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| Оригинал | Перевод |
|  | Daniil Andreev. «The Rose of the World»  Book VIII. On the Metahistory of the Tzardom of Moscovy  [2 Июн 2020](http://rozamira.org/threads/839/post-6649)  VIII. Chapter 1. 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 its black kernel. At the very moment, the witzraor’s human weapon fell short of the involtation 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 commeasurable with our mental abilities. This will have to be done thenceforth as I don’t 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 involtation, his complete turning into a weapon of the infraphysical tyranny well reflects the spirit of the Alexander’s Sloboda, that is, the period in the Terrible’s reign when he got his nickname 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 weapon to the confrontation with two mutually antagonistic principles: with the lightful dyad of the suprapeople and Dingra from one side and with Velga – from the other. For the inner forces of the anticosmos are torn with struggle and contradictions: its steady equilibrium is but a 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 took dangerous for the state forms only by a mere coincidence. Any tyranny is fraught with such forms, moreover: precisely these are its hallmarks. You can trace back this process just as to the reign of Caligula, Nero, or Domitian so to 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 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 abolishment of the oprichnina could have righted what the Terrible had already wronged: it was no longer a man but a disintegrating psychic being incapable of the 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 so foreign to us demonic consciousness of Zhrugr that the historical version of his own tyrannical tendency threatens him with a loss of that much he had acquired? Yet, a witzraor can step back only for the time being; he cannot change its principal tendency just as he is uncapable of expunging his yetzerhara. Ioann IV got out of his hand, but Ioann 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 hand as he tries to save his young pregnant wife from his father’s lusting;. |
| ударом колена по животу собственной невестки разъярённый старик довершает убийством своего внука убийство своего сына. | having knee stroked his step-daughter upon her belly, the old man finishes off the murder of his son with that of the grandson. |
| Нужен волевой характер истинного государственного мужа.  Препятствия устраняются, дорога расчищается, в умах парализуется определявший до сих пор всё принцип знатности происхождения — и, впервые за всю историю России, безродный выскочка возводится на престол. Сложные отношения, связывавшие это молодое и слабое, но уже обуреваемое претензиями существо с воинствующим демоном папства, способствовали кристаллизации в польских правящих кругах определённого умонастроения. | Thereby the demonic involtation of the Rurik dynasty comes to a complete close. Let prayful Fyodor Ioannovich reign as he wishes: he won’t live long all the same, and it won’t 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 Ruriks is well-becoming: the parochial mindset, small-town superstitions, oligarchic tendencies, the spirit of rivalry, the animal-like attachment to the ways of past – all this was inherent to the old family boyars (nobility, *translator’s note*). What is needed? A strong-willed cast of a genuine statesman. A bold yet precautious mind. A freedom from the feudal mindset of boyars. An overbrimming yet shrewdly concealed thirst for power. Finally, a capacity to encompass and comprehend the problems of a European scale. In other words, there needed someone like Boris Godunov  The obstacles have been removed, the road has been cleared, and the primacy of [gentle birth](http://pregnancyandbaby.com/pregnancy/articles/929151/pregnancy-definition-of-the-day-gentle-birth#:~:text=Gentle%20birth...-,Gentle%20birth%20is%20most%20often%20used%20to%20refer%20to%20the,shock%20upon%20him%20is%20minimized.&text=To%20learn%20more%20about%20gentle%20birth%20methods%20visit%20Birth%20Without%20Violence.) becomes temporarily paralyzed in minds.  Yet: too late.  Having glanced back from the faraway epoch, it pains – 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 into such measures that would do grace to any ruler. Crown prince Fyodor 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 worth of becoming a kin-guardian should the conciliation with the demiurge have come to pass. At the same time, the tyrannical tendency shined through these undertakings, now with a wave of new disfavors and executions reminiscent of the Terrible’s days, now with 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 the Pushkin’s tragedy Boris ruefully peers into the string of his benign political endeavors and their fatal fiascoes, he – as thought of by the poet – is inclined to see the cause of that in the 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 in this life and extrapolate the norms of human morality onto phenomena of a much grander scale rooted in the metahistory. Aren’t we familiar with many a case 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 the Pushkin’s Boris is tormenting himself? The truth, of course, is something else. More specifically, no figure nominated by the witzraor wouldn’t be sanctioned by the higher hierarchies; the matter is that the witzraor was left alone with the consequences of his tyrannical attempt with Ioann.  Just as Newton who, in spite of his genius, couldn’t “rise” to the relativity theory in the seventeenth century, so couldn’t Pushkin surpass 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 weighing down upon him. It should come as no surprise that the great poet whose literary works date back to a hundred and thirty years ago explained this conflict in terms of the king’s violation of the moral law.  It is well-known what the left on their own Godunovs had impressed upon the history. And, perhaps, no one, [having acquainted with](https://www.quora.com/What-is-the-difference-between-being-acquainted-and-having-acquainted" \l ":~:text=Answer%3A,and%20%22to%20introduce%20to.%22) the Time of Troubles’ chronicles, remains indifferent to the demise of King Fyodor Borisovich. Possessing such a purity and generosity of heart, so caringly nurtured in anticipation of future tasks of a ruler, so courageous and kind he dies “for father’s sins” as a sixteen year old youth and in such horrible death that the young warrior passed out from pain thus making it possible for his assassins to see their business through. Only that he doesn’t die for “sins” of Boris alone but for the sins of four Ioanns, three Vasilies, Dmitry, Simeon, and so on – in sum, all who had weaved this karma of the throne which this boy now suffered for. He dies because in that epoch the demiurge rejected everything, even the benign, inasmuch as it came from the witzraor or was used to his advantage. But something else is quite clear: beautiful human nature and light personal karma of Fyodor II fended him from the afterlife karmic connection with the witzraor and the ways of his fate; this connection had been exhausted with his martyrdom. Through his threshold of pain did he go in the hour of death. Thereafter, he was going to reap beautiful fruits of what he had sown in life, and, instead of the burdensome rule in Moscow which he was perfectly ready for, he took the freight and joy of the corresponding way in Holy Russia |
|  | Shuisky’s death caused an outburst of national grief unseen since the demise of Nevsky. The capital, towns, villages, 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 by his throne ripping off his hair and garments. Even the commander of Swedish sellswords, a Lutheran, kneeled before the hero’s coffin, and his rough face was wet with tears. – It would seem: what else could have possibly been a proof that Skopin was led by the demiurge of the suprapeople and 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 people’s masses and their leaders, he wouldn’t 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. Nomination of Skopin at the heart of it was the witzraor’s last cry for help: thereby he would renounce from his tyrannical tendencies, from his past, at least, for the time being. In fact, it was a repetition of what had happened with Fyodor II.  In sightings similar to the all-people 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 great people’s love and doings which have caused it aren’t amenable to the law of annihilation if the doings were lightful and the love was justified. Having transitioned through death, the hero opens doors to new upon new creative ways of influencing the historical plane, from top downward. Skopin’s lifetime doings weren’t accepted by Yarosvet. But their lofty aspirations couldn’t but bring their fruits, and his soul didn’t face any obstacles upon entering the Synclite of the metaculture. Which boundaries could delineate, which scale could weigh, which definitions could encompass the significance of 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 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 did, it entered the 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 to make any. Yet, one thing is certainly needed: to pinpoint the existence of some infraphysical being under the statehood of that country which I would dare call, 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 crystallization of a certain mindset in the Polish ruling circles. It could be boiled down to a rather emotional idea of creating a strong state on the easternmost outskirt of the Catholic civilization at the expense of and against Russia. In the ideal scenario, they envisioned a possibility of eradicating the Orthodox culture, Russia’s falling under the rule of the Polish statehood, and including Russians as a small and backward nation among satellites of the Roman-Catholic suprapeople.  Searching across Enrof for a human individual capable of becoming his temporary weapon, the witzraor of Poland discovered a being, totally inglorious yet deeply convinced of its rights upon the Russian throne and willing to make a deal even with a devil for that end |
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