monuments of architecture, art, poetry, music, philosophy, apart from elaborating lofty moral tenets. The bourgeoisie is certainly guilty of all mortal sins. Nonetheless, the cultural creativity of this class comprises nearly the main part of what is now referred to as “cultural heritage”. Peasantry had been an underclass. And yet, it also created songs and fairy tales, ornaments and legends, artistic crafts and folklore.

What about the working class? I live in a country where the working class has been a hegemon for more than four decades by now. What has it created except the very values of material order and all kinds of technical and industrial improvements? Some would say: How about the working intelligentsia, that is, those with a working background that have become engineers, economists, lawyers, scientists, literary figures? Yet, these are not of the working class: actually, they outgrew it, they have nothing to do with it any more, they separated themselves from this environment as with the nature of their activities, so with the

compass of their interests, so with the material conditions of their life. A monk that painted a temple with frescoes still remained a monk; a landowner that wrote novels, poems, and pictures in his mansion was but a landowner; a bourgeois that dedicated his or her spare time to art and science or was given to philanthropy stayed within the bounds of the bourgeoisie; a peasant that composed epic poems or painted utensils did not migrate to any other social class either. Yet, a worker that turns into a member of intelligentsia thereby stops being a worker. Therefore, what had been created by this intelligentsia stays outside of our scope when we talk about the creations of the working class as such.

In the truest sense of this word, there is no *spiritual* “produce” of the working class; its intellectual creativity is meager. The working class is not the crown of humanity but, rather, its tragedy, its memento mori (a reminder of death, *t/n*), a direful warning of the fact that millions of people which are potentially no different from the rest of the full-blooded society are condemned by the very society to spiritual castration and cultural degeneration. And this is only mollified by the fact that these unfortunate ones, by and large, do not realize their woeful conditions. Having lost the connection with Mother Earth and having not compensated for this by way of exposure to world culture; psychologically maimed from the daylong fumbling with machinery; aesthetically fluctuating from the sightings of the industrial landscape to racy folk rhymes and vulgar oleography, these people fall prey to stupefying boredom as they find themselves in the privacy of their own mind. They fear silence as the plague, for silence pushes them to face the emptiness of their soul. For them, nature is dead, philosophy is irksome, art and philosophy are perceptible only in some downgraded form, religion is laughable and despicable. Only science commands an instinctive feeling of respect to these ignoramuses as something undeniably higher than them. Their pastime is playing cards, vodka, domino, sport, primitive flirtations, and cinema. No, I am not slandering these people: they had been brainwashed for too long, they have been depraved with streams of demagogic flattery and lies. A time will come when their own unsightly portraits will be presented to them.

It is only natural and logical that precisely this human formation was put on the pedestal by the Doctrine. Precisely this social stratum became the pool for the autocratic party’s members. Precisely this class was lauded to humanity as the most precious of its strata, as a paragon, with which all others were to align themselves.

The significance of industrialization – one of the chief undertakings of the state in the 1920-30's – is by no means exhausted by the fact that it strengthened the defense capability of the country while raising, albeit at a snail's pace, its material level. Another, [less obvious] outcome of industrialization is the forcible remolding of the peasantry's and intelligentsia's psyche, compelling Russia, as a foreign journalist put it, "to think in terms of machinery", and disseminating such a psychological environment in society, which had been intrinsic to the working class: gauging everything in terms of its practical use; feeling oneself as a cog in a gigantic machine and taking this as a norm; the degradation of art, prostitution of literature, death of religion, vulgarization of cultural heritage, and emasculation of ethics – in sum, this is the psychological regime of despiritualization.

Cultural heritage remained the only channel through which spirituality seeped into the consciousness of the people. It pays to recall that in the first years of the Great Revolution, when all still believed in the mirage of the nearing world revolution, there raged a movement in Russian culture, which demanded to consign all the culture of the past to the scrap heap. Mayakovski (a Soviet poet, *t/n*), one of the ideologists of the Doctrine, would much later come to a conclusion that Pushkin, actually, did not write that bad. Before, he had demanded, just like all others, to fling Pushkin from the ship of modernity. Of course, Pushkin was apprehended as an embodiment of the classics overall at that. Meyerhold, the most gifted theater personality of the time, turned classics inside out, cultivated the urbanistic, constructivist, exposingly the schematic style reminiscent of the mass spectacles in Drukkarg. Even more staggering was the reflection of the igvas' architectural style upon the constructivist style of those buildings, which would appear amid Russian towns in the 1920's and at the beginning of the 1930's. Devoid whatsoever of embellishment, these were combinations of cubes, rhombs, parallelepipeds – bare geometrical shapes – with the total neglect of curvature at that. A powerful involution from Fongaranda was required to put a halt on any further emasculation or, for the lack of a better word, "igvization" of architecture. It must be said that the antihumankind's taste and style in the architecture of the twentieth century caught up to other places apart from Russia: constructivism in the West proved to be even more tenable. With its reinforced concrete mongrels, it continues to disfigure the beautiful streets of France, England, and Germany. It should come as no surprise: the involution of demonic principles is global. If, at certain periods of history, Russia happened to be the stepping stone of this involution in humanity, and the face of Drukkarg came to protrude upon the history's surface, neither was the rest of humanity left unattended – in the case that

Russia had gotten out of hand, there would have still remained the foundation for the coming satanocracy. For this reason, the shrastr of the North-Western metaculture, Mudgabr, shows more and more through the towns of Western Europe and America.

The strategic course of the state with regard to religion as such was quite predictable. Yet, they had to vary their tactics depending on the circumstances and acumen of those who were in charge of this course at the given time period. The Doctrine was yet to seize the power when the great human instrument of the Third Zhruqr (Vladimir Lenin, *t/n*) announced religion to be an “opium for people”. Initially, in order to weaken the Orthodox Church holding sway over the minds of the broad populace in Russia, in particular, of the peasantry, they attempted to shake the monolith of Orthodoxy by pandering to all kinds of religious sects. Yet, soon it became obvious that such palliatives did not affect the church much – on the contrary, the spirit of religious searching began to outpour. For this reason, sects came under persecution just as the church did. Religious, philosophical, and mystical organizations and groups popular among the intelligentsia – anthroposophical and theosophical lodges, occult circles, the Religio-Philosophical Society, and religious orders of any shape and color – all shared the same fate. The activities of anti-religious organizations such as “Bezbozhnik” (can be translated as “The Godless”, *t/n*) flooded clubs, lecture rooms, variety shows, tribunes, press, theater and cinema, even the squares of towns and villages. On religious holidays, temples were surrounded by bevvies of youth that leaned over backwards in all kinds of blasphemies, buffoonish processions, wherein Komsomol members play-acted paunchy padres carrying about liquor bottles, with their miters (a headgear, *t/n*) askew. These buffoons moved in parallel to the cross processions of believers. The lack of wittiness, aesthetic infertility, and the trace of dismal vulgarity on these undertakings hardly brought them any luck. They well made up for their feeble mindedness with three-finger whistles, outbursts of contrived laughter, firecrackers, rockets, and often with being outright rowdy.

Soon, it became obvious that these acts were powerless to distract however considerable number of “opium lovers” from religion. Quite the contrary: temples were crammed as never before the revolution. When patriarch Tikhon, who was under house arrest, passed away in 1925, his funerals outpoured into such a million-strong demonstration that it put to shame all mass expressions of grief over the burial or, rather, mummification of the first leader (Vladimir Lenin, *t/n*) a year earlier which had been orchestrated by the government and the party. After

this, they changed tactics and had the church split from the inside. The successor of the deceased patriarch broadcasted that, from then onwards, the joys of the godless state were ours, and so too its sorrows. Going beyond his authority, the highest hierarch of the Russian Church included the prayer about “the powers that be” and their abiding “in any piety and purity” into the text of the great litany. It is highly likely that the subjective motifs which informed the top hierarchs can be explained as an attempt to salvage the church from complete physical wipeout and thus to preserve its chief functions – the mystery of baptism, confession, and the Eucharist – to be still available to people. Be that as it may, thus was initiated that political course on the part of the church which would soon turn it into a docile slave of the antireligious government. It is only natural that such a turn caused a drastic rift among the clergy and laymen. The majority of priests either refused outright to pray for the authorities or avoided doing so. There was a crackdown on saboteurs coming from other than the church authorities. Over a thousand years of its existence, the Russian Church had numbered just a handful of martyrs. Now the lack of them was made up for with a bounty. Thousands of priests and laymen perished in prisons and labor camps. Temples were shut down, demolished, or turned into warehouses, workshops, or hostels. Temples and monasteries, which were unique monuments of art were blasted into wreckage with the very destructive storm. Church bells, which had sent waves of their ringing over Russian towns and fields for centuries, rang for the last time and, having been thrown off the broken belltowers, were consigned to melting scrap. By the mid 1930's, there hardly remained forty out of six hundred churches in Moscow. Kiev featured just one, for instance. All other religious denominations suffered the fate of the Orthodoxy.

By the time, what was to replace the church as the guide of souls, as the teacher of life, as a mass organization had long been built, screwed together, and limewashed? From its predecessor, this quasi-church inherited its age-old dogmatic inflexibility, its intrinsic combination of being centralized and democratic, its system of austere inner subordination, and its pretensions for being the sole barometer of truth. They even tried to imitate the emotional warmth inherent in the church. The ideological and structural cohesion of the party was secured through the same ruthless means with which the Christian Church, at the time of its establishment, had ensured its own unity when coming to grips with heresy. Expulsion of a delinquent member from the bosom of the quasi-church came to be a grave punishment and was perceived as a great tragedy by the delinquent, just as excommunication in the Middle Ages had been.



Little by little, the quasi-church elaborated the quasi-cult. Instead of deplorable, shoddy antireligious masquerades on church holidays, they focused on grandiose revolution-celebrating processions, parades, and pompous acts, on choral performances of party quasi-psalms and quasi-canticles, on worshipping the quasi-hallows (the Lenin's body, *t/n*) resting in the quasi-temple by the Kremlin walls.

Through economic and non-economic means, the quasi-church involved all into serving it: from fiction writers to circus workers, from theatrical troupes to restaurant singers. The so-called "elimination of illiteracy", that is, the ladder of educational-pedagogic and scientific establishments from kindergartens to the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, came to play the pivotal role in this system.

What kind of human being was nurtured by this all-embracing pedagogic system? What was its ideal?

This system nurtured courage, for the state needed it to struggle with enemies, including in the coming fight for world power. It nurtured willpower, the one strictly in line with the state and the quasi-church and firm in carrying out their, and only their, directives. It nurtured the sense of camaraderie, yet exclusively toward those whole-heartedly dedicated to the cause of this state and the quasi-church. It nurtured honesty and love for truth, yet of a special kind: being able to unflinchingly betray a comrade, a friend, the father, to give away any confided secret inasmuch as it was at odds with the state interests and the quasi-church's directives. It nurtured a creative approach toward work, all for becoming more effective in promoting the state's and the quasi-church's interests through the workflow. It nurtured the thirst for knowledge, yet it was channeled strictly along the vein of ensuring technical progress and forming a certain ideology. All this was imbued with a thoroughly cultivated, nurtured, nourished, watered, and warmed up hatred toward the enemy, that is, any thinker dissenting from the quasi-church's dogmas. As a result, there had been formed a developed, dynamic, cheerful, and strong-willed personality which, in its way, was honest and idea-driven, yet ruthlessly cruel, spiritually narrow, religiously ignorant, and often mistaking meanness for a feat and barbarity – for valor and heroism. There had been formed a type of the staunch, cocksure fanatic thinking of his or her state as of the best state there was; of his or her people as of the best people on the planet; of his or her quasi-church as of the shrine radiating with the absolute truth; of his or her ideology as of being impeccably right; as of his or her leader as of being infallible not just "ex cathedra" but in all moments of his life; and of the rest as the waste and rubbish of history, a nuisance to be ruthlessly done away with.

However firm were the positions of the Doctrine in claiming human souls, the struggle of the Providential principle with those set to eradicate it carried on almost invisibly inside those souls, often unconsciously. The undefeatable resistance of Spirit shone through in everyday routine, in families, in friendship, in love, in the secret stirrings of the human heart, in a vague longing, in the unextinguishable doubts spontaneously rising from the depths of conscience, and in the wafts of beauty pouring into the soul from the great creations of the past.

Such was the intensity of combating spirituality in the 1930's of the twentieth century, when the gigantic figure of a ghastly human being, foreseen from afar and foretold by the great prophets of Russia, came to tower in all its acuity over one sixth of the Earth (the territory of the Soviet Union, *t/n*).

### ***11.3. Dark Shepherd***

In his astounding poem "Prediction", which the young Lermontov wrote in 1830, he talks about the uncrowning of the royal dynasty, of the people's renunciation of their former rulers, and the rape and pillage that would sweep across the country. Amid all this mayhem, as he continues, there would appear a "grim-faced powerful man" with "a Damascus steel knife" in his hands who would jeer at all the sufferings.

In another edition of the poem's ending, this man wears "a black cloak" and has "a majestic face" replacing "the inclining plume" of the original version. Either way, the last line testifies to Lermontov's inability to see clearly through the womb of the coming century. "The inclining plume" is but a tribute to youthful romanticism, the transference of an "artifact" onto the future era. "The black cloak" is a poetic metaphor standing for the pitch-black darkness, which would envelop this ghastly figure lurking in the haze and clouds a whole century away. As for "the noble face", here we may deal with a characteristic trait of Lermontov's Demon transferred upon an uncannily powerful and deeply demonized human being. Or, perhaps, it is an indication that the poet's prophetic vision has two historical figures of the coming century merge into a single image – they as though overlap on the time continuum, for Lermontov could not clearly differentiate between the dark giant and his noble-faced predecessor.

Two years before the revolution of 1905, another poet, this time Alexander Blok, wrote another poem. In the beginning of it, he describes, and rather precisely at that, the atmosphere in society just before the revolution. Yet, this description abruptly slips into a portrait of a “dark, malevolent, and ferocious pacifier of the people” that “drives people to the unknown abysses” with “an iron staff” in hand. The poem concludes with “Oh, God! Away from this fate!”

Yet, dodging this fate was too late. The appearance of this being had been predetermined too long ago and by too formidable forces coming from the infracosmos. Russian literature of the nineteenth century has another prediction of him, even more staggering considering that, among other things, it belongs to the author who was far from the metahistorical ideas and premonitions of the distant future. It was written in the form of prose, not poetry, and its content is so profound that I will have to depart from the rule which I normally adhere to in this writing: to not overindulge in citations. I feel compelled to give a whole series of them and only regret that the boundaries of this book cannot contain everything which concerns the forewarning about this being in a rather well-known work of the Russian classics (*“The History of a Town”* by Saltykov-Shchedrin, *translator’s note*).

“This is a man of an average stature with a wooden-like face... coal-black hair covers his conical skull and tightly rims – just like a yarmulke – his narrow... forehead. His eyes are... crested with somewhat swollen lids. His glance is clear and unwavering. His lips are thin, pale, and fluffed with a trimmed bristle of moustache. His jaws are developed but have no stark predatory expression. Rather, there is an inexplicable aura about them to crush or bite something asunder. He dons a buttoned-up military style frockcoat.”

You read this – and cringe. What is this? When and whom was it written about? It was written in the 1860’s. Yet, why is there such an incredible coincidence with the appearance, which *our* generation, unlike the people of the 1860’s, is so well familiar? Let’s read on:

“This face is questionless. On the contrary, all its features emanate some soldier-like, imperturbable confidence that all questions have long been cleared. What are these questions? How have they been cleared?... Perhaps, this is a question of the all-out extermination or, maybe, of simply having all people develop protuberated, wheel-shaped chests? Nothing is certain. It is only evident that this unknown question is going to be cleared at any cost. As such an unnatural timing of the

known to the unknown is bound to entangle further on, the only consequence of this state of affairs is the total panic of fear.”

“The viewer’s gaze meets an idiot of the purest kind that made some macabre resolution and gave an oath to himself to deliver on it... When idiocy is complemented with authority, the task of safeguarding society becomes immensely complicated.”

“Ugryum-Burcheev numbered among the most fanatical neutralizers. Having drawn a straight line, he set to compress the visible and invisible worlds into it so that it would become impossible to move either forward or back, either turn left or right.”<sup>1</sup> “There is nothing more dangerous than the imagination of a scoundrel that has no restraints whatsoever and is totally unperturbed with a prospect of corporal punishment. Once excited, it shakes off any yoke of reality and starts presenting the most grandiose undertakings to its bearer”. Ugryum-Burcheev (from Russian, *ugryumiy* or «угрюмый» translates as *grim*, and Burcheev seems to be a derivative of *burchat* – “бурчать” – which means *to mumble*, *t/n*) was “a scoundrel down to his core, by all his thoughts... Having ramified with an impenetrable mesh of roots and offshoots, a virtuosic linearity sat tight in his somber head like a willow stake. It was a mysterious forest filled with magical dreams. Mysterious shadows filed monotonously one after another; buttoned-up and trimmed, they just kept on walking in their uniform attires... Well ahead of their arrival to Glupov (a derivative of *glupiy* – “глупый” – translated as *foolish* from Russian, so Glupov basically means “Stupid Town”, *t/n*), they had already sketched out a whole systemized drivel in their heads, down to the smallest detail, of how to organize and regulate life in this ill-starred municipium.”

“The next day upon his arrival, he [Ugryum Burcheev] walked about the whole town... It was a long walk, his hand stretching out and his mind busy with scheming all along. Only when his gaze met the river, he felt that something out of the ordinary had happened to him. He forgot... he did not foresee anything like

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<sup>1</sup> Hardly did it occur to Saltykov-Shchedrin (a prominent Russian writer and satirist of the nineteenth century, *t/n*) that this striving to compress everything into a single straight line may have been a glimpse of his reminiscence of the milieu in the one-dimensional Pit of Shadanakar.

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this... A meandering strip of the liquid steel sparkled into his eyes, and not only did it not disappear – neither did it stop in its track under the gaze of this administrative basilisk.

– Who is there? – he asked, terrified.

Yet, the river continued with its murmur, and there was something tempting, almost ominous about it.”

“...At home, it took him only a minute to roundly resolve the question. He set to accomplish two equally marvelous feats: to destroy the town and eliminate the river. The means for performing the first feat had been already thought out; the other feat loomed vague and fragmentary. Yet, as there was no force in nature to convince this scoundrel in whatsoever ignorance of his, this ignorance was not only equipotent to but, in a sense, even more solid than knowledge. He was neither a technician, nor an engineer. Yet, he was a staunch scoundrel, and this is also a kind of force capable of conquering the world.”

“The town lay low; the air was stale and muggy. He did not make any arrangements, did not voice any thoughts, did not share his plans with anyone yet, but all understood – it was the end.”

As all those who have read Shchedrin know, the end began from the complete destruction of the old town and dumping all wreckage debris, including the dung, by the riverside.

“Finally, the craved-for moment arrived... Having summoned budochniks (low-rank policemen in the Russian Empire, *t/n*), he brought them to the river’s bank, step-measured the space, pointed with his eyes to the flow, and said in a clear voice:

– From here – to there!

However much were the commoners browbeaten, yet even they felt agitated. By then, only the human-made had been destroyed, but now there came the turn for something eternal, not of human making...

– Go! – he ordered to the budochniks glancing down the wavering crowd.

The fight with nature commenced.”

The fight with nature!.. According to a widespread opinion, Shchedrin rendered, albeit satirically, the image Arakcheev in Ugryum-Burcheev. They say there is a certain similarity between the Shchedrin’s character and the image of the

detestable favorite. They also find there a caricature of military settlements, which Ugryum-Burcheev entertained in his administrative and town-building designs. It is also clear that another real historical personage, another despot was reflected in this image that was even closer to Shchedrin chronologically – Nikolai I. Yet... fighting with nature? Neither Arakcheev, nor Nikolai I wiped out entire towns so as to build new ones along their half-witted gridded outlines. Neither one, nor the other mobilized the entire populace for a meaningless and blind fight with nature. Finally, the heaps of rubbish dammed up the river.

“There was a sound of crackling, whistling, and some monstrous gurgling... Then all quietened down. The river stopped for a minute and then started overflowing across the meadow side. By the evening, the overflow was so tremendous that its boundaries were nowhere to be seen while the water continued to rise. A hum was heard from somewhere; it seemed that entire villages were being crushed under the accompaniment of screams, moans, and curses. Hay stacks, logs, rafts, wreckage of village houses were floating and, having reached the dam, piling up in one spot.”

It is known that Ugryun-Burcheev’s designs were dashed the following morning. Overnight, the river washed out and carried away the dam and was now coursing again within its banks. Then the bewildered reformer decided to abandon the river and build the dreamed-of town Nepreklonsk (it can be translated as “Unyielding Town”, *t/n*) in a new place, on a smooth lowland. There, finally, overcome with sleepiness, he lay down holding an axe in his hand.

“Emaciated, humiliated, and ruined Glupovo residents breathed freely again after a long break. They looked at each other and, all of a sudden, felt ashamed. They did not understand what exactly had happened around them, but they felt that the air was filled with obscenities, and it was impossible to breathe it any longer. Did they have a history? Were there any moments in this history when they could express their independence? They remembered nothing. They could only recall to have had Urus-Kugush-Kil’dibaevy, Negodyaevy (a derivative of “negodyai” or *villain*, *t/n*), Borodavkiny (can be translated as “the warty ones”, *t/n*), and, to add insult to injury, this awful, graceless scoundrel! And all these smothered, gnawed, and ripped them with teeth – for the sake of what? Their chests were flushed with blood, their faces cringed in rage when recalling the graceless idiot that had come God knows from where, with an axe in hand and inscrutable impudence to pass a verdict on the past, present, and future...”

Ugryum-Burcheev awakened and resumed erecting Nepreklonsk, but the atmosphere had subtly changed. “He grew suspicious. He was stunned with silence during the day and rustle during the night. At twilight, he saw some shadows roaming about the town and disappearing God knows where. At sunrise, the very shadows reappeared in the town and promptly ran off home. This phenomenon repeated several days in a row, and every time he was about to leave his house and investigate into the cause of the nightly tumult, but each time a superstitious fear held him back.”

Citations have come to a close.

Surprising about them, of course, is not the fact that the great satirist gave a one-sided, unrealistic, and sharply grotesque image taken to monstrosity. That is a day’s job for a satirist. What is surprising is that, having started out from concrete historical figures of the past, figures of a lower stature, he had preempted a colossal figure of the future in his writing. Of course, he had depicted it only from the angle likening it to the Russian despots of the past. Yet, long, acute, and much anguished peering of the thinker into images typical of Russian history and its tendencies had led him to prophesize of the one, in whom the tyrannical tendency, which had shown up in Biron, Pavel, Arakcheev, and Nikolai I, would reach a climax only in the future – there would appear someone at the heights of power who, in one of his most essential aspects, would resemble Ugryum-Burcheev more than all his other precursors.

The great tyrants of Russian history, such as Ivan the Terrible and Nikolai I, were instruments of the demon of “greatpower” statehood – and just that. This exhausted their metahistorical significance, except that in the first period of his reign, Ivan IV had been an instrument of the demiurge, while in the second his will was aligned with Velga’s. The next Zhrugr would have Stalin as his instrument, too. Yet, by no means would this exhaust Stalin’s metahistorical role.

However great was Russia under Ivan the Terrible and, especially, under Nikolai I, her victories and defeats, the waxing or waning of her power had a direct impact only upon a limited geographical area: Middle Europe, as well as the Near and Middle East. The belligerent Russian ideology of the first two Zhrugrs – the idea of the Third Rome and the concept of “autocracy, Orthodoxy, and nationalism” were marked with parochialism, both national and confessional. It well agreed with the then stage of technical development and the level of international ties in the world, which humanity had achieved by then. Yet, the ties were strengthening and branching out. As for technological achievements, having brought continents

closer together and caused the warlike neighbors to bump foreheads just like rams hitting one another, they had changed the very notion of geographical space. For the first time, Russia found herself at the vanguard of history, and this was the very minute when the international Doctrine gained prominence inside the country. Russia became the first country armed with such an ideology that could potentially sweep across the whole globe. Moreover, the Doctrine's inner impulse presupposed precisely such a planetwide expansion. When we talk about global empires or the global pretensions of great conquerors of the past from Genghis Khan to Napoleon and the British Empire, we use the word "global" in its conventional sense. Revolutionary Russia with her Doctrine was the first bearer of the global tendency in its absolute sense. The secret of its influence was that, unlike the dream of establishing the hegemony of a certain people (this dream is utopian, for no people is numerous enough to realize it), now the idea of an international commonwealth of nations was put forth. This commonwealth was to be bound together with a new social order, which was to spread like fire all over the world as a result of revolutionary outbreaks. The galvanizing, liberating significance of this concept for the countries outside of Russia was immense, especially for the colonies and half-colonies of the East and South. In some countries, it all gradually unfolded as outlined in Moscow; other countries underwent these changes, for the most part, thanks to the Soviet army's bayonets. There were quite a few countries, such as India or Burma, wherein this revolutionizing principle dramatically changed its ethical and political coloration. Be that as it may, not only the Russian suprapeople's masses but also other suprapeoples, other nations became actively involved in these revolutionary or transformational activities. Russia only strived, whenever possible, to keep to her guiding role (occasionally, she succeeded in doing this, but, over time, her prominence increasingly faded).

This is only natural, for not only the third witzraor of Russia loomed behind the images of both leaders of revolutionary Russia – there towered also the shadow of an incomparably more formidable planetary being, the executor of the great demonic plan called Urparp.

Yet, the significance, roles, and nature of these two human instruments essentially differed.

One of them was a human (Vladimir Lenin, *t/n*), just like nearly all bearers of light-filled or dark missions are. Of course, his shell and all other components of his being had been tampered with for many years, if not centuries, so as to turn



him into an obedient tool of the will. Despite all this, his personal monad remained untouched and still hovered in its multi-sun IroIn. His human image, his mold, to a certain degree, invariably reflected the light of this monad, however many barriers were put between the monad and the human being by his demonic nurturers. His mold even featured traits, which seemed an obstacle for his mission. Yet, these could not be stifled altogether. This man did not become either bloodthirsty or actively cruel. He zealously believed in the Doctrine and worked not for some egotistical end but in the pursuit of this very ideal. He loved the Russian people and the whole of humanity in his own, collectively abstract way, with his wistful-intellectual love. He was well-meaning as he understood this “well”. If he took to rather harsh measures and was quite ruthless at times, this was dictated not by some vengefulness or inhumanity of his own, but by his conviction that such was the sad reality of the revolution. He did not take pleasure in bloodshed or inflicting sufferings as such. Even when he was seriously wounded in a terrorist attack against him and this nearly cost him his life, the leader found the moral power and sufficient political acumen, perhaps, even humanness to insist on imprisonment rather than execution of the political she-criminal. He had a fatherly concern for his party members. As for dealing with leaders of oppositional movements inside the party, he never took to measures other than the heat of discussions, admonitions, and throwing around the weight of his authority. Political figures that repeatedly expressed their dissenting views, whether it be Trotsky, Zinoviev, or Bukharin, nonetheless, remained active members of the party’s elite and carried a tremendous load in the general party and state activities.

Many a time, Lenin’s interference averted overmuch severe punishments or too drastic measures of the local authorities, which testifies to the fact that universal feelings of pity, compassion, and justice were not foreign to this leader. He had absorbed the democratic ideals of the preceding generations too earnestly; he was too refined to be turned into a tyrant. His attitude toward the so-called “national minorities” also proves the case: his instructions are suffused with so much care so as to not prick their national pride – morbidly sensitive owing to a long oppression – that one cannot help marveling how these directives became trampled over by his successor (Stalin, *t/n*) so blatantly and cynically.

Lenin was an internationalist not in word but in deed. In many regards, he was an implementer of the dark mission. Yet, he deeply believed that his activities were aimed at the good of humanity.

Another nature and another pre-existence shaped the second leader (Stalin, *t/n*) in a totally different cast.

Every incarnation of this being had been a rehearsal of sorts. The penultimate time he had appeared on the historical arena in the same form, as Dostoevsky, with his genius metahistorical sagacity, had impressed upon his Great Inquisitor. He was not Torquemada or some other bigwig of this satanic experience; neither did he belong to the rank and file. He appeared when the political wave was on the wane. Over the years, it had become obvious to him that turning the Catholic Church into an obedient instrument of Gagtungr, into a pathway toward planetwide tyranny was impossible. Yet, his experience with and activities in the vein of the inquisition gave much to this being, developed in him the thirst for power, the thirst for blood, and sadistic cruelty. This also charted out the means of communication between the inspiration of Gagtungr or, more precisely, of Urparp, and his waking consciousness. The inspiration came to be apprehended not only subconsciously as before but, at times, it was poured directly into the compass of his waking mind. There is a special term – “khokhha”. It means the satanic delight, that is, a kind of ecstatic state when a human being enters into communication with high-echelon demonic forces not while asleep, not in a trance-like state but while being fully conscious. In sixteenth century’s Spain, only this being had access to khokhha. It had reached the level of conscious satanism.

In-between this incarnation and the next, this being first stayed, of course, in the Pit wherein its shelt, together with the astral body had been thrown down by the load of his terrible karma. Then it moved up to Gashsharva: extricated from the Pit by Urparp and his servants, the antichrist in-the-making had been preparing there for his next incarnation over more than two hundred years. Just as a reminder: the monad of a great Roman emperor once stolen from Iroln by Gagtungr himself still languished in captivity in the depth of the purple ocean, in Digm, while “the beheaded shelt” stayed in a lethargic stupor of sorts in one of the dungeons of Gashsharva.

It appears, however, that deep inside this being, despite its conscious adoration of Gagtungr, there was a spark or, to put it differently, there lurked a shadow of a doubt in its choice. Or, perhaps, it was just an instinctive fear of an inconceivably dreadful catastrophe in the wake of the coming apotheosis. Thus or otherwise, this sparkle was finally put out at the beginning of its new earthly existence. Born in a poor religious family, in a little village in a small country on the border between Asia and Europe, this being saw again the light of the day. As early as in its teens,

it bid good-bye to everything that directly or indirectly tied it to Christianity. It had seemed that Providential forces had opened the doors of salvation to it once again by enabling its journey as a priest into the folds of the church. Yet, what prospects could this humble road offer to a being possessed with an impulse for world rule? Preparation for the spiritual pathway – in both senses – was done away with once and for all. It is also possible that this choice, essentially, had been made even earlier in Gashsharva, and now it just found its consonant expression in Enrof. The object of the agelong nurturement of the devil joined the revolutionary movement in Caucasus and roundly scrutinized the Doctrine. It became obvious to him that he would hardly find a better disguise and a more fitting program for the first steps of seizing power.

Yet, why was this being, which had been destined to rule over Russia, born not in a Russian family but in the womb of another, peripheral, and small nation? Obviously, for the selfsame reasons that Napoleon had been born not of France but as a Corsican, not as an inheritor, in blood and spirit, of the great French culture and national character but as a twice usurper: he seized the power without the social consent and in total disregard of inheritance rights, and he did this in a country other than his own at that. Both Corsica and Georgia were severe, mountainous, and culturally backward countries wherein human life cost little, and any conflict outgrew into a bloodletting confrontation. So the geography did its part having instilled in these two spawns a deep contempt for the value of human life, burning vengefulness, inability to forgive, and the stunning ease of using arms pertinent to the native-born of their countries. In order to fulfill their destinies in France and Russia, both beings had to be as if foreign bodies in their homelands, unattached with any irrational, innermost, spiritual ties to the peoples that were to become the arena of their activities and, in the main, their victims. One had to come with “an axe in hand God knows from where, with unspeakable impudence” to act like a conqueror on the conquered land.

Louis XIV cold-bloodedly waged his wars identifying the state with himself and sending thousands of Frenchmen to their doom. Peter the Great sacrificed tens of thousands of serfs for the construction of Petersburg. Lenin worked for the sake of world revolution, which would have claimed millions of lives. Yet, throwing nearly a half of the male populace of France into the furnace of unflagging wars, all to expand the personal domain; sacrificing ten millions of Russian soldiers at the least, in order to save the unhallowed throne, putting one fifth of the country's populace behind barbed wire, and being ready to turn the most beautiful towns and

most flourishing places of the country into a lunar landscape, all to establish his personal reign over the entire planet – no, neither, Louis IX, nor Peter the Great, nor Lenin would have dared to do that. They had the same blood running in their veins as what their peoples would shed; they shared the same cultural values as their nations; they held dear the past and future of their precious, sweet, and irreplaceable countries.

Yet, “the father of lies” had been preparing his spawn over centuries and never told it, of course, the whole truth, neither about his ultimate goal and possibilities, nor about the purpose of each individual stage of the preparation. When making arrangements for his last incarnation, the great demonic mind was aware that the conditions in Enrof had not yet ripened for the antichrist’s reign, and the candidate was totally unprepared for this role either. His being could not yet contain those superhuman gifts, which the ruler of the world would have required. The organs, which were to develop in his material vessel, were still at the embryonic stage. There was no room yet to implant scientific genius, statesmanship genius, artistic genius, and that of dark religiosity. For the aptitude for khokhha itself, is insufficient to clothe diabolic inspiration into such forms of the great quasi-religion that would be appealing to humanity. Urparp knew like no one else, that a dress rehearsal should have been done before the main performance. Yet, the spawn was to be instilled with an illusion that it was going to be the actual spectacle and he would achieve his global goal if he played his role well. Such an illusion would have been a great incentive for the actor to play at his full capacity, that is, to play the leading role in the global revolutionary movement.

When peering at a child portrait of this spawn, one may be overcome with an eerie feeling. Such a stark contrast with the face of the little Lenin! There is nothing of the boy, nothing of the child in it!.. Its uncanny forehead is much lowered and tightened with a rim of black, slick hair pulled over “like a yarmulke” so that this would seem a sign of degeneration, if it were not for the stunning conical form of its skull that, unlike smoothly rounding back, rises higher and higher, up to the very crown. Capering off, it ends with a protuberance, which speaks of a high mystical giftedness. The chin is oblong and narrow; later, it would broaden. The nose is belligerently protruding. The outlines of the dry and pale, pursed lips emanate persistence, heartlessness, and strange, insensitive obtusity. As for the intensely misplaced eyes, they are so stern, cocksure, and inimical that such a look would hardly ever have come from a child.

The portrait of this being, now as a grown-up man, of course, had been in our face for thirty years. There was no way of making a step without seeing it right, left, or in the front. And it is hard to get rid of being accustomed to his face, of the many associations that his face strikes, and to look at these features without being unbiased. In the majority of his portraits, the leader's eyes are slightly squinted and are as though half-closed with somewhat swollen lids. At times, there is a grimace that duly imitates a kindly, cunning half-grin, the one that Lenin used to have. Sometimes, he is as though intensely peering into the distance. Only in the portrait by Brodsky (Daniil Andreev may have mixed up artists; most likely, it was Pavel Filonov, *t/n*), are Stalin's eyes properly opened: pitch-black darkness, ferocious and formidable, stares out from there. Thick, back-swept hair covers the abnormal skull; the famed moustache softens the too revealing outline of the lips. It must be said that the moustache as such gave a tinge of no small importance: the tinge of some vulgar primitivity, as if the owner of the moustache took pride in his masculine coarseness and cultivated it within himself. The narrow oval of the childish face had long been replaced with a well-defined square: this can be explained with a gradual development of the crushingly strong jaws capable, it seems, of grinding stones. Incredible willpower has impressed itself upon this face, and so too infinite cocksureness. Not a single touch of spirituality, even of developed sensitivity shows in these facial features. Only hard-hitting insidiousness, coupled with unintelligible obtusity is discernible in these features, and there is something else quite bewildering and worrisome: the skull! The skull! What do these uncanny protuberances of the head contain, what are these unique proportions all about?

Insidiousness, willpower, obtusity, and inhumanness – these qualities alone do not suffice to leave a trace in history comparable to his. There must also be the gifts of the highest order. Perhaps, voice, timbre, and diction – something nonvisual – testify to these talents? Yet, all of us, his contemporaries, heard this non-vibrant, slow-paced, and obtuse automatic voice emasculated of nuances, this diction of an Easterner, who had not managed to master the proper Russian language.

What is he? Is he really an idiot? In this case, when and where, except in the town of Glupov, could an idiot become the absolute sovereign in a huge country? Not by right of birth but through his own efforts at that? In order to seize the power, to single-handedly rule in a humongous state for three decades, and make entire continents tremble, one has to feature something else apart from idiocy.

For now, let's leave this portrait and take a closer look at the biography of the statesman.

Despite the explicit and clear will of Lenin, which cautioned the party against giving too wide a mandate to this lover of "spicy food", the lover managed to push around all other contenders that had much greater merits; through a mesh of exquisite intrigues, he led all his rivals to their undoing, either through execution or ostracism; he did not fail to squash like insects all oppositional groups inside the party and beyond; he found a way to grind the intelligentsia – the nursery of dissidence – into powder and, in their stead, created his own equivalent of this cultural layer; he destroyed the outer shrouds and forms of religion having forced it to serve faithfully to the interests of its master; he managed to create such a cultural regime, in which even daredevils were rid of the possibility to raise their voices against the regime; he set up a security service that safeguarded its master from poison, daggers, bullets, and bombs; he had several million people imprisoned, just in case; he had the rest of the populace merge their voices in paeans of endless praise to him and only him, the beloved, wise, and dear – oh, in order to accomplish all this, one had to bear the genius of a particular kind: the dark genius of tyranny.

In the main, the genius of tyranny consists of two forces: the greatest power of self-assertion and the greatest cruelty.

Apparently, the history of humankind had never seen a being possessed with a hunger for self-assertion with such a force, intensity, and temperament. Nero's statue in the form of Apollo once erected by him near the Coliseum stands in no comparison to the tens of thousands of the revolutionary leader's statues, which were installed at any railway station forecourt, in any park, in any factory's yard and varied in size from a regular monument to that of Colossus of Rhodes! Having the main street in every town and a good third of all the collective farms in the country called after his name; making any social gathering, regardless of the purpose of the meeting, finish with an ovation honoring the leader; obliging all kinds of art, literature, music, and science with such glorification; having half of the twentieth century's humanity consider him a luminary in all spheres of knowledge; setting up a mechanism of forging historical documents for him to appropriate all revolutionary and statesmanship laurels of the defeated opponents; writing a new gospel so as to glorify himself and having the entire populace grind and almost memorize this rubbish; obscuring everything in such a manner that countless masses abroad would believe in their happy destiny of living in the same

time period with the wisest, most genius, and most humane mortal...All pretensions of past despots fade in comparison to this: as with the falsification of history by Ramses II; so praying in front of one's own image in the temple – this is what Caligula forced some priests into; the screaming one's head off with “Heil Hitler!” that clamored for ten years over Germany<sup>2</sup>; even heaps of human skulls or caravans carrying baskets filled up with torn-out human eyes – these are apotheoses of a rather earthly imagination of Genghis Khans and Timurs of all kinds.

As is known, Stalin saw to the rehabilitation of certain monsters of the past – Ivan the Terrible and Malyuta Skuratov, for instance. Yet, he gave a contemptuous remark about Ivan the Terrible in the end: “After execution of just a handful of boyars, he prays and thumps his chest for two weeks. What a weakling!” Indeed, only Stalin, perhaps, was entitled to call Ivan IV a weakling.

These unparalleled forms and proportions of tyranny speak of the superhuman thirst for self-assertion and equally superhuman cruelty.

He was as bloodthirsty as a true demon could be. What state interests, if only understood in a twisted way, were involved in the systematic, periodic massive bloodlettings? The first time Stalin engaged in this was at the beginning of the Collectivization (in the Soviet Union, the forced transformation of traditional agriculture into being state-owned over the period of 1929-1933, *t/n*) when “kulaks” or, to put it differently, the well-off peasantry was wiped out as a class as per his directive. An awful lot of people were left with no means of support. They were relocated to the godforsaken lands, which were ill-suited even for livestock. There, many yielded up their spirit. “A hum was heard from somewhere; it seemed that entire villages were being crushed under the accompaniment of screams, moans, and curses. Haystacks, logs, rafts, wreckage of village houses were floating...” (from Saltykov-Shchedrin’s “The History of a Town”, *t/n*). For one thing, should Lenin have been in charge of the collectivization of agriculture, let alone the true humanists and democrats, this undertaking would have been carried out totally differently. It would have been implemented with care, gradually, not by way of coercion but through demonstration of the advantages of collective farms, while preserving all material possessions of individual households.

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<sup>2</sup> I say “ten years”, for the buzzing of patriotic slogans was totally muffled with the noise and clamor of raids and bomb explosions.

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This would have been to the advantage of the peasantry, agriculture, the state, and the worldwide Doctrine overall. Instead, the Ukraine and some other territories were smitten with an unheard-of famine; it came even to cannibalism. Perhaps, historians of the future will be able to roughly estimate the total death toll of all these measures. One hecatomb (enormous sacrifices, *t/n*) was followed by another: first were the victims of the crackdown on religious confessions. After a short break while legions of Gagtungr were digesting the first splendid helping of gavvakh, another dish was being served to the banquet halls of Gashsharva and Digm: two or three million victims of “ezhovshchina” (a campaign of political repression in the Soviet Union in 1936-1938 led by Nikolai Ezhov, hence the term, *t/n*). The next hecatomb, now the victims of the Great Patriotic War, began to rise shortly after. Albeit indirectly, the second leader (Stalin, the first leader being Lenin, *t/n*) was also responsible for this. Once the stream of gavvakh dwindled in 1945, the human instrument of Urparp saw to a new one. It was impossible to continue with hostilities any longer – military resources ran short, and the enemy proved to be far ahead after having invented the atomic bomb. This meant finding ways of procuring new streams of gavvakh in a new international milieu.

And so, mass repressions began – random, meaningless, having countless fabrications plucked out of the air, with horrendous tortures, and with such a “regime” in certain “special camps” that Auschwitz and Buchenwald would pale in comparison to them. Of course, at the moment we do not possess precise statistical data on the victims of that period. It is beyond doubt, however, that the death toll in labor camps in the period 1945-1953 amounts to several millions. If one adds to this number all those who had died before as well as those one foot in the grave after Khrushchev liberated them on parole, tens of millions rather than millions would have to be accounted for.

When trying to make sense of what was really going on, many people were stumped. Some tried to explain out the atrocities as the insidious designs of those who had been erroneously put by Stalin at the head of the state security agency. The leader himself inspired such interpretations and, from time to time, dismissed and severely punished his protégés. Following the suit of the executed Yagoda, Ezhov sank into the abyss, then it was Abakumov’s turn. And now, after the leader’s death, the one who, by the highest decree, had overlooked the state security for fifteen years shared their fate (Lavrentiy Beria, *t/n*). It was evident to all that such measures had not been necessitated by state interests. Moreover, they were at dismal odds with one another. This will be obvious to any historian. As for



the metahistorical perspective, compounding it all is the fact that neither Zhruqr, nor the igvas had taken interest in all this gavvakh – they feed, rather, on the psychic radiations of the state complex in human feelings. Therefore, the eyes of the metahistorian would see Stalin not just as a human instrument of the Third Witzraor, but also as a tool of the Great Tormentor himself. For only Gagtungr and the demons of Gashsharva were interested in the inflow of those unheard-of heaps of gavvakh.

Thus we become aware of two components of what can be called a genius aptitude for tyranny in this being: the thirst for self-assertion as well as active cruelty brought to a nearly ecstatic intensity.

Yet, even today Stalin enjoys the repute of a great statesman – a remarkable politician and diplomat, outstanding military commander, stellar organizer, and even cultural luminary. Let's take a closer look: what were the foremost state tasks of Stalin before World War II? To my mind, these could be outlined as follows: bolstering his absolute autocracy and the elimination of whatsoever opposition; the struggle with spirituality; collectivization of agriculture; industrialization; the preparation of the military machine to repel a potential assault and take its own leap west, east, and south; creating a favorable international situation for this end; maximal conservation of the human resources of the Soviet Union for the showdown with the capitalistic world.

However, it does not take great statesmanship skills for beefing up one's autocracy and wiping out the opposition. It suffices to be just a genius tyrant. It suffices to be a tyrant to struggle with spirituality the way Stalin did. I have already pointed out the anti-state nature of collectivization methods. To add insult to injury, the country's fateful lagging behind in terms of agricultural production can be explained not only with the topsy-turvyism of collectivization as such, but also the policy of squeezing out all the juices from the peasantry and the incompetent economic management, which had been the hallmark of Stalin's overall agricultural course. What also had a detrimental impact is that the inordinate acceleration of heavy industrial development had caused huge numbers of the people's masses to leave the villages. The Great Patriotic War had entailed even a greater exodus of people from rural areas, and nothing was done to stimulate their return after the war, to make them interested in boosting their agricultural productivity. Blind faith in purely outward measures led to recumbency upon the mechanization of agriculture. All this resulted in the depopulation of the villages, the rise of barren lands, thousands of tractors and harvester-threshers harassing the

rest of the land reserves, and the empty bellies of villagers. It is only natural that the folk abandoned the villages for towns by hook and crook.

The state and the Doctrine overall would have also benefitted, hadn't the plan of industrialization been so one-sided, hadn't the production of commodities been neglected. Yet, as the wellbeing of the populace was not a top priority, unlike the militarization of industry, in case of a war, people were told to tough it out somehow for five years (the Soviet economy under Stalin had five-year industrialization plans, *t/n*), then for another five years, then for another, then, perhaps, for two-three more so as to furnish the country with production means. And so, by the end of the thirty-year reign, the light industry, as well as the agricultural produce was just enough to satisfy the needs of the large cities. The rest of the populace was permanently lacking in essentials.

It would seem that all this was being done for the creation of an unheard-of, incredibly powerful military machine. Strangely or fatefully enough, even this chief recipient of the country's efforts and resources was not in perfect condition. Tyranny intolerant of any remarkable personalities to stand close to it led to the decimation of the Soviet army's elite shortly before World War II: tens of gifted military commanders, including Mikhail Tukhachevsky, were done away with for no apparent reason. The lack of effort to buttress up the military aviation is astonishing. Even more stunning is the fact that the first two five-year plans did not see construction of any new lines of communication. When the Germans invaded, the country had at its disposal the very mesh of railroads that had been built as early as in the nineteenth century. Even the most strategically important roads, for example, a major section of the Moscow-Kiev road, were only one-way. As for the expansive Asian dominion, over twenty years it saw construction of only one sizeable railway road – so-called Turksib. In the first year of the Patriotic War, all this incompetence coupled with a string of blunders in international affairs entailed the loss of all territories to the enemy down to Stalingrad when the Soviet army was retreating.

He was a genius politician and an outstanding diplomat – so they say. It is hard, however to see any brilliance in such a political course which, from the time of the revolution up until 1941, had kept the country in international isolation; which had shut tight all windows, not only to Europe but elsewhere, so as to not let in any wafts of a foreign ideology; which, through supporting revolutionary movements in other countries and proclaiming the mortal combat with capitalism, first evoked concerns, then fears, then, finally, rescued from obscurity such an aggressive and

inhumane countervailing ideology as German National Socialism; which, unsure of which enemy is worse – this kind of socialism or Anglo-French colonialism – scrambles between negotiations with one and the treaty of friendship with the other, only to receive a skull-crackling blow on the head from the insidious enemy. This political course appears anything but successful considering the further developments, when “the genius politician and an outstanding diplomat” was played around with promises to open the second front in 1942, then in 1943, and allowed his motherland to bleed profusely while swallowing one diplomatic lie and failure after another.

Yet, certain lessons were learned. Impotent rage was seething inside this being (Stalin, *t/n*) first under the blows of the German adversary, then from the realization of having been befooled with the Western states’ diplomacy. This rage proved to be a great impetus for focusing all attention, all concern, all the people’s efforts on catching up with and outpacing the strongest Western state in terms of armaments in the post-war years. Fortunately, this goal was achieved only after his death. This *is* fortunate, for had he managed to accomplish this earlier, World War III would have been a bygone past by now, and so too Paris, Rome, New York, London, Moscow, Leningrad, and so forth.

Apparently, Stalin, up to a point, possessed organizational skills. Otherwise, it would have been impossible to single-handedly coordinate all major spheres of life in the state which was so much centralized at that. This was particularly noticeable during the war when he, almost day and night, steered as the military machine, so the home front and international affairs, meddling into everything. It is another question whether anybody except him had a need to be meddling around and, after all, whether the cause of defending the country gained anything from this. Only a true genius or, rather, super-genius, given the then helter-skelter, outrageous haste, and lightning-quick changing from one question to completely another, could have avoided his crude miscalculations, rush decisions, and fallacious conclusions. Tyranny, incapable of sharing prerogatives of the supreme authority with anyone else, yet once again overrode the mind and will of the statesman.

As for applying the term “military commander” to Stalin, this is some sort of misunderstanding. History has not seen and will never see a military commander that did not venture, over the course of the four-year war, even once to come to the front so as to inspire soldiers with his own bravery and manliness; that, instead, holed up in the most unreachable place, called out real military professionals,

active duty marshals, and generals that bore all the weight of the actual command, counseled with them on each and every military question, only to appropriate these opinions, these decisions, these strategic and tactical conceptions as his own. One would assume that Zhukov, Rokossovsky, or Malinovsky (Soviet generals and military commanders, *t/n*) would have had much to tell about this commander-in-chief, mainly whether he would have managed to suggest any wise initiatives without prior consultations with them.

Excitability and political acumen are hardly compatible. During the war, Stalin, apparently, was so much overcome with thrill and excitement that the post-war future was hardly of any interest to him, and this did lead to incorrigible blunders. An example of this: in the course of the four-year war when every other fit male in the country was drafted, the generalissimo (the chief commander Stalin, *t/n*) put forth the idea “Everything for the war”, which manifested, among other things, in not allowing officers and soldiers to go to a vocation. The logical outcome of this was a catastrophic drop in the birth rate. The population’s yearly growth saw a four-year yawning breach which was going to catch up to the 1959-1963 period in the most terrifying way, when, in the face of the looming World War III, the state would not have draft-age youth lined up. Perhaps, the leader thought that he would have managed to unleash and finish the third war before the generation born at the beginning of the 1940’s would have reached the draft age.

Can anyone who not only shears, but also decimates their livestock be called a good cattle farmer? Can a farmer spudding out vegetable sprouts along with weeds be called anything but a destroyer of his farm? Can a political leader that, as a result of his political course, has the entire military machine of the neighbor crashing down on him out of a clear blue sky, be a good politician and diplomat? If someone eliminates hosts after hosts of his seasoned proponents for no apparent reason and, often, without a pretext, would this person be considered a sensible head of the party, the true leader? A wolf this is, not a shepherd.

And so, the bearer of a dark genius of sorts, which manifested in everything that concerned tyranny, turned out to be a rather mediocre statesman. Stalin was a poor master, poor diplomat, poor party leader, and poor statesman.

Yet, we know of certain manifestations of his personality that speak of an even lower quality of his rather than simply “poor”. This concerns his so-called cultural activities.

“He was neither a technician, nor an engineer.” A dabbler in all domains of knowledge except, perhaps, political-economical sciences, Stalin fancied himself a genius of the encyclopedic type and, with the “inscrutable impudence” of Ugryum-Burcheev, he came to overlook the whole scientific domain of the Soviet Union. Of course, he did not do any laboratory research. Yet, the activities of the whole system of the Soviet Academy of Sciences with all its institutes, as well as the work of the elementary, middle, and high school were guided in accordance with Stalin’s personal directives. Moreover, wide social discussions were held on the questions of biological, physical, even astronomical disciplines, all to form a viewpoint on the current scientific problems, which had been preempted and defined by Stalin himself. There is more to it than that: in certain fields of science, he even set himself as a researcher. It is needless to say that each of his judgments became an unshakeable dogma for all specialists working in the field. Still fresh in memory are his works in the field of linguistics when he mixed axiomatic truths like defining language as the main means of people’s communication with some nonsensical contentions. It suffices to recall his opinionated statement to the effect that reasoning outside of words is impossible, which perplexed specialists: how could this give credence to the reasoning of a composer that thinks out a new creation, or of an architect designing a new project, or of an artist starting a new painting?

Poorly gifted with visual thinking and having been accustomed to verbalize nearly all his thought process, Stalin, apparently, had no clue of the nature of artistic creativity. However, it did not preclude him from viewing himself as a deep connoisseur of aesthetical values, as a sensitive indicator of where and how literature, architecture, art, music, and theater were to be headed. Commonly known is his aphorism regarding Gorky’s tale “*A Maiden and Death*”: “This piece is stronger than Goethe’s “Faust”. It can be nicely complemented with another one which is hardly remembered these days but is easily searchable in the newspapers of 1926 and 1927. In those antiquated times, Stalin, together with Lunacharsky and Kalinin (top Soviet officials, *t/n*), attended an exhibition of the Moscow organization of AKhRR (Association of Artists of Revolution, *t/n*). As an edification for the future generations, high guests scrawled down their impressions in the guestbook. With a glitter characteristic of him, Lunacharsky took advantage of the opportunity to expound a whole aesthetical credo. Kalinin was more modest: he tactfully admitted that he was far from the questions of art and, as succinctly as he could, described what he did like and why. The third visitor

turned out more short-spoken than others. His review was as follows: “Fairly well, to my mind. I. Stalin”.

Yet, in six-seven years’ time, the man who had exposed his artistic idiocy reached such a position that his fist grabbed hold of the reins to all the Pegasuses of Soviet art and literature.

The touch of artistic eclecticism, outward megalomania, tastelessness, and nouveau-rich drive for conspicuous luxury is indelible from all the things which Stalin used in order to immortalize himself as a great builder, whether it be the Moscow subway stations and high-rises or the Volgodonsk floodgates and new embellishments of Stalingrad. Few individual successes – serendipitous achievements of some architects that managed to persuade the leader in their artistic views – were drowned in the absurd mash-up of various style elements: in Doric porches and Gothic spires; in Renaissance stanzas and modern columns; in massive white sculptural ensembles waving with marble banners and emblems, which were as though crying out of their shoddiness to the heavens; in the unparalleled incongruity of mosaics, wherein figures, clothed in colorless party jackets and peak caps, loom at the golden hieratic background of Byzantium.

Genius tyrant. Poor master. Failed scientist. Artistic idiot. Alas! – idiocy it is. Saltykov-Shchedrin was right in this regard. And this ill-starred idiocy also manifested outside of the artistic field. Not understanding the boundaries of his own aptitudes and capacities was an idiocy, and so too the rigidity of his mind complicit in a long string of political blunders, from underestimating Hitler in the 1930’s to the rift with Yugoslavia on the eve of the 1950’s. The inability to respect anyone but himself, inability to understand howsoever subtle and complex movements of the soul. Strangely enough, despite his rather extensive erudition, Stalin remained a half-intellectual.

Why didn’t Urparp see to the enriching of this being as with statesmanship genius, so with scientific and artistic brilliance then? Wouldn’t this have invited the planetwide triumph of the Doctrine? Oh, it would have definitely invited it! Had statesmanship genius precluded the second leader from a long string of truly fateful mistakes, the thirty years of his reign would have propelled communist Russia into a fabulous economic bloom and unheard-of influence upon all the peoples on the planet. Had his scientific brilliance ensured a rapid scientific and technological development of Russia, which would have outpaced the development of the capitalistic states and their military machines, it is highly likely that, by the mid-twentieth century, not the communization of Korea or

Vietnam, but the planetwide domination of the Doctrine would have been at the top of his agenda. Finally, had Stalin's might-have-been exceptional artistic endowment brought to life anything but the platitudinous and lame "Short Course" ("The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union", *t/n*) or his boring, drawn-out reports and speeches, his oral or written masterpieces capable of igniting human hearts would have been instrumental in establishing a real, not a dreamed-of, global single-person rule, with Stalin being the ruler.

Stalin's lack in scientific, statesmanship, and artistic genius was the result of a vigorous resistance on the part of the Providential forces. They managed to paralyze the dark gifts of the scientific and literary genius, which had been instilled by Urparp in the astral body of this being, before its birth in the Caucasus. The statesmanship genius had been yanked out of it in Enrof when it was a child. It could not realize this clearly, provided that Urparp did not make any haste to provide explanations. The vague memory of having been endowed with these dark gifts lingered in it, hence the gap between this being's deep conviction in its encyclopedic genius and the fact that no domain other than tyranny saw the manifestations of its genius. Stalin is a potential dark universal genius, unrealized thanks to the resistance of the Light.

It must be said that the demonic mind did not view the Doctrine as the only means of unifying the world. Other options were also being considered. The international revolutionary Doctrine was but the first serious attempt, the experience, and dress rehearsal of sorts: it was a probe into what powers could have cemented this planetwide unification better and with the least glimpse of spirituality at that. The potential, unrealized dark genius could have been ejected from Enrof into Gashsharva, so as to go through his final "drills" there and to apprehend his last incarnation in the next century: by the time, the fully materialized Doctrine would have removed all the obstacles on the way to his absolute tyranny, and the dark gifts would have been inserted, squeezed into, and imprinted upon him. Urparp would have known well by then about the weapon used by the forces of the Light to neutralize these gifts, and thus would have avoided another mistake.

The dress rehearsal was to clarify many other things. Particularly, was this candidate for the antichrist stronger than the others? It is true that there were, it seems, two others; one of them, for various reasons, could not be born in Enrof at the time. Yet, there remained the other, and the battle between these two candidates was to unerringly and ultimately decide who would play the leading role in the long-awaited spectacle.

I know nothing about how the other candidate (Hitler, *t/n*) had been led and readied. I see only the results. I see that he did possess the genius capacity for tyranny: the same appetite for self-assertion, the same bloodthirstiness, the very proclivity for any wickedness. Yet, the human instrument of the third witzraor of Germany whose metahistorical significance was not exhausted with the witzraor involution was unable to polish up these qualities. Certain purely human traits still lingered in him.

Stalin allowed for a possibility that he would live to see such a stage of scientific development which would prolong his life much beyond the normal human expectancy, perhaps, infinitely. Apparently, this dream grew stronger over the years. For this reason, he planned his state policy in such a way as though he would have never left the scene. He did not think about successors, did not give any testamentary prescriptions, did not write a will. His attitude seemed to be “after me deluge” or, perhaps, another aphorism would be more befitting: “I will always be, and the supposition that something will be after me is pointless”. Countless sculptures of his image, which he planted all over in the thousands, should not be understood as his desire to immortalize his image in the minds of the progeny. Perhaps, it was his original motivation, but later it gave way to something else: unlike his perpetuation in the minds of the future generations, it was, rather, his self-glorification aimed at his contemporaries. Tellingly, given all kinds of forms and techniques making up his personality cult, he, nonetheless, did not make any arrangements for his mausoleum: he did not will to admit a thought that, someday, he would be buried or mummified.

Such a soaring at the heights of his own personality cult in the rarified atmosphere of believing in his own immortality was out of the league of his German vis-à-vis. Hitler saw himself as the greatest conqueror of all time, as an exceptional and providential individual called upon to make the German people happy and see to the world hegemony of Germany. He even made toneless insinuations to the effect that he would give people a new religion after the war. Yet, he never envisioned himself as being physically immortal and, from time to time, resumed working on his will for the successors. He even appointed Gering as the inheritor of the duties and rights of the leader.

I do not know whence he came to the German Enrof. Be that as it may, he was not a “foreign substance” in the body of Germany. He was not a tribeless rogue but a man that manifested the most horrific albeit characteristic side of the German nation. He saw himself as the flesh of Germany’s flesh. He loved his land and his



people with a strange love in which nearly zoological demosexuality (demos + sexualism, *t/n*) mixed with a dream to bestow upon this people the bliss of global domination at all cost. For him, it would suffice to lead the people to and settle it in this bliss, and then simply resign into some otherworldly heights to be enjoying the fruits of his deeds and absorb the incense coming from the grateful generations from there.

Yet, the war thwarted all his schemes and, unlike an alluring blitzkrieg, turned out an unheard-of carnage which ground the flesh of his people for six long years (he was totally unconcerned with the fate of other peoples). With his lips foaming, he gritted his teeth, flung himself on the floor, and gnawed at the carpet out of rage, frustration, and grief, as his compatriots were perishing. And yet, he kept on driving them to slaughter, up until the last minute of his existence. Yet, it was not the same cold heartlessness, with which his enemy was driving millions of Russians to slaughter, but a desperate attempt to hold out till the moment when fortune would have smiled upon him, and the atomic bomb, finally invented by the Germans, would have turned Moscow and London into ashes.

His counterposing of himself and his teaching to any spirituality was not consistent and ultimate. He reverentially peeped at the undertakings of a circle grouping around Mathilde Ludendorff that tried to establish the modernized cult of the Old Germanic paganism. At the same time, he never severed all ties with Christianity. Promoting a rather hazy, yet spiritualistic worldview (“gottlieblich”) in his party, as is known, Hitler had a Christian wedding ceremony with Eva Braun two days before their suicide.

Generally speaking, there is the flair of romanticism about his demise. The bomb-shaken shelter in the basement of the Imperial Chancellery; the news received every minute about the enemy’s herds approaching the center of the capital; the half-mad, bluish pale man, now capable of only whispering; his extravagant wedding at the very last moment; his suicide and his final word to the effect that he was leaving but was going to “stand on guard here, at the heart of Germany” – all this, despite its grotesqueness, was quite human-like. Of course, I do not mean to say that there was anything *humane* about him. My point is that a being with an aptitude for absolute global tyranny would hardly stoop to such a sentimental agony.

I am not going to dwell on the qualities of Hitler’s character and mind, which made him inferior to his enemy (Stalin, *t/n*) and could give food for historians’

thought. I am only pointing out that, compared to Stalin, Hitler fell short of the traits of the absolute tyrant from the metahistorical perspective.

From this very standpoint, as well as from all others, Hitler's ideological concept also compared poorly to the Doctrine, for it lacked in its most appealing side: internationalism. The dream of the dominion of the seventy-million German nation over more than the two billions of the world population would seem delirious indeed. Had, by some miracle, World War II ended with the German victory, the concept must have been fundamentally revised so as to broaden the basis of "the nation" at least up to the European "master race". Yet, even under such a scenario, the very nature of this concept would have been abhorred and detested by the overwhelming majority of peoples on the planet. Urparp's task was quite the opposite: to crystallize such a teaching, which, while bearing the nucleus of the future global tyranny, would seem appealing to the majority from the very inception.

It is worth noting that while the concept of national socialism was hopelessly deficient because of its racial and nationalistic parochialism, the Soviet doctrine – at least, in the form it had dominated over the first twenty years – featured another, quite the opposite defect: all this time, it was rather contemptuous, even hostile toward any national impulse in the psyche of the masses. The national principle was only tolerated when it came to national minorities or oppressed national colonies. Yet, a defect it was, and Stalin realized this. Several years earlier, perhaps, out of the taste for vandalism, they had smashed mirrors and broken statues, had demolished the monuments of Russian architecture for no apparent reason, had turned temples and monasteries into God knows what, and had destroyed other civilian buildings under the pretext of straightening out streets (all for the ill-starred concept of linearity). And now, all of a sudden, Stalin turned to the national past of Russia, rehabilitated the whole pantheon of Russian statesmen of past epochs, and saw to nurturing in young generations a kind of synthetic – both national-Russian and international-Soviet – feeling of the motherland. He realized that, in light of the coming confrontation with the aggressive nationalistic ideology of fascism, the national impulse in his own people was not to be suppressed. On the contrary: it had to be stirred, harrowed, and made into playing into the very pocket of his design. He realized something else shortly after the war had begun: the [religious, *t/n*] confessions, which had been impossible to outroot from the psyche of the masses with any anti-religious policies, should have been turned into faithful servants, then slaves. A few pittancees like a merciful

permission to restore the patriarchate and the abstaining from demolishing any temples in the future (there remained only one tenth from their previous number anyways) sufficed for the clergy to fully align both with the program and practice of the party and state.

But this occurred as late as during the war when the slogan “Everything for the war!” flashed into Stalin’s brain like a torch. He planned to outsmart the enemy by having him bleed in the struggle with Western democracies and then, once both coalitions had been weakened, squash them with his international Doctrine and twenty-million fresh army. Yet, this was not to be, for it was the enemy that outsmarted him and ruined his plans – out of the blue, the aerial bombs of Germany and its allies poured down on the unwitting [Soviet, *t/n*] country.

There came the moment of weakness, the very moment when the leader’s teeth chattered against the glass of water when he was giving his famous speech into the mike. Alas, that moment spread over several months when, in 1941, the leader, his face tear-stained, gave Zhukov (a prominent Soviet general, *t/n*) the full command over the Moscow’s front – by the time, it had been half-besieged by the Nazi army – and entreated him with a voice that, at last, showed some vibrancy, to save all from demise. Certainly, he never forgot this moment. Only one kind of shame was inherent to his nature: being ashamed of showing a weakness in front of others. It was impossible to do without Zhukov during the war. Yet, once the war was over, Stalin seized the first opportunity to put this witness of his weakness into mothballs good and proper.

However, apart from the shame for showing a weakness in front of human beings, the leader may have experienced another, more biting feeling: the fear of having discredited himself in the eyes of Urparp. He may have raised a doubt in the demonic mind, like, are you a wimp, Joseph Vissarionovich (the full first name of Stalin, *t/n*)? He was to prove as soon as possible that this moment of weakness would never be repeated, and he would withstand the grapple with his opponent, (Hitler, *t/n*) even if this cost throwing a hundred of millions into the meat mincer of the war, without moving a muscle.

What came to be the stance of the Providential forces of Russia toward this being when, by a twist of fate, it happened to be at the helm of the state locked in a deadly combat with the foreign enemy? This stance was shaped by two factors. The first factor was the incorrigible demonic nature of this being. Hence no Providential support could be lent to it under any circumstances. It sufficed that Zhrugr strained himself hard to help it, and the Great Igva of Drukkarg made use

of this being's capacity for khokhha to guide him and correct his actions. The second factor was that the concept of the Third Reich was fraught with even direr calamities in case of its victory: the total wipeout of the Russian state and its being turned into the desolate domain of the inhuman and relentless enemy. In a larger perspective, this promised the crushing down and annihilating of the Western states – the bearers of the most democratic regimes – and the spreading over the globe, from Japan and Australia to England and Canada, the black shroud of a prolonged and murderous, physically and spiritually alike, era of the “master race's” domination. Such a path toward global tyranny was, perhaps, even straighter, even less promising of salutary disruptions and bends than the triumph of the international Doctrine.

For this reason, the demiurge and the Synclite of Russia temporarily suspended their unflagging transphysical battle with Drukkarg, when the underground citadel was stormed by the herds of foreign igvas from the Klingsor's shrastr. A reflection of this in Enrof was the halting of any hostilities with those at the helm of the Russian state. They were not given any help, but, at the same time, were no longer distracted with fighting the Light and could entirely focus on the war with an even darker enemy.

The dead of night came. The forces of the Light opted for a temporary standstill until the confrontation between the monsters would come to a close. Vicissitudes of this grapple were seen to all on the planet. It was as if a spiritual paralysis had gripped the highest abilities of the people; only intense meditations as well as flights of creativity could, at times, raise the human soul above the impervious shroud of darkness.

During this fateful time, the second Zhrugr junior budded off. The first one had budded off a long time back, soon after the end of the civil war: the struggle inside the dominating party and a vigorous resistance from certain prominent figures in the communist top tier to the enthronement of Stalin reflected this metahistorical event. Yet, the first Zhrugr junior proved to be a weakling and was strangled from the very start. Now, a new one saw the light of the day. He established a connection with the enemy's army leaders, even with the Great Igva of the German shrastr, thinking that the destruction of Drukkarg would allow him to replace his father – to him, the German witzraor did not appear fit enough to directly hold sway in Drukkarg. The second Zhrugr engaged in activities while gradually retreating up until the very end of the war. When Zhrugr devoured the

heart of his enemy and his might grew fabulously, he did away with his unwise spawn in “one click”.

To a great extent, the outcome of the war was shaped by the emanations from the state complex in people’s feelings which replenished the waning powers of Zhrugr and the igvas – thanks to the efforts of the leader and the party, these emanations reached such a level that would have been impossible during peacetime. All and everything proved to be conducive to this: from propagandists and agitprops in the army to priests at their pulpits, from the most celebrated composers and writers to the microscopically unknown workers of the press and cinema, from the leading scientists to the dead-last, smallest party workers in the plants and factories.

Various instincts were being appealed to at that: patriotism; nationalism; internationalism; faith in God or, on the contrary, faith in the party; the longing for peace which could be attained only through a victory; the horror of and abomination with the atrocities of fascism; and the love for one’s land, family, home, and children.

For this reason, Zhrugr was buzzing with an extraordinary power by the end of the World War II. A lot of igvas and raruggs had died in the battle, but the witzraor was beefed up as never before. He craved for expansion, he invaded the German shrastr and killed the Great Igva of Germany, he had wreaked havoc there, and was barely put back into certain boundaries by the witzraors of England and America – Ustr and Stebing.

An unexpected event cut short Stalin’s westward expansion. That is to say, he had been forewarned about it but failed to pay enough heed. When, in May 1945, the plan to attack the recent allies was being crafted, the leader was informed – not from a mystical but rather an earthly source – about nuclear bomb testing in New Mexico. He felt as though a nuclear bomb had exploded in his consciousness. Instead of the long awaited development of World War II against fascism and toward the squashing of the entire capitalistic world; instead of the triumphant march of revolutionary armies across France, Spain, Africa to heaven knows where, he was to stop in his tracks, punch the air, and try to calculate the time needed for developing a nuclear weapon by the Soviets, so as to catch up with and outpace the enemy, all to become capitalism’s undoing by turning its major cities into a desert in an atomic flash and having the whole world unified under the supreme authority of one human-god.

National socialism’s global spreading was curbed. Yet, other dangers loomed large.

One of them came down to the fact that, thanks to World War II, the American witzraor swelled enormously and at a dizzying speed. It now seemed that the range of American skyscrapers was separated from Europe not with an ocean's vast body but with a mere lake. This witzraor managed to band with his Western European distant relatives and settle down there in such a way so that his tentacles could scrabble around nearly all the Soviet borders. Accounting for the mistakes of his German predecessor, he was busy elaborating an ideological concept which would counteract the Doctrine's internationalism not with something local and parochial but with cosmopolitanism – the idea was pregnant with a global potentiality, just like the Doctrine had been. Gagtungr rested his gaze on Stebing more and more favorably and increasingly involtated him with his powers.

Another danger lay in the fact of what Russia, both physically and spiritually, had turned into as a result of World War II.

The single-person tyranny was taking surreal, fantastic size and forms. One could say: it is impossible, it is a dream, we are all being delirious. Yet, not only was everyone far from dreaming, but the frantic pace of life and work, let alone the mass arrests, precluded all from having a single peaceful night's sleep. One may have started feeling that there had shown up another, otherworldly, totally non-human revelry just through the daily, earthly mayhem.

Repressions were on the rise. Wave after wave, one category of the populace after another, would receive the twenty-five-year term of imprisonment or capital punishment. In the pandemonium of prisons and labor camps, there crowded together fascists and communists, Trotskyists (followers of Leon Trotsky, *t/n*) and white emigres (Russian nationals that did not embrace the revolution of 1917 and emigrated to other countries; some of them returned to the Soviet Union, either voluntarily or forcibly through abduction, *t/n*), intelligentsia and collective farmers, generals and defectors, laborers and clergymen, atheists and cult followers, Orthodox Christians and Jews, rouges and monks, gangsters and nonresistors (those who believe that evil is not to be resisted by force, *t/n*), prostitutes and scientists, thieves and philosophers, Tolstoyists (followers of Leo Tolstoy, *t/n*) and sodomites, secretaries of regional committees and banderovtsy (Ukrainian nationalists, *t/n*), engineers and guerillas. Paying for their crimes, either real or fictitious, were those that had lived in the territories occupied by the Germans; that, directly or indirectly, had taken part in the Ukrainian and Baltic independence movements; that were suspected in helping the members of counterinsurgency and in too much sympathizing with Israel; that were in the

German captivity and dared to come back home longing to see their motherland and dear ones; that occupied Central Europe as members of the Red Army and then shared some of their observations and conclusions upon returning home; that told some joke; that sent a letter to Stalin in a childish hope to open his eyes to all the lawless deeds around. Vorkuta, Karaganda, Kolyma, or Pot'ma (prison and labor camp sites) were destinations of those that were unfortunate enough to have had a conversation with a foreigner; that expressed a doubt in the expediency of a certain state measure, party directive, or decree of the government. Those that, in exasperation, wished the father of the peoples (Stalin, *t/n*) to leave the world of the living as soon as possible were prosecuted – and so too those who heard this fateful wish as well as their dear ones, acquaintances, and the acquaintances of acquaintances – on a charge of preparing a terrorist attack against the leader. Tortures extracted confessions in what had never been done. Several thousands of workers of the Leningrad party organization paid with their life or received long prison terms for the alleged attempt – it was a total fabrication – to separate the Leningrad province from the Soviet metropole. Neither the absurdity of the accusation, nor laughable evidence embarrassed anybody in the slightest. Case after case, fabrication after fabrication piled up. It was hard to find a family in any corner of the country that did not lose some of its members to a prison or labor camp; certain families were obliterated altogether. All legal procedures, any legality was thrown away once one was convicted under the infamous article 58 of the Criminal Code, that is, political crime. Confessions were wrung out with medieval methods. The experience of the inquisition was utilized and enriched with new, modernized techniques as per the then level of technological advancement. Society was enmeshed with an extensive network of in- and off-service denouncers – from members of the Political Bureau (the chief communist party organ, *t/n*) to Turkmen shepherds to Ukrainian milkmaids. One can't help recalling the all-out network of spies and informers whom Ugryum-Burchееv planted in every house of the “glorious” town Nepreklonsk and what Shchedrin had defined as the total panic of fear.

Thick, stifling fear that blocked sunlight and rid life of all its joy and meaning spread all over society and steeped every thought, every feeling, and every word of the people. It was aggravated by vague and ghastly rumors that, against all odds, seeped out of the labor camps – the rumors about the regime that reigned there supreme; about entire camps dying out from hunger; about back-breaking workload quotas for convicts; about the sadism of the authorities and supervisors;

about unheard-of methods of killing, for instance, tying someone up to a pole or a tree naked, only to be devoured by mosquitos and Siberian gnats.

The regime in the labor camps was ruinous not only physically, but also spiritually. Dehumanized with all sorts of abuses, back-breaking labor, spying on each other and denunciations, malnourishment, and the lack of medical help, people lost the drive for moral resistance long before their death. Political prisoners – the good half of them was totally innocent, the other half being guilty in petty crimes, which were punished with several weeks of imprisonment or a small fine in any other state – up until 1949, these people had been put together with bandits, hard-boiled murderers, rapists, and minors that sank into downright depravity after keeping company with adult criminals. A thought about the rehabilitation of criminals did not occur to anybody, and so labor camps turned into gigantic depravatories. Enmity across the different ethnic groups was instigated, which translated into bloody brawls. In this kind of milieu, only few could stand their ground without turning into psychological and moral cripples. The overwhelming majority of those unfortunate ones experienced no relief even in the otherworld: their depraved etheric bodies and the burden of their karma dragged them down to the grey depressions of Skrivnus, into the soundless darkness of Morod, into the ghastly Agr, and the entire Synclite of Russia was insufficient to alleviate and expediate their ascent from those somber purgatories. “He drives people to the unknown abysses” with “an iron staff...”

When this book sees the light of the day, tens of other books will have seen it, too – as personal memoirs, so documentary evidence, and historical investigations that will fully reconstruct the picture of the dismal nightmare, which the life of twenty million at the least had been immersed into. Individual crimes committed toward prominent figures of the Soviet state will be cleared as well: as with the strange death of Kirov, so the underlying cause of why Kosior, Postyshev, Rudzutak, Ordzhonikidze, Tukhachevsky, Kuybyshev, Voznesensky, and Zhdanov met their end. It will also become clear by what miracle Khrushchev, Malenkov, and Molotov managed to escape the same fate. Our grandchildren will find out why the life journeys of such cultural figures as Vsevolod Meyerhold, Boris Pilnyak, Osip Mandelstam, Nikolai Klyuev, Artem Vesely, Nikolai Vavilov, and Pavel Florensky came to a close. Yet, they will never find out how many remarkable talents, how many writers and poets, artists and actors, thinkers and scientists which Russia could have been proud of fell into oblivion so that nothing remained of their works, even the ashes – how many of these creators were ground by the



satanic machine which bore, as though mockingly, the word “security” in its name (The Ministry of State Security, *t/n*).

It is impossible to find any extenuating circumstances, of course, when considering the deeds of such mass butchers as Ezhov, Abakumov, and Beria. Yet, it would be childish to shuffle off the entire responsibility for these hecatombs upon them.

It is quite obvious whose supreme will acted through those ghastly figures and what inspirer willed, by putting them all in turns at the helm of the diabolic machine, to appear stern, yet just – as the shepherd of bodies and souls – in the people’s eyes.

Yet, the one who sowed this panic, this nearly metaphysical fear all around, also lived in constant dread as per the iron logic of karma. Having poisoned the life of society, he also poisoned his own life and rid himself of whatsoever joy except in taking pleasure in tyrannizing.

Even Hitler and Mussolini were not without personal courage. They would appear in parades and festivities in open-top cars; a number of times, they would show up on the front during the war. Once Hitler was even caught off guard and barely escaped captivity on the Russian front when the enemy’s tank column suddenly popped into the scene. As for Stalin, never did he show even a glimpse of personal courage over the entire period of his rule. Quite the contrary: having erected an impenetrable wall up to the heavens around him, he always had the twitters over his physical existence. Perhaps, this was related to the fact that, owing to his ability to enter into the state of *khokhha* and clearly see the dire prospects awaiting him after his death, he was quite aware that, unlike just blinking out of existence, he would inexorably fall through the agony of magmas and the Core, down to the Pit of Shadanakar. It is only natural that he clung to life as much as he could, waiting for a scientific discovery, which would have made him physically immortal. Yet, over the years this fear of death outgrew into persecution mania. It was the very mania that had been the scourge of many other tyrants. It tormented Tiberius and Domitian, it harassed Louis XI and Sultan Alaaddin, it drove into madness Ivan the Terrible and Pavel I. Besides, it was only a part of a more general psychological disorder, the one which psychiatrists call Caesar Derangement Syndrome: a combination of persecution mania with, first and foremost, sadism, an unquenchable thirst for blood and the suffering of others; second, believing in one’s own superiority over all people of the past and present while losing a clear notion of the boundaries of one’s capacities. As a rule, Caesar

Derangement manifests on the outside as the despot's lawless and inhuman carnage, as in his or her taking exaggerated defense measures, as unflagging self-glorification and a string of bizarre and totally needless construction projects. Caligula, for example, gave orders to pile up mountains on level ground and to dig out entire lakes in the mountainous area, all for the sake of a single naval parade. Then he intended to build a new Rome high above the world, on the Alpine glaciers. The grandiose and meaningless undertakings of Nero, Domitian, and Heliogabalus are quite notorious. It all was totally useless for society or was done just under the guise of some utility. Yet, in reality, this was only meant for glorification of the ruler. Such construction projects were to strike the imagination with the luxury of decoration and preternatural sizes. Such were Stalin's constructions, too, whether it be the tastelessly magnificent stations of the Moscow subway, unreasonably expensive high-rises, the grandiose, yet architecturally vapid Moscow State University, or the floodgates of Volgodonsk with their bizarre and unnecessary embellishments. All these "architectural excesses", as Khrushchev put it, drained enormous amounts of money – again, it was all done for self-glorification rather than for the benefit of the people or the state.

Surprisingly, such a clear and graphic demonstration does not preclude certain theorists from downplaying the role of personality in history. It seems that people are now forgetting the way Stalin's personality, even his most private habits and inclinations, were impressed upon the life of the immense Soviet society. For example, he loved to work nights. This sufficed to rehash the whole state apparatus and put it on an unnatural nocturnal footing. Not a single high-level official could sleep normal hours because of recurrent wake-ups over the ringing phone and call-ins to work; tens of thousands of workers never had a good night's sleep and went to bed only in the morning. They catnapped at two-three sittings; they were unable to spend evenings with their families, to go to the theater or to a concert; they did not dare, even on a vacation, to go somewhere without notifying their higher-ups of their address. And this lasted not for a month, not for a year but for a good fifteen years.

In part out of fear to speak from the rostrum even before the "cherry-picked" auditorium; in part out of utter contempt for the people that had been treated by him as a plaything, Stalin almost did not appear publicly over the last years of his life. When, in 1949, his seventieth anniversary was celebrated with an unheard-of pomp and subservience never seen in world history, he did not utter a single sound

when sitting in the banquet hall or watching the concert in his honor, which glitter paralleled that of “One Thousands and One Nights”. His brazenness passed all bounds. Not even a single “thank you” escaped his lips. He seemed brooding and displeased, yet it was totally unclear what had caused his foul mood.

After all, it was the zenith of his power. His late great international undertaking – the communization of China – was over. Why was he depressed? Over the invention of the nuclear bomb by the Americans? Yet, the Soviet Union itself was taking hold of the thermo-nuclear weapon. Or, was it just a fleeting bad mood, something that happens to any despot once in a while? Yet, just for decorum’s sake Stalin could have suppressed his bad mood in the presence of tens of foreign observers, basically, in front of the entire world, on such a remarkable occasion. Apparently, something deep inside gnawed at him against all efforts of his will. It was the knowledge of what was happening outside of Enrof, the knowledge received by him in the state of khokhha.

I do not know whether anybody ever saw him in this state. In the 1930’s and 1940’s, he mastered khokhha to such an extent that he could often enter into this state at his will. Normally, this happened by the end of the night, with more frequency in winter due to the later hour of sunrise. All thought that he was resting, sleeping, and no one would dare to disturb his repose under any circumstances. It must be said that no one could enter into his room anyways as he locked it from inside. The light there was only dimmed, not turned off. Had anybody invisible gotten in there at that hour, he or she would have found the leader awake, sitting in a deep restful armchair. The expression on his face, never seen by anyone among the living, would have made a staggering impression. His enormously dilated, unblinking black eyes peered into space. A strange, matted blush showed on the skin of his cheeks instead of their usual oiliness. His wrinkles seemed to have evened out, the whole face looked as though rejuvenated. The forehead’s skin was stretched so much that it appeared larger than normal. The breath was infrequent and deep. His arms rested on the elbow-boards, his fingers lightly fumbling along the edges.

Khokhha, actually, is not a state as such, but a whole kind of states that vary depending on the layer in the dark hierarchy, with which the visionary establishes connection. In any event, the surrounding physical objects vaguely show through the other planes’ vistas. If, by some miracle, somebody had chanced to enter into this room at this moment, the visionary would have distinguished him or her and, albeit gradually, switched his gaze to the usual plane.

Most often, Stalin had khokhhas when communicating with the Great Igva of Drukkarg and with Zhrugr. At times, Urparp himself deigned him with his inspiration. Besides, there was another invisible being that had been specially attached to him – his regular counsellor, a dweller of Gashsharva, an anti-daemon of sorts.

In the state of khokhha, many a time Stalin entered into Gashsharva and into Drukkarg, where he was seen not only by the igvas, but also by someone else. He was shown Digm from a distance. He was carefully, as though incognito, guided through certain parts of Mudgabr and Yunukamn; he contemplated purgatory and layers of magmas. From the outside, afar, and very vaguely, he chanced to see even the zatomis of Russia when, having acquired the enlightened body, Jesus Christ had descended there. Yet, this encounter did not elicit anything from the visionary save a fierce hatred – Urpar made this possible precisely for this reason. Khokhha infused tremendous energy into this being. In the morning, he astounded his inner circle with a tremendous stamina, and this alone sufficed for the enslavement of their will.

Precisely in these khokhha states that followed one after another on the eve of his seventieth anniversary, Stalin, to his great displeasure, got an insight about certain events which were taking place in the Russian metaculture and the adjacent spheres at the time. He happened to be a quiet and powerless witness of one of the most ferocious otherworldly battles. The demiurges of Russia, China, Mahayana, and Indomalayan metacultures, as well as of both the metacultures of the West fought with Zhrugr and Lai-Chzhoi, the former's new ally, a strange crossbreed of the Russian and Chinese witzraors. The demons were not vanquished, yet their expansion came to a halt. An unbreakable circle was drawn around them.

The witzraors' another attempt to go into the offensive over a period of time came to nothing in the shrastrs. In Enrof, this ended in a three-year war in Korea. After this, all was back to the initial position.

Then "the all-or-nothing game" was opted for – a hectic preparation for and unleashing of the third world war, as the further course of events was fraught with shifting the center of gravity to the North-Western shrastr and carrying over the sanction of Gagtungr from Zhrugr onto Stebing.

Unflagging efforts of demonic forces weaved around Stalin an impenetrable dark shroud of sorts. No influence of Providential forces could reach him until, finally, strenuous attempts on the part of synclites – not only Russian at that – made a

momentary breach in this shroud when Stalin was in a khokhha state. At this moment, he was shown – no, not the panoramas of light-filled worlds, for this would have only added to his hatred – but the remote stages of his own future path, his potential incarnation as an antichrist and the ultimate catastrophe: his falling into the timeless Pit of the Galaxy, the most appalling and irredeemable of tormentories that exist in the universe. This was a night of unspeakable horror. He was horrified to such an extent that, for several minutes, all his being was inflamed with a desperate prayer to save him, to prevent him from walking this path. Minutes passed. Pride, obstinance, and the thirst for infinite power prevailed. Yet, this night of 1952 had a certain effect upon him. From then onwards, khokhha states no longer energized him. Perhaps, too much psychological stress, this endless disguise under a mask of materialism and Marxism, this dual life took a toll upon him. He had as though overtaxed himself. The powers continued to pour into him only from Zhrugr, that is, through the regular channel of involtation. The leader grew old over a short period of time, and unremitting physical ailments permanently disturbed his psychological equilibrium.

He also dreaded new rivals. Stebing, certainly, was the most apparent one. However, a human instrument of Gagtungr that could potentially become the antichrist was nowhere to be seen in the top tier of the American people. Yet, the consciousness, mind, and certain vague bit and pieces of information coming from the earthly sources made into such a welter that the leader as though started seeing a rival born somewhere in Enrof – not as a concrete human being yet – that was even more frightening than Hitler. Just as Stalin was not Russian but Georgian by flesh and blood while reigning supreme in Russia, so the potential rival loomed to him not as an American by birth. It appeared to him that this candidate would emerge out of the world Jewry: he knew that certain small circles in the Jewry nurtured the idea of global rule. And he decided that Hitler was trying to eradicate precisely the Jewish people for a reason. But Stalin was not going to act as clumsily. Soviet Jews – to begin with – were to be gradually settled in special zones and closely examined, one by one.

His consciousness started to falter.

Considering its losing the sense of the correlation of things and scales, the further stay of this being in power was all the more so dangerous. Urparp could no longer infuse either his powers or the emanations of his mind into it through khokhha. Only Zhrugr continued using an abdominal stalk of sorts, an etheric channel of involtation that connected him to his human instrument. Inspired by the great

demonic mind of Shadanakar himself, the witzraor, together with the belligerent force of Drukkarg and the Chinese shrastr was preparing for the decisive invasion into the shrastrs of other metacultures. He impressed upon Stalin with more and more insistence to unleash the third world war. According to the plan, the attack was to be carried out suddenly, in an instant, and throwing several scores of hydrogen bombs within a few hours on the vital centers of the Western states would have at once decided the outcome of the war in favor of the Doctrine. Otherwise, Urparp's sanction would have been carried over onto Stebing, and Stalin, after his death in Enrof, perhaps, would have been taken into Gashsharva to be readied there for his last incarnation. Paving the historical and social road toward the global tyranny in Enrof would have been then the task of an essentially cosmopolitical, hence universally appealing teaching other than the Doctrine. The demonic mind understood, of course, that the destructive power of the third world war would have wiped out entire countries. Taken alone, it was not something he was particularly interested in. Yet, an immense radiation of gavvakh would have been a highly lucrative catch. Besides, the presupposed lightning-quick nature of the war would have scaled down the potential destruction.

The first days of March, 1953, saw the decisive battle between Yarosvet and Zhrugr. The channel of involtation connecting the witzraor with his human instrument was cut off in a blink of an eye. Had it been possible to do this earlier, the life of the human instrument would have ended that very moment, for no human powers would have sufficed to endure the physical and psychological burden that lay on this being. This happened about two o'clock at night. His consciousness faded to black in half an hour but the agony, as is known, continued for several days. Urparp picked up the severed end of the involtation channel and tried to infuse power and consciousness into the dying leader. This was not to be, partially because those several people scampering around the death bed did their best for him to not come back to life. Those people had different motivations. Some were afraid that Stalin, if alive and well, would have unleashed a war, which appeared to them as a great calamity for all and a deadly danger for the Doctrine. Yet, there was somebody among them who had been the head of the state security service for years (Lavrentiy Beria, *t/n*). He knew that the leader had already nominated him for another victim, for another bone to be thrown to the murmuring people: the whole responsibility for the millions of innocent lives was to be put upon him. The death of Stalin gave him a chance to take over the leadership. While the leader was alive, Beria's line of action was dictated by three motifs: to terrify Stalin by exaggerating and making up physical threats, which as though

surrounded the leader from all corners; to keep the country in the rein of dread and silence; and thus to quench his own bloodthirstiness. Beria was a bearer of a dark mission that came down to multiplying the people's sufferings. Yet, his consciousness was as flat and non-mystical as a table, and his stature and talents were Lilliputian. It was a Malyuta Skuratov (an infamous henchman of Ivan the Terrible, *t/n*) of the twentieth century.

At last, the great moment arrived: Stalin yielded up his spirit.

Gashsharva was all shaken from this blow. Drukkarg resounded with screams of fury and pain. Hordes of demons soared into the upper layers of the infracosmos trying to slow down the fall of the deceased into the depth of magmas.

The grievous rampage spread out to Enrof. The funeral of the leader or, rather, transporting of his body to the mausoleum turned into an idiotic pandemonium. The spells of his name and his deeds were so great that hundreds of thousands of people took his death as a great disaster. Even convicts in prisons cried over what was going now to happen. Crowds that had never been honored to see the leader while alive now rushed to see him in the coffin. Moscow resembled Bedlam, magnified to a world city. Drove inundated the entire center in trying to get to the House of Unions, where the corpse of the tyrant had been put on public display, and whence the funeral procession was going to start. The adjacent streets were absolutely packed. People died from being squashed against the walls of houses and lantern poles, from being stampeded, from falling off the roofs of high-rises as they tried to pass over the gurgling human mash below. It seemed that the one who had fed on evaporations off sufferings and blood for his entire life even now, out of the coffin, drew the heaps of victims to his infracosmos.

He, who always had brushed away the thought of death, did not even see to erecting a proper sepulcher for himself. Now, he was placed beside the sarcophagus of his predecessor, his brains pulled out and his body saturated with preserving substances, all to be worshipped by crowds after crowds. Be that as it may, once he had to die anyways, he would have wished for precisely this kind of resting in peace. Emanations off multitudes stooping in awe would have poured powers into him for as long as his descent had not dragged him down too much. Yet, the mummification and the reconstruction of the mausoleum would have demanded time which would not stop to wait.

Strangely enough, after Lenin's death no one had payed attention to the magical or, rather, demonic character of this creation of quasi-hallows, which had never

and nowhere been done before. It did not occur to anyone that the creation of this death cult center did not square well either with the materialistic doctrine, or with the modesty of the first leader, or with the psychological milieu of the revolutionary movement. The second leader came to initiate the mausoleum's creation. I do not know whether it was his unconscious intuition or if he could already see that the very minute the brain had been extracted from Lenin, this act had severed the connection inside the etheric body of the deceased: this body was rid of its vital center and disintegrated while the etheric brain of the deceased – so-called rakht – was picked up, as per Urparp's will, by the Great Igva of Drukkarg and his helpers. There, in Drukkarg, the brain was placed and preserved from decay with great care in the cone of the main temple wherein igvas sustained the potential life in it. Had the first leader passed his expiatory temptation in the lower layers, he would have reached Drukkarg at some point of time and taken in his rakht as the center for his new etheric body. Amid antihumankind this would have thundered as the greatest miracle. The hero and wonders-worker would have been enthroned in Drukkarg, and this would have led to the unification of all the shrastrs into a single monolith, all to be an excellent tool for Gagtungr, even more so than all the belligerent undertakings of Zhrugrs.

Yet, after long suffering in the Pit, as well as in other layers, having reached Drukkarg after many years, the leader refused to take in his rakht. Thanks to his experience of the underworld, he realized what this would have been fraught with for himself and humanity. Infuriated, Zhrugr hurled him back into the Pit. Yet, the former had no more power to resist the forces of the Synclite in determining the afterlife of the first leader, for the first leader's shelt opened up and became accessible to them after his heroic choice. Almost the very moment he was thrown down into the Pit, he was rapidly elevated to Olirna. There, after a number of years spent in the worlds of enlightenment, he joined in the creation of the blessed Arimoya, the emerging all-people zatomis.

The first leader refused to take in his rakht. As for the second leader, he placed all his hopes precisely on this. As he himself, so Urparp, and the demons from Gashsharva hurled all effort into slowing down the second leader's karmic descent so that the spawn of Gagtungr could breach through the grey walls of Shim-big adjacent to Drukkarg, barge into the Russian shrastr, and grab hold of his rakht. This drawn-out descent lasted for several months. For half a year, all the forces of darkness struggled with the momentum of the karmic weight that was dragging the deceased further and further down. They infused such a power into him that his



voice thundered all over the purgatories, reached the shrastrs, and resounded even in Enrof causing quivers and trepidation in those capable of hearing it. The most dangerous event happened in October 1953. The falling one broke loose from the grip of the enforces of karma. By then, he had almost lost his human appearance but was incredibly dreadful and powerful. His body was made up of brown fumes, and his seemingly blind eye pits were almost all-seeing. Being carried on the dark angels' wings, he soared to the gates of Drukkarg. Zhrugr raced to his rescue, the igvas and raruggs were jubilating in an ecstatic rapture.

There, at the walls of the Russian shrastr, one of the greatest battles took place. The forces of the Russian Synclite and its demiurge proved insufficient. Angels, daemons, and many enlightened ones from other metacultures raced to rescue. The one storming the gates of Drukkarg was held down for some time by a great human spirit, known to us as Abraham Lincoln. Finally, there resounded the clapping of the white horseman that rushed into the shrastr from the heights of the World Synclite. The usurper (the second leader, *t/n*) was enveloped with the weapon of Alexander the Blessed's will and was handed down to the enforcers of karma. The scream that was shattering to nearly half of Shadanakar gradually died out. What used to be Stalin was planted into the superheavy magmas and was sinking further down to the one-dimensional Pit.

### ***11.4. On the Metahistory of Our Days***

For the third time, the history of Russia saw one and the same phenomenon. Yet, this time its recurrence assumed a much larger scale. Just like Ivan IV and Nikolai I, Stalin embodied the zenith of might of yet another demon of "greatpowerness", his open confrontation with the demiurge and the Synclite, the maximizing of the tyrannical tendency, and the beginning of the state's end.

Those who were to take the reins of power at the time when Stalin's coffin was still being on display in the House of Union and endless lines of dumbfounded and affected Muscovites were being drawn to it, for the first time they were able to realize all the horrors behind the pompous façade of the dictatorship. Before, each of them had a strictly delineated sphere: "From here – to there!". When Stalin was alive, only the head of the security service knew a bit more than others of his colleagues. It is true that Stalin tabled many questions for discussion in the

Politburo, later the Presidium of the Central Committee (the principal policymaking committee of the communist party, *t/n*) and the Council of Ministers. Yet, these discussions were too formal to begin with, Stalin's decisions being undisputable at that. Second, the majority of questions had never been raised. All sensed, of course, that far from everything ran smoothly in the country, but no one could see the whole panorama. Now the veil of mystery was being lifted, and those who were first exposed to the bare truth were the members of the Presidium of the Central Committee.

The "conclave" found out that either one eighth or one fifth of the country's populace were interned in prisons and labor camps, and the memory of those innocently killed or convicted for many years of suffering must have lived in nearly every family. Something else opened wide before the conclave: the terrible fall in agricultural production; depopulation of villages; permanently undernourished towns; the lack of commodities; a staggering rise in crimes and, in particular, those committed by minors; cronyism throughout the system and in the people's daily rounds of life; and, except a thin privileged layer, discontentment swept across all social strata.

"Emaciated, humiliated, and ruined members of the conclave breathed freely again after a long break. They looked at each other and, all of a sudden, felt ashamed. They did not understand what exactly had happened around them, but they felt that the air was filled with obscenities, and it was impossible to breathe it any longer." (from Saltykov-Shchedrin's "The History of a Town", *t/n*).

Speaking of obscenities, even the halls for international gatherings were filled with them. The deceased had not particularly minced words while at home; his diplomats abroad also had adopted this style. There remained little of the traditional diplomatic courteousness, as brazen demands, clothed into a boorish tone, took its place. Most importantly, the international atmosphere was so much electrified that the third world war could have started any minute. The Western bloc of states, which lagged behind the Soviet army in terms of numbers, was still ahead in the thermonuclear race. Communist China – the late feat of the deceased – was not going to be accounted for as a great military power any time soon. Besides, were its leaders trustworthy enough to totally and unequivocally rely on them?

There were such tightly tied knots in the international politics all around that it seemed impossible to unravel them, unless with a sword. There existed two antagonistic Germanys, two antagonistic Vietnams, and even two Chinas. Poland

lost its eastern lands to the Soviet Union and was compensated with German territories, which the majority of Germans was unwilling to disown. After a three-year fratricidal war, Korea was back to square one of being split into two irreconcilably antagonistic parts. A host of Arabic countries, as ready to erupt as a volcano, were being revolutionized; Western countries could not leave them other than in the wake of a global conflagration... To add insult to injury, the military machine used by the deceased leader in his reckless enterprises was going to be thrown into the quagmire of the third world war. Yet, at the time this machine was not on the level to ensure the success of the Red Army in such a grandiose undertaking. Besides, both coalitions saw to the rise of new kinds of thermonuclear weapons at an astonishing pace. It was becoming quite clear: even if the Soviet side triumphed in the imminent standoff, the defeated countries would have been turned into a radioactive desert to rule over.

Stalin left a terrible legacy behind him.

Yet, unfortunately, “they did not understand what exactly had happened around them”. They reduced the source of mistakes and vicissitudes to the “personality cult”. Yet, they were unable to grasp that, unlike a mere contingency, it was a reiteration of something that had already happened twice in Russia, according to its historical, as well as metahistorical logic: they played the selfsame roles, which Fyodor Ioannovich, Boris Godunov, and Shuisky had enacted three and a half centuries ago, or Alexander II, Alexander III, and Nikolai II – some hundred and fifty years or half a century back. Again, it was like sitting on two chairs: now admitting mistakes or even crimes of the deceased tyrant and distancing from them; then tracing back one’s political succession to him; now throwing small bones to the murmuring people; then, in two or three years, back-pedaling in fear that the fumes of indignation, rage, and hatred would burst through the half-open valve and turn into a real commotion, even revolt, and further dismantling of the whole system. The distraught peasantry was to be cajoled in some way while keeping intact the root of the evil, that is, the collective farm system – shutting it down would cause unimaginable economical and ideological upheavals.

Insufficient funding of the light industry and the lack of commodities under Stalin was to be admitted a mistake – this would be met with a generous public response – only to return to the same old thesis in just one or two years, all to meet the needs of the arms race. They had to see to taking the heat off the international atmosphere and postponing the third world war. For this end, some little but effective concessions had to be made without compromising the general course –

otherwise, America would be quick to take advantage of this. In sum, they had to squirm on a frying pan, as it were, now burning one side with the threat of the world war, then roasting another side with the risk of domestic upheavals.

We have reached the metahistory of modernity. Yet, modernity differs from the past in that we never possess the sum of all the facts describing it, even compared to the most distant and murky eras. All the more so, this concerns countries with such a regime, which shuns publicity and does not divulgate any statistical data (nearly everything goes as “classified”, from armament expenses to the number of crimes, suicides, and car accidents). No less mysterious are the strings which, when pulled, propel some into leading positions while demoting others. The public comes to witness a strange pantomime: some enigmatic figures, which are celebrated through all the means of agitprop and propaganda while remaining totally unbeknownst in terms of their family situation, habits, tastes, and characters – these figures, elevated to the stratosphere of society, as it were, and staying in full view of the entire planet, make some movements with their arms, heads, and torsos, only to vanish into thin air for some reason and be replaced with someone else. And this “someone else”, in turn, would keep adding to humanity’s puzzlement toward the meaning and purpose of all this unfathomable ballet.

Metahistorical knowledge of modernity cannot rely on a sufficient number of historical facts. Even though it happens, at times, to fill up the blanks through one or another method and to understand the forces behind the human instruments of today, the majority of the blanks remain unfilled. Therefore, the general metahistorical picture of modernity cannot be as complete as those of past epochs.

Those that found themselves at the helm of the country after Stalin’s death were statesmen of a dual or, rather, triple cast. Thus or otherwise, they were the stars of his constellation. All of them were promoted under and thanks to him; all of them were brought up in his political school. It is true that, under him, they trembled for their dear life while being disturbed deep inside with many of his deeds. Yet, the Doctrine, which was but a mere disguise for him and, partially, a guide for his practical activities, was their ultimate truth, sincere conviction, and innermost credo. One cannot expect an ordinary person, whose daily routine had been deeply embedded, for example, in the folds of the Orthodox Church, to exhibit freshness, flexibility, and broadness of mind at the ebb of his or her life, so as to rethink his or her activities and entire worldview. For him or her, such a re-evaluation would be akin to a catastrophe, the bankruptcy of creativity and life, which would make it impossible to engage into any meaningful social activities. In the same way, these

people were unable to fundamentally revise the Doctrine, which they had been guided with in all their thoughts, feelings, and actions, without extracting a heavy mental toll.

Another side of this group of people as statesmen was being severely traumatized with the arbitrariness of the deceased despot. When contemplating the inner decay of society – the outcome of the tyranny – and reminiscing the milieu of unflagging insecurity and life terror, which they had lived and worked in for so many years, these people started dreading a recurrence of the past, that is, the emergence of another Stalin amid them who would twist all into a pretzel and plunge the country into the ultimate abyss. For this reason, they strived to take every measure to prevent the dire past from ever coming back. In place of the idea of the totality of the collective mind embodied in the mind of a concrete genius leader, they resurrected and enunciated the idea of collegiality – the idea of the all-people mind embodied in the collectivity of the Central Committee and its Presidium.

Yet, there was another side to some of the people from this group, which was closely guarded from the others. Namely, it was a secret hope that, over time, one of the group members, and only him, would come forth and become again a single autocratic leader. It is hard to say how many people in the conclave cherished this hope, but there were three such individuals at the least.

There is no call, however, to suspect all three members of the first triumvirate to have had such pretensions – the group that emerged right after the death of the despot, being a graphic demonstration of the idea of collegiality. It is quite certain that only one of them – he had been the head of the state security for some fifteen years – cherished such dreams (Lavrentiy Beria, *t/n*). Only Stalin's death spared him of a terrible retribution. Yet, in the eyes of the people, he had been already exposed as a mass butcher complicit in millions of innocent deaths. Hence, he could not set sights on being a member of the triumvirate for too long, and the only way left to him was a desperate attempt at a coup and usurpation of the supreme power. Had this plan been realized, this would have ensured the return of Stalin's regime and heading for world war. Fortunately, this attempt was timely curbed, the criminal was executed and, for the time being, was held accountable for all the numerous breaches of the socialist legitimacy. He was proclaimed an imposter of sorts that had no right to the throne and that had nearly worked his way into this position through nefarious schemes. Had this happened, he would have developed the worst tendencies of his predecessor – not of his biological father, of course, as the False Dmitriy had thought back in his day, but of his

spiritual father, teacher, and nurturer. It was not without exposures, whether real or fictional, to the effect that the criminal was as though connected with a foreign enemy which had belligerent designs against the Moscow kingdom: this time, it was not Poland, of course, which “greatpowerness” waned long ago, but England.

The fall of this imposter was seen in labor camps as a sign that Stalin’s regime was bound to radically change. Indeed, the regime in penal institutions was relaxed. Yet, this was not sufficient: they expected their criminal cases to be reviewed and demanded to be released. Patience was running thin, and the most reckless or, perhaps, desperate ones were raising their voices in the camps. These voices merged together, and such impregnable citadels as the infamous Vorkuta, the penal labor camps of Norilsk, Karaganda, and Kolyma, were shaken with strikes and riots. The disorders were suppressed in one or another way. At the same time, the lawful methods of the judicial proceedings were being restored. Yet, it was impossible to release such a vast number of people, return them home, and help them with employment. For this reason, nobody could understand what was awaiting them, and the overall tenseness did not abate.

In the meantime, the breach in the triumvirate was filled in with a new figure that had earlier taken over the whole ruling party’s apparatus. A year and a half passed, and another member left the ranks of the triumvirate under mysterious circumstances, with the last member taking his leave in 1957. In place of the triumvirate, a deft, crafty, buoyant, and spry sanguine man – he was not without some kindness, too – towered at the head of the state and party. He was set to undo the wrongs of the despot and was capable of making bold changes in the course. Yet, he did not feature the independence and freshness of mind, which would enable him to revise the fundamental fallacies of the Doctrine and the old program of its actual implementation.

He was far even from having the slightest inkling of the metahistorical underfooting of all the matters, just as all others. Indeed, what and whence could this man know about the confusion reigning in Drukkarg, about the strife between igvas and raruggs that was outgrowing into an open confrontation, about the potential withdrawal of Gagtungr’s longstanding sanction over the Russian witzraor in favor of his deadly enemy?

Most importantly, 1957 in many respects belonged to another epoch, unlike, for example, 1952 or the rule of Stalin overall. In his epoch, the great demonic mind could still view the potential third world war as an unparalleled source of gavvakh. The victory of Zhrugr was more desirable at that – this is why Zhrugr remained

sanctioned. Yet, even if the American witzraor won, this victory could be used for the future unification of the world based on a new materialistic teaching, which was emerging from the concept of cosmopolitanism. However, the situation was changing, and in a rather strange direction at that. Fabulous amassing of thermonuclear weapons by both coalitions forced them to reconsider the question under a new angle. True, such a war promised the Himalayas of gavvakh. Yet, it was also fraught with something else: it put the physical existence of humanity itself to question. In any event, it would slash the world population by a fourth or so, wipe out entire countries from the face of the earth, and destroy civilizations, perhaps, on entire continents. Consequently, this would throw humanity centuries and centuries back in intellectual, technical, and economical terms. Any talks on whatsoever unification of humanity would hardly seem feasible with intact territories separated from each other with radioactive wastelands; with their populace smitten with unknown diseases for generations ahead; with the all-out economic collapse forcing the survivors into the most primitive modes of existence. Therefore, the craved-for absolute global tyranny was to be pushed into the indiscernible depths of future centuries. For this reason, the great demonic mind abandoned the idea of the third world war and attempted to influence as with Zhrugr, so Stebing, and the great igvas of Drukkarg and Mudgabr alike, so as to paralyze their belligerent spirit which had been fueled by it for so many years.

Metahistory had never seen such an unprecedented and paradoxical situation: all hierarchies of the Light, as well as the highest of the hierarchies of darkness strived to prevent the planetwide military catastrophe. While some of the lowest hierarchies of darkness were still adamant to achieve it in a glowing frenzy, the highly intellectual and less bloodthirsty igvas had already begun to realize the fatality of this drive for war by all means. Yet, the tremendously swollen Zhrugr with its limited mind and phenomenal temper was all out for the deadly battle. The more he swelled, the more he suffered from hunger, and emanations from the peoples of the Soviet state could no longer still it: more and more peoples were to be forced into emanating for him. Raruggs did not want to stay out of the confrontation either. These madly ferocious and rapacious beings – this is what allosaurus could become only after millions of years of incarnations in the demonic layers, and being long clothed into karrokh – were ready, rather, to do a revolution in Drukkarg, to topple the great igvas, and go on for an all-or-nothing expansion to other shrastrs instead of merely vegetating under the old conditions. Their intellect was too feeble to take these warlike instincts under control.

The situation was aggravated by the fact that the man who established himself at the helm of the state was neither bloodthirsty, nor belligerent (Nikita Khrushchev, *t/n*). According to the logic of power, he unconsciously followed the will of Zhruqr, for this will was aimed at consolidating the state and increasing the emanations of the state complex of human feelings. Yet, he was not cruel by nature, which as though left a host of “crevices” in his being for the principle of the Light to unconsciously inspire him. If it was not for this inspiration, no amount of sensible arguments would have reasoned this man into a breathtaking turnaround of the domestic policy, a mere thought of which had terrified his colleagues – this turnaround manifested in exposing a number of Stalin’s crimes and a massive release of convicts.

It is hard to encompass and appreciate the bewilderment caused by his speech at the twentieth congress of the party. The divulgation, albeit partial, belated, and having certain reservations, of a long string of unbelievably hideous facts about the one that had been considered as the greatest humanist by entire generations was like a psycho-nuclear explosion of sorts, its wave sweeping to the farthest corners of the planet. What about Russia? “They did not understand what exactly had happened around them, but they felt that the air was filled with obscenities, and it was impossible to breathe it any longer. Did they have a history? Were there any moments in this history when they could express their independence? They remembered nothing. They could only recall to have had Urus-Kugush-Kil’dibaevy, Negodyaevy (a derivative of “negodyai” or *villain*, *t/n*), Borodavkin (can be translated as “the warty ones”, *t/n*), and, to add insult to injury, this awful, graceless scoundrel! And all these smothered, gnawed, and ripped them with teeth – for the sake of what?” (from Saltykov-Shchedrin’s “The History of a Town”, *t/n*)

Whether the one that played the ungrateful role of the chief exposé had or had not foreseen the scale of the subsequent reverberation throughout the world, apparently he expected to save the prestige of the Doctrine from a devastating blow, at least, in part. His main argument was to the effect that the personality cult of Stalin was at odds with the Doctrine rather than stemming from it, that it had been a malignant tumor of sorts to be removed.

Myriads of convicts that had lost all hope of salvation rushed home from labor camps [and prisons] spreading around the stories of what was happening in those tormentories under the tyrant. In many institutions, they hastily cleared the walls of hateful portraits of the second leader. In a number of cities, people took down his statues from pedestals. There reigned bewilderment in foreign communistic



parties outgrowing, at times, into rifts. Mental ferment in higher education institutions of the Soviet Union crystallized into the organization of student discussion clubs; into collective protests against instructors and programs of study; into publication of half-legal or illegal magazines; even into real student strikes. In literary and artistic circles, they talked about relaxing the mandatory ideological guideposts. All this showed that the country's leader may have been playing with fire. It was more preferable to back-pedal and try to clumsily explain that the deceased despot, despite being the despot that he was, oddly enough, had been an exemplary communist, and there was no call to smear everything done by him. Literature, art, and human thought had barely ventured out and right then had been heedfully put back in place. Looking around in bewilderment, some people started making parallels between the course of the third leader (Nikita Khrushchev, *t/n*) and the epochs of Boris Godunov and Alexander II: two steps forward, then one and a half steps back. According to the tragic law of the Russian history, there loomed ahead the ghost of reaction, that is, a major turn backwards, something that had already happened at the end of Boris Godunov's reign, under Shuisky, and later – under Alexander III and Nikolai II.

Still, the new regime, as compared with that of Stalin, was more a heart-warming one. The third leader was a simple and life-loving man that wished for other people, not just for himself, to have a good life. Unfortunately, it takes more than wishful thinking to establish peace on the earth and instill goodwill in humans. If socialist states alone existed on our planet, it would be possible to rid the military machine and use the freed-up resources to better the life of the masses. Yet, as even Stalin had failed to shut down America, one hand was to expedite testing of newer upon newer means of mass destruction while stirring up freedom movements in capitalistic states, then with the other hand releasing white doves of peace, so as to feast the eyes on their curvets against the background of storm clouds. He even wanted to turn into such a dove himself and, carrying an olive branch, flutter about from one country to another – to Yugoslavia, India, Burma, states of the Muslim East, even to the obstinate and distrustful England. Yet, as the dove hovered over at the time when explosions of newer and newer experimental bombs sent shock waves down to the deep layers of the earth, the universal paradise remained just a dream having no bearing upon the tragic reality.

Unfortunately, the government was double-minded about making serious concessions: after all, the only way to persuade the enemy of the earnestness of Russia's peaceful intentions was to stop revolutionizing all countries, that is, to

withdraw support for the corresponding movements in Europe, in the Middle East, in Africa, and in Latin America. However stealthy this support was, incriminating evidence popped up here and there, thus bringing to naught all the harangue about peaceful coexistence and causing outbursts of anger and malice in great capitalist countries. Particularly outraged was Stebing that enmeshed nearly half of Enrof with the tentacles of his monopolies and trading companies. He was not content with this economical enslavement and sucking-out, it was just the first step. For as long as these countries remained independent politically, they could not direct sizeable emanations off the state complex of feelings toward the United States so as to nourish Stebing and the entire populace of the American shrastr. Therefore, Stebing could not be satisfied only with economic penetration into those lands – he craved for their political subjugation and further incorporation into the state system of the United States, that is, into their administrative, law-enforcing, ideological, and educational system which generate a vigorous emanation of state feelings. Instead, Stebing would get one kick after another. After the mutual pummeling and biting in Korea and Vietnam, they were quits. Yet, in China his tentacles were chopped off in the most indelicate manner, and there loomed large a prospect that something like this would be repeated in all the Arabic countries. For this reason, whenever the Doctrine discredited itself, this was taken up and blown out so as to fuel an all-out indignation with the hypocrisy and insincerity of all its leaders, whether it be the first, second, or third one.

The first serious blow, which the third leader dealt at the international prestige of the Doctrine, was in exposing his predecessor's crimes. The second blow at this prestige was the Soviet involvement with Hungary embroiled in an anti-Soviet revolt. Yet, could it be handled in some other way? Where and when did Zhrugr allow a tasty morsel to be snatched away from his tentacles? What witzraor could ever detachedly witness his faithful and close satellite turn into an armed-to-the-teeth enemy? No matter the personal qualities of the third leader and his anti-war sentiments, the logic of "greatpowerness" many a time prevailed over his natural qualities.

Yet, precisely the third leader's personal qualities stayed in the way of Zhrugr. They did not allow this man to be turned into Zhrugr's obedient instrument. They caused the political course to be shaky, dual, and unreliable. There was no way to predict that the third leader's actions would be aligned with the witzraor's will. Hence the gaze of the demon of "greatpowerness" riveted itself on another, more suitable being (most likely, Daniil Andreev refers to Marshal Zhukov, *t/n*). It was

also a part of the Soviet top tier. Yet, unlike a civilian “wimp”, it was a prominent military commander of the Patriotic War having great military merits and enjoying prestige with the people, especially, with the army. It was a man of a blazing ambition, whose pride had been wounded and whose bonapartic temper had been painfully suppressed for too long. In case of the third world war, he was the best fit for the role of the leader and agent in Zhrugr’s eyes. This man would not hesitate pelting the unwitting potential enemy with a good helping of hydrogen bombs; he would not lose heart if the Russian cities received a similar helping; he would not feel shy implanting the Doctrine on a global scale when the third of the planet’s surface would have been tuned into ashes!

And so, the marshal was chosen as the third witzraor’s instrument.

However, this seemed to have happened too late. Drukkarg had long lost its erstwhile unity, and the shrastr was seething like a caldron. Raruggs were spoiling for the fight, so Zhrugr could well rely upon them. As for igvas, from year to year, from month to month they grew increasingly resistant to the possibilities of a great war. To top it off, as early as in the beginning of October 1957 Drukkarg had been shattered with an unheard-of event: the Great Igva had broken away from the demonic camp. This had a somewhat gradual development, yet the populace of Drukkarg had been caught off guard. There were several such cases in the past when some of the great igvas had managed to peer into rather high worlds of the Light, yet had stood by their “guns”. Now, everything was different. The Great Igva had reigned in Drukkarg for some forty years and been its real pillar and support. Now, he had switched from the states not unlike khokhha into such an exaltation that he could behold Christ. This happened not in the Russian zatomis but in a much higher world, where the Savior had not even assumed an anthropomorphic image. At the time, the Great Igva was at the main temple amid the throng of igvas and raruggs. The heavenly encounter with the Planetary Logos had such an impact upon the visionary that his karrokh came to be rapidly replaced with a body from siaira. This transformation happened in front of everyone. Many were stunned and became believers. Others were extremely confused. As for raruggs, these were outraged. In a few days, the apostate had been mauled by them. His remains were collected by raruggs and “orthodox” igvas, as it were, and dematerialized: human science has yet to reach this point of technological advancement.

Then there burst forth a great mutiny amid Drukkarg’s captives. I am not going to list the names of those that dared to join it. In any event, the Russian shrastr had

never seen anything like this before. The giants that broke loose were lifting chunks the size of a skyscraper and sent them hurtling to the much-hated citadel. The citadel came to be severely damaged. This mutiny turned igvas and raruggs into allies again. Zhrugr raced to their rescue, sucked in the rioters and, as usual, disgorged them into the Pit of Shadanakar. However, the interference of the Synclite of the World had cut short the heroes' stay there, and, finally, they were lifted to Olirna. Only those that had not taken part in the revolt remained as Drukkarg's captives.

Events in Drukkarg reeled with a cinematographic speed, as it were. The third witzraor suddenly felt that Gagtungr had taken his sanction off him. It had been removed as Zhrugr, in his striving for a world war both in shrastrs and Enrof, had been ignoring the prohibition of the supreme demonic mind. With a roar of rage, he went scampering about Drukkarg, summoning raruggs, and demanding to topple the rule of the igvas that refused to provision him with the red nourishing dew. The rage of raruggs equaled their master's. Placed on both sides of their heads the size of a small human house, which resembled either overmuch disfigured heads of horses, or those of Mesozoic raptors, their eyes were filled with dark-purple karrokh blood. Straight and solid wings, not unlike those of a plane, pelted the walls and rooftops of the igvas. Amid all this mayhem, the main temple was closed off so that igvas could not get in there and connect with Gagtungr through their theurgic satanic worship. The famous statue of Drukkarg's founder – a representation of an igva sitting atop a rarugg – was downed and damaged as a symbol of the much-hated subjugation of former allosauruses to the more supreme intellect of igvas. Raruggs hastily tried to restore at least some kind of discipline amid themselves so as to rush about conquering other shrastrs. It was clear that a war without the help from the igvas of Drukkarg was a recipe for disaster: woeful heads of raruggs were not well adapted for using sophisticated military techniques. There were bright ones among them, as it were, but the raruggs lacked in personnel. Yet, their intellectual deficiency was compensated with such a bodily strength, such an emotional intensity, and such a fury that they believed in their ultimate victory against all odds. Even if they did not win in the global battle, they were capable of committing mass suicide, simply out of an inordinate rage.

A new Great Igva took the place of the slain predecessor. He was not sufficiently prepared, experienced, and authoritative yet. Hadn't the throne been untimely vacated, he would have undergone a special training of sorts for many years. Yet,

he was the only candidate, and the multitude of igvas bowed down to him out of the habit for discipline.

Finally, the demonic hordes came breaking into the embroiled Drukkarg. As per the will of Gagtungr, angels of darkness and ryphras were pushing up to the witzraor from all sides. Zhrugr vehemently resisted; while the raruggs vainly attempted to repel the onslaught of the forces, which were foreign not only to us, but also from Drukkarg's viewpoint. Thousands of the witzraor's tentacles were looped around with volitional spirals. Yet, it was impossible to destroy him, that is, to throw him down to Uppam, for he could still come in handy. Besides, the hierarchies of the Light would not allow his demise, for the physical livability of the Russian metaculture would otherwise have been brought to naught by the witzraors of the West in a matter of several days. Therefore, he was left lying, huffing and puffing, in one of Drukkarg's depressions. It was a bizarre sight: angels of darkness with their ruby wings perched like humongous dragonflies on the volitional spirals encircling Zhrugr's body from all sides. Meanwhile, the human instrument of the witzraor – the marshal – attempted to act in the interests of his inspirer. Eventually, history will tell our children or, perhaps, us, how the third leader managed to neutralize these attempts and remove his opponent. Be that as it may, one could only rejoice at what happened as, essentially, it postponed the global carnage.

Pressurized by the dark hierarchies, raruggs established a new “modus vivendi” of sorts with the igvas. They had the igvas resume supplying the captivated Zhrugr with the red dew; yet, it was coming in much smaller amounts. Also, measures were taken for the most capable raruggs to not form a kind of military command, which, over time, would replace the overmuch peace-loving igvas.

Now, the sanction of Gagtungr was carried over to Mudgabr. Yet, something similar was happening there, too: the frenzy of rioting raruggs that thirsted for a new war was being barely held back by igvas. The Great Igva was being intensely involtated from Digm, but raruggs held him in a half-captivity of sorts. For this reason, the demonic powers he was getting could not be transformed for their use in Enrof, and his influence upon the people that were busy beefing up the military machine of the United States hardly seeped into their consciousness. The outcome of this was America's lagging behind in the field of armaments, such purely civilian phenomenon as the belated launching of artificial satellites, or the insufficient development of intercontinental missiles. Therefore, certain actions of raruggs dictated by their narrow minds turned against themselves.

Urparp was seeing to such development of events so that, having pushed the might of military coalitions onto the brink of the war, he would force the intimidated nations of the Eastern Bloc, together with the populace of Drukkarg, of course, into making a desperate attempt to cede, retreat, and refuse any hostilities; so that Stebing managed to develop such brawn in his immensely long tentacles which would make it possible for him to smash all entrenchments in Drukkarg without the invasion of Western igvas and raruggs into this shrastr, that is, to crumble the socialist coalition without the third world war in Enrof. In this case, the global domination of the concept of cosmopolitanism as well as the long-sought unification of the earth under the auspices of Stebing would loom large.

The only patch of light on the dark horizon of Enrof was the peoples of India and Indo-Malayan cultures. The Indian demiurge, just like all other demiurges, had made the selfsame fateful step of begetting a witzraor. Yet, from the very beginning, this witzraor – his name is Avardal – had been involtated from very high worlds of the Light with a tremendous force which offered a hope for an extraordinary act – his future break-away from the demonic camp. Something similar happened to Ukurmia, the youthful witzraor of Western Germany. Yet, the upper light-filled layers of India were more ancient and incomparably stronger. The activities of Avardal were controlled by the demiurge and the Collective Soul of India. This country, while gradually ridding itself of the heavy burden of foreign subjugation and domestic feudalism, exemplified such an extraordinary state, which was raised to its bloom not contrary to the principles of high ethics but in a consistent concordance with them. Other peoples that were unable to follow a similar pathway of development and were heading for the fateful verge of mutual destruction, could not but contemplate this amazing country with a mix of fascination and rueful jealousy.

Meanwhile, the third leader's situation grew increasingly desperate. Had he been a mere human instrument of infernal forces, he would have been oblivious of the moral tragedy of an individual that shouldered a tremendous responsibility and then realized that no human powers could prevent a war without compromising the authority of his or her party, the Doctrine itself, and everything which is a part and parcel of humanity's wellbeing. Only an instrument of the witzraor capable of trampling down everything human would barge through a war, through the lunar landscape in the place of Europe, Asia, and America. Having physically survived in some deep hole, it would crawl out to the light of day – all to become the ruler of remaining humanity. At times, he would give in to the inspirations from Zhrugr.

Convulsions of this underground carcass attempting to loosen the rings of manacles sent shockwaves across all adjacent layers. He managed to release several tentacles. As the marshal, his human instrument, was no longer on the political stage, Zhrugr now focused all his involtation on the third leader for lack of anyone better. No sooner had the international situation become aggravated, the leader showed such a heightened energy and such belligerence which did not square well either with his age, or his character, or his love for peace. He scampered from country to country with an almost supernatural speed; he sent countless notes to friends and enemies; he conferred with his allies; right then, he devised and carried out new measures to consolidate the country; he raised his voice over the entire planet; he warned, admonished, beseeched, demanded, banged with his fists, and threatened. Yet, he remained a human, and this moral tragedy became impressed even upon his facial features. He should have ruled in another time; he should have managed about in a harmless country in a cozy and peaceful epoch!

I should not have written this book on the brink of a war either, with alarming news bombarding the mind one after another for days on end! It is nice to have confidence that neither the town you live in, nor hundreds of other towns will turn into naught tomorrow! It is lovely to know for a fact that the book you have nurtured for your entire life will be read by someone's attentive eyes, and that someone's soul will be enriched with the spiritual experience expounded in it. Finally, it would be a luxury to rest assured that the book would become a block in the foundation of the coming all-human Brotherhood... Yet, such a confidence is impossible. There remains the only unshakeable base for all hopes to rise: if the world happens to avoid the greatest war, the Rose of the World will inevitably appear, first in one democratic country, then in other countries, gradually hallowing all lands of the world. If, contrary to the efforts of the highest hierarchies of the Light and darkness alike, the war becomes unleashed with the help of the "rank-and-file" dark forces, the Rose of the World will emerge even atop of smoldering ruins. Perhaps, in this case it will not spread the lace of its blossoming branches over all countries, will not turn the earthly landscape into meadows of the Golden Age. Yet, it will unite thousands of people of generous spirit from all corners of the planet and become yet another obstacle on the way of the one that has been already raised from the Pit and is being nurtured in Gashsharva by the great demon, all to become an executor of the all-out global tyranny, as the prince of this world.

*July 5, 1958*

## **Book XII: The Possibilities**

### ***12.1. Formation of the Human Being of the Ennobled Image***

Only the Omniscient knows the future in all its entirety and certainty. To us, it appears as an ever-ramifying chain of dilemmas. Each link in this chain is twofold: it creates a pair of mutually excluding possibilities.

We can never be absolutely sure of how humanity will deal with each of those links, of whether this or that possibility will be opted for. For example, I cannot say exactly when the Rose of the World will rise to prominence. I cannot make any claims on whether it will *ever* materialize either. Yet, if humanity – given a certain historical link, that is, a pair of possibilities to choose between – opts for the ascendance of the Rose of the World, soon people will invariably have to choose between one of the two possibilities. Once one of them has been chosen, the third pair will soon shape up. If the other alternative happens to be preferred, the third pair will emerge as well, albeit a different one.

The more acute the metahistorical sight, the farther it can discern this chain of ramifying dilemmas in the haze of the future.

History knows such phenomena and such personalities that had been readied by powerful hierarchies – light-filled and dark alike – so meticulously, so preemptively, with so much importance attached to them, and with so much effort hurled into their preparation that, in fact, these could not be avoided. However, the exact materialisation of such phenomena in history – whether they are followed through or interrupted, happen in accordance with the dreamed-of ideal or become distorted, and how much distortion is there if any – all this has been impossible to foresee not only by humans but also by the intellect of the higher hierarchies. That is to say, being a part of only one of the global camps precludes one from seeing the power balance of the struggling forces locked in their fateful, ultimate battle.

As early as at the turn of the twentieth century, for instance, a world war had been predetermined. Yet, whether it would be the world war or just one in a series of global military conflicts, who was going to be the victor, and what would be the



exact make-up of the two coalitions – all this was known only to God. The human gaze could only discern the inevitability of a world war and a new era of great international upheavals coming alongside it. The maximum this gaze could reach was in tracking a new pair of possibilities in history if one side happened to win, with another pair shaping up in case of its opponent's victory. Only the greatest visionaries at the time could peer into the future chain of dilemmas down to the fourth or fifth link.

Therefore, certain key events of great processes are as though “etched” into the future as predetermined junction points. Yet, there are very few of them. Besides, while materializing in history, they may assume one or another form, reach this or that degree of the intended outcome. The birth of the Planetary Logos in humanity had been predestined millennia before it actually happened in Palestine. Yet, the century and the people that were to see His birth were decided much later. The question of whether He would become victorious, that is, whether His mission was going to be accomplished in full or in part or even end in a temporary failure – all this had been hazy up until the end of the struggle marked with Judas Iscariot's betrayal. No one, save the Omniscient, knew of the degree of the victory or the defeat, including Jesus Christ.

The mystical mind and mystical intuition gain insights of a special kind. At times, such a gaze sees faraway events not as a chain of dilemmas but as more or less isolated images that are absolutely compelling in terms of their justifiability and vividness. A host of intermediate links between our time and those images, a host of dilemmas of the near future remain unlit or only partially discernible at that. Such pictures reflect those junction points of the Future which had long been predetermined and, therefore, are unshakeable. Or, they happen to be a foresight into an alternative of the historical reality, the most probable, albeit not inevitable, or not precisely the apprehended one at the least.

The birth of Zventa-Sventana in one of the zatomises is “written in the stars”. Hence, the birth of the Rose of the World in humanity is predestined. Yet, when and how exactly, and to what extent this momentous event will be materialized is beyond us.

Our most immediate dilemma, which hangs like the sword of Damocles, is the choice between the third world war and a universal peaceful coexistence. If the war becomes unleashed, humanity will be thrown so far back, and demonic hordes will grow so powerful having feasted on heaps upon heaps of gavvakh that, over time, even the fourth world war and the physical suicide of humanity may become

a possibility, or an endless chain of more local wars and coups could ensue. The ultimate unification of the world under the auspices of the American or some other witzraor is not a far-fetched scenario either. Even though the Rose of the World will emerge in humanity in the interim, perhaps, it may be just an “undercurrent”, a hardly tolerable (later totally intolerable) organization, a kind of beacon in the vault of the catacombs. Its ascendance by way of a planetwide referendum and the establishment of ethical control over the global state appear hardly feasible. The global state will enter upon the path of a global tyranny. The gap between our days and the coming of the antichrist will shorten manyfold, and its physical and, most importantly, spiritual victims will rise in equal measure.

If the choice is made in favor of peace – unfortunately, the odds of this are not great – the Rose of the World will manifest full-blown. Yet, this is just a possibility. The very emergence of the Rose of the World will have a completely different air about it: it will appear in the milieu of democratic rule established in many countries that will be gradually spreading around and engaging the best representatives of humanity into its ranks. Then the following dilemma will arise: choosing between the unification of the earth under the ethical guidance of the Rose of the World or unity based upon some other foundation, perhaps, the cosmopolitan concept of America, or any other less spiritual, less religious, and morally deficient tenets overall. If the first choice is made, the Rose of the World will rise to prominence, and there will be a green light for all its tasks to be carried out. Otherwise, it will be a barely tolerable organization having almost no influence in the wake of the third world war, the only difference being: over the period between the first and the second dilemma, it would broadly branch out, have a sizeable membership, bring forth a number of prominent figures, make an impact upon the overall cultural development, and spread its seeds across the whole face of the earth.

While accounting for the various alternatives of the future, I will focus only upon several of them so as to not become lost in their throng. I will be talking about my vision of the Rose of the World’s activities provided that a favorable resolution of the nearest dilemmas in the chain will make it possible to raise a question before humanity about the Rose of the World’s global ascendance. In order to narrow down this humongous problem without losing the focus, from now onwards I will not be touching on potential negative possibilities, that is, anything that could thwart the realization of the global tasks of the Rose of the World in the future. Let’s talk only about happy things for now! The heart is ravaged with horrors of

the past and the present. Let's light up the fibers of our souls with contemplations about the most beautiful of potentialities! Having fewer victims fall prey to the dark camp is one the chief tasks. For this to happen, humanity needs such a spiritual milieu wherein the enlightenment of the soul is to be experienced not by hundreds or thousands but by millions of individuals. This way, millions, perhaps, even billions of souls will be prevented from being enslaved by the coming antichrist, that is, from the ruinous depravation of their being and from entering upon the path of long expiatory sufferings afterwards.

If one sets such a goal, a certain program of actions will inevitably emanate from it. This program comprises a host of tasks to be solved step by step or in parallel to one another. For this reason, I would like to recall the foremost tasks of the Rose of the World: the cultivation of the human being of the ennobled image; establishing universal material wellbeing; helping humanity develop the highest capacities and tap into light-filled creativity; consolidating the efforts of all light-oriented teachings; the transformation of the planet into a garden and the Global Federation of States – into the Brotherhood.

Among these tasks, there is one, which the Rose of the World can embark upon long before its rise to prominence. The reason being: laying the foundations for this new, most spiritualized education system does not require global supervision over all schools on the planet. A new education will be able to form in certain individual education institutions run by the Rose of the World. It can have such establishments at its disposal even while at the level of a religio-charitable organization in any truly democratic country with all its freedoms coming alongside. The experience accumulated in the course of such a preparatory stage would be later extrapolated onto the universal formative education. When I was talking about the communistic education system, I highlighted some of its most seminal achievements, albeit trimmed-down and depreciated with a host of educational-ideological switches. These included character-building, development of willpower, honesty, the sense of camaraderie, courage, resilience, cheerfulness, and high-mindedness. The human being of the ennobled image will certainly be courageous and strong-willed. Yet, unlike being poured into the struggle of some collective to spread its hegemony over all other collectives, his or her courage and willpower are going to be channeled into activities relating, first and foremost, to self-development, then to the conditions conducive to someone else's character-building, and, finally, toward the perfection of others in an uncoercive environment filled with love. These activities will be aimed at the unification of

humanity without bloodshed, toward lessening the sufferings of all living beings, increasing the total sum of love and happiness in humanity, and bringing about the state of harmony to all living beings inhabiting the Enrof of our planet. Such a person cannot but feature high honesty and a full-blown sense of camaraderie. Lies are justified only when one takes someone else's sufferings upon himself or herself or tries to keep someone away from danger. Yet, divulgence of someone's secret, giving away a comrade, or a denunciation, however nicely clothed, will remain the most shameful of betrayals in the eyes of such a person. His or her soul cannot help being cheerful, too. Yet, such cheerfulness is far from a contrived optimism that would dodge any inkling of the dark side of life, or the sorrow and gloom of certain worlds, or future dangers. All phenomena of life and culture will be assessed, regardless of its optimistic or pessimistic bearing, as per its capacity to broaden or to narrow down the spectrum of personality, to elevate or debase the soul, and, ultimately, to contribute to love and freedom or hatred and enslavement. Such a spirit is courageous enough to be looking into the eyes of any monster and has developed enough spiritually to love life not "as is", but as it has been preconceived in the worlds of ascent or in the future enlightened Enrof.

The cultivation of the ability to be creative in any kind of work is going to be one of the essential tasks of education. If the need for creativity does not become an inalienable quality of the personality, then this will be fraught with satiation, apathy, and the paralysis of spirit in the milieu of the universal wellbeing and ever-decreasing working hours. Yet, one has to be prepared to significantly revise the utility and justifiability of one or another type of work in terms of its degree of creativity. Any however creative work aimed at multiplying the sufferings of living beings – whether it be the invention of the murderous means or in the publishing of depraving books, or in killing animals just for fun's sake, out of gluttony or so-called "scientific expediency" – all such work will be seen as an atavism, as something abominable and shameful. On the contrary: many forms of the inner work that have been looked down upon as a mere idleness will come to be rightly appreciated. Contemplation; meditation; all kinds of religious activities; communion with nature; the development of the physique through much more versatile forms than offered now in sports; excursions and pilgrimages to great hotbeds and memorials of culture; engaging, however humbly, in literature and art; creative love between man and woman; spiritually enriching friendships – all this will attest to the sparkle of the blessed and necessary genuine inner work that will require honorable, fulfilling hours instead of meager bits of leisure time. As long as the work is conducive to the deepening, broadening, elevation, or

ennoblement of one individual at the least, it is bound to add to the perfection of the world. Should the overarching drive stem from egotistical pleasure-seeking, the unrelenting psychological war will be waged against the dominance of such a drive – it is an axiomatic truth that a person living just for himself or herself makes not even a naught but a negative value in the wellbeing of humanity. Perhaps, it goes without saying that the drive for knowledge is an incentive to be roundly and thoroughly developed. Yet, this drive will not be narrowed down by the compass of knowledge obtainable through scientific and artistic pursuits alone – it will also include metahistorical, transphysical, and religious fields. Not only the thirst for knowledge is going to be developed, but also, the thirst for the spirit in general.

The communist education, which I have passingly touched upon, was keen on developing three more qualities of utmost importance: the submission of the personal to the collective, the spirit of internationalism, and an aspiration for the future.

Let us not dwell on how successfully these qualities were instilled in the generations, which had been nurtured by the system's workers. Be that as it may, the system was adamant on inculcating its subjects with the sense of collectivity as overriding any individualism. Unfortunately, two ideological switches had been insensibly pulled. "The collective" did not mean humanity overall or even the populace of one or several countries. Rather, it was a part of humanity unified with a strictly delineated ideology. Everything outside its domain was seen either as "enemies" – and these should not have expected any mercy – or as temporary allies whose destiny was to be decided in the future: either they were to join "us" and be included into the growing belligerent collectivity or turned into enemies, hence to be wiped out. Thus was the first switch: switching communality with groupism. The second switch was about losing the sense of proportion: minuscule, pitiable collective benefits coming from the self-renunciation of individuals were deemed higher than personal interests, even, at times, lives. A petty transgression was seen as a state crime, whereas the natural human unwillingness to become separated from the family for long, all for the sake of many years of labor in a remote and barely reachable periphery, was met with a great many barriers piled up by the state, party, and society. A new attitude between the individual and the collective was to eliminate these switches. A group, state, or social movement interest must not dominate over individual interests by default – essentially, such collective tyrants are vampires, idols, and Molochs. Rather, the wellbeing of the whole humanity is to be given the pride of place. Some would object along the

lines that humanity is not monolithic, that it is divided into antagonistic classes, etc. Indeed, it is divided. But its genuine wellbeing precisely comes down to having been united – not by way of truncating some parts and forcibly remolding other parts but through the development of centripetal forces and in the ridding of centrifugal forces in humanity. This unity is not to come at a cost of yet another hundreds of millions of violent deaths, of even the greater sum of personal tragedies and the turning of a part of humanity into prisoners. No matter how opportune, there must be this reminder that my generation did burn its fingers on these switches and lies. I will keep hammering on about this, opportunely or not, for as long as my admonishments reach at least a few minds and hearts, even those who are yet to be born – eventually, they too are going to come to live and create. In sum, only understood in this light, the collective has enough reasons to claim its superiority over the individual. Yet, even this superiority cannot be absolute, for the right correlation is what matters, too: great sacrifices on the part of the individual are to be made for great goals, and vice versa. Deception, however, was quick to have crept in even here: the thought that all peoples are equal in terms of their temperament, giftedness, and historical “oughtness” is a sheer demagoguery. It goes without saying that there is no single or several peoples specially preselected by the Deity to enjoy some special privilege and right. Yet, each people has been providentially destined or chosen, if you will, for solving some singular historical and cultural tasks; these missions are inimitably idiosyncratic. There are peoples – normally, they are quite populous – which are predestined to play colossal roles of planetary significance; others have more specific and particular goals. Yet: To whom more is committed, from him more is required. Special giftedness is to lead to being more self-demanding rather than tough on others, and this concerns both individuals and peoples alike. Giftedness and stature entitle one to greater deeds rather than to the enjoyment of more rights than other mortals. All in all, exceptionalism does not give one any special rights; rather, it presupposes an extra load of duties.

Precisely this kind of understanding inherently refutes any racialist or nationalistic ideas.

At the same time, when we hear claims to the effect that a small and backward people that has made virtually no contribution to the treasury of humanity stands on equal footing with the Chinese, British, German, or Indian people, this sounds unconvincing and absurd, for such a thesis cannot be supported with any self-evident, irrefutable facts. The true rebuttal for racism, along with any other

superhuman claim – coming from an individual or a people alike – comes down to the “noblesse oblige”, that is, nobility toward those less privileged. Would anybody except for ethically barbarian individuals justify the exploitation of the poor by the rich and of the weak by the strong? Only ethical barbarians may presume that higher ethical giftedness and power may entitle one to the exploitation of cultural “minors”. Sadly, hypocritical blubber about the so-called “white man’s burden” proved to be yet another sham. If the white man’s burden really exists, it is not about colonizing others. Rather, it is a burden of highly refined beings obligated to enlighten the ignorant, feed the hungry, bring joy to those distraught, heal the ailing, uplift those lagging behind, illumine, beautify, and mollify their lives. This makes the real burden of a great nation!

It is clear that no nationalistic drivel can sprout on the spiritual fields hallowed by the blue petals of the Rose of the World.

There remains yet the third feature of the old education system, that is, aspiring for the future – a great one! This feature is characteristic of the people brought up by this system. Such an individual thinks futuristically. He or she dreams of and believes in a bright new world, is inspired toward the wellbeing of the future generations, and is a stranger to egotistical aloofness. Although this aspiration for the future is a huge stride forward, it is not without flaws. The Doctrine has suffused this notion of the future with a downgraded and simplified content. Basically, two values make up this notion: material prosperity and the subjugation of nature. Such a notion is as linear as a T-square. It is as devoid of spirituality, as concrete and materialistically naïve, as the utterances of a seventh-grader sitting by the bonfire. True, the prospect of the future does presuppose material wellbeing and, ultimately, prosperity. Yet, the universal wellbeing can be reached relatively soon, it is just the first stage, only a preliminary condition toward mental and spiritual blossoming. In the twenty-first century, people will be taking delight in this wellbeing or prosperity, paying attention to it, and experiencing it emotionally as little as a modern resident of New York or Moscow barely takes notice of, for example, sewerage or bus service. People of the next century will be just using material wellbeing, and later prosperity – just that. As for the notion of the subjugation of nature, an aggressive, imperialist, and nearly colonialist stance as it is, it will be counterweighted with the idea of harmonizing the interconnection between humans and the natural world. Once having become acutely aware of nature’s duality, its providential and demonic principles, people will interfere into the life of nature such that its demonism will be being grappled with, and its light-

filled aspect will have a close interpenetration with humans. The latter will take interest not just in extracting newer upon newer natural resources, but also in seeing to the spiritual development of the animal kingdom, the harmonizing of the relationships across species, perfecting the plant kingdom and the entire natural landscape, and establishing relationships of love and friendship with the elementals of light.

The real depth of feeling in those epochs will come, first and foremost, from the ever-increasing spirit of love; secondly, from acts of creativity or, rather, divine co-creation in a plethora of shapes and forms; thirdly, from the enlightenment of nature; fourthly, from removing the barriers between physical and other planes of existence; fifthly, from the joy of life seething in Enrof as well as in numerous other worlds; sixthly, from the highest forms of knowing God. Aspiring for such a future is what distinguishes the human being of the ennobled image, from all preceding cultural stages.

What about the mindset of such an individual? Its characteristics will include an ever-growing thirst for knowledge, nourished through ever-developing erudition; experience in independent thinking and intellectual self-sufficiency; free and joyous awe of the manifestations of the Deep and the expressions of the Great.

How about his or her esthetic makeup? It will be characterized with the following: development of the intrinsic need for artistic impressions; highly refined taste; knowing and understanding the arts and artistic works of the past; the need for artistic activities, however humble; taking free and joyous delight in the manifestations of the Beautiful.

What can be said about his or her morality? Dynamic kindness toward others; capacity for intense compassion and jubilation; the sense of unity with the entirety of humanity; the sense of cosmic unity; free and joyous reverence before expressions of the Lofty.

Concerning the spiritual mold of the human being of the ennobled image, it will be characterized with: the vivid experience of our material plane as merely one of the planes of Shadanakar; the inner work aimed at unsealing the organs of spiritual apprehension; an ever-fresh look at life as a mystery; a knowledge of religious forms of the past and present; an ability to relate to all religious creeds [of the right hand], that is, to understand the experience and teaching of each of them as a reflection of one of the many facets of spiritual reality; the imperative need for



personal participation in the religious life and creative activities of humanity, as well as the capacity for being overcome with joy while participating in them.

Finally, what could be an outward, physical appearance of such a human? It seems to me that he or she will feature a well-built physique, fluid movements, light gait, harmonious musculature, and an open, highly intelligent, and cheerful face as though lit with the inner light. This is all due to the imperative to base one's physical development upon the commandment of friendship with the light-filled elementals. Sports, dancing, and games are to be steeped with this friendship since a tender age. Another reason being, such a human is keenly aware of nature's duality and therefore blocks the involutions of dark forces from entering into his or her being. As a child of the sun, he or she glides through his or her early years and, upon entering into youth, looks like a deity. Lightly clothed, the son or daughter of the Earth is walking on her blossoming lands. He or she is a big friend of birds and animals, talk-partner of angels, builder of the most exquisite towns, perfecter of mountains, forests, and deserts, and master of the planet-garden. This is how the future human being of the ennobled image appears to the mind's eye. These characteristics give a clear idea of which of the natural proclivities need to be targeted by the formative and educational efforts of the future.

Developing these qualities while being out of touch with nature would be extremely hard. For this reason, the mandatory secondary education facilities, something like a boarding school, are to be located either on the outskirts or outside of the town. The schools that serve children living in urban areas are to arrange regular fieldtrips and outings for them throughout the summer at the least. If class lessons last for seven, unlike eight or nine months a year, and if the overall duration of school studies comes to twelve or thirteen rather than ten years – there is no harm in this. After all, there would be no crucible of the mandatory military conscription lying ahead for the youth; no arms race, no competition between two politico-economical systems would spur the pace of life. Even if one completes his or her postsecondary studies by thirty, it will mean entering life as a human in the full sense of this word, not as a narrow specialist.

One should not feel intimidated with the discredited term “boarding school” either. Such a boarding school does not presume any isolation of its students from life. These will be connected with society through a variety of binding threads: giving a helping hand in farms; taking part in amateur performances in clubs and day schools; spending weekends with families; participating at sports festivities as a part of the activities of youth organizations; going on guided tours to museums,

factories, and scientific establishments; traveling along with all kinds of cultural strata within one's own, as well as within other countries. Such schools are *boarding* only provisionally. The purpose of keeping children within the walls of the school most of the time, of course, is far from separating them from their family or life overall. Such a regime ensures the most efficient use of time, allows to influence the student in a variety of ways, and helps with the building of the sense of collectivity.

It goes without saying that educationists in such schools will be required to exhibit an especially mindful preparation, pedagogic tactfulness, and deep understanding of their mission. The boarding school is to be midway between a community and a family. Everything with an air of perfunctory dryness, hierarchical officialdom, superior coldness, all the more regimentation is to keep a wide berth from the establishment. After all, the personality being formed there has to be able to live in the society, which is based on free will, not coercion. Of course, the system of prohibitions, punishments, and rewards will remain in place up to a point, especially, in the beginning. Yet, it will play just a supplementary role and, eventually, be minimal. Rather than instilling the fear of punishment, the qualities making it impossible to do wrong things in the first place are to be nurtured. It is not fear or conceit that will prevent the student from lying, bullying, neglecting studies, committing antisocial and anti-camaraderie acts, and being cruel to animals: gradually, all this will become impossible, for he or she will learn how to love friendliness, honesty, courage, and compassion. From a tender age, he or she will be instilled with the taste for work, for creative acts, for inner and outward civility. Only this can naturally ensure abomination for idleness, abomination for ignorance, abomination for cruelty, callousness, and narcissism. I am far from being an educationist, and this is not a right place for putting forth some educational methodologies. Yet, what I deem possible is in outlining the tasks of the Rose of the World's education system and its basic tenets.

It must be assumed that the religio-ethical and religio-artistic upbringing will account for the bitter experience of such archaic disciplines as, for example, the infamous "Religious Education". Rather than being incapsulated into the immovable crystals of dogmas, squeezed into a narrow discipline that contradicts all others with no hope for reconciliation, there has to be a true nourishment, which steeps and vivifies everything. Sports, swimming, strolling, gardening, floriculture, romping about with animals, games – all becomes intertwined with fun and frolic, poetic, and joyful activities, which initiate one into the cult of the

elementals. Studies, artistry, reading, singing, going to museums and temples, conversations on cultural, historical, and metahistorical topics will touch the profound and solemn rites, which initiate one into the cult of the Synclites. At the end of a busy, eventful day that has enriched the heart and mind, it would be a good idea to recite holy scriptures – something like a chapter every evening, with boys and girls alike reading in turns. It would be a great disaster if such a regime becomes degraded, all due to the incompetence of teachers, into a string of tedious and mandatory obligations. The real task is to have each child realize the inner poetry, beauty, depth, and loftiness of these religious activities. Once all this has been felt and understood, children would naturally gravitate toward those activities, and there would be no need to be nudged.

Yet, it will be impossible to avoid introducing a special course dedicated to the world of religious ideas: alongside developing personal religious feelings in his or her soul, the student will have to espouse a systematic religious outlook. To my mind, one could draw this kind of knowledge from a special discipline – a comprehensive history of religions, which would present the spiritual evolution of humanity as objectively as it gets. This has to be interlinked with a course in political history, which, in turn, is greatly expanded and enlivened through imagery borrowed from the history of the arts, sciences, philosophy, and material culture. It goes without saying that these disciplines will be enriched – for as long as time and the means would permit – by way of film, exhibitions and TV programs, club activities, visiting the temples of different confessions, as well as hotbeds of the folk religious life.

All in all, creativity is nourished and cherished in a variety of ways, through, however small, seedlings of musical, literary, theatrical, architectural, artistic, philosophical, and religious creativity. As already has been said, the creative approach to any kind of work is to be cultivated, and so too an abomination for violence, for destruction, and for the oppression of the will of the others.

Such pastimes as fishing, hunting, or amassing entomological collections will be out of question. What hunting! So much for educationists speechifying on developing kindness and love that, at the same time, coolly contemplate their students entertaining themselves with torturing animals. The total ban on such activities will be followed with an abomination for any cruel treatment of living beings – this would only stem from loving them. In turn, such love will develop through taking care of domesticated animals. Gradually, feeling close to the elementals will imbue the daily rounds of life; being ready for such an

apprehension will be thoroughly sustained. Bodily fitness improves with physical exercise, clothes lighten up, allowing the body to become exposed to being touched by the elementals as much as the climate permits, and shoes are done away with except for in being outdoors in cold weather.

This being said, now I am going to touch on a group of techniques, a more particular and auxiliary, yet, in my opinion, practically viable one.

By all appearances, the day is not far when the discovery by natural sciences of a special radiation from the earth's surface will change the way we look at many things.

Experimental research will establish that different kinds and degrees of this radiation are inherent in different natural landscapes; that, having penetrated into us by way of touch, that is, through the soles of our feet or entire bodily surface while swimming (to a lesser degree – through the air), these radiations exert an unflagging and powerful influence upon the human being, not so much physically, but more in terms of his or her nervous system and psyche. However, these emanations from the upper crust have nothing to do with the radiations coming from the incandescent entrails of the planet. We will also find out that the material medium of the populated areas, their soil in particular, gives off emanations of another kind which exert a different, yet no less beneficial influence upon us. Later, it will be established that the soil is a kind of reservoir, which accumulates, stores, and gives off an energy of the emanations over great periods of time. The sources of these emanations abide in the worlds of another materiality, albeit their movement in space *there* becomes reflected in the elements and the entire landscape *here*. I am not a physicist, and it is none of my business to make predictions about the course of the development of the natural sciences. Rather, I will be quietly waiting until physics has knocked on the gates, which will burst open to transphysical depths and expanses; until, with a meticulousness inherent in the exact sciences, it has pointed out that one of the classes of emanations belongs to the layer of certain elementals in nature, while another relates to the elementals of the populated areas and, most importantly, to the arungviltā-prāṇa of humanity. It is a known fact that swimming, the air, and the sun are beneficial. Now, it will be ascertained that the actual benefit is much greater and more multifarious than ever before thought, and the earth itself is even more beneficial at that. It will turn out that the greatest benefit has long been unheeded: not only do shoes protect the coddled-up feet from being injured, but also are the greatest barrier between our bodies and the emanations from the earth. It will be also confirmed that walking

barefoot is not only beneficial in nature, all due to the emanations of the elementals coming from the soil, but also in the populated areas, where the decline of these emanations is replenished with the emanations from the living forces of humanity. This discovery will turn around the system of physical education, dramatically change sports, and rapidly be reflected in the apparel. Toppling the archaic mores of Europe and America and muffling the outcries of the bedazzled snobs with a carefree stamping of bare feet, the new fashion will first become popular with the youth, only to turn into an all-out custom, which will be bounded geographically and seasonally only with cold, northern winters. However, these are just particularities, and this change in the customs could well be taken no notice of if it were only about health improvement. In reality, the question is deeper than meets the eye.

Among our five senses, we have one that has been barely paid heed to; it seems to be even stigmatized with an odd neglect. Our languages have developed pairs of verbs: “to listen – to hear” or “to look – to see”. Yet, in our conceptualizing of the sense of touch and what is apprehensible through it, there is a setback, an incommensurate delay of sorts. Normally, we “sense” something in terms of mechanically receiving sensory stimuli rather than consciously processing these impressions. We “look” but don’t see, “listen” but don’t hear. Who, and when, ever experiences at least a modicum of enjoyment or ponders even for a second upon what he or she is feeling when touching everyday items, walls and floors of houses, plants, water, and the earth? Half of humanity, that is, more than a billion people at the least, walk barefoot. It is awesome, wholesome, and convenient, there is no doubt about this. Yet, some people do not experience anything however significant at that; others take purely bodily pleasure, for walking barefoot feels lighter and freer than in shoes. Whereas, if I am aware that every step of mine is nothing but touching the body of the dear Earth; that even the tiniest curvatures of the soil, alterations in its moisture and dryness, coolness and warmth, roughness and smoothness, softness and hardness, density and crumbliness is nothing but the Earth’s communication with me, is but the touching of the soles of my feet by this universal Mother that loves me with a motherly and with some other incomprehensibly warm, superhuman love – apart from the purely bodily pleasure, I will experience an indescribable feeling akin to a caressing love and warm, ecstatic joy.

A great many people in the South also walk barefoot in urban areas. By the force of habit, at least the majority of them seem to experience nothing special at that. If

only these people would have listened closely to their sense of touch! If only they had realized that thousands and millions, which belong to the same humanity, had lived, breathed, walked, worked, and loved there! If only they had tried to grasp that effluences, which rise up through their being off the unassuming asphalt they tread, are hot with some other, non-physical warmth! If only they would grow aware of all this, they would also realize that, by treading those pebbles with their bare soles, they can experience, apart from physical pleasure, an especial surge of jolly and hot energy, a refreshing feeling of the fullness of life, the sense of being a part and parcel of the whole.

In order to develop this capacity to steadily register essential impressions and think them out on a deeper level, one needs neither burdensome meditations, nor dry mental acrobatics. I am not going to force anyone into this method. Yet, I do not deem it necessary to conceal the ways, which helped me personally penetrate into nature more than usual and magnified manifoldly the joy of interacting with it, as well as with the force of humanity. For this end, one has to develop the sense of “peripheral touch”. By focusing attention on just about anything while perceiving various objects which one gets into contact with through the sense of touch, he or she is to register these with a certain angle of consciousness and, every so often, as though peer at them with the mind’s eye and ponder upon them. This is first. Second, one is to connect one’s “peripheral touch” with the general approach toward the physical layer, which can be called being ready to apprehend what “shows through” it. The world will start speaking to us in thousands of voices, each being full of its own individuality, expressivity, and surprisingly deep meaning. The wind will no longer remain just the mechanical pressure of dead molecules of the air against our face and body: it will reveal itself either as coddles of wonderful invisible beings, or the boisterous pranks of another, harsher layer. The earth that we have treaded so far with indifference, mindlessly responding either to extreme hot or cold, will now talk to us with a living language. She will talk through our bubbly and laughing soles now with playful squeals of streams and puddles, then with a tingling laughter of brush and needles in the pinewood, then with the impassioned recitation of the dry road. She will caress us away with the moist clay of forest trails, with the touching tenderness of the grass, with the stern wisdom of pebbles, and with the softest mat of the dusty road. – “Indifferent nature will shine on with its eternal beauty...” Poor Alexander Sergeevich! (a quote from Alexander Pushkin’ poem, *translator’s note*). He happened to be born at the time when this barefoot happiness was beyond the aristocracy’s reach! Now,

nature would no longer appear indifferent to him: with full certainty, he would feel loved by nature, not just experience love toward her.

Deepening and thinking out of the sense of touch, as well as in the regular, daily practicing of it – to my mind, this is one of the major trajectories in the educational system aimed at developing the capacity for transphysical apprehension. It is as though we were looking through the magnifying glass at a spot in the organic tissue, discerning its structure and the contraction of its fibers, which before had born no meaning whatsoever, and... hey presto, now we are looking with a simple and clear gaze and suddenly realize that we have the bodily tissue of a beautiful face in front of us, in which there lives a deeply intelligent life full of expressivity. It used to be a meaningless aggregate of dead matter. Now, it as a stunningly beautiful Face of the World that is full of vitality, that wisely and lovingly gazes at us along with myriads of other beings.

It is only natural that the profile of the future college will change as compared with the modern secondary [and high] school such that the humanities will gain more prominence. Enlarging the history course and introducing the history of religions in the broad sense of the term will require extra hours; these can be found by increasing the overall duration of studies. Perhaps, the higher grades will need to be taught in a system that branches out into three orientations: humanitarian, natural science, and technical. Whether a graduate is going to apply to a postsecondary institution or is readying himself or herself for practical work, he or she is to be granted a yearly stipend for traveling – this can be done individually or in a group – to any country of interest or a number of them, all for expanding their horizons, exploring nature and culture, and establishing new connections. The network of special youth-tourist hubs all over the world, along with the highly professional educationists working in them would prevent the majority of grantees from wasting this precious time on trifles and help them avoid casual and fruitless fancies.

One may wonder: how could such a rise of humanities be justified? After all, the first epoch of the Rose of the World will require numerous cadres of workers from other specialties: for one thing, those in the exact sciences and all kinds of engineers. Doesn't securing the universal material wellbeing presuppose tapping into natural energy resources, whether already found or waiting to be discovered? It does. Yet, what will be also required is the no less numerous cadres of workers to help carry out the all-round social reforms. Besides, engineers, natural-science and technical workers of a new formation will differ from their predecessors in

that, unlike being very narrow specialists, they will be human beings of the ennobled image. Thirdly, over time, the material base will be firmly established, thus diminishing the demand for the engineer-technical intelligentsia – those having the humanities background will be replacing them.

All in all, we often forget that the needs of society in general and of each of its members in particular only now can be familiarly and convincingly articulated. Looking back at the Dark Ages, for example, or at the societal organization of the clan system, we tend to fancy sorcerers, quacks, monks, and astrologists to be nothing but leeches. Such a view, of course, shows nothing but narrow-mindedness. All these social groups and professions, as it were, could exist precisely because they met certain needs of society – the needs, which now are nearly non-existent. From the other side, people from those epochs had no idea of the multifold needs of their distant successors, which would shape the course of all our lives. A physicist of the twentieth century in his or her office together with laboratory assistants, a director surrounded by cameramen and actors at the film set, museum visitors and guides, tourists and sightsmen, physical education instructors and sportsmen, telephone operators and tractor drivers, chess players and photographers, millions of people from countless professions – to a person of medieval times, all of them would seem to be either sorcerers, or eccentrics, or idlers and leeches at best.

Certain occupations, which are going to meet the needs of future eras, would appear equally odd, absurd, harmful, or meaningless to us. Some of the needs, which now are the province of just the few, will become popular in a matter of several decades. Apparently, needs of the aesthetic kind are going to skyrocket, whereas religious needs will change their cast by becoming more versatile and closely connected to the natural world and the compass of culture. Therefore, it is only natural that the prevalence of the humanities will catch up not only to secondary school's specialization, but also to that of postsecondary institutions, their programs of study and unit weight, as it were. For as soon as the Rose of the World has set about implementing universal reforms, there will be a dramatic spike in the demand for new educationists, lawyers, social activists, historians, rehabilitators of criminals, literary scholars, psychologists, and philosophers armed with a new methodology and inspired by new goals.

Inevitable is the emergence of new scientific disciplines: zoogogics (zoology plus pedagogics, *t/n*), metapsychology, and metaphysiology. The two latter, each in its own fashion, will direct efforts into investigating the organs of spiritual



apprehension, which have long been awaiting their discovery by Western science. Based on the experiential data from these two disciplines, a totally new educational system will subsequently form, the one aiming to practically help unseal those organs, in-built in every human being. However, provided even the most favorable conditions, the bloom of this kind of educational system is hardly feasible other than in several scores of years when metapsychology and metaphysiology will have amassed enough data and summarized it with an overarching theory.

The scale and depth of these reforms will make it necessary to remold other higher educational institutions, including those specializing in the natural sciences.

By now, I have touched several times upon the turning of the surface of our planet into a garden, all under the guidance of the Rose of the World and through the effort of a few generations. Let it not baffle adherents of the wilderness! The whole surface of the Earth had been remaining pristine for thousands and millions of years. In the nineteenth century, the wilderness part had already been slashed by half. As for now... As saddening as it may sound, there is no and cannot be another way of development. Population growth, technological advancement, and discovering immense reserves of energy resources have predetermined the future of “wilderness” in no uncertain terms. The dilemma is not in choosing between wilderness and nature-garden but, rather, between nature-garden and anti-nature.

What is meant here by anti-nature, as far as I understand it, is first converting large areas, then the whole of dryland into an urbanized complex that would include maimed leftovers of nature, all for utilizing them for hygienic ends as well as physiological enjoyment.

When talking about nature-garden, I mean to say conversion of vast areas and, eventually, of the entire dryland into an alternation of mountainous parks, grassland-forest parks, fields cultivated with the help of high technologies, wildlife sanctuaries, wildlife reserves, town-gardens, and village-gardens. This way, not only the life of humankind but also that of the animal kingdom, plants, and the elementals would rise up into harmony, and the global landscape will assume a highly artistic cast.

This work will see a confluence of many sciences and arts under the nourishing umbrella of the religio-ethical teaching of the elementals. New scales, new requirements, new technical and decorative techniques will turn the old art of gardening into something totally novel – not only in terms of size but also quality.

It will merge with monumental architecture and sculpture. It will encompass forestry, horticulture, agrotechnology, selective breeding, decorative art, zoogogics, melioration, desert greening, and much more. This art will pool the efforts of all kinds of professions and qualifications. Perhaps, at a certain point of history, it will become the leading, most popular, and favorite form of art.

It is clear that activities of the corresponding scientific establishments – educational and research-and-development – will be refashioned in line with those tasks.

Yet, this does not exhaust the transformation of postsecondary education and the entire research-and-development complex. A robust ladder of religio-cultural educational institutions of a new type, starting from colleges up to academies, will be erected.

To my mind, a humanities boarding-college for twelve-twenty year-olds could most likely be its first step. Children that combine a proclivity for the arts or humanities with ethical giftedness are to be cherrypicked for such colleges. The second step will make a religio-philosophical university: a host of its departments will be preparing – apart from ecclesiastics of all five cults of the Rose of the World – new social activists, leaders of religious and philanthropic organizations in the broadest sense of the word, philosophers, psychologists, journalists, editors, commentators, directors of mystery plays, and many more. We should not forget that lying ahead is a titanic work of hundreds of millions of people intent on breaking through the shell of pseudoscientific ignorance and antireligious prejudices, which had enchained a great number of people in the first half of the twentieth century! It suffices to recall that, over the course of two or three generations, expansive countries had been totally deprived of any essential religious literature, be it the Koran or the Bible, let alone some however serious works or religious treasures of the antiquity. Lying ahead is the publication of the canonical texts of Christianity and other religions complete with scientific references, which would meet the demands of the contemporary reader; of numerous series of artistic editions and study guides reproducing monuments of world religious culture; of scientific-research works capable of satisfying the deepening interest for the spiritual history of humanity; of special and popular series, which familiarize society, having regressed into atheism or indifference, with the great teachings on Spirit – from Vedanta to Schopenhauer, from Gnosticism to anthroposophy and existentialism. Special religio-philosophical universities will be preparing such workers. Finally, this ladder of educational and

academic establishments will be crowned with the planetary religio-philosophical Academy, the one coordinating and guiding the ideological work within the Rose of the World. Such national-scale academies will emerge in every country.

There will be yet other areas of activity demanding such a number of humanities workers that could be described with no other epithet than “grandiose”.

Transformation of the global state into a brotherhood is not feasible with outward means alone. Some of those means as the chief prerequisites for such a transformation will be touched upon in the following chapter. Here, it suffices to say how the upbringing of generations of the ennobled image will lead to the transformation itself. Just as the generation of Israelites, upon their leaving Egypt with Moses, had to make place for other generations before they could enter the Promised Land, so the generation of the mid-twentieth century poisoned with the air of world wars has to step down for the long-awaited state system to reign supreme, the one shining through the enfilade of three sequentially enlightened periods. For this state system is not an outward formation. It will stay organic and naturally requisite until the ethical cast of new generations will make it impossible to abuse freedom and turn it into anarchy. No rehabilitation measures are enough to turn around the psyche of two billion people, which had been formed in the atmosphere of bloodshed and barbarities. It goes without saying that millions of those living now – the cream of the crop – would meet the highest demands of that future epoch. Yet, not just the best of us, but the overwhelming majority of humanity are to meet these demands such that entire generations could be nurtured by the Rose of the World as human beings of the ennobled image.

Transformation of the essence of the state – what is it, after all? Is it the disarmament of all, the true democracy, liberalized legislation, and mitigation of punishments? It certainly is; yet, these do not exhaust it. The essence of the state is a lifeless automatism, which is guided with material interests of big or small human massifs understood as a single whole. It is aloof to the interests of the individual. As for spirituality, it is totally foreign to the state, and so too to witzraors and egregors. Spiritual wellbeing, be it individual or social, is totally beyond it.

The significance of the first stage of the Rose of the World’s rule comes down to achieving universal material wellbeing and paving the way for transformation of the Federation of state-members into a planetwide monolith. It goes without saying that the most democratic socio-political institutes will belong to all the countries. Vast communities of legislators, educators, psychologists, lawyers, and

ecclesiastics will see to revising law codes, reforming the system of legislative and procedural norms, and mitigating punishments – the very principle of punishment will be superseded by the principle of rehabilitating the criminal. The very period will see preparation of the cadres of workers of a new type, those instrumental in carrying out universal reforms which will herald the next, second stage: the transformation of the mitigated planetwide state into the Brotherhood.

One would presume that the onset of the second stage would overlap with the implementation of universal judicial reform. After all, jury trial or some of its specimens at the least appear to be the most progressive of all existing trial forms. Yet, it is far from having hit the ceiling of development. People of all kinds of ranks pointed out some serious shortcomings of this form of trial. Specifically, the principle of freely hiring a professional lawyer was shown to be fraught with the turning of the lawyer into a virtuoso of sorts, whose techniques in eloquence undermine the genuine, cordial human involvement with the defendant's destiny. Hardly would anyone disagree that the principle of public prosecution does not warrant the prosecutor from turning into a bureaucrat that sees but a criminal in every defendant and takes interest only in that side of the defendant's personality, which, according to him or her, may have dictated the crime. With regard to the principle of jury trial, it is imperfect in that psychologically intricate cases, which often beg not only for a scrupulous investigation, but also for a high level of culture, acumen, and the sense of fairness on the part of the jury, welcomes random and unqualified, often poorly developed individuals to consider cases. It would be too naïve to think that a few hours of help on the part of professionals would be enough to make up for their inadequacy.

At present, replacing this trial form with something else does not seem to be feasible. It will become a reality once the decades-long rule of the Rose of the World has ensured the formation of a new type of judicial worker. A youth will need to prepare himself or herself for this kind of activity, having chosen the humanities as the major as early as in college. The system of formative education outlined in the beginning of this chapter will take on certain specificities in the higher school of law, which will shape the formation of future judges. Perhaps, special attention will be given to those aspects of character, which would ensure against a perfunctory and formal, let alone egotistical attitude toward another human being. Studying the arts and philosophy, history of culture, history of ethics, history of legal acts, psychology, psychopathology, and psychiatry in parallel to the core subjects will add to the natural acumen and understanding of

the problems of the human soul as well as of their possible solutions. The deeply ingrained notion of the value of the human person and of the reformatory, apart from judicial duty of the judge will stimulate a highly considerate, caring, and warm approach toward the defendant. He or she will be looked upon as a patient to be healed – not necessarily a patient in the modern psychiatric sense, but as one with an impaired ethical structure of the soul. The role of such judicial figures cannot be overstated: these are saviors of human souls, and humanity is in need of them about as much as of physicians, educationists, and ecclesiastics. Someone would object: such ideal individuals are at a premium and are exceptions. Yet, even in the totally different, smothering and poisoned atmosphere of today, do we rarely see educationists and physicians of the highest and purest ethical caliber? Do we really have grounds to believe that an educational system, set to achieve precisely this goal and functioning in a favorable social milieu at that, will be powerless to select several millions of youngsters out of the billion of them, such that they would worthily bear the burden of trying and rehabilitating or, rather, healing criminals?

It seems to me – albeit the reality may prove me wrong – that workers of this type will make up several groups: investigators, judges, and rehabilitators in the true sense of this word. Right now, it would be untimely and inopportune to dwell on this reform; all the more, I have neither a professional legal training, nor experience. I would just allow myself a remark: over time, something else will emerge in place of the prosecutor, defendant, and jury institute. General debate will carry on, though not as a battle of eloquences or rivalry of artists, with one trying to besmirch the defendant as a matter of duty and the other whitewashing him or her. It will be an alternation of speeches of not just two but of three actors: they could be provisionally called “interpreters”. Making use of the investigation materials and drawing upon the results of personal communication with the defendant, two of them would be offering two different interpretations of the case. The third one would be trying to bring these interpretations closer together, reconcile them if possible, and show the advantages of each. Such a reconciliation of viewpoints seems hardly achievable in the first tour of the debate; yet, certain steps would have been made toward it. The second and the third tours would ensue then. Judges taking no part in the debate, yet closely watching and listening to everything would thus form a much deeper and objective opinion on the case. The defendant would be given the right to present his or her arguments, too. As for judges, these will be far from random, unqualified people – this is what the majority of assessors are – that have no penchant for unraveling knotty

psychological and psychopathological collisions. Rather, there will be specially trained specialists of a new formation. It is no shame if the preparation of such judges takes longer than five years as is currently required, reaching as many as ten years: for the “penal establishments” (such a nefarious collocation this is!) to turn into a system of rehabilitation, ethical and social resurrection of the person, no number of years would go to waste.

It goes without saying that imprisonment as a form of punishment will eventually become outdated. The word “camp” has been now grossly discredited: it conjures up images of Buchenwalds, Pot’mas, and Noril’sk. Yet, I will have to use it here provisionally for the lack of a better term. At present, they try to rehabilitate here and there by way of labor – it should come as no surprise that they get sorry results. The majority of criminals are at a rather low cultural level. These are the people that ran off the rails at a young age and developed a deep aversion toward work. It would be naïve to expect them to become reformed as soon as they have gotten hold of a shoemaker’s hammer or a smoothing plane. The point is to raise their cultural level such that they could feel the charm of work. This work is not bound to be artisan or industrial at that (after all, not all people have those proclivities) – it could be an intellectual activity, too. It must be said that raising the cultural level does not mean some vocational training but, rather, being cultured all round, that is, intellectually, ethically, aesthetically, socially, and spiritually. Some religio-philanthropic organizations, especially Catholic and Methodist ones, are in part involved in something along these lines. They should have more involvement in such work, and their experience and methods are to be learned and, at times, embraced. In any event, the unwillingness to take an extra mental load, inertia, laziness, and flippancy of such criminals is to be mitigated with a provision to the effect that their prison service would not be about a mindlessly fixed number of years (having got a short term, one is just thoughtlessly looking forward to the release; a long term throws one into “not caring a dime about the world” mood) but a function of the criminal’s reformation: the sooner the criminal manages to complete the program of general humanitarian education along with acquiring some socially useful profession such that rehabilitators would deem him or her fit for living out of prison, the sooner he or she would leave its walls.

It is hardly doubtful that the combination of a high level of universal wellbeing with the inevitable results of the comprehensive educational system and all-encompassing psychological climate of the second stage will be seeing a decline in

the crime rate from year to year. Considering that the number of crimes in some Scandinavian countries dwindled as low as to a few scores a year by the turn of the twentieth century, it would be far from utopian to conjecture that, given the aforementioned conditions, the global number of crimes would come to be no more than several thousands a year and be steadily declining further on. Certain foundational principles of the system of education and upbringing that would nurture investigators, judges, and rehabilitators will be replicated by other educational institutions preparing economists, managers, engineers, and technicians for work in state establishments. I mean the principles aimed at bringing up the true humanness in each of those workers. Even the institution which now bears the discredited name “police” or “militia” (in the USSR, police was called “militia”, *t/n*) will change its functions. At the second stage of the Rose of the World’s rule, this institution will be occasionally carrying out criminal investigations. Yet, with each successive decade, this police department will be losing its prominence. Over time, police will turn into a social assistance service of sorts helping both individuals and collectives. Working there will become as honorable and respectable profession as any other.

The state is made up of people. Those embodying state authority throughout its ladder are predominantly formal, callous, dry, and cold. It is impossible to eradicate the bureaucracy either through administrative means, or by appealing to conscience or the call of duty unless the sense of duty and professionalism has become a part and parcel of personality since childhood. The system of the Rose of the World will be preparing the cadres for the global state such that its negative qualities could be replaced with their opposites; such that everyone, when approaching an official or entering into a state establishment, would not meet bureaucrats with their compassion and empathy blunted from the monotonous service or one-sided fanatics caring only about state interests rather than their brothers and sisters.

I have pointed out only some of the singularities, which will distinguish the global Brotherhood from a state and previous psychological makeups – from the human beings of the ennobled image, those which are easy to discern even from the distance of our epoch. Yet, over time, many other traits will shape up – it is hard to imagine or foresee them as of now. They will gradually become clear and graspable only to the future, more spiritualized generations.

## ***12.2. The Outer Measures***

Having touched upon the problem of forming the human being of the ennobled image and the related problems of transformation of the state into a brotherhood, and of the planet – into a garden, I have temporarily left aside another formidable problematic: the outer social-political, economic, and cultural measures, which will usher in universal material wellbeing and the harmonization of human society.

It seems to me that the whole period between the emergence of the Rose of the World and its assuming ethical control over political authority is to be viewed as preliminary. This period will see the formation of its structure, as well as the fashioning and proliferation of its religious, political, or cultural organizations. Its teaching and specific historical program are going to be elaborated; its preaching far and wide in all the languages, both written and spoken, will sweep across all the democratic countries. Its initial cadres amounting to just tens or hundreds of people will turn into a multimillion planetwide commonwealth. Any country, of which the constitution at that period of time will make it possible for the Rose of the World to exist, will allow its political organizations to take part in the nationwide election alongside other political parties. It goes without saying that none of its agitators or candidates should be allowed any slander, thoughtless promises, self-advertising, maligning of opponents, or even unverified claims to escape their lips during the election campaign (well, this equally applies to all other times). They are to behave in such a manner so that the Rose of the World would stay unblemished in the eyes of the people. It is ought to achieve political victories not contrary to but, rather, thanks to its ethical tenets.

Perhaps, the Rose of the World will be gaining political control in different countries at a different pace. Some of those countries may unite in a confederation well before the all-out unification will become a possibility. Yet, the social and political situation over the course of this preliminary stage may be motley and unpredictable, and so too the ways in which the Rose of the World, a branched-out global organization at the time, will come to power on a planetary scale. It is only safe to say that, inasmuch as it is capable of making such a step only under normal democratic procedures and having obtained the majority vote in all the countries, the decisive development would be not unlike a referendum or plebiscite. It is easy to conjecture that such a referendum would see the victory of the Rose of the World, even though not in all the countries. Yet, time will be on its side; its ideals and methods will appeal to the infinite human masses such that, having held the



second referendum in several years' time, the last dissenting states will join the Global Federation. Thus will begin the first stage of the Rose of the World's ethical control over global political power, with its national assemblies overlooking national governments at that.

If the all-out total disarmament has not been carried out by then, a law mandating the immediate, all-out, absolute disarmament would herald the Rose of the World's ascendance to ethical control. As for the technicalities of the disarmament, it is impossible and needless to preempt these: all will be thought out by the generation, which is going to be responsible for this process. For example, it is conceivable to create the Ministry of Disarmament in the government of the Federation along with corresponding ministries in governments of all the member states. Considering the gravity of economic problems associated with the all-out demilitarization and civil repurposing of the military complex, as well as with employment of tens of millions of people that have given up their firearms, it would be only natural to suggest that the process of total disarmament will take no less than five or seven years.

The amount of money, which could be freed up due to the all-out demilitarization, has long been the subject of curiosity. We do not know when and in what milieu it is going to happen; for this reason, precise calculations in this area are but scribbles in the sand. Yet, a trillion dollars would not be too far off the mark. Be that as it may, the sum in question is unimaginably humongous; precisely this sum will enable the implementation of great reforms.

During the first period of the Rose of the World's rule, national and local peculiarities of the political system along with traditional social institutes in different countries will still be in place, if rather changing gradually from within, not from without, until the universal state will lose specific features of the bureaucratic machine. All in all, the coming of the Rose of the World does not presume the immediate review of the member states' constitutions except for one single statute, which is to be changed or amended so as to acknowledge the Rose of the World as a body overriding national sovereignty. Further on, making changes in many statutes will be possible, even inevitable. Yet, those changes are first going to be technical rather than essential, it seems. In any event, each country will decide by the free expression of its populace, whether its political system will be subject to immediate and fundamental transformation or remain largely unaffected. For instance, there may be even such countries, of which the adherence to the traditional monarchical system will prove to be rather steady and

solid. Is it hard to conjecture this kind of conservatism in England or, say, Japan? It goes without saying that the principle of monarchy is to stay in place in such instances. When the modern notion of the state begins to die out assuming largely economical coloration, the crowned heads will just remain as spiritual leaders or will personify the glorious past of their people and its traditions.

The same applies to the socio-economic structure of certain nations. The further all-out socialization will gradually pull in all the peoples, thus evening out the material levels of different countries, as well as their socio-economic structures. By then, the majority of industrial, agricultural, and commercial enterprises will have been handed over to public associations; each of them will become an independent legal body managing all its income except for deductions going to the state. The state will finance the creation of new associations accounting for the material demands of society and provide them with all the required equipment by way of a long-term lease. Reorganizing private enterprises into such associations is going to be bolstered. Perhaps, taxation of the populace will be not unlike collecting general revenue tax but in a more refined fashion. Yet, quite some time will have to pass for the principle of association to be firmly established as the basis of the universal state's financial system.

With regard to political parties, they will be functioning just as before. The only obstacle to this may be their aggressively nationalistic, aggressively classist, or aggressively religious nature. Only bodies within the Rose of the World itself will be authorized to qualify one or another party as aggressive. At the same time, such parties will not be completely outlawed even at the first, relatively restrictive stage; yet, they will be not allowed to propagate their views either orally or in writing. Their coming to power is fraught with too horrendous consequences for humanity, if only those espousing such views do not realize the full scale of this horror. Later on, the control will be loosened up, and the ban will be lifted even from those parties for the complete freedom to reign supreme. Yet, to my mind, this is feasible no sooner than at the second stage when the overall cultural level itself will safeguard against any aggressive and separatist ideas.

The first stage is going to see the attainment of universal wellbeing. Activities of the Rose of the World will even have something in common with the communist dream. Any citizen regardless of nationality, residence, and occupation will be taken care of in that his or her basic needs are going to be met, whether it be food, clothing, housing, suitable work, rest, pastime, healthcare, basic amenities, higher education, access to art and science, or religious activities. In capitalist countries,

tremendous amounts of money are being poured into an infinite expansion of production, which entails nothing but overproduction, unemployment, and crises. Instead, the money will go to the endeavors bringing no profit, thus producing no economic chain reaction. I am talking about construction and cultural projects on a global scale. The cadres of the global workforce will be reshuffled, so as to bring an end to unemployment from one side and to progressively shorten the working day – from the other. Further technological advancement and the rise of productivity will see just several hours of the normal working day remaining. Healthcare and social service agencies will spread their network of health and recreational facilities down to the remotest corners of the world. It will encompass all of the social strata including the peasantry, which has almost never enjoyed this right. Is it worth mentioning here the more specific achievements in this area such as, for example, the total elimination of pests and parasites due to the all-out sanitary-hygienic measures? Or, that medical advancements will eradicate many of the diseases, with which humanity is now plagued?

It is none of my business to speculate on the purely economic aspect of those future reforms. I would even say that it is none of my generation's business, however much economically versed some of its representatives are. Discussing those particularities, which are decades away from us, is tantamount to useless, even detrimental projections. The time will come, and a credible authority will elaborate and embark – having first obtained everybody's consent – on a planetwide economic reconstruction. Nonetheless, it is not hard to prefigure some of those particularities. For example, it is easy to prefigure or, rather, to figure out that the first years will see the all-round development of a robust building-material industry, which will make the basis for planetwide construction. This construction, mainly that of residential buildings, will later be running in full-swing. It will sweep across all the countries such that slums, hovels, and shags of the backward peoples or urban “ghettoes” crammed with have-nots would remain just a sad memory. They will give way to all kinds of residential buildings depending on the climate, needs, preferences and likings, everyday traditions, and national styles – from cottages and bungalows to, perhaps, high-rises. No matter the design, all these buildings will meet the demands of their dwellers.

Prospective thinking leads to the conclusion that it would be reasonable to proceed with the task of the planet's transformation into a garden starting from uninhabited areas. This comes to be linked to the realization of the age-old dreams of reclaiming the great deserts – Sahara, Gobi, Kalahari, and the interior of Arabia

and Australia. Their irrigation and greening will herald the first experience of the comprehensive, full-scale transformation of vast areas of the earthly surface into an artistically accomplished landscape. Warming polar and permafrost areas is going to be another task – harnessing the nuclear energy seems to make necessary technological provisions this way. The tropical belt will see an extensive wood clearing in the Congo, Niger, Amazonia, and Orinoco, as well as turning them into highly cultural zones. The exodus of the workforce will afflict the countries suffering from overpopulation, which will relocate to the areas matching up with its climatic, cultural, and vocational preferences. Volunteer immigrants, with all their basic needs met, will set about turning these areas into highly productive agricultural lands with the help of state-of-the-art technologies. Hundreds of billions will be invested into the development of international transport and the means of communication, so as to strengthen economic ties and engage the backward regions into a global exchange of commodities and culture. By that time, the advantages of civilian air travel over land transport will have become even more pronounced.

Nonetheless, railway transport or some of its specimens will long remain the most popular and democratic means of traveling apart from being the most widely used freight transport over great distances. Meridian and latitudinal transcontinental railroad lines will interlace the continents just like ropes tying up the box with a newly bought lampshade. It is clear to me that the direction of those lines will be based upon development of the cultural-economic ties, which are now hard to foresee without inaccuracies and great gaps. Yet, even now, with a purely childish pleasure, I fancy resting my gaze upon the world map trying to figure possible directions of those routes. I like to think, for example, that the Cape to Cairo railroad project, which was outlined in the previous century, will be finally brought to completion and even continue through the Caucasus up to St. Petersburg, with the other branch stretching from Cape Town across the entirety of Western Africa, only to reach London via two underwater tunnels under the Gibraltar and la Manche. My imagination delights in picturing a railroad stringing together Ethiopia, Lake Chad, and Senegambia, let alone a terribly long Afro-Asian line from Saigon to Casablanca passing through Bagdad and Cairo. It seems to me that there has long been a call – and it will be certainly built – for a trans-Eurasian line, which would connect the countries of the Southern Europe with Middle Asia and, having intercrossed with a line running through Tian Shan and Xinjiang, reach Beijing. It saddens me that I will not live to see the construction of a great railroad line from Moscow through Tashkent and Kabul to the blessed

Delhi, and only my grandchildren or grand grandchildren will have a ride on the high-speed train “Madras – Lhasa – Irkutsk – Noril’sk”. I feel some comfort in the thought that the polar railroad line in Siberia will be finished fast enough thus connecting it with Central Europe through Vorkuta and with the railroad meshwork of America through the tunnel under the Bering Strait.

Here I am, fantasizing for half a page long. Now, I am brushing my dreams aside.

At a certain historical stage, the Rose of the World and the whole of humanity will face a dilemma: either the global Federation will continue to exist as such, or the universal state, while being transformed into the Brotherhood, will first have to take the form of a cosmopolitan monolith. What is meant here by “cosmopolitan”: while the ethnographic and cultural idiosyncrasies of nations will certainly be respected and preserved, the antagonisms across them will weaken such that it would be possible to unify the administrative-political backdrop across all the countries with some minimal local deviations. Be that as it may, the strife between adherents of those two ways of development would hardly remind one of the socio-political conflicts of the past: it will be a struggle of ideas happening on a high ethical level, with only one weapon being wielded at that: words. After a prolonged worldwide discussion, a new vote will settle the issue. If the Federation is set to turn into a monolith, the preceptor of the Rose of the World – the recent leader of those championing the Federation – will voluntarily yield his or her post to the ideological opponent. There is a certain logic in technological advancement, the logic of civilization. No matter the convictions and ideals, if the individual is capable of prospective thinking, at some point in time it would be impossible for him or her to overlook either the problem of reclaiming the Sahara or Arctica, or worldwide residential construction, or the roadmap for building great railroad lines. All this comprises ideas in which the tenets of the Rose of the World somewhat overlap with the communistic vision of the Future.

Yet, what appears to be landmarks heralding the limitation of the communistic dream, which aspires no further than for space traveling, these are just some of the Rose of the World’s outer manifestations at the first stage of its rule. As huge sums of money are to be poured into profitless construction, into unremunerative enterprises and establishments in order to avoid overproduction and economic crises, financing religio-cultural construction in the next century is bound to be virtually unlimited. This construction will assume numerous forms, which are now beyond the imagination, and develop alongside various parallel routes. I would like to dwell upon one of those routes, that is, the creation of great spiritual centers

for a new religious culture. With the persistence of the inevitability and clarity of first-hand experience, the ensembles containing and expressing those hotbeds have haunted me for nearly the whole of my conscious life. I was almost fifteen when those images started popping up before me, and just in one year's time I was already trying to pencil them. I became neither an artist, nor architect. Yet, the images of those ensembles, their exceedingly majestic interiors and exteriors well reminiscent of mountain ranges from white and pink marble, crowned with golden crests and submerging their feet into blossoming gardens and forests, have been shaping up with more and more precision with each passing decade of my life. Whether the Rose of the World is going to materialize those images or not, it would not hurt to recreate this mirage of the faraway epochs in the pages of this book. After all, the components of this mirage are bound to exist albeit at a great distance, while the mirage itself makes them appear closer to those plodding along in desert sands.

Those great spiritual centers of religious culture, along with a large network of their branches, will be gradually engaging greater and greater circles of humanity into a wide stream of the creation of a happy, sunshiny religion, of the most complete knowledge of God, and of the partaking of the other worlds through love, nature, creativity, and sacred ceremonies. The religious-cultural construction will not come to a close for as long as the Rose of the World stays at the helm of humanity and spiritual thirst is alive in the human soul. Constructions, which are going to be erected first, will be followed by newer upon newer ones. It is impossible to foresee either the character of many of those incredibly grandiose buildings, with which the third stage of the Rose of the World's rule will be marked, or even their purpose. I should like to take notice of just several main types of those constructions, which, apparently, will be built far and near at the first and second stages. It is impossible to exhaust all their variety even if we talk about both near and foreseeable times.

As I see it, the largest cities of the world, to be followed by all other cities, will see the erection of spiritual centers and wellsprings for the new religious culture. Since the days of my youth, I have called them "vergrads" (towns of faith), a provisional and quite an unfortunate term, for I do not know their exact future name. These make architectural ensembles: the central part of each of them is going to be the Sun of the World Temple encircled with a wreath of lesser shrines. Being integrated into the system of parks, ponds, avenues, groves, and squares, mysterials (theaters for the enactment of mystery plays, *translator's note*),

meditoriums (meditation centers, *t/n*) theaters, museums, religio-philosophical academies and universities, galleries, philosophiates, temples of Synclites, temples of the elementals, and stadiums will comprise each and every vergrad. Some residential buildings will be included there, too. Such a complex will become the hub for spiritual and cultural life of the city or district, the center for public celebrations, parades, popular divine services, processions, and sports competitions freed from their erstwhile secularism and steeped with the cult of the light-filled elementals. They will become the centers of religio-educational, religio-artistic, and religio-scientific work, the sources of solidarity, joy, and refinement.

In order to avoid major reconstruction of the town center, the vergrad would occupy large areas at the outskirts of the residential massif. Several wide green strips or rays will shoot from the vergrad deep inside the town. In conjuring up these images of the future, one should not go into great detail – the particularities will most likely be a far cry from their real outlines once developed. Nonetheless, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of going to great lengths in describing them. Here, I should emphasize that certain names are totally provisional and have been coined by me just to distinguish some images from others. Such are, for example, the names of green strips connecting the vergrad with the residential massif, which are designated for celebrations, recreation, walks, and solemn processions: the Golden Path, the Triumphal Gardens, and, lastly, a park having a particular artistic-historical significance. All these three parks are totally unique undertakings both in terms of their character and purpose.

These are ensembles brought to the highest level of artistic mastery and combining lush tree plantations with powerful sculptural-architectural constructions: arches and monuments, stairs and fountains, and, most importantly, monumental groups of unheard-of genres. I picture their footing as a sea of flowers interspersed with grass lawns and ponds. The purpose of such parks is for the development of the sense of style and artistic taste, the sense of history and metahistory, the sense of cultural universalism, and for the partaking of one humanity, by way of providing high aesthetic enjoyment.

I see the Triumphal Gardens as one of those parks connecting the vergrad to the historical town center: they would be dedicated to local historical memories. For our successors, picturing our capital without the Triumphal Gardens, for example, will be as hard as for us trying to imagine Moscow without the Kremlin.

It would be impossible to apply the old name “park”, all the more so “avenue” or “boulevard” to those Gardens. A wide green space with monumental clusters of tree, lawns, and entire groves, is skirted on the sides with passageways paved with multicolored slate-mosaics, which are heading from the out-of-town hills dominating the river – that’s where the Sun of the World Temple<sup>1</sup> is located – for the Kremlin. The passageways separate it from the buildings’ facades, which now become nearly the size of a high-rise at the intersections, then drop to being just several stories high: these are cultural establishments, hotels, and residential buildings. At times, they are set in more deeply so as to free up space for the square or parterre. The green massif itself is cut lengthwise, with the main pedestrian walkway and sinuous pathways branching out right and left. There are clearings and flower gardens; sculptural constructions of a new type show here and there amid mighty groups of trees. Oh, their versatility will be nearly boundless.

The following odd genre, for example, pops in my mind. Plated with red or green, grey or pink marble, there towers a wall on the open rectangular and oblong pediment with gentle-sloping, low-stepped stairs on three of its sides. Its oblong surface is just a backdrop. Partly flat against the surface, partly extending out from it as an alto-relievo, partly freely standing in front of it, are numerous, compositionally interconnected groups of figures: some are bronze, some are marble. Yet, the color of the marble figures does not match the marble backdrop thus creating a subtle and impactful contrast with it. This way, great events of long bygone times in the national history come to be engraved in stone and metal: the adoption of Christianity, the Kulikov Battle, the rise of Moscow, dramatic collisions of the Time of Troubles, and the spectacular activities of Peter the Great – everything down to the epic world wars and Great Revolution. There is no way to guess how many of such compositions will decorate this artistic park: twenty? Thirty? Yet, each of them is just a semantic unit of an individual sculptural-architectural system: each composition is complemented by randomly standing memorials to historical figures. Sometimes, a monumental arch happens to be through the thick of the greenery. Intersections of the Triumphal Gardens and city highways will have peculiar architectural structures towering on them (I do not

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<sup>1</sup> In Fili (a district in Moscow, *t/n*) or Kolomenskoye Village (a former royal estate in Moscow, *t/n*)

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know their future names), all to commemorate the historical events, which nature is more easily expressed through architectural rather than sculptural means. The great tribulations of the people are not to be excluded from this artistic presentation: the Tatar Yoke, oprichnina, the rueful events of the Times of Troubles, and many more. These can be expressed in simple and stern memorials.

Another green massif heading from the vergrad for the Kremlin in a semicircular fashion does not feature the ceremonial linearity of the Triumphal Gardens: it is dedicated to Russian cultural figures. It is designed to be more haphazard and picturesque, to form a more intimate inner landscape with individual monuments easily inscribed into it. Their individuality, their naturalness, the versatility of their artistic solutions, as well as their close connection with the surrounding vegetation will prevent visitors from being blunted with the abundance of memorials and the monotony of sculptural motifs. At the same time, such a type of park will bring visitors into a special mood, weaving together solemnity and warmth, awe and tenderness. Sculptors, gardeners, and architects of the future will have a boundless field of work in solving these problems. They will recourse to new building and surfacing materials, to a new interpretation of park space and street-block massifs rimming the park in part as a frame, in part as the backdrop. They will enrich their compositions with elements of running, spouting, motionlessly mirrorlike, or quietly splashing water, with lamps burning under the open sky, with porticos made for walking, with terraces designated for performing sacred rites, and with many more elements prompted to their imagination by the needs of their epoch.

Yet, conceiving the great future cities as a veneration for their national cultures alone is nothing but modelling the future after the past. In the consciousness of the people of the twenty-first century, boundaries across cultures and peoples will be fading away with every passing decade. It is impossible to picture the then Moscow, for example, without monuments to Plato and Copernicus, Shakespeare and Rafael, Wagner and Mahatma Ghandi, just as in the Moscow of our days – without the monument to Minin and Pozharsky. The third green ray of the vergrad may be about commemorating the geniuses of other cultures.

With my mind's eye, I see the Golden Path as an avenue-park having a very distinct purpose. Starting several kilometers away from the vergrad and heading for the World Synclite Temple, it is to be marked with special architectural constructions on intersections with city highways. Each of those constructions will represent a great metaculture of humanity along with its Synclite. On the corresponding festivities, the mass processions will be moving along the Golden

Path. Standing before the architectural symbols of Eanna, Sukhavati, Olympus, Meru, Monsalvant, the Heavenly Kremlin, and Arimoya, people, together with ecclesiastics, will be performing a mystery rite connecting the hearts of those living with the enlightened humanity.

I picture accessways to the vergrad along the same lines. The vergrad itself consists of three architectural complexes: relating to the temple, cultural, and residential. I would rather touch on the temple-related complex in the next chapter when talking about the cult of the Rose of the World. For now, let us glance at certain constructions representing the cultural complex.

One of the main buildings of the vergrad is the mysterial, that is, the mystery-play theater. Large vergrads would have two theaters: drama and music.

The idea of the mystery-play dates back to as early as antiquity: let us recall the Eleusinian Mysteries, medieval Catholic productions and their present-day remnant – the Holy Week mysteries in the Bavarian town Oberammergau. Other mystery traditions are still alive in India, Indonesia, and countries of the Indomalayan culture. Yet, standing in no comparison with the religious primitivity of the Middle Ages, the ideological richness and depth of the new religious consciousness will call into existence such theatrical performances that will prove to be as far from the old mysteries as our ideas about space are from the Ptolemaic system. Technologies, which people at the turn of the twentieth century did not even dare to dream of, will make possible the embodiment of multi-layer literary and musical texts, to mysterially reflect the events from Shadanakar's past or present. The repertoire of mysteries will form gradually when, having gained widespread currency, the mystery genre of a new type will give rise to monumental drama epics. Yet, the repository of world poetry and music drama even now could offer a great many stellar works to stage mysteries after.

Aeschylus's tragedies, "Faust", "Orpheus", dramas of Kalidas and Tagore, "Peer Gynt", "Lohengrin", "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh" – all these masterpieces could and should be, after all, interpreted philosophically and theatrically as mysteries. Even now theater technologies would permit us to replace a naïve, fake fairytale set of old plays with a subtle, mystically convincing reflection of multilayered worlds. Vistas of such a technological advancement are shaping up which would enable theaters to portray the hierarchies not in a downgraded, flat, and anthropomorphized vulgar way, but as having gigantic sizes, hazy or radiant, swishing as a gust of wind or towering as fiery vortices. Enriching the technological arsenal with cinematographic means will enlarge the

stage space and allow for the stratification into any number of planes, thereby reflecting the parallelism of events and processes happening in them. All this will enable productions, for which the artistic magnificence and philosophical depth are yet beyond our imagination.

Yet, theatrical productions of such mysteries cannot be likened to normal performances: mystery is a midway from theater to cult, and many of its aspects make it similar to a divine service. Therefore, the teaming-up of mystery performers and producers is by no means to be fashioned after the theater troupe. Ethical norms in the mystery collective, the atmosphere and customs reigning there, the religious zeal imparting meaning to everything – all this is not and cannot be applicable to theater actors. Actors playing in a mysterial make up a collective, which resembles something quite the reverse to the troupe: a monastery of sorts. “Cohabitation” by the mysterial, the common submission of the everyday life to the meaning of the mystery-plays, inner work, casting away any traces of animosity, envy, competition, etc., from personal relationships – aren’t such guideposts capable of inciting in theater actors anything but rejecting every opportunity to embody these principles in real life? However, one would search in vain for too many common features between the mystery collective and the monastery: “the unit character” of such a collective does not come down to a solitary, familyless monk. It goes without saying that celibacy cannot be imposed upon anybody. There is no call for the degree of isolation inherent to monastic life or, rather, it is totally unwarranted here, for the mystery actor does not escape from life. Instead, he or she both stays within and transcends it. The task is to find such outer forms of existence that would reflect this inner situation and help strengthen it.

One of the main components of inner work, that is, contemplation, is facilitated through mediatoriums making a part and parcel of any vergrad. Surrounded with a quiet and solitary garden, the mediatorium, a round and several-story building resembling a tower, is divided into small soundproof rooms. Similar simple-furnished studies go radially with a staircase-elevator well placed at the center. Windows overlooking the garden trees, a comfortable chair, a couch, and a small table comprise the interior of the study. A visitor is given an opportunity to enjoy the perfect calm and silence for several hours on end. At his or her disposal are items usable in all kinds of meditation, be it flowers, grains, minerals, sculptural and artistic images, or icons. A religious-philosophical library may be set up on the ground floor.

Art centers, at times located within the vergrad but mostly outside the town, would hardly break ground. There is no call to dwell upon such vergrad's establishments as museums, scholarly and educational institutions, clubs, and small and quiet monasteries hiding in the verdure.

Yet, it would not hurt to touch on the philosophiate, an especial cultural and religio-educational establishment. It would have features making it similar to community centers of our times. In the philosophiate, they would organize or provide space for exhibitions, lectures, club activities, interviews, conferences; its workers would educate wide swaths of the public. A great emphasis would be put on engaging children and youth into the religio-scientific and religio-artistic stream of creativity at that. Oh, the religious element is by no means to be enforced and presented by way of annoyingly rational and dry schemes, inculcated into the consciousness as ready-made and mandatory mores. It acts on a deeper level by developing the sense of beauty, the sense of greatness and loftiness, the sense of history and metahistory, love for nature and love for culture, love for the human being and all that is living, and the apprehension of the world as a host of planes showing through each other. Naturally emanating precisely from this kind of nascent worldview, ethical and religious proclivities will form. The formative influence of the Rose of the World does not presuppose a confusing meshwork of abstract regulations without the recipient's active involvement and in totally ignoring his or her individuality. Quite the contrary: it sparkles up the inner source of religio-ethical activity, invites its manifestation in a variety of ways, and helps crystallize surfacing spiritual streams into creative images, into the conscious command of ethics, and the principles of self-cultivation.

As the religio-cultural construction progresses, vergrads will be erected in more and more places – several of these in each large city – until the whole planet comes to be saturated with them. Certain components of the vergrad, especially the Sun of the World Temple, temples to the elementals, and the philosophiate can be constructed individually, that is, apart from the rest of the ensemble.

Thus vergrads will become connected with urban massifs, enter into the thick of residential districts, into the depth of vital interests, into the daily rounds of life of wide swaths of the populace. Temples of other creeds will be being erected close to or even inside them. As for the heart of the vergrad, the Sun of the World, Synclite, and temples to the elementals will comprise it. On completing the outline of the coming universal transformation, I deem it necessary, if only sketchily, to shed light on their purpose, their design, and their inalienable-as-breath

multifarious cult.

### ***12.3. The Cult***

Providential forces always stand on guard. They are always ready to give a helping hand to each and every one of us. They tirelessly work upon every single soul and its destiny. Each soul is an arena for their struggle with the demonic principle, and the whole of the life of the soul consists of a continuous chain of choices rising before the “I”, which either expedite or paralyze the help coming from the principle of the Light.

The soul is just like a traveller feeling his or her way across a rickety bridge. From the other side, there is a helping hand; yet, in order to grab hold of it, the traveler is to reach out his or her hand in that direction. Any good deed, any right choice, and any light-filled movement of the soul, prayer included, make up the hand reaching out to the forces of the Light. This essentially answers the question, why pray, why participate in worship. I am using the word “prayer” in the broadest sense here. It is a solitary communication of the soul with God or with the forces of the Light cocreating with Him; so too the state of adoration, awe, and spiritual delight, in which the heart becomes overtaken when contemplating Beauty, Loftiness, or Greatness; a catharsis uplifting the human soul, with a work of art being the catapult; finally, its participation in purifying and elevating temple rites.

Prayer can be solitary (e.g. in a cell) or collective when its wordless song is being weaved into the solemn flow of worship. Both these kinds of activities are equally important. Solitary prayer is an exertion of the soul when – far apart from the spiritual Heart of the world, yet connecting to it through a single and unique string – it makes this string twang in a high pitch, fending off nightly shadows. As for collective prayer, it is a concerted exertion of thousands of such strings, it is a choral filling up each soul with a foretaste of the universal harmony. For worship is not an arbitrary activity thought up by humans, but a mystical one, that is, the one reflecting the harmonious reality of higher spheres and bringing down its powers into our heart. Hence the profound justifiability of what we call “the cult”. Hence the intense prayerful life setting the ground for the creative and mystical life of the coming temples of the Rose of the World.

What is a rite? It is a sacred ceremony grounded in the inner experience of the person and aimed at seeking help from the extrasensory light-filled forces or for preventing adversarial influences, which emanate from the extrasensory forces of darkness.

What is a sacrament? – It is a sacred ceremony, whereby the superconscious roots of the human being will take in Divine grace. That is, the “will” is being nourished in its advancement toward harmony between the individuality and the universe, spirit and flesh, human and Deity.

For this reason, any indifference of the consciousness or lack of faith on the part of the recipient of the sacrament does not incapacitate this activity. Hence comes the ability to perform the sacrament to atheists, those seriously ill, and children. Yet, the involvement of the mind and personal faith facilitates and expedites the flow of the effluences of Grace from the superconscious roots of the will into the sphere of the waking consciousness.

The transrational and transpersonal nature of the sacraments also warrant their efficacy, even given the lack of faith and mystical concentration on the part of those performing them. Hence the independence of the sacrament’s power from the personal qualities and psychological state of the ecclesiastic. Yet, his or her focus, faith, and penetration into the meaning of what is being performed becomes transferred to the sacrament’s recipient, that is, facilitates his or her apprehension of the grace-filled effluence.

A sacrament can be performed by anyone. Yet, for better efficacy, it is more advisable that it be performed by those who have gone through temptation, and have a certain spiritual and cultural background, culminating in their own initiation, which is a sacrament in and of itself. An austere years-long temptation, which an ecclesiastic is supposed to go through, would make him or her more conscious of what is being done and more focused during the sacrament, thus ensuring the highest efficacy thereof.

Yet, the nature of the sacrament is such that it contains nothing spiritually harmful either for the believer performing it, albeit he or she may not be initiated, or for its recipients. Therefore, performing the sacrament by laymen cannot be banned. Given a pressing need for the sacrament and the absence of an ecclesiastic, such an activity is all the more welcome. The sacrament is not to be performed only in one case: when one of its participants – either the celebrant or the recipient – has a sacrilegious motive.

While acknowledging the mystical efficacy of the sacraments, which had been established by the ancient Christianity and been performed by ecclesiastics of Christian churches, one, however, cannot leave unnoticed that, due to shifts in the global religious consciousness over the last centuries, our modified understanding aims to attach an essentially new significance to certain sacraments, the Eucharist being among them. Most importantly, the new religious consciousness intensifies the inner need for the sacraments, of which neither the patriarchs of the great Christian churches, nor the founders and creators of non-Christian denominations could have dreamt. Moreover, it is not just about the sacraments: this need is sweeping across the entire field of sacred rites. It longs for collective prayers to be offered up to the hierarchies of the invisible world that had been beyond the consciousness of the creators of the ancient religious forms. It yearns for the rituals, which would hallow the entirety of life: not only the upward vertical momentum of the human soul, that is, the elevation of the soul, but also its horizontal development – the enlargement of the soul's compass, as it were. This yearning, which had emerged long ago and has never quite been stilled, reached its highest in the epoch of the global wars. It has reached such a degree of intensity that the outcry, rising up to the heavens, cannot but elicit a response.

The Spirit breathes where it wants. The contention, something to the effect that the revelation in the post-apostolic centuries had hallowed only the church fathers and been crystallized in the ecumenical councils, is characteristic of the type of consciousness which abides in the forms of old Christian confessions and only in them. The new type of consciousness hears the revelation resound as in the hymns of the Vedas and Ikhnaton, so too in the epiphanies of Gautama Buddha and Ramanuja, Valentine and Maimonides, in Goethe's "Faust", in the musical dramas of Wagner, and in the stanzas of many great poets – the new consciousness hears it as clearly in all these as in the hymns of John of Damascus or in Vasily the Great's liturgy. Moreover, it hears it in its own depths and yearns for its perfect materialization.

Humanity had been waiting for too long for a new voice to start ringing out from the church pulpits and pedestals. All existing creeds proved to be only capable of preserving the old content and old forms. The voice is ringing from where it has never been expected: from the depths of everyday life, from prison cells, from solitary midnight rooms, from the thicket of the forest. Its heralds have not been ordained by the ecclesiastics of either the West or the East. Neither the Orthodox patriarchs, nor the Roman pope, nor the theologians of Protestant churches have

found acceptance for that which they have been preaching. Yet, a day will come, when what they have annunciated will become the heart wherein, having forgotten their old contentions, theologians, patriarchs, and archpriests of all religions will concur and say: Yes.

Shall I give a pale glimpse of the impressions from the temple worship without resorting to large excerpts from poetic and musical worship texts? Yet, coverage of the worship texts is far beyond the scope of my book. They are already sensed and resound in the depths of the soul, and everyone intuiting them aspires to prepare themselves for their verbal and musical embodiment. One already distinguishes certain phrases, certain fragments of choirs and consecrations; at times, one clearly sees the snippets of those sacred rites full of indescribable beauty. It is not in my destiny to live to see those sacraments “in flesh and blood” rather than as a creative intuition, in the temples erected on the vergrads’ squares and filled with a singing and supplicating throng. I am praying to God to extend my days such that, having accomplished the rest, at least I would be able to listen into and compile the last of my books – worship in the Rose of the World.

After all, what can I do here and now? Just to make a few sketchy instructions in a dry and passionless language about the inner space of those shrines and the purpose of some of them.

The center of the vergrad, its heart and, at the same time, the pinnacle is the Sun of the World temple. Without it, it is impossible to picture vergrads in small towns, which would do without many other constructions.

Since my early years, the image of this temple has haunted my mind’s eye. I see it as too general an outline to be able to put it down as a vivid blueprint. Yet, I become overtaken with a feeling of incomparable magnificence every time this image pops in my mind. Plated with a white marble of sorts, it nestles on top of the hills towering over the riverbend, with wide stairs leading to it. Each stair rises to it from one of the four sides as though expanding the heavy pediment and cutting through the ring of the monumental colonnades, which perch on high. Each stair faces a high white wall with three semicircular gates and a golden emblem at the top – a winged heart inside the winged sun. Rising above the colonnades and central wall are the roofs: making up an intricate system of hefty golden steps, they serve as pedestals of sorts for five white, slightly tapering towers. The central tower is larger than the others; yet, all five are embellished with narrow vertical divisions and crowned with golden domes. It appears that clouds are holding onto their strange crosses.



Essentially, each tower crowns a special side-altar underneath it. The ledge-like roofs underneath the central tower are more magnificent; below is located the inner space of the shrine, wider and more grandiose – heading upwards, it morphs into the inner hollow of the main tower. There, at the giddy height of the dome, the emblem of the glaring Sun, inscribed into the equal-ended cross with four tapering rays, shines evenly through slowly changing bluish plumes.

As I see it, the nave of the central shrine is skirted with rows of columns, which support the choir balcony, and faces the wide “ambo” (an oblong altar with steps on each end, *translator’s note*); the latter is detached from the main altar with an arcade. Festive worship happens there, when the behind-the-altar “leadlight” (colored glass leaded together, *t/n*) image slides apart, thus making a tall opening into the outer space. There shapes up the north-eastern leg of the horizon, and the morning disk of the summer sun rises from behind the city roofs so as to parade along the heavenly arch of the longest day in the year. Through the breach behind the altar, supplicants come out to the open terrace overlooking the city that faces the northeast. Here, visible both to those gathering on the square and participating in the temple prayers, the precept performs a high service to the Sun in its three facets: as an embodiment of a great life-giving spirit; as the womb, which has spawned forth the physical substance of the entirety of the Earth and of everything earthly; and as the image and likelihood of the Supreme.

Fitted out with state-of-the-art technologies, the temple would be capable of ridding the congregation of any outer inconveniences or hindrances and enable the externalities of any complex and magnificent activities presupposing a crowded gathering. The switchboard to the mechanical part would be taken out to the choir balcony, and so too the organs, as well as the seating for orchestras and the clergy.

I picture side-altars of the Most Holy Mother and God-Son being to the right and to the left from the main altar wherein the First Hypostases is worshipped. They would open into the main hall with two high arches; heavy drapes would be curtaining off the embrasures of those arches on a normal day. On looking back, one would see similar arches sideways from the main entrance, with side-altars for the Synclite of Russia and the Synclite of the World standing behind.

In the vergrads of smaller towns, there is no call to have individual temples dedicated to one of the Trinity’s hypostases or individual temples – to Synclites: the need for those cults can be satisfied with the worship in the corresponding side-altars of the Sun of the World temple. Yet, apart from those side-altars, large cities will inevitably see special temples having precisely this purpose.

The cult of the Supreme, the cult of the Sun of the World will not exhaust religious conceptualization, in which the Rose of the World will clothe historical and cultural events, as well as the personal happenings of human life. The sacrament of birth; the rites of passage corresponding to the different ages of children and their maturation; the sacrament of marriage and the sacrament of divorce; the sacrament of camaraderie – a sacred action blessing the union of two souls in a lofty friendship; blessing creativity, whether it be art, education, medical treatment, social life, love, family, enlightenment of animals, or forms and kinds, which are not foreseeable to us as of yet – all this will become a part of the Rose of the World's rites. Some of these will be oriented toward the hierarchies of the Christian Transmyth, others – toward the Synclites of metacultures and the Synclite of humankind, toward the Great Elementals and Mother Earth, and, finally, toward Her, upon whose advent we are placing our hopes.

Oh, the cult of the Most Holy Mother and Her expression on the earth – Zventa-Sventanna – will be as beautiful as a spring sky and as spotless. This cult should have no male ecclesiastics. Caution and care should stand guard against any murk and be more alert and meticulous in that cult than in any other. It would be impossible to warrant its purity, should ecclesiastics of both genders or even men alone take part in its rituals. Only the utmost lucidity of consciousness and purity of the soul can ensure that the ecclesiastic would not mar those sacred acts, unintentionally or otherwise, with droplets of subtle psychic venom, would not adulterate the atmosphere of the most pure worship with effluences of spiritual amorousness and some emotional-poetic exaltation. For this reason, male ecclesiastics are to be barred entrance into the altars of the Most Holy Mother and Zventa-Sventana, except on two or three special celebrations when one of the archpriests would serve together with the priestesses. That is why the temple of the Most Holy Mother is connected with a female monastery of sorts – not like the one that used to cripple destinies with harsh ordeals in the times past, but where strict monastic vows are taken for a strictly defined term, not exceeding a decade. No one would object to this. Quite the reverse: upon expiration of the term, the church will bless the still-in-her-prime priestess to withdraw from the monastic vows and come back into worldly life in order to fulfill her universal human duty: love, motherhood, and nurturance.

There will be, perhaps, yet another category amid ecclesiastics of this second, blue hierarchy: women taking to the temple life in their twilight years when everything personal has burned out of their souls. Only old age would allow them to go into

the fields wherein, apart from the cult, “the people of the blue clothes” will be expressing themselves, be it education, medical treatment, and, perhaps, ethical rehabilitation of criminals.

There is an immense field of human life, with which, so far, the only sacrament of the Christian cult has been directly linked: the relationship between men and women and its associated sacrament of marriage. In the chapter on Femininity, I have already pointed out that the great ascetic era – the one that has been imprinted so hardhandedly and implacably in the historic Christianity – underplayed marriage and childbearing, albeit hallowed them as a sacrament, while prioritizing the much higher regarded monastic life. It would be more accurate to say that marriage and childbearing had been simply tolerated – just that. Only some are aware of the following contradiction in the marriage ritual: the very hierarchies, in which blessings are sought to sanctify marriage, favor celibacy and self-restraint as a straighter road toward them. The hierarchies of the Christian Myth are precisely such. Is it appropriate to ask permission for a spousal cohabitation from Jesus Christ whereas the very thought of His human marriage would come as sacrilegious? Or from great saints that have achieved saintliness precisely in singlehood? Or from the Holy Virgin Mary? They speak of the miracle in Cana of Galilee. Yet, is it conceivable to pit this singular episode in the whole evangelic history against the imperative spirit of all other Gospel chapters, against countless sayings of evangelists, against Apostles and Christ Himself that hold up renunciation from all earthly attachments as the loftiest ideal? Hadn’t the mission of Christ in Enrof been interrupted, it is quite plausible that the miracle in Cana of Galilee would have become the beginning of the chain of His activities to completely transform the physical reality of marriage and love. Yet, it was not to be. It should come as no surprise that the verbalization of the sacrament of marriage proved to be somewhat contrived and dry. It feels that “Rejoice, O Isaiah!” was inserted by some friar as ordered by higher religious hierarchs. It seems that it did not occur to anyone in Christianity to sanctify such a tremendously important event as the birth of a child with a profound and elaborate ritual. As for divorce, this turned out nearly impossible, both theologically and factually: “What God has put together, let no man put asunder”.

Yet, when the will of God manifests in the union of the two betrothed, it does not show as thunder and lightning or some miraculous intrusion of the hierarchies into our visible world but as the voice of love that is now speaking in their hearts, as their own desire for this union to happen. This voice of love is nothing but a

Divine voice. The sacrament of marriage is a mystical act, aimed at having the higher spiritual forces descend into the will of the two beloved ones so as to help them realize this love in their spousal cohabitation without muddying, distorting, and exhausting this love. Well, what if their hearts are willing to part? If one of them has ascertained that love is no more, and, in its stead, a new love toward another person has emerged in a similarly mysterious way? Not as a fleeting infatuation but as a deep and undefeatable feeling? Who has said, from where is it known, what sage has proclaimed that love can come only once in a lifetime and never again? What Puritanical ignorance in human souls can push the way of a select few onto others? Even if it is not about discovering a new love, the couple may have just realized that to continue living together is nothing but a mutual, useless torture – isn't this yearning for freedom a manifestation of the very Divine Will in the human being? Christ's words "What God has put together, let no man put asunder" is not a binding legal rule but a moral behest, that is, a spiritual warning. It means that if God – the voice of the mutual love heard by both hearts – has united their lives, let each of them be cautioned against undoing the union under the influence of all too human temptations: indulging in the base freedoms of the self, egotism, fleeting fancies and passions, laziness, lust, and impatience. Then why do we manacle the entire life with the inseverable bonds, which the sacrament of marriage presupposes? As though a sacrament is incapable of inviting spiritual help into such a compass of efforts that would see marriage as a long-term rather than life-long or eternal enterprise! Why do we sanctify the union of the beloved couple with one sacrament and are unwilling to sanctify the pain of their parting with another? Can't we have a mystical act, which would invite new spiritual powers into the will of the parting to help them cleanse their hearts from mutual animosity, petty discontent, jealousy, self-love, grudges? Can't we dignify the inner act of parting such that the parting spouses would remain mutually respectful, mutually well-disposed, and mutually grateful friends?

Besides, marriage itself can be of different kinds and forms. To my mind, when a youth and a maiden stand before the altar, there is no call to impose matrimonial vows upon them for more than several years, and it is more becoming to ask for Mother Earth's and even the All-Human Aphrodite's rather than for the Christian Transmyth hierarchies' help at that. Only over years, once the union has proved to be strong and the love between the partners – to be lasting, another sacrament is possible, this time addressing only Mother Earth and the Sun to send down a more grace-filled help for the next, lengthier stage, albeit not for eternity just as yet. Once, finally, this term is over, and the love between the spouses has grown

deeper and stronger, endured all trials of life, and been on the rise; once, in the face of imminent separation in the clutches of death, they feel the need for their love to be blessed from above and thus outgrow into an eternal feeling – only then the priestess of the Most Holy Mother would seal their spiritual destinies with a sacrament of eternal marriage, of their eternal companionship in all the worlds.

With regard to the architecture and artistic style of the temples dedicated to the Most Holy Mother, I picture these, in a way, as varieties of the Sun of the World temples. It is not hard to guess that the prevailing color in their interior is going to be hues of blue whereas the building exterior's finishing will be either silver-bluish or combining gold, blue, and white.

It would be only natural to suppose that temples to the God-Son, mainly dedicated to the image of Jesus Christ, will neighbor the temples to the Most Holy Mother. It does not seem to me that this cult will be much different from that of the old Christianity; however, certain differences are unavoidable. The ancient liturgical texts are weighed down with the burdensome legacy of the Old Testament, of which the spirit is precisely that component of Christianity to be revised in the first place. Everything, suffusing worship with the antiquated spirit of Judaism, cannot be left as is. From the other side, the Christian cult does not contain even a glimpse of what has made up the ascending path, activities, and creativity of Jesus Christ since his transformation, known as “the ascension” in the Gospels.

Meanwhile, nineteen centuries have passed since then. In their unflagging struggle with the Antigod's forces, the Savior and His great friends have transformed entire systems of worlds in all the metacultures by turning eternal tormentories into purgatories. The greatest of the enlightened, those making up the Elite of Shadanakar, have been creating truly spectacular worlds. Just as a reminder, the foundations of Usnorm, the layer of the eternal worship of all the humankind in Shadanakar, was created by the great spirit that had last walked the earth as John the Evangelist. Neither is it possible to forget that the planes of such worlds as the Heavenly Russia, Roman-Catholic Eden, Byzantium Paradise, and Monsalvat are created by the great spirits, known as the Apostles Andrew and Peter, John the Baptist, and the legendary Titurel mentioned only in esoteric teachings. For how long are we supposed to keep a deathly hush about the ongoing and multifarious struggle, which the forces of Christ have been waging with the thousand-faced spawns of the Antigod, and his ever-changing global schemes? For how long and in the name of what do we have to pretend that we know nothing about the global prospects awaiting us – about the coming antichrist, his reign, and his demise,

about what had been ciphered two thousands years ago in the prophecy on the Second Coming and the Last Judgment? Who gave us the right to keep the lid on the dizzying joy from knowing about the imminent “thousand year reign” when millions of the enlightened – those having ascended, are ascending, and due to ascend into the Zatomises of metacultures – will receive their birth on the transformed earth? When the time will come for the millennia, of which the purpose is in saving all those fallen into the bottom layers of Shadanakar, in reuniting with them, in struggling to jolt demonic forces into the ascending trajectory, into the enlightenment of all the layers of bramfatura, and in the expiation of the Antigod himself? All this and much more cannot be kept unmanifest in the cult of Christ the Savior; we do not have the right to silence all this in our worship of the Logos.

The third of the Rose of the World’s ecclesiastic hierarchies is going to be associated with this cult. Whilst the first of them, that is, the hierarchy of the Triune God, symbolized with the Sun of the World and its first hypostases God-Father, can be assigned with the color gold and the second one – with sky-blue or blue, the ecclesiastics of the God-Son, Planetary Logos, Jesus Christ can be legitimately clothed in white in accordance with mystical tradition.

These three hierarchies, all three cults have a universal, cosmic significance. Essentially, they can and must be a single one for the whole of humanity. On top of this, the teaching of the Rose of the World features such aspects in that it appeals only to the people of one culture, that is, to one suprapeople.

Metahistorical unification of humanity is a grandiose process bound to be progressing only gradually. As long as there are metacultures with all their historical idiosyncrasies, the one teaching will be being refracted through different cultural prisms accounting for the differences in the historical trajectories, the sum of the accumulated knowledge and wisdom, and historical obligation.

Undifferentiated in its highest manifestations, the Rose of the World creates for itself a foundation of sorts in every culture in the form of an ethical and metahistorical teaching, along with a cult, targeting only a certain people. Such a teaching will talk about the planes of the given metaculture, its Synclite and zatomis, its shrastras and antihumankind, about destinies and images of its great saints, geniuses, and heroes – in sum, about everything that directly and acutely concerns only those belonging to this particular culture. It will teach every people how to understand its past and present; it will make clear the specific tasks of each of the peoples in the light of its metaculture. While forming the generations, the

teaching will focus on nurturing largely those aspects of the personality, which, once formed, are to be engaged most actively into the creative realization of the given culture's tasks.

Such an aspect of the one teaching targeting, for example, the Japanese people, could be the transformed Shintoism.

The aspect oriented toward the Jewry could be the transformed Judaism.

The aspect facing the German people would have first been created based on the metahistorical revelation streaming down into the culture of Germany. This aspect could be provisionally called *Deutschentum*<sup>1</sup>.

The aspect oriented toward the Indian people (if I am not mistaken, "bharattva" by name) would summarize the metahistorical experience of precisely this people.

The aspect of the universal religion, solely associated with the Russian people, is Rossianism. It teaches about our metaculture, our Synclite, the historical and otherworldly doings of the Russian heroes, geniuses, and saints. It teaches about the light-filled and dark hierarchies manifesting their will in our culture and history; about religious, cultural, and social obligation of our suprapeople; about Russian morality, both individual and collective. It readies Russians for serving the whole of humanity. It is fashioning the Rossian cult.

Hence comes the inevitability of the fourth cult and fourth hierarchy of the Rose of the World. The color, which is to be assigned to it, will be purple, perhaps. For the Russian peoples, this cult will be Rossian, with its hierarchy being the Rossian one.

I picture a big oval hall with the entrance at one of its oblong ends and with the altar pedestal at the other. The provisional images shimmer on the immensely tall behind-the-altar painting in the Rossian temple: with the many-winged demiurge Yarosvet blessing Navna, who sits on the throne with baby-girl Zventa-Sventana on her lap. It is the colonnades rather than walls, which separate this hall from a ring-like side altar around it: in the semigloom of the high niches and the nearby steps rising above the floor, there dimly scintillate the large narrow metaportraits of the kin-guardians, geniuses, messengers, and saints of our country. On a certain day, the lights are lit up, and the worship – a semblance of an Orthodox akathist –

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<sup>1</sup> German spirit (from German, *editor's note*)

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is conducted before each of those portraits. As for the outside of the temple wall, white sculptural portraits (portraits in the conventional sense) sit in the corresponding niches as illustrations of the life-like images of those people. As for the metaportraits, before which the worship is going to be conducted, these are just provisional images of the enlightened ones – the way they are in the zatomis. It goes without saying that the inability to accurately reproduce a four-dimensional image on a two-dimensional plane and to express the nine-color spectrum of those worlds with the seven-color means of Enrof would dictate the relative nature of those metaportraits. Yet, no matter the relativity of the image, it is the only one worthy of receiving prayers. The reason being: only the prayer, which addresses not human beings – regardless of the way these beings had been decades or centuries ago – but, rather, their enlightened, otherworldly selves abiding and creating in the Heavenly Russia, is inherently legitimate and meaningful.

Alongside pantheons of certain suprapeople and nations, those of humanity – the Synclite of the World and the Elite of Shadanakar – will certainly be erected. To my mind, over time, no town will be without such a pantheon, for the great spirits that have reached the highest worlds are friends and co-creators of the whole of humanity.

Yet, vergrads also include other kinds of shrines, which have never and could never be before. They are to be put in no other place but beside bodies of water – rivers, lakes, or channels with running water. These are temples to the elementals. The Rose of the World will teach the way to amplify sensual pleasure through interacting with nature, to deepen our joy through communicating with her spirits, to purify and justify our joy in fulfilling our duty toward her. So far, only Indian religions with their behest of “ahimsa” – the ban on making any living beings suffer – seem to have approached genuine religio-ethical love toward nature. Yet, ahimsa, for the most part, targets humans and animals; the elementals stay outside of the behest except for the souls of some rivers. Meanwhile, it has been long overdue to realize the harm we do by decimating forests, by ravaging watercourses in the name of hydro-energy generation, and by turning meadows and grasslands into the landscape of shoddy suburbs and settlements. Let these words of mine not be taken as traditional moans and groans of indolent and poetically disposed individuals: the harm we are inflicting upon ourselves is quite concrete, albeit not utilitarian. It is the very psychological defect, the very growing vacuum in the soul of humanity, which forms as nature is being replaced with antinature. The defect I am talking about is the hypertrophy of two spheres of the human being – reason



and primitive sensuality at the expense of all other dying-out potentialities. This defect grows in parallel to the harm we do to the marvelous worlds of Liurna, Arashamf, Darainna, and Murohamma, Faltora, and the Land of the Elves. And quite the reverse: by planting new trees, taking care of forests, enlarging gardens, establishing wilderness parks, and the greening of towns, we do good not only to us but also to them. Yet, this alone does not suffice. As long as we are guided purely with a utilitarian interest, with the thirst for material gain, we become enriched only in physical terms. Only when we do all that not for our own selfish ends, but for the sake of the enlightening of nature, of making room for the light-filled elementals to enliven her, and of ridding her from demonic elementals – only then would we begin to fulfill our duty toward her in earnest. Nothing attracts the light-filled elementals more than gardening and tree planting. Without gardening, done around shrines and spread all over the world, the cult of the elementals is not tenable. It is only natural that, with its gleeful and pure ceremonies, this cult will hallow and spiritualize the stages of annual field work, whilst many other rites will be so simple – a mere child would be able to do them – and poetic that they will effortlessly integrate into the people's daily rounds of life.

Sports ought to be spiritualized with the lasting sense of friendship with the light-filled elementals, too. Why does an average athlete astound us with the primitivity of his or her psychological makeup these days? Why are his or her thoughts solely engrossed with questions of sports equipment, whilst his or her feelings are dominated by the instinct of rivalry and the devil's kin of ambitiousness, along with the huge devil of conceit? A possibility of connecting with the elementals, of which the emanations surround the athlete rather often and for quite long, is totally beyond him or her. He or she stays thousands of kilometers away from the thought that once his or her body is submerged and forging ahead with a spectacular brace, all to the delight of onlookers – however much he or she is focused on performing the movements correctly, one particle of his or her consciousness is to be always hungrily watching, feeling out, and thinking over the streaming and splashes of water, those wings and hands of Liurna's beings that eagerly embrace his or her body. If, while skiing, he or she is darting down the mountain, one corpuscle of his or her consciousness – no matter what the other corpuscles are busy with – is to apprehend those attracted by his or her boldness, dexterity, and speed, those elementals of Nivenna and Ahash that are kissing his or her face with the wind. As for sliding down the fluffy snow and the smooth curvature of the earthly surface, this is to be taken as the curvature of the beloved woman's body.

For the Earth is not only our mother; in some deep, inexplicable sense, she is also our beloved. We ought to keep in mind the behest of Dostoevsky that entreated us to kiss the earth. On expanding this behest, we ought to enable our feet to kiss the earth continuously, with each step. This is a double joy – the joy of interacting with the elements and the joy from the elementals’s joy shining through them – will permeate our games, dance, ablutions, sports, field work, floriculture and gardening, rearing of animals, tourism, and the whole of physical culture. This is what the cult of the elementals is going to be – a peaceful and joyful cult full of happiness. It will come along with planting trees and flowers, clearing the overgrowth, worshipping the Sun and the Earth, and performing folk rites dedicated to the elementals.

The influence of humanity upon the elementals is tremendous, albeit not yet acknowledged by us. Modern spiritless civilization is dealing them a heavy blow. For example, if the system of sluices and dams, which has crippled the Volga, keeps on functioning for as long as a hundred years, the Volga will become as dead as Mars, the latter being a planet having rivers but no elementals, with its vegetation existing by mere force of inertia, that is, by the physical laws behind atmospheric motions and precipitation. I do not mean to say that sluicing and building hydroelectric power plants are to be abandoned altogether. It only means that the green hierarchy of the Rose of the World, that is, the hierarchy of the elementals is to supervise such works permeating them with the spirit of selflessness, amicability, faith, and spirituality.

Recently, a dam has been built close to Mysuru, a city in South India. It is erected on the very Kaveri river, which, according to the Hindu beliefs, is filled with a life-giving water by the goddess Kaveri born in the Western Ghats mountains. A Soviet journalist, who was fortunate to visit that place, writes as follows:

“The dam looked fabulous, too, with a great lake spreading amid bare, sun-scorched hills. Equally fabulous was the garden with fountains, set up close to the dam... Clever and skillful hands grew a garden of an extraordinary splendor and beauty, which nature herself pales in comparison to... Walking past straight channels and round basins, we crossed the entire garden and took the stairs – there was an almost soundless waterfall in their center – leading up to the pavilion of goddess Kaveri. Glittering in soft gold, the goddess was pressing a jar against her chest, with gushing water brimming over. Standing before her, our hosts put together their hands in a prayerful gesture and raised them to their faces: this meant both a greeting and an expression of gratitude. All other Indians passing by

would also stop and prayerfully fold their hands before the goddess. They thanked her for giving them water and favoring the majestic dam.”<sup>2</sup>

It has a profound significance. This is the very living connection between the people’s soul and the light-filled elementals, which I am talking about. And it is only natural that we encounter this connection precisely in the Indian people – one of the most genius peoples in terms of religiosity.

Emanations of people’s light-filled spirituality have an immense impact on the dark elementals. They recede and become partially reborn. This is why there is a striking difference between rivers flowing across different countries of the same tropical belt: some are meandering across impassible and almost uninhabited forests just like the Amazon River and Orinoco, whereas others are washing the countries with a high spiritual, unlike technological, culture: I mean the Ganges, Nerbudda, Irrawaddy, and Mekong. The nature of many great rivers of South America, the banks of which are inhabited by primitive tribes almost devoid of spirituality, is demonized throughout: it is hard to imagine wilder fauna and more eerie flora than the animal and plant kingdoms belonging to those basins. As for the rivers of India and Indo-Malay, they are nurturers and benefactresses of these countries; one has to see them with his or her own eyes to feel the emanation of inexplicable peace, amicability, and the otherworldly coolness and warmth wafting over their waters. Inasmuch as we are not aware of it, this is the consequence of the influence of the purified, salved, and light-bound human souls – emanations of the peoples that have been living on the banks of those rivers for centuries and millennia ever accumulating their spirituality. The same was happening in the Nile valley and, albeit to a lesser degree, on the rivers of Europe and Russia. Had similar hotbeds of spirituality emerged on the banks of the Orinoco and Amazon River, the predatory and gruesome elementals of Gannix would have receded in a few centuries’ time, whereas the light-filled elementals would have flown into there and transform nature.

The measures taken by the Rose of the World in transforming the face of the earth will have even more traction due to their clarity, profoundness, and spiritual expediency, unlike just groping about.

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<sup>2</sup> Kraminov D. "Across India". M., 1956. p. 184-186.

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As strange as it may seem, I picture the main components of the temples to the elementals as a reservoir and a stadium placed in parallel to each other. Each of them is skirted from one side with open, roofless amphitheaters of sorts, whilst the building of the main shrine will be sandwiched between the reservoir and stadium slightly jutting out into them with its terraces. Its flat roof with a small tower placed in the middle is also made into a terrace. An open winding staircase is leading to a small platform on top of the tower. Here, the solar and lunar deities, along with the great elementals of the planet's air and waters are worshipped. The interior could be designated for worship, as well as for more private ceremonies in wintertime, whether it be birth, education and maturation of children, the first or the second marriage. As for the stadiums and reservoirs, these are designated for crowded activities, in which dance, sports, game, and doxology are commingled, making up a mysterial whole. These activities fine-tune the soul and the body for apprehending the elementals, their proximity and their efficacy. They permeate the fleshly joys with spirituality and clothe the experience of the near light-filled worlds with a pure and cheerful feeling, not unlike youthful glee.

The “green” ecclesiastics of the elementals is the fifth and last hierarchy of the Rose of the World. It will differ from the rest of the hierarchies through a host of unique and idiosyncratic characteristics. Apparently, each hierarchy will have its own special set of rules and place special demands upon its members. Being enlisted into the hierarchy of the Sun of the World, into the ecclesiastics of the God-Sun and of the Synclites would presuppose an extensive education, both general and specialized, a long preparation, and having passed a rather serious trial. It is all too well known that, as soon as any human movement, be it religious, social, or political, starts gaining traction, many of those self-interested and self-serving tend to join its ranks. It is not hard to imagine how many individuals having no inner connection to the ideals of the Rose of the World will make haste to become affiliated with it, thus trying to turn it into a playfield for their ambition and self-gain. At least to some degree, this cannot be avoided. Yet, at the same time, this can be mitigated. Once the new spirituality enjoys a greater social acceptance and plays a more significant role in society, there have to be barriers in place to sift out random and unprincipled people from entering it. Perhaps, aspirants will eventually have to pass a voluntary probation period, up to two- or three-year seclusion in the conditions averaging a monastic cell, a study, and a solitary confinement. Perhaps, the probationary will be able to leave his or her place of trial any time, yet at the cost of forfeiting the ordainment. Besides, the sum of knowledge required for successfully performing the tasks, which any

ecclesiastic is expected to come to terms with, is so great, his or her responsibility is so high, and the range of activity is so broad that acquiring those skills and knowledge will take quite a lengthy course. For this reason, men no younger than thirty-five years of age would be eligible for entering the white and purple hierarchies. The functions of the blue hierarchy appear as being much narrower; that is why activities of the priestesses ought to begin earlier and either finish by thirty, or transform further on, such that all necessary knowledge and experience would become acquired “on the go”, through daily practice.

Apart from performing its cult duties, the green ecclesiastics will be responsible for two other tasks. First: having the youth enriched and steeped with spirituality of the elementals, unlike exposing them to the plain and blunting physical education of our day. Closely connected to this is their leading role in the transformed youth organizations, as well as in the natural-science, agronomical, and zoo-formative ones.

Unlike some profound and universal knowledge or life experience, activities of this kind will require, rather, youthful liveliness, strength, bodily harmony and beauty, zeal, and inexhaustible cheerfulness. With such clarity I can see those merry sun-tanned youths and maidens clothed in emerald green garbs, wearing green capes in cool weather, everywhere and at all times barefooted, taking care of flower gardens both deftly and with great skill, pole-jumping, apprehending the proximity of the light-filled elementals in a ritual dance, or offering flowers and fruits to the Moon and the Sun to the singing of youthful voices! I picture them surrounded with students or giving lectures to adolescents, or gliding through the hustle and bustle of streets, or enjoying themselves in a meadow and looking at the sky with their hands put behind their heads. Lucky ones! What a beautiful youth, what a harmonious life, what a complete love, and what wonderful children they will have!

The green spirituality will have yet another task: being at the helm of the activities concerning the transformation and enlightenment of nature. For this end, young age, power, and purity will no longer suffice – experience, both lived and spiritual, as well as knowledge, as scientific, so transphysical, will be a must. It seems to me that all this can be gained over time, in parallel to working in temples to the elementals and in schools. If the period of seclusion is ever required here, it has to be living in nature, perhaps, in a wildlife sanctuary.

Here I am, almost done laying out the concept. I totally understand how complex it is, and how few people will be thirsty enough spiritually to plod through the ins

and out of this book. Over time, the number of such people will grow, and there will be as interpreters, so popularizers of it. Yet, from another side, the teaching will be replenished through the spiritual experience of many, many others, and, during the reign of the Rose of the World, its complexity will grow so much that only a few will be able to comprehend and embrace it in all its entirety. Let it be! It is good that the teaching will retain its esoteric depth: not everything, and not at all times, is to be made plain on the square, be it even the square of a vergrad.

Yet, at certain particularly joyful hours I am capable of apprehending (sometimes, these moments come on their own) echoes of a great festive worship, which is being performed in front of tens of thousands of people and attended – once in a year – by all five spiritualities of the Rose of the World. The sounds of golden trumpets reach my heart – very high, right under the very dome of the great temple's main tower. The town is still in the dark, whereas the dome and those trumpets are already gleaming, lit by the rays of the sun: the summer solstice is rising. I hear the melody, I see the side-altar embrasure in the temple swinging open and the scarlet disk, jagged alongside with the line of the city's horizon, making an appearance before the people. I see representatives of all the spiritualities standing around the altar table, with the priestess of the Most Holy Mother and the priestess of the Great Elementals being among them. I distinguish all the celebrants – all seven of them -stretching out their right hands over the altar table. I cannot see clearly what kind of sacrament they are performing, but I do see the harmony of their slow movements and hear the most senior of them – the supreme guide of humanity – addressing the Sun:

– Glory to Thee, the rising Sun!

Thundering choirs are repeating these words, and the golden trumpets are blowing outside the temple, under the dome.

– Glory to thee, the ascending heart! – the supreme guide makes his second enunciation. I see him, accompanied by the hierarchs of all the spiritualities, heading for the eastern terrace through the open embrasure. When the thunder of the choir dies out, and the trumpets repeat their sounding the third time, I see the supreme guide approaching the parapet over the square and enunciating, while raising the winged heart-lampion shining from inside at the backdrop of the scarlet disk:

– Blessed be the yearned-for meeting at the zenith!

### ***12.4. The Prince of the Darkness***

Much of what I see is apprehended with the help of all kinds of inner sight, be it imagination, artistic creativity, or spiritual forefeeling. Certain things I apprehend with a sight that sees what is bound to happen. Yet, all that I see ahead is what I yearn for. More often than not, perhaps, I pull imperceptible switches by taking the desired for what is to objectively materialize.

Such switches can no longer be pulled once the gaze becomes riveted to the impending thick of time, discerning there something detestable and horrifying instead of the longed-for and exhilarating.

Isn't it strange that the Rose of the World, despite its long reign over humanity, will fail to prevent the prince of darkness from coming? Fail it will, to everybody's greatest sorrow. Fail it will, even though the Rose of the World will hurl all effort into postponing his advent such that the maximum number of human minds and hearts would be seasoned for coming to grips with him.

Provided that a host of historical dilemmas have been solved favorably, the Rose of the World will indeed create conditions for the Golden Age on the Earth. It will eliminate state and social violence. It will do away with all exploitation whatsoever. It will salve the predatory principle in humans. It will soften the mores of peoples in line with what the prophetic dreams of light-filled dreamers of the past had intimated. It will reveal to people a plethora of knowledge of other worlds and the paths of ascension of Enrof. It will elevate certain animal species to the point of speech acquisition and intelligent-creative existence. By way of unflaggingly warning about the imminent prince of darkness, the Rose of the World will snatch from him myriads of would-be captives of the most gruesome expiatory cycle. Its grandiose Synclite – Arimoya – will transform some of the purgatories into the worlds of spiritual healing. Yet, some intractable contradictions will still remain: they are unsolvable until humanity will have undergone, as Dostoevsky put it, a spiritual transformation.

Such contradictions can be mitigated, smoothed, temporarily blanketed, but cannot be eradicated, for their root lies in the yetzerhara which, since the fall of Lilith, is

inherent to all living beings of Enrof, except to those that have burned it away while becoming enlightened. The chief contradiction here psychologically manifests in human beings as the craving for power, as well as in the complex, dual, and conflicting structure of their sexual sphere.

Acting now apart, then together, these impulses create a gravitation toward evil, which nearly all human beings have a disposition for, and make one succumb to the charm of evil in its various guises, at times to the evil at its purest that does not even attempt to mask itself with any semblances of Good.

One is to envision the atmosphere of harmonious quietude that will have reigned supreme on the planet by the seventh or eighth pontificate of the Rose of the World. Only from books and works of art will those generations know about the despotism of states, about wars, revolutions, hunger, poverty, and epidemics. Unadulterated with social struggle, their energy will be channeled to spiritual and physical self-mastery, to stilling the hunger for knowledge and creativity, and to an incomparably enriched, sophisticated, and diversified personal life.

As far as I can discern – however much this surprises me – there will be no permanent capital of the world, that is, a city wherein supreme guides and the Upper Council of the Rose of the World are going to be based. It seems that, with every new pontificate, the capital of the world will be relocated to the country, which has nominated the then supreme precept. In any event, Delhi and Moscow will become a capital twice each. Apparently, the last above-ground residence of the supreme guides – when the antichrist will have assumed actual leadership of the world, and the One Church of humanity will have begun to retreat into the catacombs – is going to be Tokyo.

Yet, however much the roots of material jealousy will be undermined by universal prosperity, the roots of spiritual jealousy will remain intact, for varied degrees and kinds of giftedness will propel some into leading positions while casting others into the roles of those being led. With the epochs changing one after another, the outlines of intelligentsia will coincide with those of humanity. Yet, intelligentsia will not be consolidated, whereas producers of material goods will no longer see themselves as the salt of the earth. Problems of material wellbeing and comfort, technological and economic problems will lose their prominence. A dull discontent will start haunting those viewing themselves as producers of material valuables; their psychological and mental organization would make them gravitate into working in the field of industrial technologies, economy, agronomy, precise sciences, and innovations. Technical intelligentsia will not content itself with the



supplementary role it will be playing under the fifth, sixth, or seventh pontificate, for leading positions will be taken up by those working on the problems of ethical, aesthetical, transphysical, metahistorical, zoo-formative, and religious nature. Precisely this dull discontent and jealousy of status will prove to be one of the social-psychological antecedents for a movement which the antigod, having appeared as a human being, will take advantage of.

Should the Rose of the World ascend to the ethical control of the global political power, around twenty-six supreme pontificates, if I am not mistaken, will have passed between this moment and the change of eons. Yet, the reign of the Rose of the World will see no more than seven or eight of them, at most – nine. The rest will be passing during the antichrist's rule and the subsequent period of historical cataclysms. The last several pontificates will be very brief, and the death of their precepts will be agonizing, for the master of the world will look into ways of cutting short their life journeys. Numbering among the supreme precepts, which are going to succeed each other, will be Russians and Indians, the Chinese and natives of different countries of America, a German and an Abyssinian, a Spaniard and a Malaysian, a Britisher and an Arab. Yet, none of them will betray the Divine cause. The last of the supreme precepts, the one to witness the change of eons, will come from a North-Asian people that, at present, has barely a touch of civilization.

I discern more or less clearly two individuals in this gallery of planetary guides. By all appearances, one of them is destined to become the supreme precept right after the referendum that will turn the global Federation into a monolith. Shaping up before my eyes is a personality of a tremendous spiritual stature. Wisdom and otherworldly calm emanating from this man, the dazzling grandeur of his destiny and soul would prompt one of an image of Gautama Buddha that has been crowned and amalgamated in the dignity of Nirvana with supreme authority over humanity. His appearance is suggestive of his Chinese origin.

One of his most immediate successors will be another spiritual giant. Standing out in the garland of his past lives is a far-off link to when he had walked the earth as a rather famous ruler of the Hohenstaufen Empire. And this time, too, he is going to incarnate amid those very people, in Germany. Under him, the unification of Christian churches and of all religions of the right hand in a free coalition will come to pass.

Many a time, I have pointed out how the interruption of Christ's mission had caught up to the deficiency of medieval Christianity, and how the psychological climate in the West – the outcome of this deficiency – had shaped the subsequent

anti-movements: the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Revolution, materialistic science, and demonized technologies – a meteoric flight of the Red Horseman of the Apocalypse. Under the White Horseman, every endeavor will be made to liberate science and technology from the grip of demonizing principles. They will attempt to conjugate science and technology with transphysical knowledge and ethics, forcing them to work for the benefit of all, and harmonizing, as much as possible, the relationship between civilization and nature. Yet, the specificity of technology, that is, its rationality, utilitarian nature, and earthliness, is not going to be overcome through putting it to more sublime tasks and enforcing ethical control alone. Its inherent lack of spirituality and utilitarian nature will remain for as long as precisely these characteristics of technology will be taken advantage of by the antiod, who is going to incarnate. Technological progress spawned forth by the era of secularism will remain an essentially intractable problem and, just like a phlegmon developing in a human body, will burst at the turn of the antichrist's reign.

The thirst for power and the thirst for blood lurk deep inside many souls. Unsatisfied under the conditions of social harmony, they will push some into inventing doctrines advocating social and cultural changes for those unquenched passions to flourish in the years to come. Meanwhile, others will be ridden with boredom. Unlike just being a casual visitor, this feeling will become a true host in their spiritual abode, and, devoid of the thrill of collisions, social life will seem vapid to them. After reading books full of adventures, ruffle, crimes, and passions, such ready-for-any-escapade souls will grow wistful, exasperated, and jealous. Apart from these individuals, humanity will show yet another layer: the more satisfying, the more prosperous existence of some people, the more they will feel annoyed with the manacles of morality, religion, tradition, social mores, and archaic shame binding their sexuality.

Since the time of the clan system, the instinct of moral-social self-preservation has kept a tight rein on the overbearing sexuality. Yet, this rein would barely last for too long if it were only about individual human inner efforts, if it were not for social coercion in the form of social and state laws. The robust instinct of self-preservation has it that removing all taboos from sexuality to manifest indiscriminately is fraught with destruction of family, sexual perversions, weakening of willpower, moral degradation of generations, and, ultimately, the all-out degeneration, both physical and spiritual. However much strong, the instinct of moral-social self-preservation cannot yet safeguard society from this

danger without the help of state laws, judiciary norms, and conventional decorum. True, robust instinct is strong; yet, when sexual freedom goes unleashed, more often than not the latter proves to be more powerful. One should not be afraid of the truth – one is to admit that this centrifugal instinct is inherent, in more or less degree, in the majority of people. Despite being suppressed with inner checks and balances as well as outward coercion, despite slumber, it, nonetheless, exists. Oh, the human sexual sphere is primed with an explosive substance of tremendous force! The centripetal instinct of moral-social self-preservation is attracting, soldering elements of the personal life of each and every one of us: owing to this, the personal life of an average human being makes a system of sorts, a basic order not unlike nucleons making up a tightly-knit nucleus of the atom in the microworld. Yet, should a convincing and charming teaching lull to sleep the human fear of unleashing the instinct of absolute sexual freedom, an unparalleled moral catastrophe would ensue. Freeing up the centrifugal energy locked inside this instinct will trigger such a chain reaction, which would cause a tremendous social-psychological revolution comparable, in technocratic terms, to the release of nuclear energy.

I am afraid that what I am talking about will remain unintelligible to and be taken with hostility by many. Underestimation of the sexual sphere's significance has become entrenched in our society. All the more, the thought of a danger lurking precisely in this sphere would seem too far-fetched. I can easily imagine the indignation of a well-meaning reader with such a prediction of mine, and how promptly it will be dismissed as a shallow fantasy coming from the muddled sexual sphere of the author himself rather than from that of humanity. Ah, would that it be true! There is no doubt that Duggur's temptations remain, by and large, beyond the compass of the majority's consciousness. The minority, albeit clueless of its transphysical source and afraid of admitting these temptations even to themselves, nonetheless, is dimly aware of them. It would be too naïve to expect people to allow such things out in the open. Only a miniscule number of people are well aware of those temptations and, unlike holding them deep inside, are ready to indulge in them at the earliest opportunity. Yet, the currently timid majority in this regard will come out swinging as soon as the more heavyweight authorities – scientific, social, and religio-political – have proclaimed the need for ultimate sexual freedom and everyone's indispensable right to it, along with taking all measures to condone, pander to, and protect it.

Hundreds and thousands will lust for power. As for sexual freedom, it will also be lusted after by millions upon millions.

To be liberated from the manacles of the Good – this is going to be the mood of many by the end of the Golden Age: at first surreptitious, then increasingly blatant and outspoken. Humanity will grow tired of spiritual light. It will be emaciated from aspiring ever higher. It will get sick and tired of virtue. Peaceful social freedom, any kinds of freedom will cloy except in two spheres: sexuality and violence against others. The setting sun will be still lingering as a crimson glitter on mysterials and temples of the Sun of the World, on pantheons' domes, and on shrines to the elementals with their ledged reservoirs and terraces. Yet, the blue-grey dusk of debauchery, the grey haze of boredom will have begun to envelope the lowlands. In this power vacuum, boredom and lust for dark passions will sweep across half of humanity. And it will long for an individual who will offer more than others and demand obedience in exchange for the unchecked freedom in one sphere – any form and kind of sensual pleasure.

The Rose of the World itself will consist not only of saints but also of people standing at varying levels of moral development. From the very onset, the tasks of the global church will have such tremendous outlines, they will be so encompassing and numerous that it would be unfeasible to limit the active membership of the Rose of the World only to morally impeccable and highly-principled ones. It goes without saying that the severity of the probation will still remain a mandatory step, yet it is far from being a panacea. As with any community of people, albeit grounded in the loftiest ideas, it is prone to being infiltrated with those carrying along the thirst for domineering, vanity, excessive attachment to comforts, intolerance, and roughness with others. A hazy egregor will be enveloping the Rose of the World, just as it did with the churches of the past. The deepened mystical awareness of its leaders will preclude this egregor from swelling up into a thick fume, thus from screening Arimoya. But its total elimination is impossible, of course. Therefore, it is only natural that even the Supreme Council will have some individuals in its ranks falling for the prince of darkness' temptations, while its lower levels will see a significant rise of such individuals over time.

Under conditions of vast ideological freedom, first stealthily, then openly the religion of the left hand will gain momentum. It will grow as a poisonous flower out of the longing for a dark liberator from the Good's manacles, and it will come down to worshipping Gagtungr as some sort of Prometheus, an eternal mutineer, a

fighter for the “true” freedom of all. As for the aim of this quasi-religion, it is going to ready people for making obeisance to the coming anti-Logos.

Oh, humanity will have no shortage of warnings. Hadn’t the Gospel, even the Koran, even the Mahabharata warned about this long ago? Was there any lack of visionaries, as in the West, so in the East, refraining about the inevitable coming of the antichrist? All pontificates of the Rose of the World, from the time of the unification of religions down to the emergence of this monstrous creature in the historical arena, will be hurling their effort into those admonishments. Yet, given virtually unrestricted ideological and cultural freedom, they will wield no other weapon but words. Under the pressure from radical left circles of society, the remaining bans, howsoever restricting freedom of speech, those prohibiting the breaching of the norms of social decorum and profanity, will be ultimately lifted. Precisely this will open the floodgates to human hearts for the precursors of the great spawn of darkness.

There will be no lack of such precursors. Yet, the greatest of them is going to be the founder of such a cultural-historical and social-ethical doctrine which will focus attention on the following: despite having a great many freedoms, humanity would remain a slave to sexual restrictions, a slave to false shame, prejudices, and old-fashioned mores – the mores endorsed by the Rose of the World, so too by the entirety of the “outdated” social ways. It appears to me that the book by this thinker will be the very “Open Path”, about which Vladimir Solovyov said to have been penned by the antichrist himself. No: a brilliant, the most charming and wittiest of Frenchmen, this precursor will be an icon of his generation. Hardly will this bearer of a dark mission realize whom he serves and paves the way for. Despite all his intellectual genius, his mystical mind will be shut tight. So, when the long-awaited liberator appears, the French thinker will be so much astounded with his superhuman grandeur that he will exclaim gleefully and exultantly: “Here’s the one whom the world is waiting for, whom I have been talking about all along!” – Only much later, when the incomer has reached the fullness of his power and showed his true colors, his precursor will commit suicide. True, he will be a genius thinker. Yet, the one for whom he is going to blaze the trail, will view him just as an underling. The one, for whom the trail will be blazed, will see all ever-existing inhabitants of Enrof, save Jesus, as his underlings.

Will he be a human?

Yes and no.

As has already been said many times, from century to century, from life to life, layers of demonic materiality – the dark shelt, astral and etheric bodies – had been enveloping the monad of a Roman emperor that had been stolen by Gagtungr from IroIn itself. Precisely this demonic materiality, agga that is, rather than siara – the building material, of which all the inhabitants of Enrof and beings of the ascending range are weaved – make them up. In this book, we have already dwelt on his last incarnation in Russia and how the Providential forces frustrated Urparp's schemes on turning him into a universal dark genius. Yet, intercepting the gifts of a dark genius from this being twice is impossible – now, Urparp has learned how to shield his ward from adversarial transphysical operations. He will not let it into Enrof until he has ensured it can make full use of all the gifts requisite for carrying out its historical mission of the antichrist. The genius giftedness of Stalin, when it comes to the tyrannizing and his ability to hypnotize the human will into subjugation, was just a fraction of the achievements that had been made in Gashsharva in working upon his being, something that was interrupted by the forces of the Light. After his death in Enrof and reinstatement in Gashsharva, this work was resumed and gained new momentum. Having undergone the last stages of the preparation in Digm, the unheard-of being will come close to its last, fateful birth in the epoch of the seventh or eighth pontificate.

It seems that the place of its birth will be a Latin American country; yet, the birth itself is promising to be totally out of the ordinary. Forced into assuming a human appearance in order to become its mother, Lilith, as willed by Urparp, will assume such an appearance without taking birth: she will need neither father, nor mother, nor childhood. Her appearance as a ripe woman will be a dark miracle. Obvious violations of nature's laws, preternatural connections with dreadful otherworldly beings, wizardly stories and legends will surround her brief earthly life. Having conceived the physical body of the coming anti-Logos from the powers of Gagtungr himself rather than from human semen, she will soon disappear from Enrof, for her mission will have been accomplished. Although Lilith will make her appearance in humanity once again, her mission and her female human form will be altogether different then, and so too her appearance, albeit as mysterious as the previous one.

The physical body of the anti-Logos will be made of siara, just like all human bodies.

The most intelligent of all who have ever lived, far surpassing all the geniuses of humanity with his genius, he will have become a widely accepted leader of the

world science by age thirty-three. With a lightning grasp of the most complex scientific and transphysical problems; instantaneous entering into the core of all kinds of disciplines, both natural-science and humanitarian; superhuman work performance; unparalleled versatility of gifts, including poetic and architectural genius; a host of fundamental discoveries, with which he will be endowing humanity at a giddy speed; theatrical kindness toward people – all this will win him great authority in the eyes of the majority of people on the planet. He will make a true revolution in certain scientific disciplines having rehabilitated some of the principles of magic, unprecedentedly deepening and enriching them with the knowledge that will be pouring into the compass of his cognition out of his superb, inexhaustible mind inspired by the devil himself.

He will be handsome with some striking yet uncanny beauty. It must be said that it will be hard to identify his nationality or even race by his facial features, so he will appear like a synthetic embodiment of the entirety of humanity.

At the age of thirty-three he will be ordained, and soon he will be as though the second-best man in humanity. With outward humility, he will be awaiting the hour when the death of the supreme precept will make it possible for him, through a global referendum, to crown himself with the tiara.

And now, he is thirty-three, the age of Jesus when he finished his earthly journey, the age marked with the death and resurrection of the Planetary Logos. More often than not, there forms an inseverable connection at this age between the consciousness and the monad in people with an exceptional mystical giftedness. Precisely at this age, this man will perform his first spectacular miracle, a truly unprecedented stunt: he will convert his physical, siara-built body into the one made up of agga. For the first time in Enrof, the earth will see an entity enveloped in karrokh rather than in a physical body. He will revel in this transformation of his, for it is going to be one of his greatest victories, postponing indefinitely the prospect of his physical undoing.

This transformation will be immediately noticed by people, even though no one will realize either its significance or mechanism. His outward human appearance will remain almost the same, yet an indescribable dread will be emanating from him, even to those seeing him from a distance. On touching his karrokh, everyone will be as though electrocuted. Yet, his undefeatable hypnotic force will attract a great number of women. Those of them who are to have intimate relationships with him – with these, he will moderate the deadly force of his touch – will be coming in flocks. However, soon he will stop restraining himself, and each of his

concubines will pay with her life for a few seconds of pleasure. Neither dagger, nor poison, nor gunpowder, nor dynamite will be able to destroy the karrokh. Only a thermonuclear weapon would be able to annihilate him – later, there will be even some daredevils venturing into doing so. Yet, all such plots will be disclosed long before their realization.

There will be tremendous commotion in the Rose of the World caused by the anti-Logos' transformation. The supreme precept will be killed. When the wonderworker, after having held a fraudulent referendum, crowns himself with the tiara and proclaims himself as a messenger of the Eternal Femininity – to prove the extraordinary power of his sorcery, he will call forth the incarnation of Lilith disguised as the one of Zventa-Sventana – the monolith of the social organization of the world will see an unrepairable raft. Half of humanity, especially the people of Asia, will refuse to acknowledge the usurper and, instead, elect another supreme precept. Yet, the other half will bow down to the imposter as to their absolute leader and fall away from the Rose of the World, restoring institutions of political and social violence. Of course, those unwilling to pay obeisance to the antichrist will come under attacks.

Dark miracles will grow in number, shaking the consciousness of people down to the core. Stories about the miracles of Christ will seem shallow compared to them. The waves of frenzied enthusiasm will be sweeping the face of the earth.

Some countries – voluntarily, some – through compulsion and deception, yet all of them gradually will fall away from the Rose of the World. Thus the anti-Logos will come to lord over the planet singlehandedly.

Yet, the supreme precept will not bow down to the usurper. Neither will millions, even hundreds of millions of people from all over the world make obeisance to him. There will come an epoch of persecutions, growing from year to year in their scale, methods, and ferocity. The cunningness of Gagtungr will take advantage even of the heroic resistance of broad swaths of the populace at that. The unfortunate would-be antichrist that was defeated by the previous incarnation of the prince of darkness and committed suicide at the end of the second world war, will now come as a self-proclaimed leader and summon indignant crowds to fight against the world's ruler. At the same time, he will be vehemently attacking the Rose of the World for its meekness and nonresistance, making it a point that all means are good without exception when struggling against the spawn of darkness. This movement will be snatching away those from the Rose of the World, whom the antichrist has failed to capture. The movement will be dark throughout itself,



sucking hearts into the vortex of ferocious malice, cruelty, and soul-draining hatred.

As for the followers of the Rose of the World, they will be suffering martyrdom without taking to weapons. Finally, the Rose of the World will be prohibited. It seems that the elementals' cult will be tolerated longer than the other cults, gradually turning into worshipping Lilith and the demonesses of Duggur. Then the persecution will spill over into worshipping whatsoever elementals of the Light, and the One Church of Humanity will withdraw into the catacombs. This will herald a string of tragic pontificates, each inevitably ending in the demise of the supreme precept, just like a golden garland in the pitch darkness, which will stretch across one and a half or two centuries right into the day and hour of the second advent of Christ.

For quite some time, the anti-Logos will not be denying either the life of Jesus in Palestine as a historical reality, or even the mystical fact of the God-born monad's – the one expressing the God-Son – incarnation in Jesus. Yet, in the course of its dynamic development and gradual change, his teaching will undergo a host of metahistorical and theological switches, gradually belittling the significance of Christ, only to culminate in the complete denial of Him and, finally, in the veil of deadly silence around His name and whatever is related to Him. There will be yet a stage when the anti-Logos will proclaim himself as the incarnation of the God-Father and the woman – the one that has become a physical vessel for Lilith by way of diabolic sorcery – to be an embodiment of the Eternal Femininity. Too many confirmatory miracles, and stupefying at that, will have poured down by then such that the majority of people would not even dare to nurture a slightest doubt in the veracity of claims coming from those preternatural beings. The antichrist will create a sacrilegious cult of global copulation around himself and the incarnated Lilith, and nefarious doings between them, all surrounded with fabulous effects and intoxicating grandeur, will be played out before all and everyone as though impersonating the cosmic union of the two hypostases of the Trinity.

Many people will be overtaken with the abomination and uncanny horror. Even millions of those that have never bothered themselves with questions of religion, that have been immersed into the rubs and worries of their little realities, artistic creativity, and scientific research will feel that they are facing such a unique and horrifying choice, to which even tortures and executions would pale in comparison. Then the fruits of the spiritual work of the Rose of the World's eight

pontificates will show themselves. Then the spawn of darkness will lose countless throngs of those that would have succumbed to the barrage of dark miracles and the charm of the superhuman, combining immense intelligence with the cynical boldness of his wicked deeds, had it not been for their premonitory, illuminating, and formative work. Nearly the third of the world populace will be overtaken with the exaltation of martyrdom. Arimoya will be replenished then with countless hosts of heroic souls. Yet, even greater hosts of those that have committed apostasy and allowed the spawn of Gagtungr to deprave them will be filling up the layers of retribution.

An unflagging, multifaceted, and intense struggle between light-filled and demonic powers will be reaching its climax. Roiling in scores of layers of Shadanakar, this struggle will see a stage of continuous battles between Synclites, daemons, angels – all the forces of Providence – and the invisible monsters, spawns, and allies of Gagtungr and Voglea. These spawns will be powerful, yet “unembodiable”, existing in the lower worlds. Their activities in five- and six-dimensional worlds, however, will be projected as unbridled sexuality, so too as ever increasing blood-thirstiness, technological soul-numbing advancements, systematic destruction of all who have risen spiritually higher than the rest of the demonized humanity, and many other things, which are hard for us to either comprehend or envision. It goes without saying that the armies of Synclites will be going out of their way to support the people that will have stood up against the antichrist here, in Enrof. The inspiration coming from them will help, among other things, to palliate the agony of the tortures and executions. These methods will be related in part to the unsealing of certain potentialities, slumbering as of yet in the human being, in part – to discovering invisible painkillers inspired by the brothers of Synclites.

Over time, after the antichrist has seen to the total consolidation of his authority, he will use philosophical and scholastic tricks to revise his own interpretation of his personality as a would-be incarnation of the God-Father. The last mask will be no longer needed and be thrown away, for the ideally orchestrated system of violence will nip nearly all protests in the bud. The preceding ideological stage will be cast into oblivion. The God-Father is going to be openly replaced with the name of the Great Torturer, whereas the Eternal Femininity will give way to the Great Harlot. The embodied Lilith that has impersonated herself as Femininity will be seesawing between shameless acts with the anti-Logos and satanic orgies first accessible to a select few, then to hundreds, and, ultimately, virtually to all. The

embodied Lilith will be radiating an indescribably beautiful glow reminiscent of moonlight. Her body, unlike electrocuting those coming into physical contact with it, will be the source of their inexpressible delectation, which will be blotting out any glimpses of their memories of whatsoever spirituality. As contemplating the anti-Logos and Lilith itself will be mesmerizing, these orgies and doings will be broadcasted to all corners of the planet by means of technological contrivances, not unlike television in our day, but, of course, much more advanced than the twentieth century's inventions.

Other inventions, which would be only natural to expect from the twenty-second or twenty-third century's technological stage, will enable the then government to wield total control over the psyche of each and every resident of the planet. Mind-reading from great distances will be no longer just a terrifying figment of imagination: it will become a daily scientific-technological reality. Shielded by Synclites, members of the Rose of the World will maintain resistance in their catacombs, elaborating the system of psychical and transphysical protection. Yet, this defense system, which is now hard to imagine, of course, will prove to be extraordinarily laborious, and only the few will be able to master it. To a more or lesser extent, all supreme guides will be wielding this system, but the enemy will learn to locate even the slightest breaches in it and be counteracting the defense of the Light with his weapon. For this reason, sooner or later all, who have not bowed down to the anti-Logos, will fall as his victims. By the turn of the eons, the number of such survivors will barely make a hundred, whereas the satanic humankind will have amounted to several billions.

The middle of this reign will see the completion of an unheard-of, ridiculous falsification of history. In a matter of fifty or seventy years, all books and artifacts testifying of humanity as having had light-filled cults, high philosophical teachings, majestic arts, lofty literatures, heroes, saints, geniuses, in sum, anything of Divine origin – all these will be wiped out. All temples that have survived the thick of time will be turned either into dust or shrines of Gisturg, the Great Harlot, and Urparp, with their architecture disfigured beyond recognition. Many of them will turn into truncated cones or four-sided pyramids with flat tops reminiscent of yet greatly exceeding in luxuriance palaces-shrines of Duggur. There will come generations totally oblivious of the existence of Christ and Christianity in the past. All ideas of these generations about the bygone times will be not merely distorted – they will be falsified nearly throughout, all due to the inculcation of people into

the theories thought up by the anti-Logos and in his misrepresentation of history as it suits him.

Curious is the then interpretation of the personality and historical role of the second to last incarnation of the antichrist. Deep inside, the ruler of the world will harbor a feeling of shame of sorts when remembering his own narrowness, blindness, and a long string of outright blunders that he had committed in his previous incarnation. He will see to stamping out even the slightest suspicion in people that he once used to be the second leader of the revolutionary movement (Joseph Stalin, *translator's note*). At the same time, any accusation of this leader by an unwitting revisionist will be punished with an immediate death, for the prideful sovereign will not tolerate any derision aimed even at his past, centuries-old mistakes. Hence the image of Stalin will be rehabilitated. The deceased leader will be proclaimed – with reservations to the effect that he had certain limitations and thus could not comprehend and encompass everything there was in its totality – the greatest figure of the past.

With the establishment of Gisturg's and Fokerma's cult, an all-out mayhem will commence. Science, philosophy, art, social institutions, and law – all these will be geared into unleashing sexuality. All kinds of perversions will be promulgated in various ways and appraised as manifestations of the emancipated spirit. The more public they are, the more their participants will be showered with admiration. By then, medicine will have defeated nearly all diseases; parasites and harmful microorganisms will have been done away with, and hygiene will have been raised to such a level that dust and dirt in residential areas will have become a relic of the past. Those sterile streets and squares of towns will turn into arenas for sundry forms of collective shamelessness. Working hours will be greatly reduced, so the leisure time will become almost unlimited. As for interests to fill in for the leisure time, these, for the most part, will come down to sex in one or another form – so multifarious, sophisticated, and intense that it is hard to imagine all this for us living in the twentieth century. Human towns will closely remind those of Duggur except that the Sun itself will be reviled there.

Absolute sexual freedom will not be reachable by just everyone yet. All citizens save, of course, the antichrist himself and his elite, will be tabooed to take part in manifestations or, rather, perversions coming in tow with tortures. “Delights” of this kind will be permitted only to those whose work will be closely associated with the police and state security. It is not hard to imagine the moral cast of beings comprising the cadres of those professional sadists.

Finally, the prince of darkness will reserve only for himself the delectation coming from cannibalism, not a figurative but a literal one at that. Perhaps, the kind of pleasure he is going to experience at those moments will be not just about gratifying sexual instinct, albeit utterly perverted, but also about combining it with a satanic lasciviousness – the one experienced by way of defying the most fundamental laws, whether Divine or human, as well as emotional roots of conscience, moral fear, and shame.

His pleasure will be intensified with the awareness of his impunity.

The monster will relish in indulging himself in just about everything, not only making humanity contemplate those abominations at that but also eliciting a mixed feeling of admiration, jealousy, dread, and awe in the depraved majority.

Apparently, something similar to this incited the despots of the past, like Caligula or Nero, to engage in precisely such doings, combining sadism and the public demonstration of spiritual shamelessness. Yet, they could not have been spared completely of the sense of impunity: some were trembling for their physical safety, whilst others were horrified with images of torments in hell. These two kinds of fears, which had poisoned their revelry, will not bother the prince of darkness one bit.

For only the one, whose physical body is beyond harm and possesses qualities and capabilities far surpassing the physical qualities of the human being, can allow himself all that. Developing from decade to decade, these capacities of the anti-God karrokh will, finally, reach such a point that the anti-Logos will be appalling and baffling people with his apparitions in three or four locations at a time. Many will first suspect him of having doppelgangers. Yet, he will smash this childish hypothesis, having started appearing with all his images at once in one place, now merging, then multiplying them.

Such specificities of his karrokh will completely rid this being of any fear that his physical existence may be violently terminated. Concerning natural death, achievements of the demonized science will totally enable the question to be raised about infinitely extending life, at least that of the karrokh's owner. With all the might and clarity of his mind, given all the acuity of his transphysical sight, he will, nonetheless, have an aberration pertinent to all demonic beings: the faith in his ultimate victory. He will be convinced of his physical immortality, hence of being spared of otherworldly retribution, and that he will gradually spread his authority over many other layers of Shadanakar and even over the planets of other

stellar systems. He will also hold that, over time, he will be able to transform his bodies at will, passing from one layer to another and from one world to another in a flash by way of a self-induced transformation. As idle as these dreams are, he will be capable indeed of entering into and going out of shrastrs at will. As for the extension of his physical existence beyond normal human life expectancy, it will become a historical fact – for this reason, his reign will last for more than a hundred years or, perhaps, much longer.

There will be a system of very complex and unparalleled measures in terms of their scientific-technological scale aimed at accommodating the surface of Mars and Venus for the excesses of humanity to settle. There will be interplanetary missions to other stellar systems too, but the outgoing spaceships will never be seen to return. With regard to settling Venus and Mars, the ruler of the world will not have enough time to accomplish this design of his, and the change of eons will see the surface of the neighboring planets almost as uninhabited by humans as they are now.

Bound with no fears whatsoever, he will not crave for love either – this need was not foreign to him in his previous incarnation. Stalin still craved for being loved, not just dreaded. The antichrist will need only one thing: everyone without exception will have to acknowledge his infinite superiority and pay obeisance to him.

Meantime, the universal material wellbeing will be ever rising, and the regimentation of the working day, that is, the number of working hours, will reach its lowest. The technical intelligentsia, which the anti-Logos had relied on in making his first steps, will enjoy a privileged state. Humanity will enter into a period of head-spinning technological progress, albeit the ideas about the world, methods of research, and technological forms will be a far cry from the modern ones. By the end of the twentieth century, classical materialism will have slid into oblivion, and the dominating worldview will prove to be much more complex. The twenty-third century will see the only compulsory-for-all ideology – the one created by the antichrist. No matter how earthly, the materialistic doctrine is still less harmful than the all-out demonized future worldview. The former is more wholesome ethically, and it is no coincidence that the societal order, which this doctrine has created and suffused throughout, keeps a tight rein on the centrifugal instinct of sexuality, at times even verging on ascetism of sorts as it was in the beginning of the Great Revolution in Russia. The quasi-religion, which the anti-Christ is going to enforce upon humanity, will not be stripped of spirituality in its

broadest sense. A crackdown on spirituality is only needed at the first stage for clearing the space for demonic spirituality – its philosophical and religious forms are almost beyond our comprehension as of now – to spread all over and flood human minds and wills. In any event, whereas earthliness as such only entails the otherworldly downfall of souls into purgatories – into Skrivnus, Agr, and Dromn – demonic spirituality will be sucking the soul into much more horrid and deeper transphysical funnels. One of them is going to be a layer in-the-making, Tsebrumr, where the egregor of the global anti-church of the antichrist will be lording over the demonized human shells and astral bodies. Some funnels will be sucking into the worlds of magmas and the core, others – into Duggur and the lunar hell being now created by Voglea. There will be yet a funnel through which “darlings” of evil will rise to the dark vault, into Digm, where they will spend countless millennia as slaves of Gagtungr.

Elements of black magic – not the magic we know of from ancient and medieval history but much more potent, elaborate, and profound one – will merge with science, suffusing and demonizing the latter throughout. The sovereign will make use of this satanic knowledge, first of all, to expand his domain. The second reason being: creating conditions for such a level of luxury predisposing more and more people to indulge in their sensuality, which will have been immensely sophisticated. Those who will have retained their ability to aspire for something more universal will become involved into grandiose technical undertakings, appearing to be useful for the entire globe. In reality, their utility will be cancelled out by other undertakings or by their own distant consequences at that. Even some of the Rose of the World’s undertakings will be seen through: the warming of polar zones or, for example, the complete transformation of wooded slums of the tropics and deserts. Yet, all this will be implemented with such technical means, which will cause a catastrophic emaciation and paralysis of all the elementals of nature, dark and light-filled alike. When the civilization of the machines’ encroachment upon nature reaches a global scale, all the landscape of the Earth’s surface will turn into a completed picture of antinature, into the alternation of skyscrapers and urbanized half-gardens. The elementals will become disconnected from their “range” in Enrof. Rivers and lakes, meadows and fields of the Earth will be voided spiritually and dead just like the rivers and lowlands of Mars. Emasculated leftovers of flora will be supported only with the all-pervading arungvilt-prana as well as through the mechanical momentum of meteorological and orological processes. This inwardly voided and outwardly maimed nature will not be capable of eliciting either aesthetic or pantheistic feelings in anyone. Thus

the love for nature of the previous generations will become something psychologically foreign to those replacing them on the Earth.

In the beginning of his reign, the dark sovereign will erect the world's capital amid the Alps. His major residence will be there. By the end of his rule, this town will have been famed for its stupendous grandeur, and its populace will have amounted to several scores of millions.

Of course, even the times of his absolute tyranny will see many of those, whose inner being will revolt against what the antichrist will be turning human life into. Yet, the total mind control will allow for identifying such thought tendencies in the bud, and only few will have mastered the system of spiritual defense before they are physically eliminated. Immeasurable is the number of those with a sparkle of humanness and a glimpse of conscience that will fall into despair. Suicides will skyrocket. It must be said, however, that the karmic consequences of suicide will be different then: from the standpoint of the otherworldly journey of the soul, even voluntarily taking one's own life will be a lesser evil than obedience to the antichrist and marring the name of humanity.

However great the number of suicides, these will make up a minority. With each successive generation, the consciousness of billions will be stripped of the glimpses of the Rose of the World's influence. The last living witnesses of its decline will soon pass away. They will be followed by those, who had kept the grains of the historical truth received from the preceding generations. All scriptural and other evidences deemed dangerous by the antichrist will be destroyed. Preserving such materials will be punished with a horrid death. The very punishment will be hanging over those who have arrived at some spiritual realizations independently and dared to share them with whomsoever. It is not hard to picture the spiritual cast of those who, by the twenty-fourth century, will have come to be the only inhabitants of the Earth. With eyes accustomed to the wildest forms of perversion as a daily routine since infancy; with minds set exclusively to seeking ever new kinds of sensual pleasure or for the ultimate desolation of nature; with a conscience blanketed with agelong sermons of amorality; with the seedlings of the soul's highest achievements trampled down by social ridicule; with a consciousness emasculated of any inkling of different values and ideals from the enlightened epochs – these unfortunate ones will have come to be ghastly and pathetic caricatures of human beings by the spring of their life. The time of their youth will come to be an age divide, by which they will have experienced everything there is, their body will have been worn out, their soul will



have been jaded, and their existence will just keep going under its own momentum.

*A century will come, the ghastliest of all,  
For you and me to bear witness:  
Abominations, blanketing the azure vault,  
And laughter, never heard to roll –  
The boredom of nonexistence.*

Thus, generation after generation, people will be falling into the worlds of Retribution after their death. As never before, these worlds, just like hellish kitchens, will be eddying with thick, heavy, inexhaustible fumes of gavvakh. None of the world wars, revolutions, and repressions, no carnage would have been able to generate gavvakh in such quantities and have swarms of demons enormously swelling with it.

Shortly before the end of his rule, the prince of darkness will look into such ways of punishing the rebellious which would cast doubt on the coming victory of the Light in the earthly Enrof. Perfectly aware of the fact that the physical destruction of his enemies – however much agonizing – releases their shelts and astral bodies and propels their souls right into the Synclite of Arimoya, thus multiplying powerful armies of the Light, he will seek to destroy the shelt of those defying him. If this were to become a success, the reinforcement of the light-filled camp would stop altogether, and the monads, whose shelts have undergone destruction, would have to start creating the whole garland of bodies anew.

No matter how demonized, however, humanity will not content the antichrist. True, it will still be a fine source of gavvakh for him. Yet, as living inhabitants of Enrof to carry out his plan, humans will not be meeting his demands. They will prove to be too unreliable: all of them will still have their higher Selves ever vigilant in the resplendent IroIn, and even the most depraved souls will have an unextinguishable spark of conscience. Even despair itself, stupor, and disgust for life, which many of them will be besotted with by the end of his rule, will not be tolerated by the antichrist. How would he use this intellectual paralysis, the one that follows jadedness and despair? Such beings are incapable of further developing the demonized science and technologies and seizing the cosmos along with remolding it in the diabolic fashion. There will come a pressing need for letting highly intellectual demonic beings into Enrof, those eager to invade it from their infraphysical countries on the world's underside. And the prince of darkness will do another miracle, no less remarkable than the transformation of his body

into karrokh: with the help of the embodied Lilith, he will beget a pair of half-humans, half-igvas. Barely different from the rest of the humans, they will possess the same shelt as in their underworld shrastras; as for their physical bodies, they will be “karrokhized”, as it were. They will be rapidly reproducing just like fish or amphibians, and it will take them as few as two-three generations to number about a million and assume the leadership over humanity with a prospect of literally wiping out humans from the face of the Earth. Crossbreeding between human beings and the half-igvas will be totally ruled out: it will be painful for humans and totally fruitless.

Antihumankind will flood the face of the Earth. Growing numbers of igvas will need more space. To free it up, the ruler of the world, first of all, will set sights on the animal kingdom. I do not know what kind of justification he is going to set forth in decimating animal species, including those that, through the effort of the Rose of the World, will have been raised to intelligent and creative existence. It is quite possible that he will give no excuses whatsoever, for no one will hold him accountable. In any event, the animal kingdom will be done away with, and former conservation areas and wildlife reserves will be readied for accommodating and feeding billions of the half-igvas. For the same purposes, a project will be launched on conditioning the surfaces of neighboring planets for organic life.

A catastrophe will catch the prince of darkness off guard, notwithstanding his faith in his absolute and peremptory victory and impunity.

It will be caused by the ultimate liberation of the emperor’s monad that had been stolen for the anti-Logos by Gagtungr and without which his existence in Enrof would have been impossible. Savior Christ will liberate it Himself by descending into Digm. The violet ocean will break apart before Him, and Gagtungr, terrified, will jerk away into Shog, while the calamitous monad will be raised into unreachable, safe heights. Its connection with its original owner languishing in Gashsharva will be restored, whereas its ties with the material coats of the antichrist will be severed. The catastrophe will come down to the prince of darkness’s rapid falling or, rather, blazing through all the layers of the underworld – the worlds of Retribution, Magmas, and the Core – all to be disgorged through the Pit of Shadanakar into the timeless Pit of the Galaxy.

This catastrophe will erupt in broad daylight, before the eyes of many living humans and half-igvas at the moment of the most pompous apotheoses of the anti-Logos. The dumbfounded crowds will see the karrokh of this being inspiring tremor and mystical dread to all just a moment ago as suddenly having started to

thin out and slowly turning into a haze of sorts. It will dawn on the ruler of the world what is happening, and he will act in a very unbecoming, never-before-seen manner: in utterly despair, screaming his lungs out, he will be grabbing at everything within his reach, tossing about, and howling like a wild animal. And thus, in front of all, he will gradually disappear in a matter of an hour.

As for the last incarnation of Lilith on the Earth, the catastrophe of her undoing will be seen by no one. She will disappear, for parts unknown, right after the antichrist's demise. In actuality, her physical makeup will disintegrate into composite parts without a trace. No one will know about this, and they will keep searching for her for quite some time. There will be she-imposters, but, none of them, of course, will last for too long in this superhuman role. Many people will take their lives out of the deep longing for the irrevocably lost.

### *12.5. The Change of Eons*

The demise of the one that had singlehandedly reigned over humanity for over a hundred years, the singularity, the inscrutability of it, will cause an unheard-of commotion amid the populace of the planet. The lightning-like extraction of this superhuman, unique brain out of Enrof, which had been thinking, deciding, and planning for all, will thwart all plans, all deeply rooted ideas, all ideology that had been elaborated by him for the people. The more authoritarian the rule of the antichrist, the more humanity after his demise will resemble an axle taken out of a wheel, with the spokes scattering around and the rim zigzagging all over the place without steerage and purpose.

The scattered spokes are nothing but the antichrist's elite, chiefly made up of the half-igvas that had been transmitting his will to the masses of the people. First, this elite will succeed him in a matter-of-fact way. Yet, vehement ruffle – something very characteristic of demonic beings, when not knit together by the principle of tyrannical violence – amid its most prominent leaders, will be taking apart their unity. The mutual devouring of the society's top tier will be reflected in chaotic vortices of unbridled passions and mental ferment amid the general populace, now without authoritarian rule.

Hatred toward the disappeared ruler, which had been harbored by many deep inside, especially once humanity had felt the danger of being ousted by the half-igvas, will light up and burst out with a new force. Many things will be called forth upon him: as dark miracles, which will now be explained as genius charlatanry, so the decimation of the animal kingdom – people will see this act as a prologue to their own impending decimation – so hecatombs of human victims, the birth of misshapen and merciless half-igvas, and, finally, his greatest lie: having promised absolute sexual freedom, he had deceived people, for he had allowed the delectation of torture and excruciation to his inner circle alone, reserving cannibalism only for himself.

Soon, these outbursts of passions will outgrow into clashes among different cliques, the newly emerged half-criminal societies, and the simply infuriated crowds. Certain groups in the antichrist's elite will attempt to dissociate themselves from the deceased and even go as far as to condemn the preceding historical period. Yet, as their own past activities will be closely associated with the sovereign's deeds in the eyes of all, this belated reversal will convince no one. All surrounding the name of the deceased will be subject to mockery and obliteration on the part of the very plebs, whose depravation he had spent his life or even two of his lives for. Amid the all-out confusion, the surviving followers of the Rose of the World will emerge from their catacombs. Yet, as the atmosphere will have been poisoned by the long reign of Evil, the minds will prove to be too desensitized to apprehend any messages of light-filled spirituality whatsoever. Therefore, the sermons of those survivors will be as foreign to the people as utterances in a foreign language. There will be only a few converts, and what has been left of the Rose of the World will soon be subject to a new wave of persecution.

Yet, total sexual freedom will finally become a reality. What has been tabooed for the masses under the dark sovereign, that is, sadism and sexual cannibalism, will come undone. The process of the universal state's disintegration is going to speed up, and anarchy within each of its parts will be curbed only to a point and with the help of draconian measures at that.

Mutual animosity between humans and the half-igvas will assume especially wild forms. The newcomers will deeply despise humanity as an inferior and good-for-nothing race, whereas people will hate these dry, rational beings as invaders that have appropriated their fundamental rights, as living embodiments of mechanical robots stripped of any understanding of human passions and implementing an

insidious design aimed at the complete annihilation of humans. This mutual animosity will rapidly outgrow into the last world war. The half-igvas will hold sway in the former capital of the world, whence they will mount an all-out offensive, trying to subdue the entire surface of the Earth and stop the roiling chaos. As the development of military technologies had not been given attention under the antichrist, both camps will be lacking in the means of warfare, which will be being invented “on the go”; for this reason, the war is going to be dragged out. Perhaps, their weaponry will turn out to be even more primitive than in the second half of the twentieth century. Besides, neither camp will enjoy inner unity. The former elite or, rather, its leftovers that have not perished in the mutual strife or have not fallen victims to mob law, will not be able to arrive at any sort of agreement. The coalition of human state formations will be even more atomized; yet, the outnumbering humans will start to suppress the foe. The famed capital is going to be seized in the course of the war, and the infuriated masses will make matchwood of the city together with all its luxuriance. A part of the populace will be mercilessly or, to put it better, sadistically killed; another will flee the city in panic. In several days, the capital will be a sorry sight of foul ruins, its walls depicting devilish orgies and bestial acts at the backdrop of blazing fires and the vileness of desolation.

Amid this gory mayhem all over the planet, light-filled movements are also going to emerge. Yet, they will find themselves as persecuted, atomized, and, with some rare exceptions, misunderstood. To a point, they will manifest even amid the half-igvas, all due to the far-off link to the development of potentialities, which comes down to the conversion of the Great Igva of Drukkarg, along with a few of his cohorts. Of course, only a pitiable minority of the half-igvas will turn to the Light.

I do not know for how long this period from the demise of the prince of darkness until the change of eons will last. In any event, it will not last for too long, and by its end the world populace will have plunged into all-out chaos. Some areas will simply turn into a lunar landscape, as it were. Others will be swept with the muddle of anarchy, the struggle of all against all. Still others will see local tyrants grabbing hold of certain technical inventions, which are capable of controlling the behavior of the masses. Some of these tyrants will garner support from different strata, seen as the only force to howsoever cement society together. Finally, areas of the fourth type will see complete economical collapse and rapid technological regress. There, atomized human cells will recede into primitive forms of procuring the means of existence. The overall panorama of all this is infinitely saddened by

the fact that the moral level of that epoch will be extremely low from the very onset, which has never been the case even in prehistoric times.

It is not under the antichrist, but two or three decades in his wake when the rampage of Evil will have reached its high point. For: “Then a war broke out in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon and his angels fought back. But the dragon was not strong enough, and no longer was any place found in heaven for him and his angels. And the great dragon was hurled down – that ancient serpent called the devil and Satan, the deceiver of the whole world. He was hurled to the earth, and his angels with him. And I heard a loud voice in heaven saying: “Now have come the salvation and the power and the kingdom of our God, and the authority of His Christ <...> But woe to the earth and the sea; with great fury the devil has come down to you, knowing he has only a short time.” (*The Book of Revelation XII, 7-12*)

Inexplicable natural phenomena, which are going to follow, will be inspiring dread as a foreshadowing of some never-before-seen cosmic catastrophe, perhaps, a climatic one. Only a handful of those that have withstood, scattered all over the globe as they are, will understand these omens. They will realize that, more than two thousand years after Golgotha, the Planetary Logos has finally reached His prime and is now ready to transform the Earth.

“And a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed in the sun <...> She was pregnant and crying out in the pain and agony of giving birth. <...> And the dragon stood before the woman who was about to give birth, ready to devour her child as soon as she gave birth. And she gave birth to a son, a male child <...> And her child was caught up to God and to His throne. <...> But the woman was given two wings of a great eagle to fly from the presence of the serpent to her place in the wilderness, where she was nourished for a time, and times, and half a time. Then from the mouth of the serpent spewed water like a river to overtake the woman and sweep her away in the torrent. But the earth helped the woman and opened its mouth to swallow up the river that had poured from the dragon’s mouth. And the dragon was enraged at the woman, and went to make war with the rest of her children, who keep the commandments of God and hold to the testimony of Jesus.” (*The Book of Revelation XII, 1-2, 4-5, 14-17*)

What does “Woman clothed in the sun” stand for? It is Zventa-Sventana shrouded in the Planetary Logos and giving birth to the Great Spirit of the second eon. In the world history, this will be reflected in the Rose of the World’s agonizing attempts

to ready humanity in the times before the antichrist, under him, and after him as a vessel to contain this nascent Spirit.

Finally, one of the omens will be read as a sign that everything is now ready in the highest worlds of metahistory, and the old eon is entering its last days.

A few scores of people – the leftover of the Rose of the World – will establish connection with those select humans and half-igvas that, regardless of the One Church and even without any inkling of its existence, have made their inner choice toward the Light. A sign will come that the time is coming for all brothers and sisters of the Light to come together at a certain spot on the planet's surface. Overcoming all the difficulties, a hundred or two hundred of the faithful will assemble, and the last of the supreme precepts will become their leader. In the Revelation of John the Apostle, this place bears the Jewish name "Armageddon". I do not know the meaning of this word. It appears to me that this great event will take place in Siberia, yet I cannot point out the exact reason for choosing precisely this locale.

At this hour, all Shadanakar will shake from top to bottom.

The worlds of angels, daemons, the elementals, all the worlds of the ascending range will see the One who had once treaded the roads of the earthly Galilea so many centuries ago. These worlds will be overcome with indescribable joy, and its dwellers will pass through yet another light-filled transformation.

He will appear in all the zatomises of humanity, and all the Synclites will rush alongside Him down to Enrof.

The prince of darkness had appalled the people by assuming three or four physical casts at different locations simultaneously. As for Christ, He will emerge in as many casts as there are then of apprehending consciousnesses in Enrof, and each of them will behold and hear Him.

These casts will be inscrutably identifying with and merging into the one, the supreme, coming atop the clouds in His ineffable Glory.

There will not be a single being in Enrof that will have not seen the God-Son and have not heard Him speaking.

And the prophecy of the Last Judgment, the one of which the allegory is contained in the Scripture, will come true.

The space of Enrof will not have been changed yet, whereas human materiality will.

Those overtaken by this hour in Enrof will not die but, rather, undergo one of the two opposite transformations.

Those few in humanity that have remained faithful will be transformed physically – their material sheaths will be instantly enlightened. These will stay in Enrof.

The majority, those comprising the satanic humankind, will undergo quite the opposite change: while alive, they will transform physically such that they will find themselves in the worlds of Retribution: some in the upper purgatories, others – spiraling downward, to each their own.

A handful of igvas will stay in Enrof, wherein they will become a special race of sorts guided by the enlightened divine humankind. The rest will fall down to the Bottom of Shadanakar and later will be raised to the layer of the unified shrastrs.

The highest animals, which have not been decimated by the antichrist, those still in Enrof by the turn of eons, will be recompensed for all their sufferings: they will undergo a transformation not unlike the human minority and will number among the dwellers of the Earth in the second eon.

At the pinnacle of His Divine Power, the Savior will descend into other layers, too. The igvas from all the shrastrs, bewildered and dumbfounded, will behold Him emanating waves of love and light. The appearance of the Planetary Logos, whom their inverted minds have perceived as a mutineer and formidable tyrant, will change the orientation of their wills: while still coated in their karrokhs, they will join in a gradual process – the enlightenment of antihumankind and the underside of the world. Something similar is awaiting raruggs. As for the demons of “greatpower” statehood, these will have been no more by the turn of eons: all of them save one will have long fallen into Uppum, and saving them will be one of the second eon’s tasks.

Bonds of those being tormented in purgatories and magmas will be overcome, their materiality – salved, their capacities for spiritual apprehension – unsealed, and the captives will begin their journey along the path of the ascending range.

Ghastly demonic beings will rush farther down, for Digm will have been destroyed even earlier, at the very metahistorical moment, which the Revelation talks about as their defeat in the heavenly war and falling to the Earth. They will stand on the defensive in Gashsharva, Tsebrumr, and the lunar hell.

The Savior will be descending even farther down, into the layer which no one except its owner Gagtungr could have ever entered. Sufetkh, the cemetery of



Shadanakar, will see its perpetually closed gates swinging open, and streams of Divine light will inundate this desert, having been lit only by the violet sun of the anticosmos. Dying shells abandoned by monads will “perk up” in the life-giving rays. The resurrecting spirit of the Logos will breathe new life into these half-dead remnants of souls doomed to the second death, which have not experienced the total disintegration of their shells as yet. The cemetery of Shadanakar will cease to exist forevermore.

As for the Synclites of humanity, all thirty-four of them, with all the myriads of enlightened souls that had begun their ascending journey as early as from the ancient civilizations of Atlantis, Gondwana or Egypt, to those that had reached the resplendent Arimoya by way of their martyrdom in the last centuries of history – all of them will descend into Enrof following after the Savior Christ and inhabit the Earth straight away rather than taking birth there.

“Then I heard what sounded like a great multitude, like the roar of rushing waters and like loud peals of thunder, shouting: “Hallelujah! For our Lord God Almighty reigns. Let us rejoice and be glad and give him glory! For the Wedding of the Lamb has come, and His Bride has made Herself ready. Fine linen, bright and clean, was given her to wear.” Then the angel said to me, “Write this: Blessed are those who are invited to the wedding supper of the Lamb!” And he added, “These are the true words of God.” (*The Book of Revelation XIX, 6-9*)

Thus the mystery-play of the first eon will come to a close – the struggle of the Darkness against the Light over possession of the Earth and the defeat of the Darkness.

Then the marriage supper of the Lamb will commence. The Logos of the Planet and her Church will marry in indescribable love in the inner chamber of the World Salvaterra, in the soaring heights.

The second eon, of which the prophecies have testified as of the thousand-year reign of the righteous, will set in. Its goal will be the salvation of all without exception – those who have slid down, are lagging behind, and have fallen to the very thick of the worlds of Retribution – and the transformation of the entire Shadanakar.

For the powers of Gagtungr, despite being driven out of Enrof, will still have a tight grip on some of the other worlds, and a plethora of those who had committed the fateful mistake in the last historical epochs will be still trapped in purgatories and tormentories. Hence the task will present itself – to complete the

transformation of the dark worlds which had been started by Christ as early as during the first three days between Golgotha and the Resurrection: the transformation of dismal tormentories into temporary purgatories and purgatories – into the worlds of spiritual healing as well as elevating all the sufferers through these layers into the worlds of Enlightenment.

Now having no severance either with Christ or Zventa-Sventana, but being led and guided by them, divine humankind will set about transforming and spiritualizing what has been left over after its predecessors: the crippled nature, towns and civilization.

The second eon will know, neither human birth, nor illness and death, no emotional suffering, nor animosity and strife. It will know only love and creativity for the sake of delivering those perished and the enlightenment of all material layers. For all the humankinds and all alliances exist precisely for this ultimate end: we, angels, daemons, animal kingdoms, the elementals, and all the hierarchies of the Light. Precisely in pursuit of this we become embodied here, in the thick and unenlightened – as of yet – materiality.

There will come those faraway times when the chief task will be enlightening the thickest, heaviest, and lowest of the layers. And who is going to put themselves to this task but volunteer martyrs? For, abandoning the enlightened Enrof, they will be descending into such pitch darkness wherein just a minute of stay will be tantamount to immense suffering.

Humanity will have evil extricated out of it but the dark forces will be still resisting in the demonic worlds. No one, save the Omnipotent, knows for how many millennia the reign of the righteous is going to last. Time itself will be different then, for it will turn into a golden symphony concurrently streaming times, and what we know as of history will fade out. Not history, but the ever-rising world harmony will be the substance of time.

All layers of Retribution will have been emptied by the middle of the second eon. Neither the radiation of suffering, nor the radiation of malice, nor the radiation of lust will have been feeding the camp of demons, and God-fighting beings, one after another, will be falling off their demonic nature. The end of the second eon will see the depopulation and transformation of Gashsharva itself, the Pit will have disappeared, and only Gagtungr in his impregnable Shog will be refraining his “No” feeding on the powers emanating from the anticocosmos of the Galaxy.

If, abandoned by all his cohorts, the planetary demon keeps on persisting in evil one on one with the principle of the Light amid the transformed bramfatura, no powers of Lucifer will be able to help him continue the struggle against the Providential forces.

Then, defeated, he will abandon the bramfatura forevermore, searching for new harborages and new ways toward his tyrannical dream in other corners of the Universe.

If Gagtungr, left alone in the transformed and gleeful Shadanakar, finally says “Yes” to Christ and God, Shadanakar will enter into the third eon. He will disappear from the cosmic Enrof, just as the erstwhile planet Daia did: in the inscrutable forms of existence, he will set about solving the task of the third eon: expiation of Gagtungr. It is the coming of the third eon, of which the great angel of the Apocalypse is swearing, when talking of the timeless future.

Thus, ascending from light to light, from glory to glory,  
all of us, inhabiting now the Earth,  
those who lived and those who are to take their birth,  
will head for the ineffable Sun of the World,  
so as, sooner or later, to merge,  
plunge into Him —  
all for conjubilating  
and cocreating with the Supreme  
in His making universe upon universe

# Glossary of Terms

## **Agga**

All materiality created by the demonic in our bramfatura (see entry). It differs in structure from physical materiality and from siaira (see entry) in that there are an extremely limited number of elementary particles in agga, particles that are neither animate, nor possessed of free will.

## **Anticosmos**

Provisional designation of all those worlds created by the demonic to supersede the Divine Cosmos. At present, the anticosmos of our bramfatura consists of the planes of Shog, Digm, Gashsharva, Sufetkh, and the Pit.

## **Arimoya**

The zatomis (see entry) of global culture currently under construction.

## **Arungvilta-prana**

An impersonal, unconscious, rarefied substance flowing in Enrof (see entry) from body to body and providing for individual organic life. An intuition of the existence of arungvilta-prana was at the center of the spiritual life of the preanimistic humanity and appears to be the most ancient of revelations.

## **Astral body**

The second of the subtle material coatings of a monad (see entry). The shelt (see entry), the first of the subtle material coatings, is fashioned by the monad itself. The Great Elemental Mother Earth takes part in the creation of the astral body. She takes part in the creation of the individual astral bodies of every being in Shadanakar (see entry): humans, angels, daemons (see entry), animals, the elementals (see entry), demons, and even the Great Hierarchies, when the latter descend to planes where an astral body is required. The astral body is the higher instrument of the shelt. Concentrated within it are the gifts of spiritual vision,

spiritual hearing, spiritual smell, deep memory, the ability to levitate, the ability to interact with beings of other planes, and the ability to contemplate cosmic panoramas and perspectives.

### **Bramfatura**

Almost every heavenly body possesses a number of variomaterial planes that together form a closely integrated system. These systems, united by the commonality of processes taking place on their planes, are called bramfaturas. In the majority of bramfaturas in our Galaxy, the chief process uniting the planes of each is the struggle between the Providential and the demonic forces. There are, however, bramfaturas that have completely fallen under the sway of the demonic and those that have freed themselves entirely of it.

### **Daemons**

The higher humankind of Shadanakar that abide in a sakwala (see entry) of four-dimensional worlds with differing numbers of time streams. Daemons proceed along a path of growth similar to ours, but they began much earlier and are completing it with greater success. They are linked to our humanity by a variety of threads, some of which are described in the main text.

### **Digm**

The abode of Gagtungr, one of the five-dimensional worlds with an abundance of time streams.

### **Dingra**

The karossa (see entry) of Russia.

### **Drukkarg**

The shrastr (see entry) of the Russian metaculture (see entry).

### **Duggur**

A plane of the demonic elementals that plays a special role in the life of humanity. The beings that incarnate in Duggur replenish their energy with eiphos (see entry).

## **Egregors**

Here, the term means variomaterial formations that take shape over large collectives – tribes, states, some political parties, and religious groups – from certain emanations of the human psyche. They do not have monads but possess a volitional charge of limited duration and the equivalent of consciousness.

## **Eiphos**

Radiations from human lust.

## **Elementals**

A category of God-created monads that proceed along a path of growth in Shadanakar, primarily through the realms of nature. In the majority of cases, however, they do not undergo physical incarnation. As humanity is an aspect of one realm of Nature, there are various groups of the elementals linked not to the natural elements, in the broad sense of the word, but to the natural, elemental aspect of humanity.

## **Enrof**

The name of our physical plane – a concept synonymous with what astronomy calls the universe. It is characterized by three dimensions of space and one time stream.

## **Eons**

Here, the term means universal periods of time characterized by altered conditions in the Enrof of one bramfatura. A change in conditions is determined by one or another degree of manifestation of spirituality in the materiality of Enrof. What is meant is not individual departures from the norm but the overall, predominant conditions. Thus, during the passage of the Enrof of Shadanakar into the second eon, the transformation of the materiality of organic matter will take place, and

during its passage into the third eon, the transformation of inorganic matter will occur as well. In that manner, Shadanakar will disappear from the confines of universal Enrof.

### **Etheric body**

The third of the subtle coatings of an incarnating monad. No organic life is possible in three- and four-dimensional worlds without it.

### **Gagtungr**

The name of the planetary demon of our bramfatura. He is three persons in one, like certain other beings among the uppermost hierarchies. The first hypostasis of Gagtungr is Gisturg, the Great Torturer; the second is Fokerma, the Great Harlot; and the third is Urparp, the great implementer of the demonic plan, who is sometimes called the Principle of Form.

### **Gashsharva**

One of the principal planes in the demonic anticosmos of Shadanakar, a two-dimensional world where a variety of powerful demonic beings abide.

### **Gawwakh**

Fine material radiations from human suffering released both during one's life and during a descent after death. Gavvakh replenishes the energy of many categories of demonic beings and of Gagtungr himself.

### **Heavenly Russia**

Holy Russia. The zatomis of the Russian metaculture and abode of its Synclite (see entry).

### **Hierarchy**

Used in this book in two senses:

(1) a series of subordinate ranks, whether they be ecclesiastical, military, or administrative; and

(2) different categories of varionatural, variomaterial, or spiritual beings – for example, the angelic, demonic, elemental, or daemonic hierarchies.

### **Igvas**

The principal race of antihumankind, it is made up of highly intelligent demonic beings who abide in the shrastrs, the “underside of the world.”

### **Involtate**

To influence the human consciousnesses and willpower, at times the consciousness of other living beings, through the subconsciousness so as to inspire certain desires and actions into a person which are perceived as his or her own. Sometimes, the involtated not only does the inspired actions as if voluntarily but also finds reasonable explanations and noble goals for them. The source of involtation can be a human being, light and dark hierarchies alike, egregor, and so on.

Involtation (noun) – the action of involtating or of being involtated

### **Iroln**

The five-dimensional world where human monads abide.

### **Karossas**

Regional manifestations of Lilith (see entry) linked to individual nations or suprapeoples (see entry). Karossas do not have monads, but they do possess the equivalent of will and consciousness.

### **Karrokh**

The densely material body, analogous to our physical body, of certain demonic beings, for example, igvas and raruggs (see entry). It is fashioned from agga, not siaira.



## **Kin-guardians**

Here, it refers to historical figures who have a powerful and benign effect on the fate of a people or state and are ruled in their actions by the inspiration of hierarchies that guide that people.

## **Lilith**

The great elemental of humanity, at one time the spouse of the Prime Angel, and later the fashioner of the physical flesh of humans and some other beings. Her own being was demonized by Gagtungr long before the emergence of humanity in Enrof.

## **Metaculture**

The inner sakwalas of Shadanakar, which take the form of multiplaned segments, as it were. Metacultures are composed of varying numbers of planes, but each has at least three specific planes: the physical plane – the abode of the corresponding suprapeople in Enrof that create the culture; the zatomis – the heavenly land of enlightened souls of the people; and the shrastr – the demonic underworld that counterposes the zatomis. In addition, every metaculture includes one or another number of planes of Enlightenment and Retribution. The nature of these worlds varies between metacultures in accordance with the course metahistory takes in each.

## **Metahistory**

- (1) The sum of processes, as yet outside the field of vision and methodology of science, that take place on planes of variobeing existing in other times streams and dimensions and that are sometimes visible through the process we perceive as history.
- (2) The religious teaching about those processes.

## **Monad**

Here, the term means a primal, indivisible, immortal spiritual entity, which can be either God-created or God-born. The Universe is composed of a countless number of monads and of the numerous kinds of materiality created by them.

### **Monsalvat**

The zatomis of the North-Western metaculture.

### **Mudgabr**

The shrastr of the North-Western metaculture.

### **Navna**

A God-born monad, one of the Great Sisters, and the Ideal Collective Soul of the Russian metaculture. A provisional designation.

### **Nertis**

One of the worlds of Enlightenment. A land of radiant calm and blessed rest.

### **Olrna**

The first of the worlds of ascent, the land of the dead common to all humanity, although the landscape varies between metacultures.

### **Planetary Logos**

A great God-born monad, the expression of God the Son, the divine mind of our bramfatura, the oldest and first of its monads. He expressed Himself in humanity as Jesus Christ and is overseeing preparations for the turn of the eon. The Planetary Logos is the leader of all the forces of the Light in Shadanakar.

### **Raruggs**

The second race of antihumankind, into which the great predators of prehistoric times developed after countless incarnations on the planes of demonic materiality.

## **Rose of the World**

The future Christian Church of the final centuries, which will reunite within itself the Christian Churches of the past and will be joined on the basis of a free union with all religions of the Light. It is in this sense that the Rose of the World is interreligious or panreligious. Its principal task is to save as many human souls as possible and help them avert the danger of being spiritually enslaved by the future Antigod. The birth of the Rose of the World among humanity will be a reflection of the etheric birth of Zventa Sventana (see entry) in one of the zatomises.

## **Sakwala**

Here, it means a system of two or more variomaterial planes closely connected in structure and metahistory.

## **Shadanakar**

The proper name of the bramfatura of our planet. It comprises a huge (more than 240) number of variomaterial planes of varying dimensions and time streams.

## **Shavva**

Radiations of subtle materiality from certain states of the human psyche connected with “state feelings.” Witzraors, igvas, and raruggs replenish their energy with shavva.

## **Shelt**

The first of the material coatings of a monad. The shelt is fashioned by the monad itself from five-dimensional materiality. It is the vessel of the monad together with its divine properties and capacities. It is not the monad, which remains in Iroln, but the shelt that is the self that embarks on its journey through the lower planes in order to enlighten them.

## **Shrastrs**

Variodimensional material worlds connected with areas within the physical body of the Earth known as countervailing prominences, which point to the center of the

planet. The abode of antihumankind, which is composed of two races – igvas and raruggs. There are great metropolises in the shrastrs and a very advanced demonic technology.

### **Siaira**

All materiality created by the Providential powers.

### **Skrivnus**

The uppermost of the purgatories of Christian metacultures. There are analogous planes in other metacultures as well. Every soul, except those that enter Olirna directly after death and continue up through the worlds of Enlightenment, invariably descends to Skrivnus after death.

### **Suprapeople**

A group of nations or ethnic groups united by a common, jointly created culture.

### **Synclites**

The hosts of enlightened human souls that abide in the zatomises of metacultures.

### **Uppum**

One of the planes of Retribution, the hell of the Witzraors, known as the Rain of Eternal Misery.

### **Voglea**

The name of the great female demon who is to blame for the catastrophe that overtook the humankind of the Lunar bramfatura. Having for a long time maintained a sort of neutrality, at odds with the Providential powers and at times with Gagtungr as well, Voglea is at present joining forces with the planetary demon.

### **Witzraors**

Powerful, intelligent, and extremely predatory beings that abide on planes adjacent to the shrastrs. From the human point of view, they are demons of state power. There are very few of them. Witzraors play a colossal, conflicting, and double-edged role in metahistory.

### **World Salvaterra**

The provisional designation of the summit and heart of Shadanakar, the uppermost of its sakwalas, comprising three worlds: the abode of the Planetary Logos, the abode of Mary, the Mother of God, and the abode of Zventa-Sventana.

### **Yarosvet**

A God-born monad, one of the great demiurges of humanity, and the guiding spirit of the Russian metaculture. A provisional designation.

### **Yetzerhara**

Here, this Hebrew term means the demonic part of every being in whose material embodiment Lilith has taken part – that is, not only humans but Titans, igvas, raruggs, and Witzraors.

### **Zatomises**

The highest planes of human metacultures, their heavenly lands, the bulwark of the demiurges and national guiding spirits, and the abodes of the Syncrites. Together with Arimoya – the zatomis of the Rose of the World now under construction – they are thirty four in number.

### **Zhrugr**

The Russian witzraor.

### **Zventa-Sventana**

A great God-born monad, an expression of Eternal Femininity. The Bride of the Planetary Logos, She descended from the heights of the spiritual cosmos to the

upper planes of Shadanakar approximately 150 years ago and is destined to assume an enlightened (and not physical) incarnation in one of the zatomises of humanity. That metahistorical event will be reflected in terrestrial Enrof in the birth of the Rose of the World.