


The Energy of Life

A vibrant, magical illustration of a woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white dress, standing in a lush forest. She is reaching out with her hands towards a stream of colorful, ethereal energy that flows from a bright sun in the sky. The energy is depicted as a series of glowing, multi-colored lines (rainbow spectrum) that cascade down, surrounded by small, colorful spheres and particles. The scene is filled with butterflies, flowers, and a bright sun in the sky. The overall atmosphere is one of wonder and natural beauty.

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THE ENERGY
OF LIFE

The Ringing Cedars Series
Book 7

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CHAPTER ONE



Thought which creates

Man's life! On what or on whom does it depend? Why do some become emperors or regimental commanders, while others are obliged to fend for scraps at garbage dumps?

One opinion holds that each person's fate is pre-determined from birth. That would make Man¹ nothing more than an insignificant cog in some mechanised system, and not the highly organised creation of God.

According to a different opinion, Man is a self-sufficient creation, including, without exception, all the diverse energies of the vast Universe.

But there is in Man an energy peculiar to him alone. It is known as *the energy of thought*. Once Man realises just what kind of energy is in his possession and learns to exploit it to the full, then he will be a ruler of the whole Universe.

Which of these two mutually exclusive definitions of Man is true?

Perhaps the following ancient parable — you could call it an anecdote — will help us arrive at the answer.

A man fed up with his life ran out into the woods at the edge of town, threw up his hands, clenched his fists and railed at God:

¹*Man* — Throughout the Ringing Cedars Series, the word *Man* with a capital *M* is used to refer to a human being of either gender. For details on the word's usage and the important distinction between *Man* and *human being* please see the Translator's Preface to Book 1.

“I can’t go on with my life. Your earthly household is filled with nothing but injustice and chaos. Some people go galivanting ’round town in expensive cars and dine in fine restaurants, while others fend for scraps at garbage dumps. Me, for instance — why, I ain’t got enough money to buy me a new pair o’ shoes. If You, God, are just — that is, if You exist at all — then make my lottery ticket hit the jackpot.”

At that moment the clouds parted in the heavens, a warm sunbeam caressed the complainant’s face and a calm, clear voice sounded from above:

“Do not worry, My son. I am prepared to fulfil your request.”

The man was overjoyed. He walked along the street with a smile on his face, happily peering into shop windows and imagining what kind of goods his lottery winnings might buy.

A year passed. The man won nothing. He concluded God had let him down.

Now the man, who by this time was *really* fed up, went back to the same place in the woods where he had heard God’s promise and cried:

“You didn’t keep your promise to me, God. You let me down. Here I’ve been waiting for a whole year now. I’ve been dreaming about the things I’ll buy with the money I win. But a whole year’s gone by, and I ain’t got no winnings yet.”

“Oh, My dear son,” came the sad response from the heavens. “You wanted to win a lot of money in the lottery. So why over the whole year did you not buy a single lottery ticket?”



This little parable or anecdote has been making the rounds lately. People tend to laugh at the loser.

“How come he didn’t catch on that for his dream to come true he first had to buy at least one lottery ticket?” they ask. “But this chap didn’t even take the most obvious first step!”

It’s not the parable itself that’s important here, or whether this situation ever actually happened. What is important is how people relate to the chain of events recounted in this story.

The fact that people laugh at the unfortunate dimwit tells us that they intuitively, perhaps subconsciously, realise that their own future life depends not only on some kind of Higher Power or Divine Design, but on themselves too.

And now everybody can try and analyse their own life situations. Have they done everything they possibly can on their own to make their dream come true?

I dare say, and not without some justification, that any dream — even one that seems to be unreal and utterly fantastical — will come true if only the individual wanting it to come true takes simple and consistent actions toward his goal.

This statement could be illustrated with a whole range of examples. Here is one of them.

CHAPTER TWO



A bride for an English lord

One day at a small local market in the city of Vladimir I happened to witness an incident between a young salesgirl and an inebriated male customer.

The girl was selling cigarettes. She was evidently new on the job and hadn't yet boned up very well on her merchandise. She was getting the brand-names of the cigarettes mixed up and took a long time to wait on each customer. A small queue had formed — about three people. The last person in line, a drunken male, shouted out to the salesgirl:

“Hey, can't you move a little faster, birdbrain!”

The girl's cheeks blushed bright red. Several passers-by stopped to stare at the hapless girl.

The drunk continued shouting out his unflattering remarks. He wanted to buy two packs of *Primas*, but when his turn came, the girl refused to serve him. Flushed with embarrassment and clearly having a hard time holding back her tears, she declared to the customer:

“You are being insulting, and I refuse to serve you.”

At first the man was dumbfounded at this unexpected turn of events. Then he faced the growing crowd of gawkers and launched into an even more insulting tirade:

“Will you just look at this stupid jackass?! If you got yourself a husband, he'd complain in no uncertain terms if you hobbled about the kitchen like a lame hen!”

“I wouldn't let even my husband insult me like that,” the girl replied.

“Who d'you think you are, anyway? Nothing but a stubborn

jackass!" the inebriated man went on, shouting even louder and more irritatingly. "*She won't let her husband* — Maybe you're planning on marrying some English lord?"

"Maybe a lord, that's my business," replied the girl tersely and turned away.

The situation was heating up. Neither side was willing to give in. A sizeable crowd of market regulars had gathered to watch things unfold. Onlookers began scoffing at the young salesgirl's declared intention to marry an English lord.

Another girl came over from the next stall and stood beside her friend. She just stood there, without saying a word.

They stood there silently, two young girls who looked to be just out of high school. The crowd that had gathered were now talking amongst themselves about the girls' insolent and haughty behaviour.

Most of the snide remarks were about the girl's pie-in-the-sky hopes of marrying a lord, along with her over-estimation of her attributes and opportunities.

The dilemma was solved by a young man, the owner of the market stalls. When he first approached, he demanded in rather severe tones that the girl sell the cigarettes to the customer. However, after hearing her refusal, he quickly hit upon a solution satisfactory to all. Reaching into his pocket he pulled out a fifty-rouble note and addressed the girl:

"Madam, if you would be so kind, and if it is not too much trouble, please sell me two packages of *Primas*."

"Of course," responded the girl, handing him the cigarettes.

The young man in turn passed the cigarettes to the male customer. The conflict was over and the crowd dispersed. This story has a sequel — a quite unexpected one at that.

Each time I went by the market thereafter, I couldn't help paying attention to these two young salesgirls. They worked just as deftly as their senior fellow-workers, but at the same

time significantly distinguished themselves from them. They were slender of figure, modestly but neatly dressed, makeup not overdone, and their movements were far more elegant than the others'. The girls continued working at the market for almost a year and then both disappeared at the same time.

It was about six months later, in the summertime, at the same market, that I noticed an elegant young woman walking beside the fruit stalls. She stood out from the crowd by her proud bearing and fashionable expensive attire. This striking young woman was accompanied by a dapper-looking gentleman carrying a basket filled with a variety of appetising fruits.

It dawned on me that this young woman who was attracting all sorts of attention from the men around — as well as (no doubt) jealous glances from the women — was none other than the friend of the cigarette salesgirl.

I went over and explained to the young couple — especially to the lady's concerned companion — the reason for my curiosity. Finally the woman recognised me. We sat down at a table in an open-air café and Natasha (as she was called) recounted to me the events that had taken place over the past year and a half. Her story went as follows:

The day when Katya had that incident with the customer in front of all the regulars we decided to quit our jobs so people wouldn't laugh at us. You remember how Katya said back then that she was going to marry an English lord. And people laughed at her. We realised they would go on laughing and pointing fingers at us.

But we didn't manage to find work anywhere else. You see, we'd just finished high school, and didn't make it when we applied to college. Well, all right, I got average marks, but Katya was a real brain. She passed her exams with flying

colours, but still didn't get in. They'd cut back on the number of free college places, and she didn't have the money to pay for her education — her mum makes a pittance, and there's no dad. So we ended up taking sales jobs at the market, since they wouldn't hire us anywhere else.

We began working and swotting to sit the next year's college exams. But a week after the incident at the market Katya all of a sudden turns to me and says:

"I've got to prepare myself to be worthy of being the wife of an English lord. D'you want to train along with me?"

I thought she was joking, but she was dead serious. Even back at school Katya had always been pretty obsessive about whatever she put her mind to.

She went to the library and found the syllabus of a seminary for young ladies,¹ which she adapted to modern times. And we started training like crazy according to Katya's syllabus.

We did dancing and aerobics, we studied English and English history, along with the rules of etiquette and good manners. We watched political discussions on TV so we could hold conversation with intelligent people. Even while we were at work in our stall we tried to behave as though we were at a high-society gathering, so that our manners would acquire a natural feel.

We earned money, but didn't spend it on ourselves. We didn't even buy makeup, so we could save. We were saving so we could have fancy outfits custom made, as well as for a trip to England.

¹*seminary for young ladies* — from tsarist times in Russia, when there were elite boarding schools reserved for girls of noble descent. The syllabus would have included a wide array of subjects (languages, dancing, painting, etiquette, religion etc.) designed to prepare the girls for their future roles in high society.

Katya said, you see, that English lords would never come round a small market like this in Vladimir, which meant we had to go to England. Our chances would be far greater there.

So we went to England with a tourist group. The two weeks there simply flew by. Of course, you understand, there were no English lords to greet us or take us around. And I really had no expectations for myself — I was just doing this to keep Katya company. But she actually had hopes. Once she gets something into her head, that's it. She never stopped looking every Englishman in the face, searching for her intended. We even went to a dance club a couple of times, but nobody asked us to dance, not even once.

It was the day of our departure, and we were on our way out to the motor coach from our hotel, and Katya still kept looking around, ever hopeful. We stopped right on the hotel steps, when Katya suddenly puts her bag down, looks off to one side and says:

“Here he comes!”

I look, and lo and behold, walking along the sidewalk toward us is a young man, minding his own business and paying no attention to us. Just as I expected, he came right up to where we were standing, but didn't even glance at Katya and walked right by.

And then all of a sudden Katya — coo, blow me away! — calls out to him.

The young man turns to look at us. Katya goes up to him slowly but confidently and says to him in English:

“My name is Katya. I am from Russia. Now I am leaving to go to airport on a bus with my tour-group. I have approached you... I have feeling that I can make you a very good wife. I do not yet love you, but I shall be able to love you, and you will love me. We shall have good children together. A little boy and a little girl. We shall be happy together. And now, if you wish, you can accompany me to say good-bye at airport.”

The young man just stood there staring intently at Katya without saying a word. He was dumbfounded, no doubt from the shock. Then he said he had an important business meeting, wished her *bon voyage* and walked off.

The whole way to the airport Katya sat staring out the window. We didn't say a word to each other. Both Katya and I felt awkward in front of all the tourists who saw the scene in front of the hotel. I could literally feel my skin tingling at all those people making fun of Katya and accusing her.

But when we arrived at the airport and were getting off the coach, right there was none other than this same young Englishman, greeting Katya with a huge bouquet of flowers in his hand.

She put her bag down — no, she simply let it fall to the pavement. She didn't take the bouquet, but buried her head in his chest and began crying.

He dropped the bouquet, and the flowers scattered all over. I helped the other tourists gather them up, while they just stood there. And the Englishman was stroking Katya's head. And as though there were nobody else around, he kept telling her what a fool he was for almost letting fate slip through his fingers, how if he didn't catch up with her he would suffer for it his whole life, and kept on thanking Katya for finding him.

Meanwhile, as it turned out, the plane's departure was delayed. I shan't tell you how, but I was the one who managed to delay it.

Her Englishman turned out to be from a family of British diplomats and he himself was about to be posted to some embassy.

As soon as we got back to Russia, he started ringing up Katya every day. They'd talk for hours. Katya's now in England, and pregnant. I think they really do love each other. And now I believe in love at first sight.

When Natasha finished telling me her amazing story, she gave a smile to her companion sitting beside her. I asked whether they had known each other long. And the young man answered:

“You see, I was in the same tourist group. When the Englishman’s flowers got strewn all over, Natasha started picking them up, and I began helping her. Now I carry her fruit basket for her. Who are we, compared to English lords?!”

Natasha lovingly placed her hand on her companion’s shoulder and said with a smile:

“And just who are they compared to *you* — our Russian men?!”

Then the happy girl turned to me and said:

“Andrei and I got married a month ago. And here we are, come to see my parents.”



After hearing the story of these girls, a lot of people might think: well, they were just lucky. Not a typical situation. But if I dare say it, the situation in this case was absolutely typical and entirely normal. More than that, I would affirm that other girls could predict a similar destiny for themselves if they are prepared to follow the pattern set by Katya and Natasha. Of course there may be certain differences — names, the type of suitor, and the time-frame involved — but a similar situation happening with others is already a predetermined fact. Predetermined by whom? By the girls themselves, their way of thinking and the consistent steps they take toward their goal.

Think about it. Katya had a dream, or a goal: to marry an Englishman. What prompted this dream is unimportant. She was probably turned off by the atmosphere of the market, the drunken customers and how rude they were, or maybe the shameful taunts of the customer in question.

In any case, a dream was born. What of it? What young girl doesn't dream of a prince driving a white Mercedes, and yet still ends up marrying a typical loser? In the vast majority of cases their dreams do not come true.

I concede that, of course, but the reason they don't come true is simply that their actions, or more precisely, their *inaction* in respect to their dream is like the anecdote about the lottery ticket — when someone dreams about winning big at the lottery and even asks God for help, but doesn't take the first elementary step of buying a single ticket.

The girls began taking action, and a consistent pattern was realised: *dream — thought — action*. Try removing just one of these elements from the chain, and the girls' fate would have turned out completely differently.

CHAPTER THREE



You create your own fate

Man's destiny! Many are wont to think that Man's fate is decided by someone *up there*. But this 'someone' simply makes available to every Man the most powerful energy in the Universe — an energy capable of not only shaping its holder's destiny, but of creating whole new galaxies. This energy is called *human thought*.

It is not enough just to know that this is so. One must become consciously aware of this phenomenon — one must *feel* it.

How completely we are able to become aware of it, to feel and understand it, determines the degree to which the secrets of this vast Universe of ours unfold before us, the degree to which we perceive how its wonders — or, more precisely, its natural phenomena — work.

It is only the conscious awareness and acceptance of the energy of thought that will allow us to make our lives and the lives of our loved ones truly happy. And yet it is precisely a happy life that is predestined for Man on the Earth.

And so we are obliged to persuade ourselves of the indisputability of the following conclusions:

First: *Man is a thinking being.*

Second: *the power of the energy of thought has no equal in the Universe: everything we see, including ourselves, is created by the energy of thought.*

We can name off millions of objects from a primitive hammer to a space ship, yet the appearance of each one of these is preceded by thought.

Our imagination builds a material object in space unseen to our eyes. Just because we don't yet glimpse its materialisation doesn't mean that the object doesn't exist. It is already constructed in mental space, and this is more significant than its subsequent materialisation.

A space ship is constructed by the thought of one or more people. We still don't see it, we can't touch it, yet at the same time it exists! It exists in a dimension invisible to us, but later it materialises, taking on a form we can see with our ordinary sight.

Which is more important in the construction of a space ship — the craftsmanship of the worker executing the details according to the blueprints presented to him, or the thought of the designer and builder? Of course the physical labour on any project is absolutely necessary, but nothing can displace the primacy of *thought*.

A real space ship can suffer a catastrophic accident, caused not by some kind of defective part, but always by an inadequately developed thought. In ordinary parlance it is known as *thoughtlessness*.

Thought *is* capable of foreseeing any kind of accident. In thought there are no unforeseen situations. Yet all sorts of accidents and irregularities *do* happen. Why? Because of haste in turning the project into material reality, not allowing it to be sufficiently thought through.

Anyone who thinks this through on their own can come to the same indisputable conclusion: all objects that have ever been manufactured on the Earth are materialised thoughts.

Now it is vitally necessary to realise that absolutely all life situations, including life itself, are formed first of all in thought.

The world of living Nature which we see, including Man himself, was originally formed by God's thought.

Just like God, Man is capable of forming with his thought not only new objects but his own life situations as well.

If your thought is insufficiently developed, or prevented by some cause from freely making use of its inherent energy and speed capabilities, your life situations will be influenced by somebody else's thoughts — possibly the thoughts of your family, acquaintances, or society in general.

But note that even in this case your life situations are determined aforesaid by human thought. And you have only yourselves to blame if you have choked and imprisoned your own thinking, thereby subjecting yourselves to the will of another person's thoughts, meaning that your successes or failures in life are already dependent on this other person or persons.

You may be persuaded of what I have just said through a variety of examples in life. Think what a Man does before becoming a famous performing artist? First of all he dreams about it, naturally, then thinks up a plan of how to attain his dream, and then steps into action. He takes part in amateur productions, studies at an appropriate school, and then takes a job in the theatre, film studio or symphony orchestra.

Some people may protest and say that while everybody dreams of becoming the most famous performing artist, only a few actually achieve this, while others are obliged to look for work in another field that has nothing to do with a career in the arts. Besides the dream, one needs talent too. Yes, of course, that is true. But talent is also a product of the power of thought.

What about physical and natural gifts? They are significant, of course. But, then again, human thought is not so stupid as to inspire a legless person to enrol in a ballet school.

How can it be, the reader may wonder: if everything, even one's profession and well-being, depended on one's own thoughts, then surely everybody would be rich and famous, and there wouldn't be any people eking out a pitiful existence, rummaging through garbage dumps in search of something to eat.

Well, now, let's head off to a garbage dump, in the literal sense of the word.

CHAPTER FOUR



‘Garbage-dump thinking’

I did this in the following manner. I let some stubble grow on my face, ruffled my hair and borrowed some old work clothes from a painter friend. Then I took a plastic bag and a stick and walked up to a garbage dumpster. I rummaged about with a stick in the garbage and came up with several empty bottles, which I put into the plastic bag, before proceeding to the dumpster at a neighbouring building. My efforts were rewarded. I had been at the second dumpster no more than ten minutes — fifteen tops — when I was virtually set upon by a man wielding a metal rod in his hands.

“Keep your paws off what doesn’t belong to you,” he said in a tone that brooked no contradiction.

“You’re saying that this is your territory?” I asked calmly, taking a few steps back from the dumpster, at the same time handing him my plastic bag with the bottles.

“Whose else would it be?” the man replied, already sounding less aggressive than before. He took my bag and began raking through the contents of the garbage dump, paying no attention to me.

“Maybe you could show me where there’s some freebies around?” I enquired, adding: “I’ll make it worth your while.”

“White,” responded the unofficial owner of the dumpster.

I went to the store and picked up a bottle of ‘white’ vodka,¹ along with a few snacks. Over drinks we got to know each

¹*‘white’ vodka* — clear, unmixed, ‘classic’ Russian vodka as distinct from ‘coloured’ varieties of vodka (e.g., fruit liquors infused with cranberry, rowanberry etc.) available on the market.

other, and Pavel shared with me a lot of the tricks of his trade, and believe me, there were quite a few.

You have to know, for example, what days especially to guard against ‘transients’ like me invading and pinching one’s ‘property’. Especially after holidays, when a lot of bottles get tossed out. It is also important to know which refuse materials contain base metals, and how to collect them — some dealers pay more for glass containers and base metals. And to know what to do with discarded clothing that’s still fit to wear.

I attempted to change the subject.

While Pavel was entirely capable of expressing his opinions on politics and the government, he did so with considerably less interest. He had a one-track mind — everything revolved around the dumpsters.

As a final conclusive test I suggested the following to him:

“You know, Pavel, there’s a chap building a house not too far away who’s looking for a security guard over the winter, as well as to help in the construction, for which he’s willing to pay extra. And supply groceries to boot. Every week his driver brings potatoes, onions and cereal. You’re a decent fellow — he’ll hire you. If you like, we can go have a word with him.”

After a few drinks, as might be expected, we had become friends. Which made the sudden sharp shift in his mood all the more unexpected. First he spent about thirty seconds in intensive thought. Then after staring at me another thirty seconds in a kind of standoffish silence, he finally came out with what was on his mind:

“You think I’ve been drinkin’ and not realised what’s going on? What’s all this business, creep, about me being hired as a guard, just so’s you can take over my dumpsters?”

He didn’t even ask what kind of wage a security guard might earn, or what kind of accommodations might be included, or

what kind of work, specifically, he might have to do for the extra pay. His thought was completely concentrated on his dumpsters, working out the best way to take care of them and protect them from competitors.

So it turns out that this Man predetermined the course of his thought — deciding the questions of his existence on the basis of garbage dumpsters — and then followed the direction of his thought.

One could cite quite a number of other examples confirming the indisputability of the fact that the creation of all material objects, life situations and social phenomena is preceded by the energy of *thought*.

One Man can influence another through his own thoughts. This is attested in ancient tales and parables. Here is what Anastasia's grandfather had to say about the energy of human thought.

CHAPTER FIVE



A goddess of a wife

“Yes, Vladimir, Man’s thought has access to energy unsurpassed. Many of the creations of this energy are either dismissed as magic or counted as miracles and ascribed to a higher power.

“Take, for example, the ‘miracle icons’. Why would they suddenly become miraculous? Why would a piece of wooden board with a hand-painted image on it all of a sudden have the power to work miracles? It happens when iconographers imbue their work with a sufficient amount of their own mental energy. Those who look at the icon then add their own energy. People talk about a ‘prayed-over icon’ — in other words, an icon imbued with a goodly amount of the energy of human thoughts.

“It used to be that iconographers knew about the properties of this great energy. Before approaching a particular work, they fasted to cleanse their body of impurities, at the same time intensifying their thought. Then they entered into a state of detachment, focusing their energy on a single task — the painting of the icon. When it was completely finished, they spent another long period contemplating what they had done. And miracles were sometimes the result.

“People sometimes see unusual phenomena, or various kinds of angels. But note that people invariably see only what they are thinking about. They invariably see only the images they believe in.

“Christians, for example, can see only their own saints. Moslems see only theirs. That is because they are beholding

the projections of their own or the general collective thought.

“Back only fifteen hundred years ago there were people who understood the power and properties of the energy of human thought. There are parables about this. Would you like to hear one?”

“Yes, I would.”

“I shall translate it from its ancient tongue into contemporary language, and change the setting to modern terms to make it more understandable. But tell me first, how does a man who has been married to a woman for a long time behave? What does he do when he comes home?”

“Well, a lot of husbands, as long as they don’t habitually reach for the bottle, will sit down in front of the television set and either read a paper or watch TV. They might take out the garbage, if their wife asks them to.”

“And what about the women?”

“There’s no question about that — they get supper ready in the kitchen, and afterward wash the dishes.”

“Fine. That will help me translate the ancient parable into modern terms.”



Once upon a time there lived an ordinary husband and wife. The wife’s name was Elena, her husband was Ivan.

Every day the husband would come home from work, sit down in his favourite chair by the television set and begin reading the newspaper. His wife Elena would get supper ready. As she gave Ivan his supper she would nag him that

he never did anything useful around the place, and was not earning enough money. Ivan got irritated by his wife's nagging. But instead of giving her some kind of gruff response, he simply thought to himself: *She herself's a dirty slut, and she's telling me what to do. But when we got married, she was so totally different — she was beautiful, she was tender.*

One day when this nagging wife demanded Ivan take out the garbage, he reluctantly tore himself away from the TV and headed outdoors with the dustbin. Upon returning, he stopped in the doorway and turned to God in his thought:

“O, Lord! O, Lord! Just look at how lousy my life's turned out! Do I really have to while away all my remaining years with such a nagging and ugly wife? This isn't life — it's sheer torture!”

And then all of a sudden Ivan heard the quiet voice of God:

“My son, I could help alleviate your troubles, I could give you a splendid goddess of a wife, only if your neighbours noticed a sudden change in your life, they might become greatly astonished. Let us work this way: I shall change your wife just a little at a time. I shall imbue her with the spirit of a goddess and improve her outward appearance. Only you must remember that if you want to live with a goddess, you have to make your own life worthy of a goddess.”

“Thank you, O Lord! Any man would be happy to change his life for the sake of a goddess. But tell me: when will You start making changes in my wife?”

“I shall begin a few little changes right away. And minute by minute I shall be changing her for the better.”

Ivan went back into his home, sat down in his chair, picked up the paper and turned the television back on. Only he did not feel like reading, or watching any TV films. He could not wait to peek and see whether his wife had started changing — even just a little.

He got up and opened the kitchen door. Leaning against the door-post, he began watching his wife intently. She was standing with her back to him, washing the supper dishes.

All at once Elena felt herself being watched and turned toward the doorway. Their eyes met. Ivan looked at his wife and thought: *No, I don't see any changes going on in my wife.*

Seeing the unusual attention her husband was paying her and not being able to figure it out, Elena all at once straightened her hair, and a rosy blush came over her cheeks as she asked:

“What is it, Ivan? Why are you looking at me so intently?”

The husband could not think of what to say. Embarrassed, he blurted out:

“Well, maybe... the dishes... maybe I could help you wash them? I was just thinking about it, for some reason.”

“The dishes? You help me?” the wife echoed in surprise, taking off her much-soiled apron. “Well, you see, I’ve already done them.”

Wow! She's changing right before my eyes! Ivan thought. Look how much prettier she's become all of a sudden!

And then he started drying the dishes.

The next day after work Ivan couldn't wait to get home. He couldn't wait to see how his nagging wife was little by little being transformed into a goddess.

Hasn't she got a lot of goddess in her already? But I haven't changed even a little bit myself, as usual. In any case, I should buy her some flowers, so I won't fall flat on my face before a goddess!

Upon opening the door to his home, Ivan stood entranced in amazement. There before him stood Elena in her party dress, the same one he had bought her last year. She was sporting a neat hairdo, complete with a bright ribbon. He was dumbfounded. With some awkwardness he offered the flowers to Elena, not being able to take his eyes off her.

She accepted the flowers and gave a little gasp. She lowered her eyelids and a rosy blush filled her cheeks.

Oh, what marvellous eyelids goddesses have! What meekness they express! What extraordinary inner beauty, and outward looks!

And Ivan gasped in turn, upon seeing the table set with their fancy china and two candles burning on the table, along with two wine-glasses and the food with its divinely tempting aromas.

He sat down to the table, and Elena his wife sat down opposite him. But then suddenly she jumped up and said:

“I’m so sorry, I forgot to turn the TV on for you. But here, I’ve got today’s paper for you.”

“Never mind the TV, and I don’t really feel like reading the paper either — they all keep saying the same thing,” Ivan responded with sincerity. “I’d rather you tell me what you’d like to do tomorrow, Saturday.”

Completely overwhelmed, Elena asked in amazement:

“What would *you* like to do?”

“Well, I happened to pick us up a couple of theatre tickets today. Anyway, tomorrow afternoon, I thought you might like to do a bit of shopping. Since we’re going to the theatre, I thought we’d drop into a store first and buy you a dress suitable for the occasion.”

Ivan just caught himself in time from blurting out his cherished secret: *a dress suitable for a goddess*. Embarrassed, he looked at her again and gave another gasp. A goddess was indeed sitting at the table before him. Her face was beaming with joy, and her eyes were sparkling. Her restrained smile was just slightly inquisitive.

O Lord, how marvellous goddesses are after all! But if she keeps on getting better day by day, can I become worthy of this goddess? Ivan mused. All of a sudden, a thought struck him like lightning: *I’ve got to do it! I’ve got to do it while this goddess is here*

with me. I've got to ask her, plead with her to bear my child. A child which will come from me and from this most marvellous goddess!

"A penny for your thoughts, Ivan! Could that be *excitement* I see in your face?" Elena asked her husband.

He sat there excitedly, not sure how to talk about so precious a thing. This was no piece of cake — asking a goddess to bear a child! This was not a gift God had promised him. He did not know how to tell her about his wish. Fumbling with a corner of the tablecloth, Ivan got up from the table and pleaded, blushing:

"I don't know... Do you think... But I... wanted to say... for a long time now... I want to have a child with you, my beautiful goddess!"

Whereupon she, Elena, came over to Ivan, her husband. From her love-filled eyes a tear of joy rolled down her rosy cheek. She placed her hand on Ivan's shoulder, and her breath flared in a warm flush.

What a night that was! What a morning! And oh, what a day it is! How marvellous it is to live with a goddess! thought Ivan, as he bundled up his second grandson for an outdoor stroll.



"What did you understand from this parable, Vladimir?"

"I understood all of it. God didn't actually help Ivan. All he did was listen to God's voice. Ivan made his own wife a goddess through his thought."

"Of course, you are right: Ivan created his own happiness with his thought. He made his wife a goddess and changed himself. But God did help Ivan."

“When?”

“Back when God gave everything to each of us, when He was contemplating the creation of Man. And explaining everything to the first Man he created. Do you remember God’s words from the book *Co-creation*? He said:

“My son, you are infinite, you are eternal, within you are your dreams of creation.”¹

“These words, Vladimir, are still true today. Every Man has within himself creative dreams. The question is only: in which direction are they aimed? And how powerful is the thought, including its energy, in His sons and daughters living on the Earth today?”

¹Quoted from Book 4, Chapter 8: “Birth”.

CHAPTER SIX



And where is your thought right now?

I shall not concern the reader with further examples. Each one can ascertain independently from his own life what segments of his being have been created by his own thought and what segments by somebody else's.

To answer this question once and for all, let's start by stating the obvious: *thought is precursor to everything.*

As I have already indicated, to anyone who succeeds in not only becoming aware of this but in feeling it as well many secrets of the Universe will be revealed. First and foremost, a distinct picture of creation will appear.

God created the world in which we live through the help of a dream — the energy of His thought. He created Man, giving him complete freedom of action and endowing him with powerful energy capable of creating similar worlds, or possibly worlds even more perfected than the Earth.

In order to create new worlds or to perfect the world already created, it is vital that the speed of Man's thinking match that of the Divine.

However, one glance at the world created by human society shows clearly that it is not only imperfect but poses an ever-increasing danger to existence. Consequently, a degradation of consciousness is clearly taking place or, more precisely, Man's speed of thinking is diminishing.

The very first people possessed a speed of thinking equal to the Divine. It could not have been otherwise, since, like

any parent-creator, God could not even think of creating His child less perfect than Himself.

What powers could have proved capable of influencing human consciousness and aiming it down the path of degradation? If anyone had the power to do so, that means he would be able to surpass the energy of thought of both God and Man. But there is no such being, either on the Earth or anywhere else.

The proof of this statement is simplicity itself. If there existed an entity possessing a greater speed of thinking than Man, it would long ago have created its own world and we would be able to see it.

To either redirect or subjugate the energy of human thought is something only human thought itself can do. In other words, one Man possessing a greater speed of thought than the rest and wanting to subjugate others could, under certain circumstances, do so.

In today's situation human society has been subjugated to the descendants of the Egyptian priests who preserved the knowledge of the science of imagery and who maintained, with the help of special exercises, the capability of thinking at a much greater speed than the vast majority of people living on the Earth.¹

And there are circumstances which confirm this to be the status quo.

There is one Man who has proved capable of standing up to the priests one-on-one.

I am talking, of course, about the Siberian recluse, Anastasia. And note that she achieves palpable results without the help of any kind of army or technical superstructures, but simply by virtue of the power of her thought.

¹For further details, see Books 4 and 6, especially Book 6, Chapter 6: "Imagery and trial".

That mankind is beginning, at the dawn of a new millennium, to enter into a Divine world of splendour is to me, personally, an indisputable fact. I should like to share some joyful news with my readers.

I have it on reliable authority that several individual groups of scholars have been working, independently of each other, on a programme of national development according to an image created by Anastasia. Not just people with academic degrees, but students, too, have been involved in these projects.

To develop a programme like this in detail requires approximately two to three years of persistent work on the part of a whole army of specialists. But the first glimpses of it you can already catch even now.

For example, the Internet site www.Anastasia.ru has published a paper by a fourth-year Ukrainian university student outlining a programme of development for Ukraine, based on Anastasia's idea of family domains. People all over Russia and the Commonwealth of Independent States² have been sending in draft constitutions for future communities.

It is not for me to judge the merits of this young woman's paper, but it is already significant simply by virtue of its being the first one published. It is also important to note that these scholars became involved not by dint of somebody's commission but by the dictates of their own hearts.

It won't be long before you get a chance to become acquainted with and discuss their highly important works. I

²*Commonwealth of Independent States* — an organisation made up of most of the former Soviet republics, founded in December 1991 — immediately following the dissolution of the USSR — to facilitate trade ties as well as mutual co-operation in matters of foreign policy and defence. It does not include Estonia, Latvia or Lithuania; moreover, Georgia and Turkmenistan have opted for less than full membership status.

think these projects will be set forth for public discussion under the umbrella name of *the national idea*.³

I could have included these passages in my previous book, following the account of my conversation with Anastasia's grandfather. I didn't. I thought it would be premature. As it is, many people dismiss Anastasia's powers as bordering on fantasy or fairy tales.

My conversation with her grandfather, however, revealed to me even more extraordinary phenomena than any Anastasia had shown me earlier, and helped me see Anastasia herself in a new light. Now that current events in human society have begun to confirm what I heard back in the Siberian taiga, I shall cite part of my conversation with her grandfather.

³Indeed, in 2006 — four years after this book was originally published in Russian — the Russian government put forth four *National Projects*: strong agriculture, affordable housing, high-quality education and healthcare. A number of prominent politicians, including Vladimir Zhirinovskiy — the leader of Russia's Liberal Democratic Party and Deputy Head of the Russian Duma (Parliament) — have openly declared that the concept of *kin's domains* should become the basis for implementation of these 'National Projects'. More recently, in March 2007, Dmitry Medvedev, Russia's Deputy Prime Minister in charge of the 'National Projects', publicly stated that the idea of kin's domains was fully aligned with the government's own priorities.

CHAPTER SEVEN



A conversation with Anastasia's grandfather

This took place on the day following her great-grandfather's passing.¹

Usually, when loved ones pass from our lives, relatives offer expressions of sympathy. The last little while Anastasia's grandfather never left his father's side. Now that he's all alone, I decided to seek him out and talk with him, to take his mind off his sorrow, as is customary. I knew pretty much where I could find him, and so headed over to the neighbouring glade.

Anastasia's grandfather was standing motionless at the edge of the glade, watching and listening to the nutcracker birds² twitter on the branches. He was wearing a long shirt³ made out of nettle fibres and some kind of rope-belt. He was barefoot.

I knew that residents of the taiga took care not to interrupt each other's train of thought. And I began to realise on just how high a level this culture of communication actually was. It speaks of the great respect they have for each other's thinking.

After some time Anastasia's grandfather turned and headed over in my direction. As he approached, I could detect no

¹Great-grandfather's passing is described in Book 6, Chapter 3: "An invitation to the future".

²*nutcracker birds* (Latin: *Nucifraga caryocatactes*) — in Russian these are known either as *orekbovki* (nut birds) or *kedrovki* (cedar birds).

³*long shirt* (Russian: *rubakha*) — in this case, a knee-length shirt common as everyday wear among Russian rural dwellers.

trace of sorrow on his face, which manifested its customary kind-heartedness.

“Good day to you,” he said, offering me his hand as we exchanged greetings. In our conversation he always structured his sentences in terms of modern, often quite mundane usage, sometimes making a joke or teasing me — though never insultingly. On the contrary, he had a way of making you feel at home, as though you were chatting with a member of your family. And he was somebody you could talk with very easily on any subject — even on topics men bring up when there are no women around.

Undoubtedly many of Anastasia’s abilities were inherited from her parents and ancestors, as well, of course, as from her grandfather, who had, after all, played a hands-on role in her upbringing.

What knowledge of life, what abilities lay hidden in this grey-headed elder who a hundred years on had lost none of his keenness of mind and youthful agility? With me he spoke in very simple terms, although one time I overheard him talking with his father. Well over half the words he used were ones I had never heard before. It means that in talking with others, out of respect to them he makes use of their lexicon and manner of speaking.

“Well, now, how are things going? In your civilised society? Any people starting to wake up?” asked Grandfather with a hint of jocularly.

“Things are going along okay,” I responded. “There are some scholars who have taken an interest in Anastasia’s ideas. Various groups are working on national development programmes based on her proposals. This is happening not only in Russia but in other countries as well. But it’s not clear just yet when all the marvellous things, as she put it, will actually come to pass either in our country or abroad.”

"It's all happened already, Vladimir. The main thing has been done."

"What do you mean by 'the main thing'?"

"Anastasia has created a thought, an image of a future state, and she has done this with her usual meticulous approach, right down to the last detail and how thoughts will be materialised in a future reality.

"Now you and a lot of people will be able to see this splendid future materialised. The energy of her thought is extraordinarily strong, and her strength has no equal anywhere in space. It is perfect and quite specific, but the main thing is that she keeps on gaining strength thanks to the help of other people's thinking. She is no longer alone.

"So you tell me that groups of scholars in various countries are working on national development programmes, and entrepreneurs are starting to build the domains she thought up, and her thought has been perceived by many people young and old. Once these people have had contact with her thought, they are creating thoughts of their own.

"The thoughts of all these people merging together are filling space with an energy of unprecedented strength, and this energy is materialising a splendid future. Already one can see partial manifestations of this materialisation."

"But what if someone deliberately started to obstruct this materialisation of the future?" I asked. "The priests, for example, who now rule the world, let's say the high priest himself began obstructing it?"

"He will not obstruct it. He will help it along."

"How can you be so sure?"

"I have heard his conversation and seen his thought."

"What conversation? How did you see it?"

"Vladimir, you've probably already guessed that my father was one of those six priests."

"I had no idea."

“Well, you might have guessed. Although outward simplicity and the ability to conceal one’s abilities and possibilities is one of the important components of their power. There’s no way they’re going to brag about the weapons in their arsenal the way the leaders of the world’s great powers do. The priests are capable of aiming these weapons wherever they like by directing the leaders’ thoughts, by bringing about corresponding situations. And they never had any thought of bragging about themselves in public. Their major, secret goal over the millennia has been to achieve a dialogue with God. No matter how they’ve acted, they have never feared Divine revenge, knowing that God has given full freedom to each Man, and He will not break His promise.

“They have been controlling mankind, torturing it even, thereby showing God that they are more capable than anyone else, that the fate of the Earth’s civilisation depends on them. This kind of situation, they figured, ought to compel God to enter into a dialogue with them... Only there hasn’t been any dialogue. And now it’s become clear why it has been totally out of the question for the priests to have a dialogue with God.”

CHAPTER EIGHT



Thank you

When little Anastasia was born, and after this tiny infant who had not yet learnt to walk was left all alone without any parents, the fiery sphere began to put in an occasional appearance beside her.¹

My father, along with the other priests, knew about a great many natural phenomena that your scientists today consider mysterious and unexplainable. Yet he could still not account for the power of this fiery sphere.

Its unfathomable energy could momentarily dissipate in space in the form of tiny sparks, or just as quickly gather itself together into a single whole. A delicate tongue of fiery light bursting from the sphere could instantaneously pulverise a huge stone or rock.

The same tongue of light was also capable of tenderly touching an insect's leg as it crawled along the petal of a flower, without causing any harm.

But the main, the most inexplicable part of the mystery was how this cluster of tremendous energy reacted to the feelings and desires of little Anastasia. That meant it had feelings, and *thought* besides.

Thought, in the complete sense of the word, is native only to Man. But the fiery sphere was not Man. Then who was This? How could It possess feelings which belong only to Man? Where did It acquire such tremendous power and might?

¹This and the following two chapters are narrated by Anastasia's grandfather.

I told you, and you described this in your book,² how it changed the Earth's gravitational field in a single spot, when Anastasia was learning to walk. Thousands of little tongues of light emanated from it, combing the little girl's golden hair.

Father had an idea about what kind of forces could have produced this fiery, mighty and thinking sphere, but he never spoke of it aloud. Supposition requires proof.

When Anastasia was a little older, we once overheard her talking with the sphere. Or rather, she was the one who did all the talking. The sphere never uttered words, it only reacted to the child's words through its actions.

When Father asked Anastasia about the sphere, she gave only a very brief answer:

"I would call it *Good*." Her answer was insufficient for my father, but he didn't speak with her again about the sphere, not back then nor over the years since.

From that original answer it was clear that Anastasia had no desire to give a definition either to the fiery sphere itself or to its actions. Most probably she perceived it through her feelings. But my father, for some reason, was anxious to define the phenomenon.

From the time the sphere first appeared, Father stopped participating in the priests' affairs and concentrated his attention on solving the mystery.

The priests know the mechanisms for confirming a hypothesis or overturning their own hypotheses. To this end it is necessary to publicise the phenomenon with a highly accurate report and await people's reaction and opinions. Mind you, these people should not be asked or instructed to express their opinions. Definitions must arise freely, on the level of feelings and not just intellect, in order to be as accurate as possible.

²See Book 2, Chapter 27: "The anomaly".

So, at my father's request, I told you about Anastasia's childhood, including the story of her communication with the mysterious phenomenon. You wrote about this in your book without distorting what you heard, and, most significantly, you did not express any opinions of your own.

We looked forward with some excitement to hearing your readers' reaction. It came very quickly, expressed not only in the usual things people say, but in emotional bursts of feeling. People said or wrote what my father had supposed for many years but never spoke aloud — thoughts he had hid from the other priests.

You published poetry from readers who wrote not because somebody had asked them to, but straight from the heart. Let me remind you of how one of these poems starts off:

*On her Birthday
God appeared
To his beloved little Nastenka...³*

Father's guess had been confirmed. The fiery sphere which communicated from time to time with Anastasia is none other than a representative form of God.

God has many representative forms. Each blade of grass is a manifestation of His thoughts. But of all the many elements comprising God's representation, the sphere presented itself, if not as the main one, certainly as one of the most majestic and concentrated forms, including even the energy of both intelligence and feelings.

And then one day... This happened after you had written your first five books. After the publication of her words — or rather, dark space was penetrated by what seemed like a fiery sword — the emotional outburst captured in her words:

³*Nastenka* — a common diminutive variant of *Anastasia*.

“Prepare yourself, all wickedness and evil-mindedness, to leave the Earth behind and fall upon me!”⁴

From Anastasia’s lips these words go far beyond the meaning of just the words. You, Vladimir, along with many others, have had the opportunity a number of times to see that for yourself. And the wickedness began to attack Anastasia with an invisible energy.

The white circles started appearing, bleaching the grass all around. It even happened sometimes that Anastasia would lose consciousness momentarily. And we didn’t know how to help her.

Our little granddaughter did not ask us for help. And because she didn’t ask, that meant unquestionably that this was something she had to work out all on her own.

More recently, however, we began to notice these attacks on her getting more and more severe. It was as though evil were simply agonising to carry out these final attacks.

But our granddaughter’s tenacity was growing at the same time. Lately the routine blows have simply caused her to give a shudder and head for the lakeshore. Somehow the lake water has been able to quickly restore her strength. After splashing and diving in the water, she’s come out at full strength, as before.

On one particular day we noticed Anastasia heading for the lake after one of the usual blows, but she was treading very carefully. When she stopped to lean against a cedar trunk and rest, Father said with some alarm:

“Today our granddaughter is having a particularly difficult challenge to handle. It’s really been hard on her. Look, and you will see some grey strands in her golden hair.”

Then we saw Anastasia push off from the trunk, take one step and then another in the direction of the lake. Then she stumbled and stopped once more.

⁴Quoted from Book 3, Chapter 24: “Who are you, Anastasia?”.

It was at this point that the fiery sphere appeared from space, right in front of her. But this time its lightning flashes were changing colours, as though volcanic ashes were seething inside it. And then all of a sudden it would look as though fierce fiery arrows were piercing through an invisible protective shield — floods of them dashing out and disappearing in space. But the sphere was not decreasing but increasing in size, while the diverse energies inside it were condensing and seething with ever greater intensity. The sphere itself was not suspended in space, but contracted and expanded like a heart. Then all at once it fell still, as though trying to make a decision. And thousands of lightning trills of energy dashed out in Anastasia's direction.

At just what point this sinking girl managed to raise her hand, Father and I failed to detect, even though we were watching the whole event, trying not to blink. We knew what this gesture meant. She was shielding herself from the lighting trills directed at her. But why? At that time we still weren't in a position to understand.

But one thing was clear: the fiery sphere, through its energy, was capable of fully restoring her strength. Not only that, but it could also endow Anastasia with fresh energy, whereby outward attacks could no longer hold any terror for our granddaughter. But why did she decide to act on her own?

The tongues of fire extended in her direction quivered, but did not touch Anastasia, standing there with her hand raised. They either disappeared in the sphere, which was still raging with tremendous energy, or dashed out once more, reaching out in her direction but, as before, not touching her.

And then all at once, with slow and tender words, she addressed the fiery sphere and its tongues of light:

"I implore You now to contain the bursts of Your energy. Do not touch me. I can restore my strength in Your lake as before. I just need to make it to the shore."

In an instant the sphere gathered up all its quivering tongues of light from all around, and kept pulsating like a heart. It swept upward with a flash — it seemingly cracked asunder and then contracted. Its myriad tongues made a dash for the ground, touching everything on the path leading to the lake from Anastasia's feet.

And another vision arose. The path began to sparkle with millions of pulsating colours of light, making a multicoloured rainbow arc over the path leading to the lake from Anastasia's feet. It was a wondrous sight indeed! Anastasia's pathway now lay through a triumphal arch!

She took a step, but to one side. She did not follow the route marked out for her by the fiery sphere. She slowly attained the shore and dived in, then resurfaced and simply lay in the water with outstretched arms. Then she started splashing about — her strength had returned.

Anastasia's behaviour in relation to the fiery sphere, which was really in relation to God, was beyond our comprehension. But what happened next is comparable to a turning point in the consciousness of all mankind, or to a change of balance in the energies of the Universe. What happened next was...

Throwing on a little dress over her still wet body, she carefully smoothed out its folds, straightened her hair, then pressed her hands to her breast and began speaking out into space:

"My Father, You are present everywhere! I am your daughter amidst Your perfect creations.⁵ I must put an end to the dispute among the entities in the Universe as to whether Your creations are perfect, or whether they might be flawed.

"My Father, You are present everywhere! You have fulfilled my request and not touched me. None of them will now say that Paradise will return to the Earth only when God corrects His imperfect creations!

⁵See Book 4, Chapter 11: "Three prayers".

“But there is nothing requiring Your correction. You created all right from the start in perfection. My Father, present everywhere, I am not alone. In all the corners of the Earth there are sons and daughters of Your own. And they have mighty aspirations. They will restore the Earth to the marvellous flowering of its original pristine creation.

“My Father, present everywhere, we are your sons and daughters. We are created by You. We are perfection.

“And now we shall show everyone what we can do. And may You be delighted by our actions.”

When Anastasia uttered these words and then fell silent, the fiery sphere which had been resting high above made a dash for the ground. About three metres from Anastasia's feet it dispersed into millions of tiny sparks all around, and then in an instant gathered itself back together into a single whole.

Only this single whole was no longer a fiery sphere.

There in front of Anastasia stood a child of (in Earth terms) about seven years. It is difficult to say whether it was a boy or a girl. The child's shoulders were covered by a fabric with a pale bluish-purple sheen that looked as though it were made out of mist itself. The child's hair fell around his shoulders. The expression on the child's face was one of intelligence, confidence and grace. Rather, the expression on the child's face was impossible to convey in words — it could only be described in terms of the feelings which overflowed our souls.

The young child stood barefoot on the grass without trampling even a single blade. Anastasia knelt to the ground in front of Him, then sat down on the grass, her eyes fixed on His extraordinary face. It seemed that in the very next second He and she would embrace, but this did not happen. The child smiled at Anastasia. With a careful utterance of each sound, He said:

“Thank you, sons and daughters, for your aspirations.”

Then as He dissipated into space, the fiery sphere once more appeared high above, glistening with a joyful light of the like nobody had ever seen before. It made several circles over the lake, and for five minutes or so drops of warm rain soothed everything growing around, as well as the smooth surface of the lake.

The moisture was invigorating. A few drops fell on my arm without rolling off. Instead, they dissolved, filling my body with a luxuriant bliss.

My father is always unflappable in situations like this, in complete control of his emotions, but this time even he was shaken. He walked through the taiga as though he could no longer feel his body, and I followed.

He walked for several hours, and then turned to speak to me. A tiny tear was rolling down his cheek. As one of the high priests, he was not susceptible to such emotion. But I saw his tears. Father said quietly and confidently:

“She did it! Anastasia has brought people across the dark forces’ window of time. The seeds of happy and joyful aspirations will now be scattered over the whole Earth.”

Then Father had a long and animated conversation with me. He was not surprised by the actions of the sphere, or by the fact that one of God’s representative forms — perhaps His main manifestation — had appeared to Anastasia in the person of a child.

My father was a priest, and not just a simple priest either. He had the ability to discern what was important in visible occurrences. And it wasn’t at all the vision itself that interested him. The most important thing was the appearance of a thought in space.

The thought produced by Anastasia had not been heard since the time of creation, nor reflected in a single religious or scientific treatise. Utterly simple and yet, at the same time, extraordinarily exalted, it has turned the treatises we know

into naïve musings which had nothing in common with the Divine essence. Anastasia had imbued human consciousness with the concept of God which Man had been missing all these years.

“What does it consist of?”

CHAPTER NINE



Divine faith

You know that the Earth and everything growing on it, as well as all its functions — rain, snow, wind — were thought up by Him right from the very start.

Our Creator — the Great Mind — created His great creation in an impulse of inspiration. And He created Man in His own image as a culmination of His creation.

But ever since the time of creation it turned out that many beings have been plagued with doubt as to whether Man was really created by God as a creation unsurpassed in the Universe. Is it really true what God said about Man not being just like any other creature but being equal with God? God Himself said, “My image and likeness he is... I have given him everything that is Mine, and will furthermore give him for his own all that may be thought at a future time.”¹

God wanted to see His own creation, Man, in the likeness of Himself.

Now take a look at mankind today. Many people talk about God. They talk about the strength of their love for the Creator. But with that they are lying to themselves. For it is impossible to love someone without seeing, feeling or understanding Him.

Many will say “I believe in God”. But what exactly do they believe in? Do they believe in God’s existence? But surely that indicates a very primitive level of consciousness. A Man

¹Quoted (with a slight variation) from two different paragraphs in Book 4, Chapter 3: “The first appearance of *you*”.

who says "I believe God exists" is admitting in effect that he neither feels nor understands God, but simply believes in His existence.

If by faith in God they mean that God is an almighty, kind and loving parent, then what do they do for God apart from uttering words? They destroy His creations and isolate themselves behind the stone walls of monasteries from the world created by their Father. They spend their time thinking up and churning out all sorts of treatises. And everywhere it's the same. The treatises say that God must be worshipped. But people worship they know not what.

And now, Vladimir, just imagine how God feels when He looks down and sees all this corruption. You can picture it if you try. After all, God possesses all Man's feelings, only with Him they are stronger, sharper and purer.

But even with the feelings we have today — our human and parental feelings — we can still picture how our Parent, our Creator must feel.

Here He is looking down on His children, but all they can do is cry:

"We love You, only give us more of Your goodness. We are Your servants, we are powerless and ignorant, we are stupid. Help us, O Lord!"

Is it really possible for creations in God's likeness to conduct themselves this way? What could be more painful for a parent than the helpless moaning of his children? This is how doubts about the perfection of God's creations arose among the elemental beings of the Universe.

"But who could make such a fool of Man this way? How? When?"

"The only one who could make a fool of Man is someone possessing equal power of thought — in other words, Man himself."

The priests were the ones who launched mankind down the path of degradation. They took it upon themselves to prove to God that they were capable of controlling all mankind, on the premise that humanity's moanings and torments would force God to enter into a dialogue with them.

They counted on this because they know that God never talks with anyone, never interferes in human destiny, that all destinies are determined by the paths human beings themselves have chosen.

But if mankind were to be brought to the brink of total destruction, God might enter into negotiations with those leading mankind to that brink — with those influencing people's minds — in order to head off an utter collapse. The premise was that God would do this for the sake of all humanity.

Millennia went by. But God did not enter into a dialogue with the priests and did not bring about any new miracles to bring people to their senses. First my father, and later I myself, understood why.

If He had done this, if God had interfered in human affairs, then He Himself would have confirmed the speculations on the part of the elemental beings of the Universe that Man was an imperfect creation.

But, more importantly, His interference would have ultimately destroyed Man's faith in himself. Man would have ultimately ceased discovering the Divine elements within himself and relied solely on help from outside.

And so He waited, and believed in His children, observing events and suffering, enduring the mockery and the taking of His name in vain. He believed in His creation, Man. It is His own faith that is truly the Divine faith.

The priests had hoped that the solution would come about just at the point when a global catastrophe was imminent. They had hoped the scenario they had thought up would come to pass. Not one of them imagined that a single Man — a young

woman — in the space of a few short years would thwart their plans and efforts they had been making over the course of millennia and turn mankind back to its Divine pristine origins.

But Anastasia did produce this most extraordinary turnabout. She demonstrated to the whole Universe the power of God's creation, she demonstrated the Divine wisdom. And quite possibly for the very first time. Just imagine, Vladimir, the majesty and significance of that event. For the first time since the moment of the creation of the Earth, our Father heard talk of the perfection of His creation.

The marvellous future visualised by Anastasia is already alive in space, and being concretised moment by moment by a whole lot of people who are beginning to understand their own essence and purpose in life. Materialisation will inevitably follow.

“But when will it follow? The priests, after all, are also capable of acting and interfering.”

“But not the high priests. The challenge now is to abort the programme created by the priests. My father spoke with one of them before his departure. The priests never meet amongst themselves. They are located in various parts of the globe, but can communicate at a distance by feeling each other's thoughts.”

My father was standing on a small hillock. The dawn's rays were already skimming the tops of the cedar trees, illuminating my father's face and his profile. I heard this dialogue take place silently in space:

“I am Moisey, descendant of a dynasty that has been controlling the destinies of peoples for thousands of years. I am their descendant and forebear. I appeal to you, self-appointed High Priest, but not on bended knee. Do not waste your efforts trying to counteract Anastasia.

“My granddaughter’s aspirations do not correspond, in any way, shape or manner, to the plans we have thought up. This lack of correspondence is pleasing to me, it strikes a chord in my soul. I am Moisey, I am a priest. We are equal in power. I shall shield my granddaughter with my own self.”

And the high priest’s answer:

“Yes, Moisey, you and I are equal in power. And thus I realise that you are not asking me to stop the attacks — it is advice you are seeking from me.

“I am the one who is now thinking of how we can help her, how to put an end to this monstrosity of a system. We created a monster, and it is stronger than us. You yourself, after all, participated in its creation.

“It has been devouring children and mangling people’s bodies for millennia. Now it will take centuries of our efforts to stop it. But your granddaughter’s thinking is more accelerated than ours. She can create millennia in the space of a single year. None of us at the moment is in a position either to help her or to harm her.

“The only thing I am certain of is that we should be creating our own lifestyle according to the image outlined by your granddaughter, and pour all our knowledge into our creations, so that we ourselves become an example for people to follow.”

The priests did not use all that many words as they talked amongst themselves, but what they said made a great deal of sense.

“I don’t think everyone will understand the priests’ dialogue. It’s not clear to me, for instance, what kind of a beast they are talking about, the one that devours children. And why, if they really want to help Anastasia, your father and the high priest still say they are not in a position to offer help.”

“It’s all in the speed of one’s thinking, Vladimir.”

“Speed of thinking? But why is that so important? What’s the connection?”

CHAPTER TEN



The speed of one's thinking

It is now well known that the feature that distinguishes Man from all other life growing and thriving on the Earth is his capacity to think. But thought is found in creatures and plants too, albeit in embryo. Man distinguishes himself from all others by the *speed* of his thinking.¹

Back at the beginning, the speed of Man's thinking most closely approximated God's, and with a certain lifestyle could increase and even surpass the Divine. At least that was the way our Parent wanted it. If Man's speed of thinking had attained the level of the Divine, Man could even now be creating a living, harmonious world on other planets.

The whole question of the significance of the speed of one's thinking is the greatest of the secrets guarded by the priests. They did their utmost to eliminate even expressions referring to it from the language.

Perhaps you have heard such expressions as *slow-witted* or *with you it takes a long time to sink in*. What is the meaning here? It means that it is difficult or boring to talk with someone whose thought operates at a slower speed.

All people living on the Earth have varying speeds of thinking. The differences may or may not be significant. A significant superiority in speed of thinking may enable one Man to conquer a great many people, even whole nations.

¹On the speed of one's thinking see also Book 2, Chapter 29: "Why nobody can see God".

Imagine that a million people are given a specific problem in arithmetic to work out. The one who can think at a faster rate than the others will be the first to come up with the solution. He may solve the problem ten seconds faster than the rest — or twenty, or thirty seconds, or a minute, or even ten minutes faster. We learn from this simple example that one person may know the answer ten minutes earlier than the rest. Ten minutes before the other 999. He will learn something new, acquire knowledge faster than the rest.

This arithmetic example may seem harmless enough, but...

Now let's imagine that all people on the Earth are given a problem that takes a thousand years to solve. They start working on it. But one Man has three times the speed of thinking of the others. That means he will know all the intermediate decisions of mankind before everyone else.

What takes humanity 900 years to work out, he will solve in 300 years. That means that for 600 years he will be in a position to control and direct the actions of everybody else. He will be able to reveal to someone the correct intermediate decision which will help him further his goal or, alternatively, give someone a false hint, thereby throwing him backward. Or, what would even be easier for him, give the wrong clue to everybody at the same time, driving them all to a dead end, and then later 'make a discovery' in front of everyone — in other words, rule over them.

As far back as seven thousand years ago the priests realised the tremendous advantages available to any Man who possessed a higher speed of thinking than all the rest. They took it upon themselves to significantly widen the gap. They tried to increase the distance between their own thinking and that of others by using special exercises, but they failed to achieve any significant difference in those times. And so they thought up a system which would slow down the thinking of

every child coming into the world. The system they inculcated kept improving over the millennia and it is still operating today.

Take a close look at the lifestyle of the majority of people of our time. If you analyse it, you will see the multitude of efforts directed at stopping the operation of your thought.

Anastasia began revealing the priests' secrets to people. She told about how even a small child should not be distracted from what he is doing — in other words, the operation of his thought should not be stopped.

Then she showed you a series of exercises aimed at accelerating a child's thought. She told about how education as we see it begins with the correct presentation of questions to the child.

When a child is presented with a question, his thought begins to search for the answer and thereby gains more and more momentum. This means that the speed of his thinking is increasing minute by minute, and by the time he is eleven it will be many, many times faster than that of someone raised under a system designed to slow thought down.

Let us take a look at what is happening in the world today. Right from his mother's womb a child is surrounded by artificial objects. Any object is the embodiment of someone's thought. So the child is presented with somebody's thought — a primitive thought at that — a rattle, for example. A child just a little older is given a doll or a mechanical toy car. Children love to play, but they are still dependent on others, so they play with what others present to them.

Think about the difference, Vladimir. Your daughter, when she was little, kept shaking her rattle, and later got interested in dolls. Your son, on the other hand — the one Anastasia bore you — also likes to play, as all children do. But what he played with was a squirrel, a wolf, a bear, a snake and a lot of other creatures made by the Creator.

Now compare the two, only be sure to picture to yourself the degree of discrepancy in the speed of thinking between the one who created the child's rattle or doll and the One who created the squirrel.

So it turns out that one child comes into contact with an object comprising a primitive thought, while the other communicates with an object created by God. The vast discrepancy between the objects the children communicate with means that the speed of their thinking will be vastly different. One of them will have a greater speed of thinking — you yourself can guess which one.

When children in your society begin to talk, you determine for them what they can do and what they cannot. Children are persuaded, in effect, that they should not think for themselves, that everything is already decided for them. This means they don't have to think. All they have to do is follow somebody else's thoughts.

When children go to school, a teacher stands before them and explains the essence of things, along with the rules of conduct and the order of the Universe. The teacher not only explains — he demands that the children think the same way as somebody else has thought. And once again this serves to slow down the development of the children's thinking speed. Or, to put it more precisely, children are prohibited from thinking independently.

In your schools the most important subject — the one designed to increase the speed of children's thinking — is missing from the syllabus. This most important subject is replaced by a whole lot of other subjects aimed at slowing down children's existing speed of thinking.

CHAPTER ELEVEN



Training thought

Listening to Grandfather's account, I realised that Anastasia too, in communicating with our son, was constantly creating learning experiences for him, training his thought up to speed. Outwardly this looks like play, but thought is all the while being trained even when the child, through what looks like play, is developing purely physical abilities.

I have already mentioned how one morning while playing tag with a she-wolf, Anastasia executed the following trick: after beckoning to the wolf, she quickly began running away from it. The wolf gave chase. But when it had almost caught up, Anastasia suddenly leapt up against the trunk of a nearby cedar tree, pushed herself off from it with her legs, did a somersault and ran off in the opposite direction, while the wolf's inertia kept it dashing on past.¹

I watched as my son, too, played tag with a wolf cub. The young wolf always overtook the boy, no matter how fast he tried to run.

It would run just a little ahead, then turn and deftly manage to give a quick lick to the child's arm or leg on the run. Volodya would stop on the spot, rest a while, and then once again try to outrun the wolf, and once again the wolf would catch up with him.

When Anastasia showed our son the trick of leaping against the cedar tree to sharply change his direction, he really liked the idea, and tried to repeat it himself. He leapt up against

¹See Book 1, Chapter 6: "Anastasia's morning".

the tree from a run, but was unable to do a somersault and head off in the opposite direction. When he tried pushing off from the trunk the first time, Volodya landed on all fours. Falling again on his second attempt, he looked enquiringly at his mother. Anastasia told him:

“Before jumping up against the tree, Volodya, you should work out your next moves in your head.”

“I did do that, Mama. I saw how you did it, you know.”

“You saw how my body did it, but you did not conceive or feel how *your* body should do it, or what it should be governed by. You first need to train it with your thought.”

How one could execute a physical exercise in one’s thinking was something quite incomprehensible. However, the boy walked up to the tree-trunk and stood by it for some time, either with his eyes closed or making instinctive movements with his arms and legs. Then he stepped back and made a run at the cedar trunk.

This time he ran faster than usual. I was even a bit afraid something might happen to him, that he might hit himself against the trunk and get hurt. But he came through with flying colours. He pushed himself off and executed the somersault. After stumbling just a little on landing, he was able to start running back at once. He repeated the exercise several times, getting it more technically perfect each time.

Good exercise, I thought. “It develops all the muscles,” I told Anastasia.

“Yes,” she replied. “It develops the muscles, and, more importantly, accelerates the thinking.”

I wasn’t about to ask how a purely physical exercise could accelerate one’s thinking, but it wasn’t long before I realised that this was precisely the goal Anastasia had in mind in showing Volodya that particular trick. It happened like this:

Volodya summoned his playmate, the wolf, and they started off racing. The wolf had almost caught up to the boy when

Volodya did his somersault and ran back in the opposite direction. Not anticipating this turn of events, the creature kept dashing on past the cedar.

While the wolf stopped and tried to figure out what had happened, Volodya was already running headlong the other way in triumph. He was laughing, waving his arms, leaping into the air, making the most of his victory.

The young wolf, however, proved an exceptionally astute and clever rival. As Volodya was trying this trick for the fifth time, at the very moment he was approaching the tree, the wolf suddenly slowed its pace and stopped just a little space shy of the tree-trunk. When Volodya completed his somersault and was about to run off in the other direction, the wolf easily got in a lick as he landed, leapt in the air and wagged its tail. Now it was the creature's turn to triumph, while Volodya could only stare at it distractedly in amazement.

Anastasia and I sat nearby and watched the whole scene unfold. Once again Volodya attempted to outwit the creature, but once again he failed. On each occasion the clever wolf stopped just in time, waited for the boy to land, and managed to get in a lick, sometimes more than one.

Volodya began pondering the situation. His expression turned serious, even to the point of frowning. But apparently nothing came to him. Still pondering, he headed over to us and looked us enquiringly in the eye. Anastasia at once said:

“Now, Volodya, you will have to take into consideration not only your own thought, but also the thought of the wolf.”

And once more the boy went off to think. I also began contemplating the situation. And I reached a firm conclusion: once the wolf had figured out the boy's manœuvre, there was nothing more that could be done. The wolf would anticipate his actions, and while he was executing them, it would simply wait for him. Even if Volodya did the trick twice as fast, the wolf would still succeed in getting in its lick, and no

amount of thought would help. When I discerned from the boy's face as he approached us that he had come to the same conclusion, I said to Anastasia:

"Why are you tormenting the child like that? It's clear that he's never going to outrun the wolf now. And neither will you. That she-wolf of yours had no idea of what was going on when you ran away from her, but this young wolf has proved to be smarter than its mother."

"Yes, it is smarter than its mother, but Man should always be smarter. I am not tormenting our son. I simply suggested he think about it, take the wolf's thought into account and come to his own solution."

"But it's absolutely clear there's no solution here. If there is, then show me. It's hard for me to see my son with such a sad expression on his face."

Anastasia got up and beckoned to the young wolf, which came to her delightedly at once, wagging its tail. Anastasia gave it a cuff on the shoulder and ran off, signalling the wolf to follow.

Volodya and I watched how fast and easily Anastasia ran. The amazingly sprightly and fluid movements of this already mature mother were impressive in their beauty and forthrightness.

Yet still the young wolf's pace was just that much faster. Several times Anastasia was able to dodge it by sharply changing direction. The wolf momentarily lagged behind a bit, but was soon well on its way to catching up. There was no doubt but that it would overtake her in the long run.

Then Anastasia made a headlong dash for the same cedar trunk Volodya had used to push himself off from. A few metres before reaching the tree the wolf slowed his pace and, upon seeing Anastasia leap into the air, he sat down, preparing to lick her arm or leg the moment she landed. But...

She did indeed make her leap, but did not push off from the tree. Her body passed within a centimetre or two of the trunk. She kept on running, getting further and further away, while the astonished wolf went on sitting at the ready, trying to make sense of what had happened.

Volodya jumped up and down, clapping his hands and shouting with glee:

“I have got it, Papa, I have got it! I have to think quickly, for both myself and the wolf. I have to think quickly for myself and manage to think for the wolf more quickly than it thinks for itself, and put it all into action on time. I now know how to do it.”

When Anastasia came over, he said to her:

“Thank you, Mama. The wolf will never catch me now.”

The next time he raced the wolf, Volodya first tried twisting and turning as Anastasia had done, but then he went through a whole cavalcade of all sorts of tricks. He would grasp hold of a small tree-trunk on the run and use it to change direction faster than the pursuing creature. Or, leaping over a thick branch that had been broken by the wind, he would run up to it a second time, only this time jumping just on the spot, while the wolf made a headlong dash forward.

This is just one example — and there are a great many more. But the important thing is not the number of examples, but understanding the principle of the exercise.

CHAPTER TWELVE



The ultimate taboo

Not only for children, but for grown-ups living today too, the system pours forth floods of apparently meaningful information, but in reality practically all communications are calculated to draw Man away from information.¹

Take, for example, the TV you watch regularly. Every news broadcast tells about how one official is meeting with some other official, or how one leader meets with another leader. Their meetings are served up as news. But if you stop to think about it, you'll realise that there is absolutely nothing new here at all.

Officials have been meeting together for thousands of years now, hour by hour. Summit negotiations between various countries have also been taking place for thousands of years. But nothing ever comes from these negotiations, and nothing of substance ever changes as a result.

It does not change because they never talk about *the most important thing*. They never discuss the true cause of war. They talk only about effects.

Yet the media lead you astray by serving up every summit meeting as news.

Just think about it: the ultimate taboo subject in the whole world is the path of mankind's development.

Can you just imagine the passengers of an aeroplane in flight who couldn't give a care in the world as to where the

¹This and the following chapter are once again narrated by Anastasia's grandfather.

plane is heading or whether it is even able to land? You may think that passengers like that don't exist. Everyone boarding a plane has an idea of how long the flight will last and the destination city. But ask one or two or a thousand people living on Planet Earth, ask a million even, and nobody will be able to tell you just where mankind is heading.

The system created by the priests has blocked up human thought.

Modern Man with his extremely slow rate of thinking is not in a position to determine whether mankind — or even a single nation-state — is on the right path of development. He is not in a position to visualise even his own life.

In reality, all the leaders on the Earth are in control of nothing, absolutely nothing. There is not a single country in the world where you will find a clearly stated plan of national development. Such a plan is impossible without first determining a clear and explicit path of development for the residents of Planet Earth as a whole.

As a result of a simple scheme the priests devised in the process of constructing their system, all rulers are mere superintendents watching over the functioning of the priests' system. They are all wrapped up in their own country's scientific and technical progress, their military strength and the preservation of their own power. For this they are ready to sacrifice the quality of the air and water in their own country and collectively in the world. They are weighed down under the system created by the priests. Like the majority of people on the Earth, the rulers are active pawns in this system. Their thought is slowed down as much as anyone else's.

The speed of one's thinking! Oh how I hope that you or some of your readers can perceive this not just through cold logic but feel it with every fibre of your being — feel how important the speed of your thinking is for the whole Universe!

To find the right words, or to cite the examples needed for understanding, is not an easy task. Examples! Anastasia compared the modern computer to a prosthesis for the brain² — in other words, to a prosthesis for thinking. It is probably true that people most familiar with how a computer works will not only understand but also feel the importance of thinking speed more readily than others. After all, you too, Vladimir, are able to work on a computer. Maybe through the computer you will be able to more quickly appreciate the catastrophic consequences of the sluggishness of human thinking.

Anyone familiar with a computer knows how important for the computer is the size of its memory and its operating speed. Note, I said: *operating speed*.

Now imagine what could happen if one were to slow down the operating speed of a computer controlling an aircraft's flight or a nuclear power plant. The computer might allow an accident to happen, and that would mean a disaster.

The living biological computer native to every Man on the Earth is incomparably more efficient than the manufactured variety. It is called upon to assist in the controlling of an immeasurably more perfect and massive device — the planets of the Universe.

These *can* be governed when this biological computer operates at a speed approximating or surpassing that of the original. However, the speed has been diminishing, and is continuing to diminish. Anyone can see this for themselves if they but examine the situation more carefully.

When even the most state-of-the-art manufactured computer keeps getting loaded day by day, hour by hour, with all sorts of data — it doesn't matter what kind of data, only that it is being inputted — eventually it will start to work more slowly, or it may refuse to process any new information

²See Book 1, Chapter 17: "The brain — a supercomputer".

whatsoever. This happens when its memory is overloaded to the point it can no longer accept new data.

Most people on the Earth today have experienced something like this. And the system created by the priests has got out of control. It has started operating all on its own.

When I mentioned earlier the monster devouring the children, I was talking about the system which has got out of control. Take a careful look: when a child is born to an earthly mother, what is it that immediately takes it into its mighty clutches? The system.

What determines what food is to be given to the child? The system.

What determines what kind of air the child is to breathe and what kind of water he is to drink? The system.

What determines the selection of his path in life? The system.

The priests are losing control of the social order on the Earth, yet they are aware of the laws by which it operates and can still exercise an influence on the life of the planet. They are able still today to slow down or accelerate development in specific situations.

When the first book with Anastasia's sayings appeared, the priests took an immediate interest in it. Naturally! After all, these sayings came from the mouth of the great-granddaughter of a priest — not only someone familiar with the secret levers of control but also a young woman leading a lifestyle favourable to accelerating the operation of thought.

They realised that Anastasia had set herself the goal of transporting people across the dark forces' window of time. Theoretically, this is indeed a possibility. Transporting across time constitutes a change in consciousness. And it is possible to do something like this with a single individual.

Substantially changing the collective consciousness of mankind is a process extending over millennia, requiring the

participation of many generations. But a process extending over millennia cannot be called transporting people across a window of time.

Transporting people across a window of time means changing the consciousness of people already living on the Earth today — changing it to a consciousness which was or will be inherent in them under the conditions of a Divine, paradisaical existence.

The priests tried to figure out the plan by which Anastasia was going to operate. They did work it out and deemed it to be naïve, containing a plethora of questionable decisions. The means of distributing information through a book alone they regarded as clearly insufficient. Modern Man, they believed, requires a good deal of repetition for information to sink in.

Then they learnt that the book's author was an entrepreneur who not only was lacking even minimal authority among spiritually thinking people but was a complete unknown in such circles.

Consequently, the priests decided, a Siberian recluse would not be able to achieve anything significant in human society by the method chosen. My father shared this opinion as well.

The priests got their first shock and call to alertness when Anastasia's prophecies in the first book started coming true. She told you:

“I shall bring you many people who will explain to you what is incomprehensible.”³ And people started coming to you who were not just capable of explaining something. People started to act. She said:

³This and the following references are drawn (though not word-for-word) from various chapters in Book 1. See especially Chapter 26: “Dreams — creating the future”.

“Artists will draw pictures, and poets will write verse.” And both pictures and many poems came forth, dedicated to the new and marvellous reality of mankind’s being. She said:

“The book you write will be read by people in various countries.” And the book has been published in many languages.

The priests did not know what power or devices facilitated the realisation of Anastasia’s sayings. Yet they are coming true for all to see.

They realised that she was beginning to make her cherished dreams come true, but they could not discern the manner by which she reached the goals she set for herself.

This could mean only one thing — namely, that the speed of Anastasia’s thinking significantly surpassed that of the priests. The insightful combinations produced by her thought are incomprehensible. This means that the priests might lose the opportunity to influence human society for good.

This was not something the priests could permit.

While they were trying to figure out patterns of counter-action, something even more incredible came to light. New sayings of Anastasia’s were being made public. Many people now aspired to create the domains she had talked about.

And then Anastasia became the target for all kinds of counter-measures. One of the most effective of these was a disinformation campaign involving the magic word-symbol *sect*.⁴

Your press was filled with publications talking about various terrifying sects, including the so-called ‘Anastasia sect’. These publications used still other word-symbols like *totalitarian* and *destructive*.

This particular counter-measure has been used by priests from time immemorial. In ancient Rus’ it helped facilitate a

⁴In today’s Russian usage, the word *sekta* (‘sect’) is used as a synonym for *kul’t* (‘cult’). Therefore the accusation of being a ‘sectarian’ actually suggests adherence to some dangerous cult.

change in religion.⁵ This was a tactic that never failed. And in the latest case, too, the priests imagined that it had done its job. You and a whole lot of readers — both those who communicated amongst themselves and those who didn't know each other — were amazed to discover that people were labelling them 'sectarians'.

False rumours were cleverly and intensively circulated. This is why government agencies never reached a decision on the question of land-grants. There was active opposition, both vocal and hidden, to the initiative to allocate land for the establishment of family domains. The system had worked.

Lower-order priests figured that they were rid of Anastasia once and for all. The high priest was the first to discern that this was not the case. He realised that in visualising the future, Anastasia's thought had not only taken the system's counter-measures into consideration, but had also redirected them to serve the cause of good.

This is what happened. The domains established according to the principles outlined by Anastasia were impossible to construct along traditional lines. They required a detailed plan of development. They involved the working out of a long-term project which would take at least a year to develop — significantly longer in some cases. Action without sufficient preparatory thought could lead to the discreditation of the ideas involved.

By slowing down the process of land allocation, the authorities prevented quick action from being taken.

⁵*change in religion* — The reference here is to the official adoption of Christianity as a state religion by Kievan Rus' in A.D. 988. For a more detailed description, see Book 6, Chapter 4: "A dormant civilisation". *Rus'* (pronounced *ROOSS*) was the name given to the East Slavic state dominated by the city of Kiev between 880 and the mid-12th century, although Anastasia explains that it dates back much farther than that — see, for example, the closing statement in Book 6, Chapter 6: "Imagery and trial".

But slowing down the process of land allocation did not enable them to destroy the dream of a bright future or to slow down the speed of thinking on the part of many people who were in the process of imagining their future domain, not to mention the future of the country and a marvellous future for all mankind.

While Anastasia spoke about Russia's taking the lead in building this marvellous future, she well understood that it would be impossible to create a Paradise in just a single community or even in a single nation-state. Indeed, her dream was being adopted in the hearts of people in countries the world over. You can ascertain this, Vladimir, by the popularity of your books published in these countries. They are enjoying great acclaim today, but that is nothing compared to what the future holds. When people begin to realise...

Now the priests have recognised this. Anastasia is beginning to solve mysteries they have been beating their heads over for thousands of years. Here is one of them.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN



Divine nutrition

The high priest once told my father in conversation:

“Your great-granddaughter, Moisey, knows the mysteries of being which were concealed from us. She knows the secrets of nourishing both the body and spirit. You yourself, of course, ascertained this from her own words: *One should eat just as one breathes.*¹

“Our forebears once read these words on the walls of their secret temples. We believed them to be meaningful, but up until now their secret has not been revealed. In explaining just a little of it to those who will be creating their own family domains, she will thereby create the conditions for the speed of thinking of these new domain dwellers to exceed our own. Compared to children born in her domains we shall appear to be simply ignorant youngsters. In setting out her design, she showed us the only way out — each of us must set up the same kind of domain which she has described to everyone. We shall establish them, we shall try to make them better and more perfect than the rest, and for that we have great possibilities.

“She is revealing the mysteries of being to everyone, and by the time we learn about them, we shall already have *our* domains, while others will still be going about setting up their own. And then once again the difference in the speed of our thinking will allow us to foresee and consequently control life

¹Quoted from Book 1, Chapter 4: “Who are they?”.

on the planet. This is what I have been thinking. I should like to hear your opinion on this, Moisey.”

And my father replied:

“You want to hear my opinion because you have your doubts. You want to foresee what situation Anastasia will be visualising in case the priests — and you who have appointed yourself to the highest position — are the first to set up the domains which will draw you closer to the Divine being? You want to know whether her thought has taken such a scenario into account?”

“I am convinced that she has,” the high priest replied to Father. “And she herself does not conceal the fact. But I should like to hear your opinion on why she is openly daring us by giving us the opportunity to reassert our control over the world?”

“All because,” my father answered the high priest, “my great-granddaughter Anastasia is not about to enter into a confrontation with you. When the priests, as the rulers of the Earth, begin creating their own domains, their thoughts will be transformed. Their souls will become radiant with light.” [...]

“Thank you, Moisey! Our thoughts have come together as one. And I applaud the prospect of living in another reality — possibly in one where each of us can talk with God.

“I bow before your great-granddaughter’s thought, Moisey. May Anastasia succeed in finding the strength within herself to overcome the system we created like a wild beast, or a herd of beasts. Help her if you can, Moisey!”

“Try helping her yourself. I can’t keep up with her more youthful thought. I used to think her actions were illogical.”

“And I shall not be able to either, Moisey. She eats just as she breathes. We have been soiling our flesh. I have not the strength to nourish my spirit the way she nourishes hers. I can only guess at what is helping her.”



In the times of our pristine origins people's way of life was quite different from today's. They not only knew Nature, they controlled it. Through the sounds of Nature and the power of the light of the heavenly bodies they had access to the database of the Universe. They received information not just through their mind, but through their feelings too. The speed of their thinking was many times greater than that of people today.

The early priesthood realised that absolute control over mankind was possible only if they could achieve a considerably greater speed of thinking than other people, but how to achieve this goal? One of the ancient priests once said in a secret conversation with the high priest:

"We cannot accelerate our thought to achieve sufficient superiority over everybody else. But we can use special devices to slow down the thinking of all mankind."

"You said: *all mankind*. Does that include your own thought?" the high priest responded.

"Yes, in the final analysis, it does, but to a much lesser extent. The discrepancy will be tremendous. The advantage will be on our side."

"Since you are talking about it, that means you have already found a way of slowing down the thought of all mankind. Tell me about it."

"It is simple. We need to conceal from people the existing Divine method of nutrition. We need to have them consume food that does not accelerate, but, rather, slows thought

down. That is the main condition. The rest is a chain reaction. The degradation of thought will bring a number of factors into play which will influence the speed of their thinking. Compared to us everybody else will be inferior.”

“How can we conceal what God offers to everyone?”

“We promote the necessity of giving gratitude to God for what He offers.”

“I have it. You have come up with a monstrous plan, but it is perfect. People will agree to give gratitude to the Creator and will not see anything wrong with it. We shall think up rituals to draw people away from God’s first-hand creations. People will be thinking that they are giving God thanks. But the more time they spend on giving thanks, gathering around the idols we think up, the less communication they will have with God’s own creations, and the farther removed they will be from information coming straight from God.

“They will be receiving information from us, but imagining it is God’s will. Their thought will go off in the wrong direction. We shall lead it in the wrong direction.”



Centuries passed, and people spent more and more time on the rituals thought up by the priests, thinking all along that they were simply paying their respects to God. At the same time people communicated less and less with the Creator’s first-hand creations and, consequently, no longer had access to the information of the Universe in all its fulness — God’s information. They caused God pain and suffering, all the while believing they were bringing Him joy.

At the same time the priests began telling people what kind of food they should be giving preference to, at the same time creating for themselves the secret science of dietetics. The priests needed this to maintain their brain, their spirit, their physical health — and, consequently, their thought — in a more efficient operational state than other people's.

Thus they suggested that people plant certain kinds of growing things, but they themselves used other kinds for food — more specifically, in a greater variety than the rest. Thus began a monstrous degradation of human consciousness.

Man began to know diseases of both body and soul. People intuitively sensed the meaning of nutrition and over the millennia tried to come to terms with this question.

Wise men appeared who attempted to give advice on what food products were the most healthful. Many teachings on dietetics were introduced. It was a topic touched upon in books you are familiar with, such as the Bible and the Koran. Here is what it says about nutrition in the Old Testament, for example:

You shall not eat any abominable thing. These are the animals you may eat: ox, sheep, goat, buck, gazelle, roebuck, wild-goat, white-rumped deer, long-horned antelope, and rock-goat. You may eat any animal which has a parted foot or a cloven hoof and also chews the cud ... you may not eat ... the camel, the hare, and the rock-badger ... you shall regard them as unclean; and the pig, because it has a cloven hoof but does not chew the cud, you shall regard as unclean. You shall not eat their flesh or even touch their dead carcasses.

Of creatures that live in the water you may eat all those that have fins and scales, but you may not eat any that have neither fins nor scales; you shall regard them as unclean. You may eat all clean birds. These are the birds you may

not eat: the griffon-vulture, the black vulture, the bearded vulture, the kite, every kind of falcon, every kind of crow, the desert-owl, the short-eared owl, the long-eared owl, every kind of hawk, the tawny owl, the screech-owl, the little owl, the horned owl, the osprey, the fisher-owl, the stork, every kind of cormorant, the hoopoe, and the bat.

All seeming winged creatures you shall regard as unclean; they may not be eaten. You may eat every clean insect.

You shall not eat anything that has died a natural death. You shall give it to the aliens who live in your settlements, and they may eat it, or you may sell it to a foreigner; for you are a people holy to the Lord your God.²



Over the millennia various books were written advising people what and how to eat to be healthy. But not a single book, not a single wise-man — or, indeed, all the scholars put together — has ever been able to fully shed light on this question. The proof may be seen in the ever-increasing numbers of diseases of the human body and soul.

A whole lot of books were published advising how to treat disease. And today you have the science of medicine. They tell you it is constantly being perfected. But at the same time just look at how the number of sick people is constantly increasing.

So what is medical science actually perfecting? The results speak for themselves: *it is perfecting disease.*

²Deuteronomy 14: 3–21 (cited here from *The New English Bible*).

I can see that this conclusion sounds strange to you. But just think: why don't the whole masses of animals in natural surroundings get sick, while Man, who considers himself to be the most highly developed of all creatures, is unable to cope with his own diseases?

The science you call upon to treat disease has never, over the whole period of its existence, ever touched upon the ultimate cause of all disease. It has always given its attention to *effect*. People who are sick, of course, need doctors. But it is no less true under the current conditions of your world order that doctors need sick people to treat.

But even among the priests themselves the speed of thinking has been declining. Not to the level of everyone else's, but still diminishing. This phenomenon disturbed the priests more than any other. They paid more and more attention to the mysteries of Divine nutrition but could not unravel them.

One of the priests assigned to take care of the science of dietetics apparently figured out something and began writing it on the wall of the secret underground chamber where no one except a few of the main priests could enter.

He wrote: *One should eat just as one breathes.*

After writing the last letter of the last word of the sentence — or, rather, just before finishing the last letter — the old priest died. He had not managed to explain the meaning of this sentence to anyone — either to his descendant-successor or to any of the other priests.

Priests have been trying to unravel the mystery of the phrase "One should eat just as one breathes" over all the millennia since. They were afraid that somebody else might get wind of it and guess its secret before they did.

They erased it, rubbed it off the wall of their temple. But they transmitted it orally to succeeding generations of their descendants, in the hope that it would be deciphered in the future. All to no avail.

Astrologers, healers and wise-men appointed by political rulers worked on the question of nutrition over many thousands of years. Nobody was able to solve the puzzle.

If any of the rulers' wise-men had managed to figure out how Man should feed himself, then those rulers that considered themselves to be the strongest in the world would have ceased to fall ill, and their longevity would have increased.

If any of the earthly rulers had known what kind of food he should take in, he could have become the supreme ruler of the Earth. The speed of his thinking could have surpassed that of the priests.

But all the rulers of the Earth get sick and die. Their longevity is no greater than that of ordinary people, even though they may have the best healers and wise-men right at hand. And so the degradation of human society continues.

It seemed to be just in passing that Anastasia uttered that sentence to you: "One should eat just as one breathes." You published it in a book. You published it in the context of your experience with her and didn't give it any special thought.

But for the priests living today, the publication of that sentence, the one that had been erased from the walls of their temple more than five thousand years ago, became a cause for very great concern.

Time and again they gave careful reading to the books with Anastasia's sayings and realised that not only did she know the phrase, but she had full knowledge of Divine nutrition.

The speed of thinking of a Man possessing such knowledge would naturally be able to surpass that of all the priests taken together and, consequently, be able to control all humanity, including the priests. But in order to maintain control, he would have to conceal information, while here *she* has gone and revealed it to everyone. This means she has freed people from the priests' influence, thereby leading them to direct communication with the thoughts of God.

This was something they realised after seeing how Anastasia slipped in among her sayings information on the nourishment of Adam. In *Co-creation* you cited Anastasia's words about how people were nourished back at the time of their pristine origins:

"All around him were a multitude of fruits with a variety of tastes, berries and edible grasses. But during those first days Adam felt no sense of hunger. He remained satisfied with fresh air alone...

"One certainly cannot live on the air Man breathes today. Today's air is dying, and is often harmful to one's body and soul. You mentioned the saying that one cannot live on air, but there is another saying: 'I have been fed by air alone', which corresponds to what was available to Man in the beginning. Adam was born in a marvellous garden, and the air surrounding him did not contain a single harmful particle. Pollen had been dissolved into that air, along with drops of purest dew."

"Pollen? What kind of pollen?"

"Pollen from flowers and grasses, from trees and fruit, which diffused fragrances into the air. Some came from those close by, while breezes brought others from distant places. Back then Man was not distracted from his great works by any problems of finding food. He was fed by everything around him through the air. This was the way it was all designed by the Creator right from the very beginning, so that all life on Earth should strive to please Man, and the air and the water and the breeze would be life-giving, under the impulse of love."³

³Quoted from Book 4, Chapter 4: "The first day".

Of course, people's diet at the time of their Divine pristine origins was not confined to life-giving air. They consumed a lot else besides, but their body and soul were nourished by air and water to a significant degree.

When you published Anastasia's words about nutrition, the priests were astonished at how this simplest of truths had escaped them for so long. Yet all along they knew why this was so.

Secluding themselves in their temples, they were not able to breathe the pollen-laded air. In gathering people together for rituals, where the only thing the crowds raised was dust, they ended up breathing the dust of their own schemes.

The priests understood the significance of nutrition. Their diet included teas containing many healing herbs, along with a variety of fruits and vegetables. Among other things they attached considerable importance to cedar oil, which their attendants brought them from far-off places. Moreover, their diet also included honey and flower pollen gathered by bees. But Anastasia showed that this was far from being sufficient. It was a different kind of pollen, for one thing. The pollen that the bees gathered and packed into honeycomb was quite healthful, of course, but was a far cry from the variety that could be found in the air over one's family Space.

Bees, after all, gather pollen from a relatively small number of floral species. But the air contains all varieties, and it is distinguished from bee-produced pollen by its softness and its easy digestibility.

Airborne pollen is alive, capable of fecundation. With each breath a Man would take it in and it dissolved inside, nourishing his whole body, including his brain.

When the priests saw Anastasia talking about family domains — a hectare of one's Motherland for each family — they realised she was taking people back to a way of life that was part and parcel of their pristine origins.

They knew right away that family domains are not only capable of bringing people material benefits — there is something much more important. In the context of Anastasia's sayings people can form a Space capable of nourishing their body, soul and spirit, and show to everyone openly the truths of the Divine order of creation.

The time is approaching when mankind will be present simultaneously in two worlds. It will be able to make use both of the achievements of the technocratic, artificial world, as well as its own Divine pristine origins. By comparing these two worlds, not through hearsay but first-hand, through observing their own experience, people will be able to make their own choice, or create a new world. They will be able to create their own marvellous Divine future.

Anastasia showed people not only the meaning and essence of Divine nutrition, but how to attain it as well. Her family domains...

Picture to yourself, Vladimir, a morning-time. A Man awakens at dawn and goes out of his house into the garden of his family domain, in which are growing more than three hundred varieties of plants he needs.

He has taken up the habit of walking around his property every morning.

As he walks along the path his eyes are delighted by the lively variety of herbs, trees and flowers. These cannot help but delight and furnish him with positive emotions.

Nothing can give him a greater emotional charge or abundant energy than one's own family life-giving Space.

Many ages passed. In each of them attempts were made to attract mankind to all sorts of different values.

Man became enthralled with a huge house, the latest clothing, a new car or some other gadget. Man became enthralled with money and his position in society. But all such joys are

conditional and fleeting. They only bring a temporary sense of happiness and pleasure, and within a short space of time they become commonplace, bothersome and sometimes downright annoying.

An old and decaying house will begin to demand constant repair. A car, too, can start having frequent breakdowns. Clothes wear out.

Man has always intuitively felt the true beauty and perfection of the eternal, and that is why even a king surrounded by luxury and personal palaces has always needed a garden. This is a truth that has remained unshakeable for millions of years of Man's life on the Earth.

True delight and peace is attainable only in one's own family domain.

When a Man takes his morning walk through his family domain, every blade of grass is delighted and reacts to him. And, far from decaying, his garden grows with every passing moment of blessed living.

The Man understands that the programme he has set out — trees, bushes and fruit-bearers planted by his own hand — will not decay but live on through the ages. They will live for ever, provided the Man does not change his mind.

When the Man takes his morning walk through his family domain, he breathes its air, and with each breath takes in thousands of invisible particles — plant pollen. The air is saturated with them. Quite alive, they enter the Man, dissolving within him without a trace, nourishing his body with everything he needs. And the air of one's family domain nourishes not only the human body, but feeds the spirit with ethers and accelerates thought.

When the Man takes his morning walk through his family domain, he may stop all of a sudden and pick three berries off a currant bush and eat them. Why does he stop in front of a currant bush in particular? Why does he pick precisely three

berries? In what book of wisdom has the Man read that on this particular day he will need these three berries?

And he really does need them, as it turns out. He needs them on this very day, this very minute, and in this very quantity.

Then after taking another few steps, the Man bends over to smell a flower. Why does he do this? Who told him of the need to take in the aromatic ether of this flower in particular?

And several steps farther on he picks something more to eat...

When the Man takes his morning walk through his family domain, he smiles, thinking about something personal, while at the same time enjoying a surfeit of fruits — not thinking about them, but feeling them. *This Man has been eating just as he breathes.*

Who then has been calculating the Man's dietetic needs with such incredible accuracy? Where has all this information been recorded for every Man born on the Earth? This information — you realise, Vladimir — all this information is present in every Man born on the Earth. Note this:

Every Man contains a 'mechanism' (I can't seem to find an alternative word) capable of arousing the sense of hunger — a signal that his body and spirit require some kind of substance in the Universe. We need not specify just what exactly, the proportion or quantity — nobody can answer this question intellectually. Only your body knows about this and it is what selects just three currant berries out of the whole variety available.

But in order to afford the opportunity for the right choice, your body must have all the information available about them. And it is only in one's family domain that such information is accessible.

Let's say you go into a store where there are a whole lot of fruits spread out on the counters. You want an apple. You

see a whole huge variety of apples. Which kind to choose? An exact choice is impossible, since your body — which is capable of making an exact choice — does not have any information about the apples on the counters. It hasn't tried them. It doesn't know the taste and correlation of substances. Neither does it know when the apples were picked, which is very important as well.

As a result, the apples you purchase at the store may turn out to be beneficial, but their benefit will be not nearly so great as when your body is apprised of all the information about the product you are making it digest.

The product you ingest may even turn out to be harmful to your body — in which case disease makes an appearance. Such a thing could not happen in your family domain, since you know for absolute certain which tree produces the sweeter or more sour apples, and when they are ready for you. Your body receives all the information about all the fruits in your family domain.

It received all the information about them back when you were still in your mother's womb. And afterward, when you drank milk from your mum's breast. Your mum, after all, delighted in the very same fruits. And they contributed to the consistency of her milk.

And now as a grown Man...

When a Man is in the Space of his kin's domain, he tastes the fruits and berries — everything that went into the consistency of his mother's milk.

There is another concept in your civilisation — it's healthful for a Man to consume fresh produce. But what, exactly, is 'fresh produce'?

Not frozen, dried, tinned or sealed in barrels, like you thought, but produce that comes to you in its natural state. And you have cultivated a huge assortment of hybrid varieties

that can be preserved many days with the appearance of fresh produce. Believe me, the appearance of freshness is deceptive and harmful.

Now see if you can make sense of what I've just said and test it out for yourself.

Almost all berries can be considered 'fresh' for no more than a few minutes. Cherries (both sweet and wild) and apples will last an hour, tops. But still they change with every minute that goes by, mutating into something else.

Pick a cherry and leave it just overnight, then take it back to the tree where it came from and eat it. Then pick another cherry from the same branch and taste it. See — you will sense the difference — which cherry is fresher and tastier — even with your eyes closed.

As for raspberries, you'll notice the difference after only an hour, while some other kind of fruit might take twenty-four hours. And you will see that anyone who does not have a family domain, no matter how rich or important he may be, cannot take in *fresh* food. That means he is not as capable of quick thinking as he might otherwise be.

Even back in ancient treatises wise men attempted to set forth their perceptions as to what produce was the most healthful for Man in any given season. And this is very important. But among all of these there is only one treatise which remains inviolable, and that is the one which God Himself prepared for each individual Man.

Look for yourself and see how gradually, starting in the spring, the early plants bring forth their fruits. Others appear later in the summer, at its beginning or end, while the autumn gives rise to a variety of other plants.

What is there to write about here, when it has been so obviously set forth what one should eat and when. And not just in broad terms of months or seasons. The choice is hinted at moment by moment. You need only think about it, Vladimir,

to understand. It is as though the Creator is ready to spoon-feed any Man with His own hand.

Just think how perfect and exact His programme is.

There is a particular season of the year when any given species of fruit ripens. At the same time the planets are in a particular arrangement. And that is the most favourable season for Man to take in that fruit. It was at that very moment, the most appropriate moment as indicated by God, that Man decided to take in the fruit, as his body suddenly felt a desire for it. There was no question of Man's working all this out through calculation. Man did not make a problem out of what to ingest and when. He simply ate. He ate because he felt like eating, because it pleased him to do so. And at the same time his thought was elated with joint co-creation.

His thought danced ahead, no longer concerning itself with what had been planned in advance by the Father's hand. It desired to create even more so that everyone could rejoice in the contemplation at the sight of a new creation.

And the Father exclaimed in delight: "My son is a creator", as He fed His child with His creations.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN



A society of schizophrenics?

In listening to Anastasia's grandfather's account of what Man should eat and how, I couldn't help comparing what he said with the dietary régimes of people today, even rich people living in so-called civilised countries. A rather puzzling situation unfolded. Let's work it out together once and for all.

To begin with, we all know that it is healthful for Man to consume fresh and ecologically clean produce.

We all know that in Nature there are plants capable of treating all types of diseases of the body. Hold on — we need to be more precise: *in Nature there are plants capable of preventing diseases of the body*. Then why don't we have them available? Why and under whose influence have we chosen a way of life which destroys not only our bodies but our minds too? Someone out there must be simply laughing at us, befooling us into calling this way of life 'civilised' besides.

If we use terms like *civilised country*, *civilised society*, meaning by this a society of people which has achieved a certain (and, of course, correct) level of development, then this development should also be reflected in, among other things, questions pertaining to diet. And not just 'among other things', but first and foremost.

Now let's pay a visit together to a typical food-store or supermarket, the kind you find in any so-called civilised country. It could be either in the West or here in Russia — if we're talking about major cities, the difference in variety of produce isn't all that great.

We find that the majority of produce available is nicely packaged and has a long shelf-life. We find a whole lot of dried, frozen and concentrated products, which can hardly be termed 'fresh produce'.

At the supermarket we can also find so-called 'fresh' vegetables, beautiful-to-look-at tomatoes, cucumbers and so forth. But lately it has come to light that these are hybrids — specially cultivated varieties capable of preserving their good looks for a long time, but considerably inferior in quality to the normal, natural variety.

Just about any adult resident of a European country is aware of this. Europe already has a chain of stores with signage proclaiming they sell only ecologically clean merchandise, but at a price about five times higher than in other stores. This means that the public has now recognised that other stores (and there are far more of *them*) sell produce that is *not* ecologically clean.

But let us call a spade a spade. The public has recognised that a majority of their number have been consuming produce that is harmful to their health.

Hold on! What about the term *civilised society*? Is it possible for people in a 'civilised society' to consume food of inferior quality which is harmful to their health?

A more accurate description of such a people might be a 'muddle-headed society', or a 'society with a befuddled population'.

In 'muddle-headed societies', whose ranks Russia seems to be trying so hard today to join, one can outline a distinct system for befuddling the population.

Look at what is happening. Someone consumes inferior produce and takes ill. The sick person falls into the arms of a system called 'health care'. This system has at its disposal a huge quantity of drugs, hospitals and clinics — and this has to be paid for somehow. Huge sums of money are

continually being poured into it. We are told it is constantly improving.

But note: according to statistics the number of sick people is rising each year. Then along come new diseases which mankind never had to grapple with before — including a whole lot of mental illnesses, not to mention the fashionable profession of psychotherapy.

And the question resounds loud and clear: what is behind the degradation of the overall health of these ‘civilised societies’? Isn’t the health-care system itself at least partly to blame?

By comparing data from various sources, anyone who wishes to can determine that the overall degradation of humanity’s health is an actual fact.

Yes, we’re talking about physical well-being, but mental health is an even more dangerous factor.

We have only but to turn away from the obtrusive, monotonous flood of information that does not allow Man to think about what is really going on, and we begin to doubt (to put it mildly) the ‘normality’ of the majority of the population of these so-called ‘civilised societies’. We begin to look upon these societies’ chosen lifestyle as indicative of a schizophrenia disorder. Judge for yourselves.

Let’s say a Man living in his family domain wanted to eat — an apple, for example. What does he do? He goes out into his orchard, picks fresh fruit from a tree and eats it.

Then let’s take a look at the actions of another Man who lives in a city apartment in a developed society, who also wants to eat an apple. He takes some money, goes to the store and buys an apple, which is no longer fresh. He buys an apple which another person grew and packed in a crate. Someone else transported this apple in a truck or a plane. Then a third party built a store and placed this apple on one of the counters. All these operations, from the growing of the apple

right up to the final sale, are accounted for by special people who compile inventories and collect taxes, duties and other exorbitant charges.

Thus we have a whole chain of procedures whereby people are involved in the supposedly useful business of offering a fellow human being the opportunity to taste the fruit of an apple tree. And the one who tastes this fruit must first find work somewhere to earn the paper money and pay for this whole thought-up chain of intermediaries standing between the apple-tree's branch and Man.

Yet our society considers this normal. A befuddled society has no inkling that *someone* very much wanted to lead people away from their true purpose and have their attention occupied in senseless pursuits.

The process of drawing people into such absurdities has been a long one. That's not something you could do quickly. If you tried to do it quickly, even the most feeble-minded individual would be able to see the stupidity of what was happening.

Just think what a paradox it all is! One fine day you decide, as usual, to go out to your apple tree and pick some fruit. You no sooner step off your front porch and start heading for the tree than you catch sight of a whole queue of people.

"Who are you?" you ask the fellow standing closest to you.

"I'm an apple dealer," he answers.

"And who are these people behind you?" you continue to wonder, and hear in reply:

"Behind me is the person who trucks the apples to my store, behind him is the one who picks them from the tree, and around each one of us you see an entourage of people in fresh clean suits — they are the ones who record the quantity of apples that pass through our hands."

"But really, what are you, chaps? Don't tell me you're a bunch of schizos?" you blurt out in a fluster. "What's with all

the meaningless red tape? Who's going to thank you for such nonsense as this?"

And the reply comes:

"You will thank us — you will pay all of us money, and with that money we too shall buy apples."

"And where am I going to get all that money to pay you?"

"Go see your neighbour, the one with the pear trees. There's a job open for a record clerk. You can become a pear-tree record clerk, earn money, pay us and eat apples whenever you like."

How absurd! — you're thinking, no doubt. *Utter schizophrenia!* Of course it's absurd. Of course it's schizophrenia. But this is just the kind of thing that's going on right now with each of us in our society.

The conditions for a healthy life — and really, they are all too obvious — need to be set down in the form of a treatise. Well, here's one — a miniature treatise:

Point Number 1. Every Man living on the Earth should have his own domain, his own Space to guarantee for himself a supply of high-quality food.

Point Number 2. In his own Space Man should grow, preferably by his own hand, fruit-bearing plants — plants that he considers tasty and healthful. Say, for example, someone knows ahead of time that he doesn't like red currants — he need not plant these in large quantities. Altogether at least three hundred varieties of perennials should be put in. I shall not go over again the particular methods of sowing and communicating with the plants, as they were described back in the first book, when Anastasia was talking about the dachniks.¹ Naturally, this is not something that can be

¹See Book 1, Chapters 10: "Her beloved dachniks" and 11: "Advice from Anastasia".

accomplished in the space of a year — or even two or three. But it is entirely possible to ensure that one's children will have, in fact, an ideal source of food supply.

Point Number 3. Every morning upon awakening, a Man should take a walk through his family domain and, if he desires, eat some fruit or berries or herbs which have just that moment ripened to maturity. This should be done entirely according to one's desire, and not at the recommendation of some sort of dietician, even one with a post-graduate degree. Once your body has become familiar with all the taste qualities of the food growing in your domain, it will compile the ideal régime for you in terms of quality, quantity and the appropriate time for the food to be eaten. You don't need to go out to your garden just in the morning or according to a strict timetable somebody has thought up, but only when you have a real desire to eat.

In our modern living conditions, many people cannot stay all the time in their domain, even if they have one. But it is good to go out to it at least once a week.

And in case of illness, before taking any medicines, it is best simply to go out to your family Space and stay there for several days.

If you have already established your own Space, and if your body can access information about the plants growing in that Space, it will be able to determine with absolute certainty what is necessary for recovering your health.

According to Anastasia's affirmation, there are no diseases of the human flesh which cannot be overcome by the Space of Love you have created.

Of course we're not talking about the space of a city flat, but a domain established according to the principles she has set forth.

After formulating these rules on a pad of paper, I read them to Anastasia's grandfather and asked:

"Have I left out anything?"

"If you simply want to jot down a summary, this will do to start with. Only you really must say something about the neighbours."

"What have neighbours got to do with it?" I didn't understand at first.

"What d'you mean, what have they got to do with it?" Grandfather was taken aback by my query. "Think about it: if just on the other side of the fence from your domain there's a factory spewing forth deadly fumes, and the wind carries these fumes into the Space of your domain, what kind of air are you going to be breathing?"

"Nobody would build their domain next to a factory!" I protested, but said no more.

Then I remembered. In the city of Novosibirsk, there are dacha plots located barely half a kilometre from a tin-smelter. And in Germany there are farmers' fields right next to an autobahn with eight lanes of traffic.

And I thought: *Wow! Such a simple concept as growing agricultural produce for food is possible only in places that are ecologically clean — preferably not anywhere close to big cities. There's no way a simple concept like this is going to get through to Man. So I've really got to add one more point:*

Point Number 4. Your domain should be located in an ecologically clean zone. It should be surrounded by the domains of those who share your vision of creating family oases of Paradise. One breeze will carry life-giving pollen from your domain to your neighbours', while another breeze from their direction will bring you life-giving air.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN



Opposition

Many readers of the Ringing Cedars Series can already attest to the opposition that has pitted itself against a harmonious lifestyle — a lifestyle favourable to both physical and mental health.

I have mentioned on a number of occasions having received communications regarding anti-Anastasia statements purporting to come from Russia's Orthodox Church. And that churchmen themselves apparently instigated the rumours now spreading among government departments to the effect that all the readers of the Series are 'sectarians'.

At first I found it hard to believe that such communications were serious. But shortly afterward members of the Novosibirsk Readers' Club told me church representatives had paid a visit to the local Concert Hall where a reader's conference was to take place, asking management to forbid the event.

Then they showed me one of the Orthodox-Church-related sites on the Internet where a so-called 'Doctor of Theology' was making all sorts of slurs against Anastasia, and the language he used could hardly be termed theological. My readers protested in an effort to show that Anastasia's ideas were indeed positive. But apparently the 'Doctor of Theology' was not able to discuss this point, preferring instead to focus on the question of whether *Megré* was my real name or a pen-name.

After that, people started sending in newspaper articles from various regions of the country which looked almost like carbon

copies of each other. Indeed, from the writing style, uniform phrasings and malicious inventions, it was readily apparent that they had all been drawn from the same original source.

Finally, there was something quite extraordinary, in connection with the St. Petersburg *Vstrecha* drama company's performance of a play called *Anastasia*, based on the Ringing Cedars Series. On 23 July 2002 the troupe arrived in Vladimir¹ and staged a performance in the Taneev² Concert Hall.

The play was to have been presented in Tula³ on 25 July. On the 24th of July the local newspaper ran a front-page appeal from the missionary office of the Tula Diocese urging people to boycott the production, saying that both the books and the play were promoting a return to paganism.

It was a case of rampant fear-mongering. In spite of that, the Tula performance went ahead, playing to a full house. But when the artistic director of the *Vstrecha* Theatre showed me the article, I and others who read it immediately came up with a set of identical questions addressed to the missionary office of the Tula Diocese.

How can you criticise a play you haven't seen? The only performance before Tula had been in Vladimir only a couple of days before. To all intents and purposes Tula was the première.

¹*Vladimir* — the name of the city in Russia where the author resides. See footnote 1 in Book 5, Chapter 6: "A garden for eternity". 23 July (the author's birthday) was proposed by Anastasia as the date for *Dachnik Day* — see Book 2, Chapter 9: "Dachnik Day and an All-Earth holiday!".

²*Sergei Ivanovich Taneev* (1856–1915) — one of Russia's most revered composers and pianists, also a professor at the Moscow Conservatory. Many music-associated buildings and institutions are named in his honour. One of the largest music venues in the region, the Taneev Concert Hall, with its seating capacity of 600, also houses the Vladimir Philharmonic Society.

³*Tula* — a large city of a half-million inhabitants a few hours' drive south of Moscow, known for its production of samovars as well as armaments. It is not far from Leo Tolstoy's family estate of Yasnaya Polyana.

In St. Petersburg, however, Orthodox priests came to see it and afterward thanked the actors for a most spiritually inspired production. They said we should have more plays like this!

The conclusion is inescapable. A phenomenon like Anastasia is constantly under the watchful eye of some kind of opposing power. This power may be located entirely within the borders of Russia or outside as well. In any case it has at its disposal a far-flung network, capable of reacting to currents running through masses of people, capable of accelerating or retarding these currents at their own discretion.

The stories about the priests told by Anastasia and her grandfathers are taking on increasingly real and specific shape. They have begun to express themselves in concrete actions of today.

Her grandfather said that the high priest, who forms the ideology of whole peoples, has stopped opposing Anastasia, but the system created by the priests will carry on the opposition for centuries to come. And this has also been confirmed by real-life events.



The zealots who implement the opposition on a local level have proved themselves incapable of figuring out what is really going on. They seem to be acting as though they had been pre-programmed, making sweeping and completely unfounded accusations against Anastasia.

For example, in response to the question *Should we all go live in the forest?* Anastasia replies:

“There is no need to go live in the forest. You need to clean up the place you have been polluting first.”⁴

The press, however, has been putting out statements to the effect that Anastasia is urging people to abandon their city dwellings and children and go off to live in the forest.

So, one can draw the conclusion that some kind of agencies are actively endeavouring to hinder the promotion of Anastasia's ideas — namely, that each Russian family should be granted a hectare of land to establish a kin's domain.

Naturally, Anastasia's opponents try not to mention this idea, preferring instead to scare people with their fictitious inventions.

Naturally, I wanted to defend both the idea itself and the readers of my books from slander and from the other obstacles standing in the way of reaching this high goal. Defend them. But how? And from whom, specifically? After all, even the slanderers must have real names, they have their own masters and interests. But Anastasia's supporters have their own research centre. I don't know all their names personally, not by a long shot, but their ideas and conclusions are quite fascinating. For example:

The counter-action is aimed not directly at Anastasia so much as at the 'national idea' currently taking root in Russia. It arises from an intermediary source, as though local followers each received a cue to take action, independently of each other. These followers are to be found in various social strata, including the clergy.

Their methods are primitive: slander and the propagation of patently false rumours and, when necessary, taking over the movement's leadership and discrediting it.

⁴Quoted from two different paragraphs in Book 3, Chapter 21: “Should we all go live in the forest?”.

The research centre managed to establish who it was that stole a computer containing the manuscript for one of my forthcoming books, and found out about a secret plan for taking over the Anastasia website. But who tried to replace my Anastasia books with others that looked similar on the surface but in fact were aimed at leading people away from her ideas? And how could they possibly do this?

I was also told that the same forces were organising a smear campaign, using the same methods in each case, against Anastasia, Academician Shchetinin's school⁵ and the singer Nikolai Baskov.⁶ And just what, the reader may well ask, has Baskov got to do with all this? He is a very pleasant young man with a rich and powerful voice. And that is precisely what is driving these forces mad. Imagine this young Russian with his top-notch voice suddenly singing:

*The dawn is now breaking o'er the great ringing cedar's fair branches
And illuming the tribes of the pure Planet Earth with its lustre.
With a love-sigh the heavens pour forth all the help they can muster.
Interplanetary breezes caress the grand Dream with romances.*

*From every seed springs a mighty idea,
A Messiah from every child's perepeteia.
In a bright ray will awaken Rossiya...
God bless Rossiya and Anastasia!*⁷

⁵*Academician Shchetinin's school* — This school, founded at Tekos in the Caucasus by the renowned educational authority Mikhail Petrovich Shchetinin, is described in Book 3, Chapters 17: "Put your vision of happiness into practice" and 18: "Academician Shchetinin".

⁶*Nikolai Baskov* (1976–) — an internationally recognised Russian opera star, who has performed on a number of occasions with his mentor, Spanish diva Maria de Montserrat Caballé. In recent years he has become known for his rendition of popular songs, especially those based on operatic or classical pieces. Some critics consider him one of the most popular singers in Russia today.

This song was sung by a children's choir at the launch of the book *Who are we?* at the Oktiabr Concert Hall⁸ in St. Petersburg. It has been performed by modern bards, and was featured in the video *Take back your Motherland, people!* It was written by a schoolteacher from Belarus and seems to be taking on a kind of folk-song status.⁹ Perhaps Baskov will sing other patriotic songs which will strike a chord in Russian hearts. These new national initiatives, harbingers of a Russian *renaissance*, are obviously threatening to someone.

I was told there was no need for concern, and asked not to speak about what was going on. I was assured that this was simply a first opportunity to study the methods and pinpoint who was specifically behind the ideological subversion aimed at any positive tendencies in Russia.

And I would have gone along with that. Let it be dealt with by the 'competent authorities'. However — and you must excuse me for this — there is one subject on which I cannot remain silent, despite my promise to the contrary. If I did not speak out on this, I would forever lose my self-respect.

⁷Reminder: the words *Rossiya* and *Anastasia* both rhyme with *Maria* (and *idea*) — see footnote 1 in the Translator's Preface to Book 1, also footnote 2 in Book 5, Chapter 13: "Equestrienne from the future".

⁸*Oktiabr Concert Hall* (Russian: *Bol'shoi kontsertnyj zal "Oktiabr'skij"*) — a modern concert-hall with glass exterior, seating 4,000, opened on 25 October 1967 in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution (which actually took place 5 November by modern calendars). It is still one of St. Petersburg's most prominent cultural centres.

⁹The song cited above actually belongs to Oleg Atamanov (1956–), a celebrated Russian bard, sometimes referred to as "the *bojan* of all the Russias". In ancient Russia, *bojans* were enlightened travelling bards who had mastered the power of word to such an extent that their songs and tales had the effect of putting the listener into an altered state of consciousness and leading to spiritual awakening. Atamanov is continuing this tradition today. Since 1998 he has recorded over forty albums, and has audiences weeping at his concerts.

I cannot remain silent about the attacks on Academician Shchetinin's school — on its teachers, on educational innovators in general, and especially on the children.

The pupils at Shchetinin's school, along with their teachers, have decided to build a second school, this time in the Belgorod Region.¹⁰ Under an agreement with a local organisation they began refitting the interior of an allotted accommodation to suit their needs. Accustomed to hard work, and experienced in design and construction, they quickly brought their task to completion. They wanted to afford other children, too, the opportunity to study in a *real* school. Only they were forced to abandon the premises they had just refitted. Why? Because their provocateurs were on the alert.

From the same source that instigated the rumours about all the Anastasia readers being 'sectarians' came exactly the same kind of accusations of Shchetinin's school being a 'totalitarian sect'.

As in the case of Anastasia, seemingly on cue, a number of Russia's so-called 'Orthodox' priests¹¹ began to confirm what had been said. Again, the same uniform phrasings, the sweeping accusations without any factual confirmation.

¹⁰ *Belgorod Region* (Russian: *Belgorodskaya oblast'*) — a large, primarily agricultural region located on the fertile plains of south-western Russia between the Don and Dniepr Rivers, north of the Black Sea. While today it is believed that the name *Belgorod* (literally 'White city') is derived from the proliferation of limestone deposits in the area, it may actually have a deeper meaning, originating from the name *Belbog* (lit. 'white god') — the god of light, goodness and happiness in the ancient Slavic tradition.

¹¹ *so-called 'Orthodox' priests* — Megré is questioning here the traditional application of the term *pravoslavnaiia* (commonly translated *Orthodox*, literally signifying 'right-praising') to Russia's official church. The term *Prav'* (Order, or rightness) was one of the three concepts central to Russia's original 'paganism' (see Chapter 20), along with *Nav'* (the Inner, or invisible world) and *Yav'* (designating the Outer, or visible world) — cf. footnote 1 in Book 4,

According to a certain ‘Father Alexei’, the pupils at Shchetinin’s school “have absolutely no experience in handling money”. That’s a lie, chaps. They do have experience. Only they are not fixated on money the way you are.

At Shchetinin’s school they make use of ‘sentencing circles’, where the perpetrator appears in person in front of a whole group of people who are predisposed to react negatively toward him and express their censure.

That’s quite an accusation! But haven’t Cossacks¹² brought their own violators to ‘sentencing circles’? They have indeed, and not just to censure, but to punish with whips. And haven’t our political parties, either communist or democratic, not used similar methods? Does not the Russian Orthodox Church summon its violators to a ‘circle’ before defrocking them? The Church used to do worse than that — it used to burn them at the stake. And here we are simply talking about censure.

Perhaps the writer who described this in a negative light had in mind a circle consisting of his own persona? But that would no longer be a ‘circle’ but real totalitarianism!

Again, some articles complain that Shchetinin’s school is protected by Cossacks and free access to its grounds is not always permitted.

Chapter 6 (“The first appearance of *you*”). It should also be noted that the term *Slavic* (as applied to a number of related East European peoples from Russians in the East to Poles in the West to Serbs in the South) comes directly from the root *slav* meaning ‘praise’ (compare also the Russian word *slovo*, meaning ‘word’).

¹²*Cossacks* (Russian: *kazaki*) — descendants of a race of independent professional warriors who traditionally hired out their services to the ruling authorities, especially in the Caucasus. Local Cossacks in the Tekos area today have a special relationship with Shchetinin’s school.

But today, ladies and gentlemen, many schools are under security protection. And not only in our own country. Anyway, what business might *you* have at Shchetinin's school? Be God-fearing and take care of your own health. Aren't you the ones, after all, who are horrified at the fact that the pupils of this school don't drink or smoke, that they are constructing new school buildings themselves and are good students? You no doubt get a thrill of 'sublime pleasure' when you find drugs and foul language in schools!

I am not going to list all the nonsensical drivel written about this marvellous school. The writers have come under condemnation even from their colleagues.

An article by Alexander Adamsky¹³ is of particular interest. Here are some excerpts:

On Saturday 1 April, on the ATV creativity channel, they showed a pre-taped episode of the programme *Press Club*, devoted to what people refer to today as 'controversial press coverage' surrounding Mikhail Petrovich Shchetinin's school near the village of Tekos in the Province of Krasnodar. The *Press Club* producers decided to invite journalists writing on educational topics, as well as educators themselves, to discuss the whole question.

¹³Alexander Izotovitch Adamsky (1955-) — Rector of the Eureka Institute for the Study of Educational Policy in Moscow and member of the Public Chamber of the Russian Federation (a consultative body analysing draft legislation for the Russian parliament). Adamsky is an ardent supporter of innovative educational approaches that develop and support independent thinking on the part of children. Adamsky has been advocating transferring control of educational budgets to the schools themselves as well as opposing attempts by Russia's Orthodox Church to introduce 'Fundamentals of Orthodox Christian culture' as a compulsory subject in Russia's public school curriculum. The article cited here was first published in the newspaper *Pervoe sentyabria* (First of September) in 2000, issue 27, under the title "Anything you can't understand has no right to exist". (Note that 1 September, the first day of school, is termed 'Knowledge Day' in Russia.)

Both professionally and from a global perspective, the unique character of Shchetinin's system provokes controversy in modern educational circles. But there are what Alexander Radov terms 'educational killers' whose arguments vastly differ from those of people who question Shchetinin's views on particular matters of substance.

Such 'killers' do not argue; their aim is to destroy.

As long as education has existed, as long as anyone can remember, right from the times of Socrates, up-and-coming philosopher-teachers have been censured and beaten down for 'confusing young minds' and not teaching according to conventional norms...

So yet another round of 'pogroms' directed at Shchetinin is not coincidental. As Alexander Radov said during the *Press Club* discussion, even as in times past such attacks were organised by bureaucrats, today they are initiated by innocent-looking journalists. So it turns out that these 'nice boys and girls', faced with something that does not fit into — indeed, that is quite contrary to — their preconceived opinions as to what a school should be, what an educator should be, or how an educational system should be structured, find themselves quite incapable of accepting the existence of something their consciousness can neither fathom or even make room for. In other words, 'what I don't understand has no right to exist' — such is the 'killers' simple but deadly logic.

What we have here is the old world flushing out the dregs on the bottom — the last, clotted sediments of totalitarianism, which has been so aggressive and unshakeable in its hatred toward anything unlike itself. The old world, where there is no room for tolerance, where children must fit into a uniform mould and all teachers are obliged to teach one and the same thing.

The opening remarks on *Press Club* were telling: one of Shchetinin's attackers said there were grounds for censure, but first he wanted to hear the arguments *for*. Amazing how the old Stalinist logic survives — anyone is obliged to defend himself to start with, and then the prosecutors decide the degree of the defendant's guilt. That he is guilty in the first place there is absolutely no doubt. The question is only how guilty he is and what the degree of punishment should be...

It is useless to argue with such accusers, and to mention them by name would only play into their desire to be noticed — their desire for self-promotion and self-glorification which is what they are really after. One must be extremely patient here, realising that they are the mouth-piece for the old world of the obsolete, an outlet for gross ignorance and malice. In terms of the broader picture, they themselves are not to blame for anything, just as an infant is not to blame if he plays with matches and burns down his home. But what will become of the school, what will become of our educational future?

As we see it, Shchetinin has made a tremendous educational discovery which, naturally, has gone unnoticed by his persecutors. He has come up with a totally new educational content. He has established a lifestyle pattern at his school, on his 'educational island', so to speak, in such a way that this lifestyle pattern has become its educational content. Of course there is a syllabus — of course there are subjects — the kids study both mathematics and biology. But this is just the raw material, while the Tekos way of life has become the content — building construction, arranging for the provision of food, protecting one's living quarters, art, interpersonal communication. Moreover, everybody says that children are different, that they not only have different learning rhythms but also different

areas for the optimum development of their abilities. But so far it is only Shchetinin that has managed to make it so different children can learn entirely at their own individual pace. So a Shchetinin pupil may end up, for example, taking Grade 9 physics at the same time as a post-secondary course in architecture. This is *continuing education* in the true sense of the term.

Who else has been able to accomplish this?

It is a challenge even to imagine such a thing, let alone think it through and put it into practice.

Of course, Mikhail Petrovich Shchetinin is a genius. Of course he is an artist, a thinker and a prominent exponent of our culture.

But by the very same token neither he nor his creative genius can be squeezed into pre-set frames and clichés, either laudatory or derogatory. Shchetinin is someone whom one not only can but must engage in argument, someone to study with and, yes, someone definitely deserving of praise. An artist, after all, cannot live without some kind of praise or recognition.

But Shchetinin is not someone to be pushed around.

Nobody should be pushed around. And nobody should be utterly destroyed — because, sooner or later, shame will have its own. It's only in a mob mentality that people assert themselves by destroying others. The way to assert one's self in normal human society is by expressing respect and love — not only toward one's self, but toward others as well.

You can condemn such ideological 'killers' all you like, but what is that to them? They see condemnation as their reward. Their masters will make it all up to them. Meaning that they will keep trying all the harder. And they'll always get away with it. How can they be punished, anyway? People have simply

expressed their own opinions. They have simply made a mistake, and no punishment has been decreed for mistaken opinions. Yet they are not mistaken. In labelling the school a totalitarian sect they have merely been pursuing a specific goal, namely, stopping the public authorities from extending a helping hand to the new marvellous beginnings in Russia. Very few government officials, after all, will bother going to the school itself to ascertain the real status of things first-hand. They will most certainly try to keep as far away as possible from any contacts. *What if there really should be something wrong with the school?* they might ask themselves. Hence the school is put in a defenceless position — an easy target for the ‘killers’, who are just waiting to deal their well-calculated blows.

But what are we doing to help? After all, we see it’s not just the teachers that are under attack, but the children too. Look, more than three hundred Russian children are being trampled in the dirt, vilified and insulted, and this has been going on for two years now.

I don’t believe it’s Russians who are doing this. It’s nowhere near part of the Russian character. But we are passive observers of this poisoning. Highly-placed government officials and ordinary people alike are passively observing it. We are passive witnesses to an all-too-obvious pushing around and moral bashing of children. Who’s doing it?

Maybe Russian special-service officers can say. But God forbid we’ll have to tell our grandchildren that we once lived in a time when Academician Shchetinin’s school still existed in Tekos, home to three hundred children who dreamt about a marvellous Russia!

We ought to be able to tell our grandchildren living in their Russian domains that “we were around when this school you are so happy to go to now got off the ground. We saw it through during this difficult time.”

All that will come later. But right now...

Mikhail Petrovich, Tekos teachers, educational innovators! It's a challenge for you, of course, but you know... You know very well that "you cannot creep your way to the truth".¹⁴ And children too! Children of the Tekos school. Forgive me, young Russians, if I don't manage to do everything I'm supposed to. But I shall be able to. So will many other people. What's the weather like there at the moment — nice and warm, eh? That's good if it's nice and warm. May the Sun shine over you more often, and warm up the dream within each of you!



Hoping to get some advice on how best to proceed, I described the situation to Anastasia's grandfather. The elderly fellow stood there leaning on his walking-stick (or staff) as he listened intently to what I had to say.

After hearing me out, including my request for advice, the old fellow stood silent for a while. His facial expression betrayed intense thought. Finally, he lifted up his head and, squinting his eyes as though scanning space, began speaking.

"Neither my father nor I myself, not even the high priest, was able to guess how our granddaughter Anastasia would have any success in deciphering the secret of all secrets and answering the question as to why the Earth has begun morphing itself into such a stinky mess. The tribulations of the

¹⁴This is a quotation from Anastasia, reproduced on the back cover of the Russian edition of Book 2, *The Ringing Cedars of Russia*.

flesh and the agitations of human souls are something Man has brought upon himself.

“If Earth’s earlier civilisations are supposed to be the smartest, why did they not preserve a happy lifestyle for their children?”

“Everything today can at last be returned to the original world of God’s creation. Nobody had any idea how to preserve it and avoid repeating mistakes of the past. And then, if you please, she created the unthinkable combination all by herself, with her own thought, and immediately translated it into reality. All questions will now be answered.

“Events that took millennia to unfold Anastasia has compressed into a single age. She is repeating them. Now everyone can experience the history of the Earth, the history of your country, for himself. They can evaluate, draw a conclusion and write that conclusion down in their own Book of Kin. Man will be able to learn for himself, with his feelings and his soul, the events of a whole series of millennia.

“You see, just as Anastasia is now being denigrated, your ancestors were denigrated in Ancient Rus’ as their culture was devastated.

“They accused the paganism and Vedism of Ancient Rus’ of being frightfully barbaric and a cultural wasteland. How can you make people feel and fully appreciate what things were really like back then?”

“All on her own our granddaughter revealed the aspirations of our Russian ancestors and took upon herself the harsh blows of her attackers — themselves the descendants of those who slandered our ancestors in front of their contemporaries, in front of their children and grandchildren.

“It is as though she were inviting everybody living on the Earth today to choose themselves a role in a historical play, then act out this role and observe the situation from the sidelines. And even those who start observing the whole scenario

as spectators will be playing the *role* of spectators and thereby experiencing and appreciating the events taking place, and they themselves will be drawn into the action.

"I've got a bit ahead of myself. You wanted to know who is responsible for the insults and hindrances. I'll give you an answer. After all, that's not hard for a priest.

"It is people that have been responsible for obstructing anyone who has understood and been inspired by the ideas expressed by our granddaughter Anastasia. But not just *any* people. These people are bio-robots controlled by a tiny sect which arose a long time ago, and far away from Russia."

"But," I observed, "one of the clippings I have of signed newspaper articles states that the missionary office of the Tula Diocese has come out against Anastasia. I've read reports from people in various parts of the country on the unkindly attitude on the part of individual Christian congregations. Do they too include, as you say, bio-robots, controlled by some kind of sect?"

"The human bio-robots themselves are unaware of this control. They were simply pre-programmed a long time ago. The programmers had not foreseen anything on the order of Anastasia and so the programme experienced a major malfunction — pointing it down the road of self-annihilation."

"I can't put together details like that in my head. Where can I find confirmation?"

"If you can't put them together in your head, then put them all together according to your own sense of logic. Anyone capable of thinking will find it in their own sense of logic."

"Put it together logically?"

"Yes. Simple facts everybody knows. Take a look and see how one can reason, using only facts as a basis."

"How?"

"First of all, get a clear determination for yourself of just what Anastasia recommended everyone should do."

“Well,” I said, “she recommended everyone obtain at least one hectare of land and set up a domain on it for their family and descendants. As she says, if every family creates this little corner of Paradise for themselves, the whole Earth will be transformed into a Paradise. She also explained how to grow edible plants to counteract human diseases. Furthermore, she talked about a healthy lifestyle, child-raising and an appreciation for Nature, stating that Nature is comprised of God’s thoughts in solution. In sum, she set up a model whereby Russia can become a flourishing land and a home to happy families.”

“In talking about kin’s domains,” Grandfather continued, “Anastasia in fact revealed the greatest secret of the Divine being. She showed Man the way back to Paradise. This becomes clear if you gather all her sayings scattered over the various books together.

“She revealed a secret which the dark forces had kept concealed for thousands of years. These dark forces had destroyed everything that could have helped people learn about it.

“In the second century of your so-called ‘Common Era’ the last book still written in Runic characters was destroyed. This book told about Man’s Divine way of life. It talked, too, about the possibility of mastering the Universe through the harmonious mastery first of a plot of one’s family land and then the planet called Earth as a whole.

“Man who had mastered the Earth to perfection was presented with the opportunity to master other planets in the Universe — not technocratically, but psychotelepathically.”

“But didn’t any of the great wise-men talk about the Earth the way she did, at least once?”

“There is not a single treatise extant today, Vladimir, where you will find the discoveries Anastasia has made. Moreover, in the past six thousand years people have been deliberately led astray, led away from understanding the Earth. They have

had all sorts of teachings thrown at them and told that that's where they'll find the truth.

"No sooner does Man study one doctrine than he recognises that there is no truth in it. He's presented with another to study, then a third, and so forth. So life goes on, and even upon reaching his deathbed Man still hasn't understood the essence of life.

"Yet Man is still intuitively attracted to the Earth, to the great adventure of understanding it. Realising that this attraction of human souls could not simply be cut off at the roots, the powers of darkness decided to cast a shadow over Man's attraction to the Earth.

"In short, there have been a great many deceptions throughout the ages. But over the past six thousand years nobody has interacted with the Earth with conscious awareness."

"'With conscious awareness' — is that what Anastasia recommends?"

"Yes, that is what she recommends, and what people take from her sayings. Anastasia has turned human society as a whole onto a marvellous path. And nobody will now be able to stop her. After all, a whole lot of people are already carrying her dream in their hearts."

"But still, the hindering and slandering of both Anastasia and her readers has not stopped. If they only realised they can't stop her, they'd give up their slandering."

"At the moment, Vladimir, through the efforts of the slanderers, the higher echelons of power are attempting to thwart the dawn of a new era here in Russia. In the near future they will try to present the idea in a distorted form in some other country. And they will try to discredit the idea.

"Anastasia was able to foresee all this ahead of time. Her course of action, carefully thought through in advance, impressed even the high priest. She realised that once she had revealed the essence of Man and the Earth, a lot of people

would not be able to hold themselves back from direct interaction with the Earth. Too hasty an action could be dangerous — after all, people would first need to create their Space in their thoughts.

“In Russia the slanderers are now trying to set up obstacles, but people are still not betraying their dream and are mentally creating their Space without letting up.

“Of course the system is strong, but you can’t just go accusing everyone indiscriminately. Church people are divided over Anastasia.”

“I know,” I said. “I have met with a number of clerics who understand and support Anastasia.”

“You and your readers must be aware of just who in the world might be disadvantaged by information surfacing in Russia today.”

“I would say there are many self-proclaimed ‘developed’ nations that would not want to see another, even more developed country on the horizon.”

“Yes, that’s logical. But each country has a lot of people. What do you think — are all of them up on what’s happening here, do they follow and analyse events taking place in Russia?”

“Not all of them, of course. But there are certain interested parties.”

“Who, for example?”

“Who? Well, for instance, companies that deal in medicines and supply them to Russia in large quantities, they would be disadvantaged if Russians stopped getting sick.”

“And beyond that?”

“Beyond that... There are a great many foodstuffs that we import from abroad today. If Anastasia’s plans were to be implemented, it would be the other way round: Russia would export foodstuffs to many countries. And in that she would have no competition.”

“Which means Anastasia’s plan would turn out to be unprofitable — not to the populations of these various countries but to certain classes of people, and these might be located in just about any country, including Russia itself. Do you agree?”

“Yes. In general, I do.”

“Now tell me, this class of people who possess enormous capital, might they not have their own intelligence services following global development trends?”

“Of course. All major companies have such services. If they didn’t, they would go bankrupt. There are even schools set up to train such people.”

“All right. So, major companies have services providing them with intelligence from various countries. And in turn they can influence the creation of favourable conditions for themselves?”

“Yes.”

“You agree. Good. If you pursue this line of reasoning, you will come to the conclusion that national governments have similar services at their disposal. There are many examples of this in history. The most significant of all is a tiny Jewish group which is involved in the governing of America, Europe and Russia. Though they have merely been an instrument in the hands of the high priest.”

“What’s the connection between this group and the Christian dioceses that have come out against Anastasia?”

“I indicated that those who serve as bio-robots are this type of people. They arose under the influence of the priests’ programme and the tiny Jewish group that is spread out in various places.”

“Where’s the proof of such statements?”

“In historical facts. They need to be examined meticulously and impartially.”

CHAPTER SIXTEEN



To Jews, Christians and others

In appealing to Jews and Christians, I am counting on the understanding of at least some adherents of these two mutually exclusive ideologies. I realise not everyone is aware of the reason I felt compelled to touch upon this topic.

The mere mention of the subject in my previous book¹ touched off a chain of hurt feelings — even though the essence of Anastasia’s sayings has only one aim, namely, to shed light on the causes of conflicts between peoples — the same conflicts that have been going on incessantly over the past five millennia.

As I was working on the present volume, common sense dictated that it would be better to avoid the theme of Jews and Christianity altogether. Why stir up a good part of my readership and cause them to become disposed against me? Nevertheless, in view of the information in my possession, I do not feel I have a right to withhold it, no matter how distasteful it may seem to some people.

In presenting descriptions of the Jewish pogroms which have been going on for millennia, I simply cited historical facts, trying my best not to offer personal commentary on the events described or to treat them too subjectively.

My only goal here is to try to prevent yet another large-scale pogrom against Jews which could take place simultaneously in several countries.

Such a pogrom could conceivably be significantly greater in scope than that unleashed during the era of Nazi Germany.

¹See Book 6, Chapter 6: “Imagery and trial”.

In fact, it is almost inevitable. Only one thing can prevent it: a sufficient understanding of the causes of previous pogroms, along with corresponding actions to remove these causes.

I shall try not to resort to the statements made by the recluses of the Siberian taiga — Anastasia and her grandfather — even though they carry more and more weight with me personally with each passing year, since others might interpret them as sheer invention. I shall endeavour to draw proofs simply from well-known facts, or facts which can be easily attested by anyone who wishes to.

And so, as is known from historical sources, anti-Jewish pogroms date back to the time of the Egyptian pharaohs. And over the last millennium they have occurred approximately once every hundred years, in various countries which had become christianised by that time. And their scope has been expanding with each passing century.

The last large-scale attempt to annihilate the Jews occurred in Nazi Germany from 1939 to 1945. Jews were burned in concentration-camp ovens, shot execution-style and poisoned with gas. Various sources estimate the number of Jews exterminated during this time to be in the neighbourhood of six million.

The regularity of recurring events connected with the extermination of the Jewish populations of various countries over more than one millennium clearly and convincingly attests to the existence of certain causes behind these events. At the same time somebody has been attempting to carefully conceal the true causes.

The mass media — the press, radio and TV — have been painstakingly trying to avoid this most contentious issue. It only takes a single mention in the media to provoke accusations of inciting racial hatred.

In actual fact racism can be incited more readily by remaining silent about the sensitive and controversial issues facing society today.

A great many facts attest to society's sensitivity to the Jewish question. Many people will remember a speech by a Russian general, a member of the State Duma, in which he declared, in effect: "Get all the Jews out of Russia!"

A number of Duma members condemned the general. Naturally, he was given no coverage in the press. Nobody started an argument with him. Why? Was it because this general was just one lone voice supporting such a view, making it hardly worth wasting precious airtime on the whole Russian public's arguing with just one person?

I dare say, though, he is not alone. He has a lot of company, not just among his fellow-generals, but among Russian civil servants, among Russian youth.

The numbers of people willing to blame all their troubles on the Jews are steadily increasing. The silence on the part of the press is allowing them to build up to a critical mass. I can cite figures which more than eloquently attest to this.

Since 1992 more than fifty anti-Semitic books have been released in Russia by various publishing houses. This rather sizeable number does not include materials published by the underground press, nor a multitude of newspapers and magazines.

You won't find these publications gathering dust on store shelves or in publishers' warehouses. They are circulating from hand to hand. Many of them have been read so many times the covers are starting to fall off. These are publications in demand. And their readers tend to dismiss the absence of any discussion of the issue in the press by simply saying "the whole press is in the hands of Jews". Their arguments are so well developed that anyone without a thorough grounding in the subject will find it a challenge to counteract them.



I was sitting in my train compartment, on my way back to Moscow from St. Petersburg, when I walked two men and a girl. The men wore dark-coloured shirts and wide army-officer belts. They looked very much as though they had been exhausted by some rather strenuous activity and immediately lay down on the upper bunks.

I struck up a conversation with the girl, who, like the men, was dressed rather severely. It turned out they were on their way home from a convention of (as she put it) 'the patriotic forces of Russia'.

"And what issues were discussed at your convention?" I asked her.

"The struggle with world Jewry," she proudly replied.

"How can you, being here in Russia, struggle with someone who is, let's say, in Europe or America?"

"We've got our supporters in Europe, and in America too. We haven't contacted them all, but we know of many movements that share our views. Patriots in various countries are soon going to unite against world Jewry."

The girl was talkative, chatting on audaciously. Either by instruction or at her own initiative she was taking on the role of agitator for her (as she was convinced) 'patriotic' movement.

I asked the girl:

"Tell me, have the Jews harmed you personally in any way?"

"Sure they have. Because of them I'm forced to live in a poor and filthy country which keeps kowtowing to the West and licking up its crumbs."

"But what makes you think the Jews are the cause of the failures in our country?"

"Cause they've got this special plan of action. They deceive and plunder one country, then another, then a third. And no sooner does the first get back on its feet than they start cleaning it out again. They don't even consider us human beings.

Just look at what's written here. This is a copy of several passages from their Talmud."

Handing me a slim pamphlet, she opened it to a particular place and I began reading.

I shan't reproduce these citations here, as back then, during our conversation, it was hard for me to tell how much they actually corresponded to the Talmud. I was already aware that, according to the Old Testament, the Jews consider themselves to be a chosen people. But that's not the point. I was so struck by this young 'patriot's' rampant aggressiveness that I felt it was high time to get to the truth of the matter.

The root cause of the incessant conflicts within many countries lies in the existence, within one and the same society at one and the same time, of two mutually exclusive religious ideologies.

Let us examine the question of just *what is religion?* First and foremost, *it is an ideology which shapes a particular class of Man, plugging him into a particular programme of action.*

Religion — in this case, the religion of the Jews — defines the Jewish people as exclusively chosen by God, and even concretises and regulates its actions in respect to other peoples.

Christianity, on the other hand, says that a Christian Man is a servant, and some will get to relax in Paradise only after this earthly life. It's hard for rich people to get to Paradise. You must love your neighbours and share your possessions with them.

The Talmud says: "It's all yours", while the Bible says: "Give it all up". A good combination! These two mutually exclusive ideologies arose from one location — i.e., Israel. But that doesn't mean that they were worked out by Jews themselves. That's not the point. What is significant here is the inevitability of conflict.

The inevitability of conflict between adherents of the two ideologies can be attested by examining even the behaviour of very young children. Let's say we tell one child that all the toys he sees belong only to him, while we encourage another

child to give up the toys he owns when another needs them — what then is the result?

The second child may agree to hand over his toys once or twice, but he won't exactly feel love for the one who takes them. Sooner or later he will want at least something back, but nothing will be offered to him. As a result he will either start crying or try to use force.

And so it turns out that two differing ideologies may serve to facilitate conflict even between children as yet unborn.

In a case like this nationality doesn't even come into the question. You could turn all the ethnic Jews into Christians and all the Slavic peoples into practising Jews and still get the very same conflicts.

It is not nationalities that are constantly warring with each other, but differing ideologies exploiting nationality for their own purposes.

We have heard even very cultured and enlightened people warn us from time to time about the necessity of a tolerant attitude toward different faiths. The State Duma has adopted a law punishing those inciting ethnic or religious hatred. On TV we see leaders of different denominational groups getting together to participate in secular governmental receptions.

It all gives the appearance of something good, proper and normal. But it does absolutely nothing to reduce extremism. We still keep seeing placards with inflammatory slogans saying *Kill them!* and we still hear reports on people setting off explosions at non-profit organisations.

So, what's going on? It's all quite simple. The situation cannot be changed simply by eloquent words and appeals. To the contrary, such words only serve to conceal the real state of affairs and make it worse. It remains concealed, waiting for the 'zero hour' to explode and destroy the state.



“Let’s show a tolerant attitude toward all faiths!” Let’s indeed. I myself — like many others, I think — have nothing against a tolerant attitude.

But what then happens with the faiths themselves? This is what happens. Each of them tries with all their might to become as strong as possible and attract to their ranks the greatest possible number of followers. Finally, once they think they have achieved a sufficiently solid power base, two ideologies inevitably find themselves on a collision course, as is clearly confirmed by the history of incessant conflicts in the world. But over the course of many centuries mankind, as though pre-programmed, continues to make the same mistakes over and over again.

Did the priests know about this — the ones who created the two ideologies? Yes, they knew. How could they not know, these people who are capable of exercising a psychological influence on millions of people in various countries all over the world, capable of pre-programming human beings?

Was their aim really to make the Jewish people happy by telling them they were ‘chosen’? History shows quite a different motivation. Over the centuries the Jewish people have been used as a ‘throwaway card’, or scapegoat, serving as a shield to divert people’s attention from those who are ‘playing their own little game’, using both Jews and Christians as pawns in a simple chess match. This kind of pre-programming causes only suffering to both parties.

You can see for yourselves where all this is leading today. The world is witnessing an ever greater accumulation of aggressive energy. Conflict continues between Israel and Palestine. With their military technology and American support, Israel can occupy Palestinian land and subject the inhabitants to its own demands. But this is by no means favourable to the development of mutual respect between two neighbouring

peoples. Quite the opposite: the amount of aggressive energy directed at the Jews is sharply rising throughout the Muslim world. This energy will inevitably find its outlet, including incessant acts of terrorism on both Israeli and American territory. But it is not just the Israeli-Palestinian conflict that is at play here. More and more inhabitants of our planet are realising that the current path of development of our global civilisation is heading for a dead end.

People are being devoured by AIDS, drugs, crime and technological disasters. The overwhelming majority of Earth's inhabitants are deprived of the opportunity to consume food that will not harm their health, to drink clean, uncontaminated water and to breathe pure, unpolluted air.

But what if these masses of people were to acquire information about the true cause of social and technological disasters? What if leaders appeared who could show them the true instigators of this depressing global situation, and expose their game, their aims, their tricks?

This, and this alone, is what the world ideologists are afraid of. It is for this reason, in an attempt to shield themselves from universal human outrage, that they keep tossing out again and again that time-tested card, namely the Jews. *You bet — they're to blame for everything — down with them!* Angry masses launch attacks on Jews indiscriminately. That's what's been going on, over and over again, throughout the ages. They attack them, thinking they're getting rid of something evil, whereas all they're doing, in fact, is 'letting off steam'.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN



Going deep into history

The account told me by Anastasia's grandfather struck me as being quite extraordinary, and yet quite simple in its proof of the extraordinary.

Subsequently I began comparing his arguments with those from other sources and was amazed at how closely the details coincided. These were facts which nudged logical thinking to certain conclusions. And now I shall try reconciling the conclusions drawn by Anastasia's grandfather with those of other sources.

Back during the years 30–100 of our Common Era small groups of believing Jews and dissidents living in Israel, Palestine or other parts of the Roman Empire, began to merge into an independent movement within Judaism. This resulted in the formation of a small Christian community comprising people who earnestly believed in the precepts of Christ Jesus and His imminent resurrection — an account attested in a great number of historical monographs, including the Bible.

In a word, there is no question that the mighty Christian doctrine began with the gatherings of a small Jewish community.

But now let us try to determine how the teachings of this small community suddenly found its way into not only the Roman Empire but also the territories of present-day Europe and Russia. How did people in so many countries come to hear of it — given that so few people knew about it even in Israel itself?

According to Anastasia's grandfather, the priests who controlled the Jews of that period realised that by tinkering with (or, rather, re-working) the Christian teachings in a certain way, these teachings could shape a type of slave mentality which would be very easy to control. This mentality either partially or almost completely rules out independent logical thinking, and Man begins to believe what he is told by the clergy or by someone else. More precisely: one ends up with bio-robotic people, subject to whatever programming has been instilled in them.

(A bio-robotic Man is a Man who consents — not entirely of his own free will, of course, but under the influence of special occult programming — to believe in an unreal world. And given that this unreal world has been constructed by someone for a specific purpose, this someone claims that he knows the laws of the unreal world and demands that Man subject himself to them. Whereas in fact he is subjecting the Man personally to himself.)

Next, the priests of Judaism, who at the time had not just the knowledge but also the practical experience of inculcating self-serving teachings into masses of people, trained hundreds of preachers from Christian ranks, gave them money and sent them off to various countries to instil the priests' own self-serving teachings into the local populations.

An incidental proof of this may be seen in the following.

At the end of the second century of our Common Era a number of Jewish Christian communities suddenly launched a comprehensive missionary campaign in various countries. This campaign was preceded by a period of intensified evangelisation (the publication and copying of the Christian Hebrew Bible).

Everybody knows perfectly well that even today publishing books requires money. In ancient times the production of each book required not just money, but big money. A goodly

sum would have been needed, too, for travel to other countries. It was largely merchants, or wealthy and prominent people, who could afford such travel. So how could such an extravagant, large-scale operation be carried out by a community consisting mainly of rural residents?

Of course there must have been expert theoretical training and a considerable amount of financing involved. The attention the priests paid to these rural residents, together with their moral and financial support, served to turn ordinary peasant believers into fully-fledged fanatics.

Just picture to yourself a Hebrew villager who is suddenly told:

“We see in you the makings of a great missionary and preacher. All you have to do is study up a bit, we’ll give you money and you’ll teach people, only... Only not here in our country. You’ll be going to other countries.”

And so they studied up, got their money and off they went — travelling to other lands. So, what was the result? Any success? Not a bit. The Jewish preachers were rejected by the people in every country they went to. It was more than just a simple rejection — at first they were listened to, then asked to leave. The more obtrusive among them were beaten or had dogs set upon them.

This is confirmed by many historical facts known from the Roman Empire of the period, where the major contingent of preachers was sent.

The only significant result of this massive campaign was the organising of a network of Christian communities in various parts of the Roman Empire. But there was no way they could shake the foundations of the traditional sects of the time. Ancient Rome was left just as pagan as in earlier times. These sects exerted no influence either on the political life of the Empire or on the formation of the new type of Man — the bio-robotic slaves the priests had dreamt about.

And the Roman emperors had absolutely no regard for this first wave of preachers.

The Emperor Nero, who was generally tolerant of the various pagan beliefs on the whole, took a particular dislike to the Christians. Christians were expelled from Roman territory by various emperors: Dionysius (249–251), Diocletes (284–285) and especially Galerius (305–311), one of the leading persecutors of the sect.

It was not until the second wave came that the preachers had any success. Unlike their predecessors, preachers of the second wave were no fanatics. The priests prepared them in such a way that they could speak eloquently about their faith on the one hand, while on the other they had a knowledge of psychology and were capable of influencing a person by using his aspirations to achieve their own ends.

The mission of the second wave of preachers was focused solely on the rulers — persuading them that their authority could be enhanced and perpetuated by the Christian faith, that it would make their state completely governable, controllable and flourishing.

It was to this end that certain dogmas were introduced as well, such as *All power is of God* and *The ruler is God's vicegerent on the Earth*.

Confessions opened the door to controlling the thoughts, hopes and actions of every citizen of a country. In a word, the preachers began persuading the rulers that the christianisation of a state would create the most favourable conditions for governing.

And on the surface it did, but only on the surface. In falling into these traps, the rulers had no idea they were actually falling under the control of other powers.

Christianity began noticeably consolidating its position in the Roman Empire beginning in 312 C.E., when Emperor Constantine was persuaded how advantageous the presence

of Christian churches within the state would be for him. He agreed to offer them patronage, even while still maintaining the temples to the Roman gods.

This led to a significant improvement in the position of Christianity within the Roman Empire, an increase in its wealth, and successive generations of Christian archbishops attaining a level of power rivalling that of the Roman senators.

This phenomenon, along with many others to follow, attests to the fact that Christian teachings were unable to develop and exert any serious influence on society without the support of secular rulers. Christian leaders themselves were always among the pretenders to power.

While the Roman Church continues to enjoy great power even today, the Roman Empire disappeared. A coincidence? An exception to the rule, or a predictable pattern? This question can be answered by examining the history of nation-states in the ensuing centuries, right up to the present day.

There is not a single state on our planet anybody could name which began flourishing with the arrival of Christianity. On the other hand, one can name off a whole list of states which succumbed to the same sad fate as the Roman Empire.

And one more interesting historical fact: in every single country where Christianity was officially adopted, it wasn't long before non-Christian Jews began to appear and start engaging in rather strange activities. They became wealthy with extraordinary ease.

In every Christian country they pursued their activities on such a large scale that they couldn't help but be noticed by both the citizenry and the governments of these countries. And when they reached a certain level in a particular land, the people started reacting violently toward them and the government began expelling them abroad.

We have access to a whole lot of reports of anti-Jewish pogroms in various Christian countries, dating back to the

beginning of the eleventh century. In 1096 dozens of Jewish communities were plundered on the Rhein and their residents exiled. In 1290 Jews were expelled from England. At the end of the fourteenth century more than 100,000 Jews were exterminated in Spain. (Granted, some time later Jews quietly began coming back to these countries.)

This list of historical facts could all too easily be added to. But no need. It is already absolutely clear that these situations, so similar to each other and constantly repeating themselves over many centuries, are the result of pre-programming.

And since losses have been suffered by both the members of the Christian world and the Jews themselves, there must be a third party involved which remains free from loss. For this third party both types of Man — the Christian and the Jew — are reduced to the status of mere bio-robots, easily manipulable.

Who is this third party? Historical researchers attempting to dig out the roots and discover the essence of the lawlessness that has been taking place constantly in the world over the millennia have always pointed only to the Jews. They are to blame for everything, or so the claim goes. But if there exists a third power, both the Jews and the Christians turn out to be nothing but puppet bio-robots in the hands of this third power.

But is it possible to determine and prove its existence today? Of course it is. By what means? By means of historical facts and logical thinking. You can judge for yourselves.



Within the Jewish society there is one tribe in particular — or layer, ethnic division, caste: you can call it what you like — the name doesn't really matter. For brevity's sake let's call them *Levites*.

Some historical sources say the Levites were descendants of the Egyptian priests. Other more familiar sources, in particular the Old Testament, give us to understand that the Levites occupied a special position among the Jews.

For example, according to Hebrew law they were exempt from participation in military action. They were not compelled to pay taxes or tributes to anyone. The Levites were not included in the Hebrew census described in the Old Testament.¹

When the Hebrews were on the march and the time came to make camp, the tribes of Israel — numbering anywhere from 50,000 to 150,000 — pitched their tents in a circle, each one in a pre-designated spot. There were indications of the north, south, east and west co-ordinates as well as the locations where guards were to be posted. The Levites invariably occupied the centre. Hence protection of the Levites fell within the duties of all the other Hebrew tribes.

And just what did the members of this class of Levites do?

It was their duty to appoint from among their ranks officials to conduct services, and enforce Jewish laws — laws which, among other things, regulated what to eat, what to do with apostates and where to go. The laws were strict and specific. They covered all one's waking hours from morning 'til night. They showed what lands people could occupy. Also whom they should fight.

Thus the Levites were the *de facto* rulers of the Jewish people. And, all things considered, most definitely qualified for the job.

¹Special provisions for the Levites are described in the first chapter of the Book of Numbers in the Bible (verses 47–54).

It is hard to tell whether the Levites were actually Jews themselves. Few of the laws every Jew was supposed to abide by extended to them. For example, while universal Jewish law required circumcision of a child on the eighth day after birth, the Levites were exempt.

Thus, with their knowledge of the secret science of the Egyptian priests and their capacity to do experiments, engage in observation and contemplation free from military duties and the work routine everybody else was so accustomed to, they have been in a position to constantly perfect their knowledge from generation to generation right up to the present day.

Now, how could that be — ‘up to the present day’? People may wonder why we haven’t heard about the ethnic group or social class known as the Levites. The English, Russians and French, for example — everybody knows about them. But why do so few people know about the most intelligent people of all, the Levites, especially since they are the ones governing everybody?

The reason is that just like the Egyptian priests, they too must remain in the shadows. In case anything happens, full responsibility will fall on the Jews, the ones who carry out their will.

Jews have been persecuted for centuries in various countries of the world. Persecuted for what? For using any means they can to make as much money as possible. And many of them are successful.

Anyway, what have the Levites got to do with this? What benefit or interest would it be to them if Jews in England, Spain or Russia went about their politicking and transferred a major part of public or private funds to their own bank accounts — in other words, pocket the money for themselves? Wouldn’t both the rulers and the people of some country or other catch sight of this ugly phenomenon, and start a violent

reaction against Jews and mistreat them? Something like that could go all the way up to the Levites. Hence the impression of illogicality in the actions of the 'wise Levites'. And what point would there be in the Levites' helping the Jews with sound advice or in coming up with clever intrigues for them — manipulating whole nation-states at a time?

Well, as it turns out, there *is* a point. A matter of simple, direct and specific interest. Money! Wealthy Jews, no matter what country they find themselves in, are obliged to pay a part of their profits to the Levites. Proof? Take a look! According to the Old Testament, the Hebrews are obliged to give a tenth part of their income to the Levites. Here is the exact wording from the Bible:

All the contributions from holy-gifts, which the Israelites set aside for the Lord, I give to you and to your sons and daughters with you as a due in perpetuity. This is a perpetual covenant of salt before the Lord with you and your descendants also.

The Lord said to Aaron: You shall have no patrimony in the land of Israel, no holding among them; I am your holding in Israel, I am your patrimony.

To the Levites I give every tithe in Israel to be their patrimony, in return for the service they render in maintaining the Tent of the Presence. In order that the Israelites may not henceforth approach the Tent and thus incur the penalty of death, the Levites alone shall perform the service of the Tent, and they shall accept the full responsibility for it. This rule is binding on your descendants for all time. They shall have no patrimony among the Israelites, because I give them as their patrimony the tithe which the Israelites set aside as a contribution to the Lord. Therefore I say unto them: You shall have no patrimony among the Israelites.

The Lord spoke to Moses and said, Speak to the Levites in these words: When you receive from the Israelites the tithe which I give you from them as your patrimony, you shall set aside from it the contribution to the Lord, a tithe of the tithe. Your contribution shall count for you as if it were corn from the threshing-floor and juice from the vat. In this way you too shall set aside the contribution due to the Lord out of all tithes which you receive from the Israelites and shall give the Lord's contribution to Aaron the priest. Out of all the gifts you receive you shall set aside the contribution due to the Lord; and the gift which you hallow must be taken from the choicest of them.

You shall say to the Levites: When you have set aside the choicest part of your portion, the remainder shall count for you as the produce of the threshing-floor and the wine-press, and you may eat it anywhere, you and [your sons and] your households. It is your payment for service in the Tent of the Presence...²

Someone might wonder how the Old Testament, more than two thousand years old, relates to our modern times. There is an answer. Aren't there still rabbis and other clerics among Jewish believers today? Of course there are! And, of course, the majority of Jews still observe their religious canons. If that is so, then just try to picture the colossal amount of capital held by the Levites, scattered through the banks of various countries!

Besides that, they don't have to worry about maintaining or multiplying their capital. Most bankers in a lot of countries are Jews, and that is their job. Of course, at the right moment

²Numbers 18:19–31 (cited here from *The New English Bible*). Note that “the Tent of the Presence” corresponds to “the tabernacle of the congregation” in the older Authorised Version of the Bible.

the Levites can drop a hint as to where their capital should be invested. They can suggest which régimes, alliances or groups opposing existing governments should be either supported or, alternatively, exterminated by financial intrigue.

There might have been reason to doubt Anastasia's information on human society all over the globe being controlled by just a handful of priests. But now, after going through this chain of logic, there can no longer be any doubt for anyone still capable of logical thinking. I'm not talking about fanatics.

The logic may be outlined as follows:

Approximately one million Jews came out of Egypt under the control of the priests. The priests' close assistants were the Levites, to whom they entrusted the task of shaping the Jews into a pre-determined type of individual Man. To this end they created an ideological religion, which set up a series of rituals along with a unique way of life.

The Levites managed to carry out their appointed task. The ideology created several thousand years ago still weighs on the Jews even today. It is what distinguishes them from the host of other nationalities living on the Earth.

One of the basic tenets of this ideology is the declaration that, of all the national groups populating the Earth, God selected the Jews alone as His chosen people.

So, this ideology still exists today, the Jews still exist today, and the conflicts continue and many people know about them. But where are the Levites? Do we ever hear much about them? Hardly at all. And therein lies their subtlety — or their wisdom — you can call it what you like, but they exist.

Now picture to yourself a rather small group of people living on this Earth who possess a greater degree of esoteric knowledge than anyone else — a group that has, over the millennia, been constantly adding to their experience of practical influence over masses of humanity.

Is there any body that can be compared with them — say, some sort of state-sponsored institute set up to study issues of national development or the formation of ideologies?

This is not possible for a variety of reasons, including the following:

The Levites have been passing their esoteric knowledge down to their heirs over the generations, and are continuing to do so today.

Modern science rejects esoteric knowledge and therefore does not consider it a serious object for research, to say the least.

This absurd situation did not come about haphazardly. But why is it *absurd*? Judge for yourselves.

On the one hand, the state accords official recognition to a number of religions, and they too are quite esoteric. The state even sets up favourable conditions for their financial support. Yet the state does not make any provision for *scientific study* of esoteric tendencies. This means, in effect, that within the territory of the state there are legalised structures capable of influencing the mentality of its citizenry. But the secular government has only the foggiest idea of what this influence consists of in actual practice. So, in the end, who is controlling whom?

Secondly, not only the government but all its thinking citizens should try to learn the lessons of history. History makes a very good school of life. But, for this, one has to know one's history. Those who rule the world know it perfectly well. Most people, however — and that includes those in the government — know next to nothing of the history of the state in which they live. More than that, the little history they do know is distorted. Russia is a perfect example.



It wasn't that long ago that we heard in our schools and colleges, in art and especially literature — just about everywhere, in fact — how terrible life was for our grandmothers and grandfathers in Tsarist Russia. For most of us this belief was a sacred cow. For most of us it went far beyond a belief — people made such a fuss over those that delivered us from the terror of tsarism. For many people the commissars in their leather jackets were heroes, while the symbol of reactionary extremism became the priesthood.

And then all at once, before our very eyes — note, not over two or three generations or centuries, but right before our eyes — history changed.

The commissars in their leather jackets, it turned out, were scoundrels, subjecting the people to genocide. And after tsarism we lived in the most terrible and totalitarian state in the world. And again, the majority of the people believed it. And once more the majority made a fuss over those who had delivered them from the yoke of a totalitarian state.

I am not about to say which of these régimes is the better or the worse. But it seems that we should all ponder this phenomenon of change — something amounting to a whole sea-change in our consciousness over an extremely brief period of time. We should ponder the question of why it changed so radically. Did the changes take place all by themselves or under somebody's manipulation?

Here, too, it is not difficult to guess: for a long time now it has been all too easy to manipulate our consciousness, and this is what is still going on today. We are like guinea-pigs in somebody's hands.

It is only the masters of manipulation that are competing amongst themselves. It is they who render us incapable of perceiving historical reality.

But let us try to discern just what this reality, in fact, is all about. Let us try to determine historical reality not on the basis of somebody's words, but of our own power of reasoning.

Note how every day on the TV, programme after programme keeps showing us first-hand how husbands subtly betray their wives and vice-versa. We are constantly being called upon to pay attention to scores of non-existent problems, but God forbid any serious issue will be raised by our politicians, journalists or writers! Such an issue makes a brief appearance only to be immediately lost in the daily soup of gossip, violent TV series, psychotropic advertising and mud-slinging.

What we need is a thoughtful analysis of what's been going on, a critical analysis of the status of life on our planet today, and the working out of a plan for the future. We need a new ideology. An ideology that won't cause the world's peoples to come to blows with each other, but will actually unite them.

But repeating a thousand times how necessary it is to do this, even shouting it a thousand times, won't make it happen. Even if we were to gather all the leading scholars of the world and sit them down together to work out this new ideology, again, nothing would come of it. Only an unending argument.

If science were capable of working out such an ideology, it would have come up with it and put it into practice long ago, at least in some country or other.

Anastasia. It doesn't matter any more who she is. That's not the point.

In the face of this ongoing lawlessness, Anastasia has given to the world the idea of family domains. Now it is becoming abundantly clear that in very simple terms she has outlined a philosophy, a new ideology, which has remained and still remains unshaken in human hearts ever since the creation of the world.

Kings and paupers, Christians and Jews, Muslims and Shintoists, Russians, Chinese and Americans, have always found the greatest grace and solace for their souls in the bosom of Divine Nature.

Anastasia's philosophy is the philosophy of uniting mankind not with words, but through concrete action, by merging the interests of different peoples of the world. Experience has shown that it is accepted by people of different nationalities, including Jews. And I have documented proof of this.

And I invite Jewish analysts, Christians and ideologues of patriotic movements to examine her ideas and philosophical aspirations. My invitation extends to leaders and followers of any religious denomination, either large or small. The very act of examination is a creative process in itself, which can lead to a union of opposites — to a “*conjoint creation and joy for all from its contemplation*”,³ as God Himself wanted.

³Quoted from Book 4, Chapter 2: “The beginning of creation”.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN



Take down Jesus Christ from the cross

I'll say this right off: one must be careful not to confuse the teachings of Jesus Christ, the selfless deeds of Russian church elders, with the occult set of rituals we are confronted with today. It is quite possible for the most beautiful teachings to be neutralised by occult devices.

As you must realise yourself, Christ Jesus has nothing to do with them. Moreover, He himself continues to hang on the cross to this day, thanks to the efforts of the occultists and our own ignorance.

I have deliberately devoted a number of chapters to the power of the energy of human thought, through which people are able to create images. If this is understandable, then tell me: which is the clearest image of Christ Jesus prevailing in your thought — in the thoughts of the majority of believers? A straw poll points to a crucifix — the image of Jesus Christ crucified on the cross.

You will find crucifixes in every Catholic and Orthodox church. Who thought up an occult device like this, and for what purpose? Did Christ Jesus himself want this particular image to be front and centre, predominating over all the others? Of course not!

But we — yes, we — continue to project the image of the crucifixion — note, not the resurrection, but the crucifixion — through the power of our own thoughts. And the image we kiss is not of the resurrection, but of the crucifixion.¹ And that is how we still keep Him on the cross.

This simple occult device uses the energy of collective human thought in shaping an image.

And Jesus Christ will remain hanging on the cross until we realise this and take him down from it with our thoughts — until we stop giving in to occult machinations.

Right from the start, in shaping the various religions the priests tried to imbue them with their occult rituals and teachings.

Any religion — even the very brightest, one which summons people to kindness and noble deeds — if interwoven with the priests' nuances, can be a powerful device in their hands. This device has enabled them to subjugate whole entire nations and set them at odds with each other, to the point of utter self-annihilation. That's the way it has been and still is today. Many contemporary religions still today involve occult rituals and teachings whose meaning and degree of influence on mankind is known only to the priests.

The projection of Jesus Christ's crucifixion by a great many people's thoughts is due to a particular occult ritual. But the people themselves involved in this projection — or, rather, their souls — will be crucified over and over again as long as they project this image.

The collective thought of the crucifixion is so strong that it can penetrate right through to the flesh of people today. Jesus' bleeding wounds periodically appear on the bodies of certain believers — this is known as the *stigmata mystery*.² Many

¹In some Christian churches, including the Russian Orthodox, kissing a crucifix is part of accepted ritual.

²*stigmata* — marks or pain sensations in places on the body corresponding to Jesus' wounds from the crucifixion. The word *stigmata* comes from the Latin word for *marks* in the Vulgate edition of Galatians 6: 17: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus" (quoted here from the Authorised Version). The majority of stigmatics are said to be female members of Roman Catholic orders.

scholars believe that the *stigmata*, or bleeding wounds — are a symptom of mental illness. I would add that this is not a disease affecting a single individual, but rather a whole segment of society, and that its root cause is an occult ritual observance induced by the priests.

However, instead of making a thorough investigation of this phenomenon, some enterprising people have exploited it for commercial purposes. Take, for example, the city of San Nicolás in Argentina, home to the stigmatic Gladys Motta:³ all around her house are signs of a brisk trade in everything directly or indirectly connected to her.

Anastasia's grandfather put it this way:

“People murdering each other, along with what you call *terrorism*, is rooted in the teachings of the priests which they have infused into many religious denominations, both large and small.

“They are the ones who came up with the doctrine that Man's true Divine life is not on the Earth but somewhere in another dimension. They are the ones who invented the image of a Paradise apart from the Earth God Himself created. It is because of this doctrine that so many religious fanatics manifest an attitude of neglect toward life on the Earth. It takes but a small amount of pressure exerted on their mind to induce them to kill either themselves or others.

³*Gladys Quiroga de Motta* (1937–) — one of the more celebrated stigmatics in the world today. An ordinary housewife living in San Nicolás de los Arroyos (a small town 230 km north of Buenos Aires), Ms Motta had her first vision of the Virgin Mary on 25 September 1983, a vision repeated many times since. Ms Motta's stigmata first appeared in November of the following year and then twice a year since, during Advent and Lent. Every year on 25 September thousands of pilgrims (now more than a million annually) descend upon the town, hoping to benefit from her presence. In recent years the increased tourist trade in San Nicolás, including the sale of 'Blessed Virgin Mary' souvenirs, saved the town's economy following the privatisation of the local steel mill.

“Anastasia has tried to bring this information to our attention through many different words and phrases. But not everybody will grasp what she says. Not everyone will understand my words. You, Vladimir, along with your readers, should give careful thought to what we have said, and cite your own examples and proofs. A number of different voices blending into a single whole will be able to bring liberation.

“Look carefully at the root cause of war and terrorism today and you will clearly see the influence of this monstrous teaching.”



The Siberian elder went on at some length on this subject. He appeared to be just a little excited, sometimes pausing to stroke the cedar pendant hanging around his neck before returning to the topic of how we ourselves need to be more aware of the manifestation of occult rituals and teachings.

“No spiritual teachers will be able to save people from these doctrines if the people don’t start thinking for themselves and learning to recognise them,” Grandfather said.

Believing that I had grasped the significance of his statement, I set about investigating the phenomenon of terrorism in our lives. In the future this is something we shall have to do all together. I shall merely start the ball rolling.

CHAPTER NINETEEN



Terrorism

And so, in recent years, a wave of acts of terrorism has swept across many lands. Memories of large-scale events, such as those of 11 September 2001 in America, still haunt people's minds. A fearful terrorist act took place even more recently in our country: from the 23rd to the 26th of October 2002 terrorists held more than 800 people hostage at the Moscow Theatre Centre on Dubrovka Street during a performance of the musical *Nord-Ost*.¹

In between these two major acts of terrorism quite a few others have occurred, not quite so spectacular, in various parts of the globe, claiming human lives.

On each occasion different governments have angrily denounced the terrorists involved. Their 'special services' keep mouthing assurances that the guilty parties will be punished, at the same time increasing the level of precautionary security measures.

¹*Nord-Ost* (lit. 'North-East' in German) — a Russian musical play based on a novel by Veniamin Kaverin and telling a romantic story set in the Severnaya Zemlya Archipelago (in Russia's Far North) in 1913. During the performance the premises were seized by a group of well-trained and well-armed commandos (including a group of women with explosives strapped to their bodies) who demanded from the Russian government the immediate withdrawal of Russian troops from the war-crippled Chechnya republic. The theatre was eventually stormed by Russian élite 'special troops' but the deadly gas they used ended up killing 130 hostages on the spot and causing many more to die afterward. The theatre was closed temporarily after the hostage crisis, but re-opened with the same production the following February. Subsequent attendance was poor, however, possibly because of fears of renewed attacks, and the play was cancelled in May 2003.

An international coalition to combat terrorism is already at work. Even today, however, the problem shows no signs of letting up. Quite to the contrary, it is taking on ever greater proportions and becoming increasingly refined in its methods. It is hard to escape the impression that someone has been making masterful ploys to keep leading both governments and their special services down the wrong path.

The true source and chief organiser of many of the world's terrorist acts came in for a brief mention not too long ago in Russia. During the October 2002 hostage crisis the major TV networks featured a whole host of interviews and commentaries. This included statements from the Emergency Response Headquarters, presented by the Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs, among others. This trim, grey-haired man spoke tersely, almost in military fashion. His speech included no hesitation-sounds like *uh-uh... uhm...* His sentences were marked by thoughtful content and sensitivity, indicating that his thinking was relatively quick and precise.

He was one of the first to declare that "we're dealing here with religious fanatics". Quite possibly not very many people paid attention to this particular phrase, but for many who did understand, it resounded like a bolt from the blue. For the very first time — from the lips of a Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs yet — one of the fundamental tenets of terrorism was called by its real name.

This was followed by the floating of another concept: *Islamic fundamentalism*. Rumours began circulating that Islamic fundamentalists had declared war on Christians and Jews — Israel, Russia and the United States of America in particular.

The question arises as to how to fight against religious fanaticism. I suggest we all calm down and take a more thoughtful look at the situation.

Let us first decide whether religious fanaticism is found only in Islam or whether it exists in other religions as well.

Of course the latter is true. Let's not forget history. Think of the numerous Christian crusades. Think of the painting of the Boyarynya Morozova.² Think of the names of all the martyrs ready to sacrifice their lives for the sake of some religious dogma — martyrs who were elevated to sainthood after death.

The fact becomes patently obvious that it is not religion as a whole, but rather specific dogmas infused into various religions which make people indifferent to their own life. The religious suicide-fanatic is quite confident that, far from being indifferent to life, he is crossing over into real life.

How does this happen? Among any community of believers, Muslim or Christian, there can always be found a group of radical adherents to a particular dogma, whose faith can be honed by occult rituals to the point of fanaticism. The result is a kind of bio-robot who believes in something he himself can't see or understand logically.

Subsequently, those who are familiar with the functioning of the mind know perfectly well what buttons to press on this bio-robot, and they press them. Not with their fingers, of course. They simply indicate the target the bio-robot is to destroy for the sake of a bright future. Then the bio-robots

²*painting of the Boyarynya Morozova* — a famous canvas painted in 1887 by the Russian artist Vasily Ivanovich Surikov (1848–1916), showing the chained Boyarynya (Duchess) Feodosia Morozova on a horse-drawn sleigh surrounded by her 'Old Believer' supporters, all crossing themselves with two fingers, in defiant protest against the politically motivated reforms of the Russian Orthodox Church. The Church's new decree at the time that three fingers were to be used in making the sign of the cross was one of the main points of contention in the *raskol*, or schism, that split the whole institution apart in the 17th century. Tsar Alexey Romanov (father to Peter the Great), who instigated the reforms, had the Boyarynya (pron. *ba-YAH-rin-ya*) arrested in 1671 and planned to execute her, but fear of public unrest caused him to commute her sentence to imprisonment in Borovsk, where she was kept in a pit and died in 1675.

begin to work out the termination operation on their own and proceed to carry it out. Their own earthly life no longer has any meaning for them. They are, after all, confident in their own transition to a better, heavenly existence.

And so long as there exists the doctrine of goodness being attainable not on the Earth, but somewhere else, no army or 'special services' will succeed in eliminating suicide-bombers.

Let us picture the following situation. Let's say the 'special services' belonging to the major powers have got together and through their joint efforts have managed to get rid of every last terrorist on the globe. But what will that change? New terrorists will simply be born — as long as the doctrine which produces them continues to exist.

So what is the solution? Of course one cannot do without traditional precautionary measures. But along with these it is essential to understand how dangerous the doctrine is and to eliminate it before it produces more and more suicide-bombers.

Understanding! That is the most important thing today! Otherwise the struggle against terrorism will simply turn out to be a joke.

Picture the following situation. A religious fanatic, a suicide-bomber, seizes an aeroplane and aims it at some significant target in a major populated area. The authorities start negotiating with the terrorist — they tell him they are ready to meet any demands he has. But what these negotiators do not realise is that the religious fanatic's real goal is not the satisfaction of his demands. His aim is to die and assure himself entry into the non-earthly Paradise he has imagined for himself.

This dogma of a non-earthly Paradise, projected by the collective thought of people of various denominations, influences unbelievers too. For millennia now it has been exerting a most destructive influence on all mankind.



What I'm about to tell you now may seem unrealistic, even fantasaical. Still, the only way to solve this problem without violence may be the following.

It is absolutely essential that Orthodox Church patriarchs, Islamic muftis,³ religious elders and (above all) Christians, Catholics and Muslims come together for a conference, to carefully examine the situation in the world today and change the life-destroying doctrines in their religious teachings. It is essential that religious fanatics be helped to regain their human perspective on life. It is essential to declare: "Our Father is here, on the Earth, and not somewhere else!"

And what if the religious leaders don't get together? What if they don't make any declaration like that?

Not to worry.

It has already been made!

People aren't turned on any more by the leaders of our religious denominations exhorting everyone to live in 'peace and friendship' with each other. Just the mere statement that "we will have nothing to do with terrorism" is no longer believable. A more radical step is required.

I indicated that a meeting and declaration such as this may be dismissed as unrealistic. Let's examine why. Why are we reluctant to believe that highly-placed, highly religious leaders would not be able to simply come to an agreement amongst themselves? After all, if *they* can't come to an agreement, then what can you expect from rank-and-file believers?

³*mufti* — an Islamic leader who has studied and is authorised to interpret Islamic law.

If they can't come to an agreement on their own, then common-sense elements in society and governments need to give them some help.

It is absolutely essential that they talk amongst themselves and agree. Otherwise bombs will start talking for them, in a big way. Much better for the *mind* of Man to do the talking. The mind of the children of God.



At first glance it may seem as though it might take a rather long time for Anastasia's ideas to effect any positive transformation in Russia, let alone other countries, seeing how gradually human consciousness ordinarily changes. However, experience has shown that in the case of many readers it can change instantaneously.

Let's look at what might happen in Chechnya⁴ if the Russian government, the State Duma, had adopted a law granting every willing family a hectare of land on which to establish a domain of their own along the lines recommended by Anastasia. The twenty thousand refugees who have been living with their families in tents for three years now would be granted their own domains. Over those three years each of those same tents which are now forming dirty tent cities would already be standing in its own splendid garden. Some of the residents would have already managed to build themselves a house.

⁴*Chechnya* — a small, mainly Muslim republic within the Russian Federation (see footnote 4 in Book 5, Chapter 17: "Questions and answers").

Who is stopping this from coming about today? Somebody who favours not peace, but its opposite. Somebody who is trying to prevent any positive changes from taking place in Russia.

Your efforts are wasted, chaps! I doubt any of you has even the foggiest idea of just who Anastasia is, or what powers she embodies within herself.

I'll say one thing: it's not simply that she *will* create what she has thought up, she has *already* created it. It's already coming to pass, and your opposition confirms it. Any building site has its share of garbage, but sooner or later they clean it up and plant flowers.

CHAPTER TWENTY



Pagans

The main criticism levelled against Anastasia comes down to the allegation that she is a ‘pagan’ — without even the slightest proof or examination of the ideas put forward by this taiga recluse. Though Anastasia herself clearly and distinctly called herself a *Vedruss*.¹

Well, then, if she is a ‘pagan’, what does that imply? Japan, even today, is practically a pagan country. The Roman Empire, in its heyday, was pagan, too. Our forefathers and mothers were also pagan. But much more than that. At the time when the Egyptian state and the Roman Empire were flourishing, Vedic culture was still reigning in Russia.²

So, should we be proud of our pagan history and heritage, or be ashamed of it?

We are told that our heritage is something to be ashamed of.

The words *paganism* and *pagan*³ have been turned into word-symbols — symbols designating something bad or terrible.

¹*Vedruss* (pron. *vid-ROOSS*) — see Book 6, Chapter 4: “A dormant civilisation”.

²*Vedic culture* — see the section on ‘Vedism’ in Book 6, Chapter 5: “The history of mankind, as told by Anastasia”.

³*paganism, pagan* — In Russian, the word *paganyi* (now spelt *poganyi*) means ‘foul’, ‘unclean’, ‘vile’ and has been frequently used by Christian ideologists — in conjunction with *yazychnik* (‘pagan’) — to refer to adherents to Russia’s pre-Christian religion, as well as ‘non-believers’ in general. Thus under the influence of the Christian church over centuries the term *yazychnik* has acquired a strong negative connotation. *Yazychestvo* (‘paganism’) and *yazychnik* (‘pagan’) — both stressed on the second syllable — are derived

The word *Christian* has also become a word-symbol. But it symbolises, by contrast, spirituality, decency, enlightened thought, closeness to God.

Today we have the opportunity to observe the Christian as a type, and judge his worth by his fruits.

We can judge by our own modern way of life... What am I saying? — *we* are not in a position to judge anything! We simply can't compare this type with the way of life led by our pagan forefathers and mothers, which people today are all too prone to curse, hidden as it is from our sight.

In sum, what we are told about the history of our country (as served up to us) is the following:

Our ancestors were some kind of horrible dark people, but then 'enlighteners' arrived, bringing with them a new ideology worked out in Israel — namely, Christianity.

The Russian Prince Vladimir adopted it and baptised the whole nation of Rus'.⁴

Not long ago we celebrated the millennium of this event. But what is a thousand years? A mere split-second against the backdrop of billions of years. Well, let's think in terms of

from the word *yazyk* (literally, 'tongue' — meaning a territory where the population shares the same language) — and were used by early Christians in Russia to refer to the totality of Russia's (non-Christian) people, who spoke a language different from that of the Christian newcomers. The English term *pagan* is derived from Latin *paganus*, meaning 'rural' or 'of the village' — rural areas were much slower than urban populations to accept Christianity. Note that for the same reason the word *villain* (derived from *village*) in English has also acquired a negative meaning.

⁴*Rus'* (pron. *ROOSS*) — the name given to the large East Slavic state in the tenth century, north of the Black Sea, with its capital at Kiev. In 988 Prince Vladimir of Kiev accepted baptism from the Byzantine (Eastern Orthodox) church and shortly thereafter presided over a mass baptism of Kiev residents in the Dniepr River. In return he obtained the hand of the Byzantine Emperor's sister in marriage as well as a military alliance with Byzantium.

not a split-second, but a single day. That's very important — being able to compress time. Now you will see what comes from this line of reasoning.

Let's say you awake one fine sunny morning and see visitors at your door. They proceed to tell you that your parents are bad and horrible pagans, that you must become Christian and instead of communing with Nature, you must ask forgiveness for your sins, since your parents were such sinners that their sins have attached themselves to you.

And right off you agree with the foreigners' statements. You follow them to their temple and kiss their hands. You ask for their blessing and try not even to think about your parents. You try to erase them from your memory, leaving behind nothing but the notion *horrible pagans*.

This is the picture that emerges from our figurative compression of time.

Over the past thousand years the 'foreigners' have focused our attention on a multitude of different events: they tell about who went to war with whom, what splendid buildings they constructed, who married whom among the princes or kings, who gained power and how. But by comparison with one's attitude toward one's parents and their culture, this has no essential significance. All these other events, disasters and woes will simply be a consequence of the fundamental act of betraying one's parents.

"But we never betrayed our parents," someone will argue. "Such events took place more than a thousand years ago, and those were quite different people who lived back then."

Well, I could paraphrase it, and expand the time frame, but it wouldn't make a scrap of difference.

Your distant (very distant) foremother was a pagan. She loved and understood Nature. She was acquainted with the Universe and knew the meaning of the rising Sun. She gave birth to you... She gave birth to you, in the far-distant past, in

a marvellous garden. And your beautiful foremother rejoiced over you, and your father was happy at your appearance.

And your forefather and foremother wanted you, so far-far distant from your present-day self, to make this marvellous Space even more marvellous — to make it so that it would come down to you in the present day, enhanced by each succeeding generation, so that you, today, would be able to live on an Earth transformed into a planet of Divine Paradise. They did this especially for you.

They were pagans, and were able to understand God's thoughts through Nature. Your distant (very distant) mama and papa knew how to make you happy. They knew because they were pagans.

Your father died in an unequal battle with foreign mercenaries, fighting for your future.

Your mama was burnt at the stake because she refused to exchange your marvellous future for what you see around you today.

But today still came...

And today the descendants of the pagans are still on bended knee, still kissing the hands of the descendants of those who burnt their mothers and slew their fathers.

They kiss their hands and make up songs about Russia's unconquerability. They sing songs about the Russian spirit, slavishly crawling on their knees for more than a millennium now.

What kind of freedom is that? Hey, you who have been oppressed by a thousand-year yoke, intoxicated by the drug of foreign ideology, it's time to wake up!

Whoever is able, wake up and start thinking! How could it have happened that Anastasia, a Siberian recluse, a Russian, after saying only a few words about Russian history, was immediately met with such opposition — and not just anywhere, but right here in Russia itself?!

If this country, as we believe, was not seized by ideologues from abroad, then who is behind all this opposition? It turns out that it is the Russians themselves who are opposing even the slightest mention of their past, of their parents. As though they — Russians — had quite lost their marbles.

No, not quite, and this is evident from the multitude of letters, songs and verses, the constantly increasing print-runs (already totalling millions of copies) of books containing the sayings of Anastasia.

The hearts of Russians are starting to beat in time with the hearts of their forebears — both distant and not-so-distant — who dreamt about their children's happiness. The opposition is being provoked by mercenaries and their accomplices. What kind of mercenaries? What kind of mercenaries' accomplices?

Can you seriously think that the transformation of the whole Russian people's way of life was brought about simply by the word of some Russian prince named Vladimir? Especially in view of his rather shaky hold on his princely throne. What, did he just happen to be sitting around one day and say: "Well, lads, I've decided you're all going to have to forget your parents' culture and be converted to Christianity"?

And the people enthusiastically replied: "Sure, we're tired of our ancestors' culture — come on, Prince, baptise us"?

Absurd? Of course it's absurd. In actual fact, Prince Vladimir first tried to strengthen his hold on power through changing the religious views of the ancient Slavs, setting up a pantheon of pagan deities. Pagan belief, however, would not permit the hallowing of the social relations that would result. It rejected the attempted justification of social and proprietary inequality, Man's exploitation of his fellow-Man and the divine right of kings. Hence Prince Vladimir, in order to satisfy his political ambitions, was obliged to select a foreign religion for the Russian people.

It is no secret that the choice fell upon the Byzantine variant of Christianity, precisely because it allowed for the virtual subordination of the clergy to the prince's authority, never mind the legal question of subordination to the patriarchate at Constantinople. But we are assured that Vladimir took this step for the benefit of Rus's enlightenment and prosperity.

We are all aware that a change of ideology is almost invariably accompanied by social disasters and bloodshed. But in this case it wasn't merely a question of a change of ideology. It was a sharp sea-change in religion, culture, way of life and social order.

Compared to the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 this was a revolution 'seventy times seven'. And if it too had been followed by a bloody civil war, it would have been a civil war 'seventy times seven'.

But in those early times there was no civil war. There was no civil war simply because pagan Russia was inhabited exclusively by pagans. We are told there was opposition, including armed opposition between pagans and Christians in Rus'. But if Rus' was wholly pagan, then where did the Christians come from? They came from other countries, along with the mercenaries.

Prince Vladimir at the time was a long way from being the most powerful prince in the region. Of course he had his own armed garrison. But we learn from history that this garrison was far from being equal to any serious military confrontation. Additional support from the populace was always required. The basic armed forces in Ancient Rus' were always made up of the People's Militia.

But what kind of popular military resistance can we talk about if the people as a whole were opposed to baptism?

Foreign mercenaries, perhaps? Of course! But was the Prince's treasury wealthy enough to hire and maintain an entire army? Of course not! But the Prince still obtained the required funds. From whom?

From the patriarchates of Rome and other christianised countries — these patriarchates had become fairly wealthy by that time.

And so it happened a thousand years ago that the half-Russian Prince Vladimir, in return for the boost to his power, allowed foreign emissaries to conduct their propaganda campaigns, along with their schemes and provocations — and in the long run to commit acts of violence against the Russian people.

Rus' turned out to be a tougher nut to crack than the Roman Empire, and not easily given to being influenced by propaganda. This resulted in the Prince using mercenaries to reinforce his garrison and — again, with the mercenaries' help — to get rid of a part of the rebellious population.

My opponents may argue that this is only one version of events. No, my ideological friends, we are talking about objective historical reality. It can be proved even without the phenomenal abilities of Anastasia or her knowledge of history. I as a simple human being can prove it to you here and now, and that means a whole lot of other simple human beings will also be able to figure it out.

Perhaps those devotees of occult ideologies can tell me how many millions of Russian fathers and mothers they burnt alive at the stake? Name your figure — even a conservative estimate will do. Or are you going to tell me that this never happened? But it did! Your own sources mention it. Think back.

At a congress that took place in Russia back in the fifteenth century, a group of Volga elders raised the question of abolishing the death penalty for heretics. Note that this was already five centuries after the christianisation of Russia, and here are the sons of Rus', still resisting. Not only was the death penalty not abolished, but the Volga elders faced an unenviable fate.

But if you still wish to look upon what I have said as simply *my* version of events, go ahead. Only let us then regard *your* statements as a version too, and then let's compare both versions.

A comparison will easily show that your version is completely illogical, that it is founded merely on statements which you demand to be accepted as truth. Besides, you are unable to present a single document confirming, for example, that pagans in Rus' offered human sacrifices.

Show people what archæological evidence you have, go dig up the victims. You won't find any, because there weren't any.

Show us the pagan books outlining their world-views. Give people a chance to compare the cultures of both civilisations.

You refuse to show them? Why? Because you know very well that once people become acquainted with such texts, they will see the utter absurdity of their modern lifestyle.

And so it turns out that your Utopian version is not backed up by any proof, and so you demand that everyone simply *believe* and that's it. "Believe in us, or else you'll be labelled a godless non-believer."

There is evidence to show that Rus' was enslaved by deception and force. I shall not go through the whole list — a single example will suffice.

From those times right up to the present day Rus' may be considered an enslaved country. And foreign ideology is still prevalent in the Rus' of the present. Even today Rus' is still paying tribute money, only in a different form — the flight of capital, the sale of mineral resources, the stranglehold of poor-quality foreign food products on our market. And today the ideological component is very closely monitored.

The mere mention of the culture of Ancient Rus' is enough to call counter-measures into action — including the never-ending scheming and attacks on Anastasia.

You speak of freedom of speech, but why are you so afraid of her words? Why do you try to discredit your own country's culture and not allow people to get to know it? I know why. The culture of our ancestors is marvellous, joyful and highly spiritual!



In my previous volume, called *The Book of Kin*, I cited Anastasia's account of a wedding rite involving two lovers.⁵ This rite still existed a scant two thousand years ago in Rus'. The publication of this book gave rise to a number of conclusions on the part of scholars and researchers. I have already mentioned that over the past while Anastasia's sayings have been subjected to investigation by scholars in various disciplines. Some of them carry on their work openly and even try to have their findings published, while others simply send them in to the Anastasia Foundation⁶ for reference. So as not to leave them open to attack, I shall not name names, but simply convey the gist of their various reports.⁷

⁵See the section entitled: "A union of two — a wedding" in Book 6, Chapter 5: "The history of mankind, as told by Anastasia". All further quotations from Anastasia in this chapter are taken from this same section.

⁶The *Anastasia Foundation for Culture and Assistance to Creativity* — a non-profit organisation based in the city of Vladimir. See Book 5, Chapter 15: "Making it come true".

⁷Five different reports are cited (the first at some length), set off by asterisks in the English translation.



Anastasia's presentation of the wedding rite prevalent in the culture of Ancient Rus' is a unique and priceless document attesting to the high level of knowledge among the inhabitants of the time. The whole rite is based not on belief in the supernatural but on the *knowledge* of that which we today term 'supernatural'.

The individual components of this rite may be seen even today among various peoples. But in the modern interpretation these components are purely ritualistic, senseless and deficient in nature and, consequently, not up to the task of cementing the union of two people in love to the same degree of effectiveness as back when they were applied with full conscious awareness.

In today's version of the rite, some of these components seem meaningless, grounded in a kind of superstition. At best, they fall into the category of so-called 'esoteric' activities. Anastasia's description takes us from a misperception of the rite as a senseless act to an awareness of its pre-eminent rationality and indicates not only knowledge but the ultimate height of spirituality among those generations of Slavs which came before us. [...]

A comparative analysis of today's wedding rites and the one described by Anastasia fosters the impression that today's rites are more characteristic of an undeveloped primitive society, while those of Ancient Rus' belong to a civilisation which is highly developed in every sense of the word. For example:

Among a number of peoples today, including Russians, there is a ritual activity of showering the newlywed couple

with cereal grains. One of the mothers or grandmothers or relatives of the newlyweds scatters cereal grains in front of the couple on their way into their home or throws it over the couple themselves as a token of happiness for the future family.

This kind of activity today is associated with superstition or esoterica. There is no other rational explanation for it. What sense is there in seeds of grain simply falling on the floor, asphalt or pathway leading to the house where they will immediately get trampled on and crushed?

The ritual described by Anastasia also includes a special act involving cereal grains. But here, right off, one can associate it with several distinct and clearly thought-through rational purposes. All the wedding guests — relatives, friends and acquaintances — bring with them seeds from their best plants, and each one plants by his own hand the little seed he has brought with him in the spot designated by the newlywed couple.

In terms of material wealth, it is not simply betokened but actually achieved in practice by the special act described. In just a brief space of time — an hour or two — the newlyweds have the makings of their future orchard, drawing upon the best fruit and berry plantings in the neighbourhood, as well as a vegetable garden and a green hedge wherewith to frame their Space. [...]

No less important is a second, or psychological, aspect of this special act. Many of us know about the improvement in one's mental state upon entering into natural surroundings. Such pleasant sensations are enhanced by contact not with someone else's garden plantings but with your very own. The strength of spirit and level of emotions you should feel upon entering a garden where every little tree, bush and blade of grass was created as a gift for you directly by your parents, relatives and friends is something

we can only guess at, as it is doubtful that anyone living on the Earth today is able to have such a Space as this.

And by all appearances it was not just material prosperity but, more importantly, one's inner positive emotions resulting from such a special act, that played a fundamental role therein. [...]

In current esoteric literature a lot is said about the energy of *kundalini* and *chakras*.⁸ The information presented basically focuses attention on the possibility of the existence of chakras. There is little doubt as to the existence of the energy of love or the energy of sexual attraction between men and women.

The vast majority of people have experienced the effect of this energy on themselves. However, neither the theoreticians of the past nor our modern sciences have ever touched upon the possibility that Man can actually control this energy.

The rite described by Anastasia has shown for the first time how Man can control, transform and maintain this energy. [...]

In actual fact, the young lovers materialise the love which has been bestowed upon them — or which has entered into them. With the help of this energy they shape a visible and tangible Space around them. They see to it that this great energy remains with them in perpetuity.

Why was this possible for them, but not in our present reality? Let us compare the actions of two loving couples — in the past and present.

The average loving couple today spends their time either at entertainment venues or alone together on walks

⁸*kundalini* — the power (energy) coiled up in a form of a serpent and located at the base of the spine, at the body's lower *chakra* (energy plexus). Many oriental yoga practices aim at spiritual enlightenment by awakening the kundalini energy and moving it up the spine to the higher *chakras*.

or at home. They often enter into sexual relations even before marriage. [...]

The basic goal of most lovers today is the official recognition of their relations by a secular marriage bureau or a church. Research has shown that young couples do not adequately plan for their future life together. If a couple should try to determine their course of life together after marriage, it is a vague conjecture at best. Psychologists observe that it is the hope of each would-be newlywed that, after joining together, their life will be improved by their partner.

They all hope that the elevated, life-fulfilling state of love will carry on after marriage. But the love is fleeting. The surrounding space becomes routine — far from reminding them of their earlier feelings of being in love, it starts to become irritating through its routineness and primitiveness.

The irritation can also arise in the couple's relationship to one another. Few suspect that something other than this irritation is at the root of the couple's actions after marriage. Dissatisfaction actually results from an inability to make proper use of the state of love. [...]

As practice has shown, neither secular laws nor religious admonitions are capable of ensuring continuing mutual affection or even an attitude of mutual respect.

Now let us take a look at the actions of the young couple in the account presented by Anastasia and try to come up with a logical, scientific interpretation.

First, the declaration of love in itself is quite striking:

“With you, my beautiful goddess, I could create a Space of Love to last forever,” the young man told his intended. And if the girl's heart responded in kind, she might answer: “My god, I am ready to help you in your grand co-creation.”

Now compare this with the declaration of love formulated by the famous poet, which comes the closest to describing the gist of modern attitudes toward the energy of love:

*I love you so, what can I say more,
What else could I tell you besides...?*⁹

As we can see, the first declaration above proposes right off a distinctly formulated grand act, namely the creation of a Space of Love. In effect, it is a scientific materialisation of love. The second declaration, on the contrary, does nothing more than state "I love you" with no further action specified. It is simply that neither he nor she have any idea how and for what purpose to use their energy of love. [...]

The lovers in Anastasia's account, by mutual agreement, set about forming a Space of Love for themselves and their future generations. They go off by themselves, and may even spend the night in the shelter they have built on their chosen plot of land, but refrain from entering into sexual relations. Is this some kind of ritualistic abstention? [...]

Such instances of abstention are part of many peoples' religious beliefs. They are also found in secular ethics. Young people in love should not enter into sexual relations before their marriage is registered or, alternatively, before they are wedded in a religious ceremony. However, the vast majority of young people today pay no heed to religious admonitions or public condemnation, but freely launch into pre-marital sex. Why? The most probable answer lies in the complete illogicality of both the social and religious

⁹From Tatiana's declaration of love in her letter to Onegin in Alexander Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* (better known in the West as Tchaikovsky's opera of the same title), Act I, Scene 2 (JW translation).

requirements — the lack of a plausible explanation as to what the energy of love is all about — or, more accurately, simple ignorance thereof.

The energy of love activates a whole complex of feelings in Man. It accelerates the mental processes. And this energy can be compared to an apex of inspiration which presupposes a series of grand acts to follow.

Thanks to their knowledge, as well as a highly developed culture of mutual human relations, the young couples of Ancient Rus' quite naturally directed the energy of love and sexual attraction toward the act of creating a Space for their future life together.



What two young lovers create together can hardly be surpassed, one would imagine, with the help of scientific investigation. The following statement of Anastasia's attests to this:

The world of academe is in no position to create even the similitude of a splendid domain because, again, there is a law of the Universe which says: A single Creator inspired by love is stronger than all the sciences combined, which are deprived of love.



All the actions of the participants in the events reflected in Anastasia's account of the wedding rite are infused by logic, rationality and the highest degree of culture and spirituality. By comparison, what a sorry spectacle is offered by our modern wedding ceremonies, with the main focus on the *reception*, where the guests gorge themselves on food and alcohol.



In terms of their emotional richness, along with their meaningful and informative content, Anastasia's presentations of the parables and rites of Ancient pagan (or, to use her term, *Vedic*) Rus' by far surpass all the ancient tales we know of, describing our past history. Even the famous *Song of Igor's campaign*¹⁰ pales before them.



¹⁰*Song of Igor's campaign* (Russian: *Slovo o polku Igoreve*) — a celebrated poetic chronicle of Ancient Rus', dating back to the twelfth century.

Through her narratives on Vedic Rus' Anastasia is, in effect, revealing to us the highly spiritual culture of a civilisation of which we were hitherto unaware. She is radically transforming academic concepts as to the history not only of our country but of humanity as a whole.

Such an unexpected sea-change, not to mention the simplicity with which it was brought about, has thrown many leading lights of contemporary academia into confusion. And in an effort to somehow maintain the framework of the academic positions they have attained, they try to pretend that nothing has changed, that they know nothing about the information presented.

They are like ostriches hiding their heads in the sand. The information is real, it is truly priceless and sensational, and it will come to be demanded more and more by society at large.



I have presented to you, dear readers, the pronouncements of a number of academic researchers. As you can see, they confirm the informational significance of Anastasia's sayings and even talk about the subsequent confusion among contemporary scholars.

But confusion is one thing. The opposition — the concentrated efforts being made to stop the spread of this information which sheds light on the history of our country and our people — is quite another.

Somebody has felt very threatened by the possibility of our digging into the knowledge and culture of our forebears.

Who might that be? Under whose influence are they operating today — these people that are calling our ancestors ‘barbaric pagans’, perverting that great word *pagan* to suggest something backward, or evil? What programme are they following?

And how come our historians have accepted such a definition? It couldn’t have been *our* historians that did that.

Maybe they’re not historians at all? If they haven’t been able to tell us up to now anything concrete about the history of our country of just one thousand years ago, but keep on insulting or tacitly allowing others to insult this period of our history, then these are not historians of Russia, but traitors or mercenaries, acting on behalf of somebody else.

And we shouldn’t be relying upon them any longer. It is vital that we ourselves, through our joint efforts, bit by bit, use analogies to restore our own past and rehabilitate both our forebears and ourselves. If we don’t...



Many readers the Ringing Cedars Series have already begun to write a Book of Kin for their children.¹¹ Some of them will certainly want, too, to express their thoughts on the history of Ancient Rus’, to tell their children about where we came from. But what can we write about our past? Are we really going to carry on with that nonsense we have been told for so long?

¹¹See especially Book 6, Chapter 10: “The Book of Kin”.

Maybe it's better not to write anything about our past, just pretend it never existed. But that won't work. If we act that way, then our children after us will keep getting served up the same story over and over again in a way that will suit somebody's particular interests.

Someone may wonder how we, as ordinary folk — not scholarly historians — can restore a history of two or three thousand years ago. We can! Since we'll be doing it not because we're carrying out someone's instructions, but according to the dictates of our hearts and minds. I shall attempt to start the ball rolling, but let us all together begin gathering whatever stories, facts and analogies we can, and putting together our own family histories.

Let us all begin thinking and reasoning about this together. As I said, a lot can be restored even just using analogy. Here's an example. Take a look.

More than two thousand years ago the mighty Roman Empire was in its heyday, including Roman law, the Roman Senate and the Roman Emperors. The cities of the Empire were adorned with epochal edifices, and Rome already had a water supply system. There were libraries, and a flourishing of art. The Roman Empire waged quite a number of wars.

In contrast to the developed states of the pre-Christian era, there is virtually no information about the *Russian* state — its political structure, its territories or culture. Maybe it simply didn't exist? Of course it existed. We know from historical sources that by the time Rus' was baptised it already had cities and princedoms. And Prince Vladimir, who oversaw the baptism of Rus', was by no means its first prince. The same sources tell us about his father, Prince Sviatoslav.¹²

In other words, Rus' existed contemporaneously with the Roman Empire. It had its cities and a multitude of wealthy settlements. Yes, wealthy, because the cities of Ancient Rus'

took shape not just as capitals of princedoms, but as trade and handicraft centres serving the many settlements in the outlying area.

Poor settlements do not give rise to cities. There would simply be no one to finance their construction and no consumer demand for what they produced.

And now let us try to determine whether pre-Christian Rus' was a strong or a weak state? Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that it was extremely weak. Not only that, but historians claim that Rus' was divided into petty independent princedoms which were constantly warring with each other.

But once again the question arises: if pre-Christian Rus' was so weak, a state torn apart by internecine conflicts, why did it not fall prey to attacks by more powerful states?

As a weak state by comparison with its neighbours, not to mention the Roman Empire, the Russian state could have been easily conquered and transformed into a tribute-paying colony. But here is where the enigma and the mysteries begin.

In all the annals of the Roman Empire and other states of the period there is no mention of any attack on Rus'.

We ourselves know that up to the time of the official baptism, Rus' was a free and independent state, unconquered by any other.

So, why did no one try to conquer pagan Rus'?

¹² *Prince Sviatoslav I of Kiev* (942–972) — a warrior prince of Kievan Rus', said to be the first Slavic prince with a completely Slavic name. The name is comprised of two ancient Russian roots: *sviat* (holy) and *slav* (praise/glory), which had the same meanings as the Old Norse names of his mother (Olga) and father (Rurik), respectively. He is known largely from what is described in a document known as *Povest' vremennykh let* (Chronicle of ancient years, sometimes referred to as the *Primary chronicle* or the *Tale of bygone years*), which refers in large part to Scandinavian and Byzantine influences on Russian culture and religion. But not all Russian scholars accept this document as historical fact.

Perhaps it was because it had an extensive, well-organised and well-equipped army? But no, that it did not have. Even during the time of the princes there were only small armed garrisons whose numbers were far from equalling those of the Roman legions.

We shall never understand the historical truth if we start with a false reasoning about pagan Rus' — especially Vedic Rus'.

On the other hand, everything falls into place if we accept and understand the opposite hypothesis.

Vedic Rus', before the time of the princes, was a highly spiritual, highly organised civilisation. It was that same 'lost civilisation' on the Earth about which legends would be subsequently told.

I deliberately referred to Ancient Rus' not as a *state* but as a *civilisation*, since the benchmark of statehood for that period is considered to be Egypt or Rome. These were under the control of supreme rulers, priests and an élite that had enriched itself at the expense of slaves.

The social structure of Rus' was significantly perfected and more civilised in comparison to Egypt or Rome.

In Rus' at that time there was absolutely no slavery. Neither were there any petty principedoms warring amongst themselves. Rus' was comprised of marvellous kin's domains. Decisions were taken at popular assemblies known as *veche*. Information was circulated by 'wise-men'.¹³

¹³*wise-men* (Russian: *volkbvy*), also known as *Magi* or *wizards* — a reference to ancient 'scientists' with particular knowledge of the workings of Nature, often possessing exceptional powers. In Ancient Rus' one of the *volkbvy*'s major tasks was the development of agricultural symbology and fertility rites to guarantee abundant harvests. Many *volkbvy* also fulfilled the role of travelling community teachers. Further details will be presented in *Rites of Love* (Book 8, Part 2 of the Ringing Cedars Series). This is the same reference that is found regarding the 'wise men' who visited the infant Jesus in Bethlehem, according to the New Testament (see, for example, Matth. 2:1).

But note how the concepts have been distorted, including the meaning of the word *civilisation*. Egypt, where all the people were subject to the rule of the priests and pharaohs, was known as a highly developed, 'civilised' state, while Rus' at the same period was called backward, uncivilised and weak, without any kind of real statehood. That's pretty steep! If there was no slavery, and no petty-tyrant despots, does that mean there was no state — that Rus' was uncivilised?

Again, the same question: why then did nobody conquer Rus'?

There were, of course, *attempts* at conquering the Vedruss people. But those who tried it always endeavoured to erase the results of such attempts, even from their own memory.

Here is what Anastasia told me about one of these attempts that took place more than two thousand years ago.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE



Combat

In those days the Vedic way of life was still the prevalent culture in Rus'. The Vedruss people still had no cities. Rus' was made up of a large number of settlements, rich in extraordinary foods, the joy of life and bright people who lived in their family domains.¹

There were other countries at that time, which boasted of great cities where the power of money was becoming more and more dominant over human aspirations. And there were great armies, and with their help rulers attempted to bring the whole world under their own control. And many countries bowed under the control of the dark forces.

Once an élite Roman legion was sent to Rus'. Five thousand warriors approached the boundary of the first settlement they came to. And they threateningly made camp right on the outskirts of the little village.

The military officers called for the village elders to come to them. And the elders came, knowing no fear in the face of this ominous force. The officers explained that they came from the most powerful country of all and that, consequently, all the settlements must pay tribute to them. Anyone unable to pay would be taken into slavery.

The elders replied that they were not disposed to share their food with any evil-doers, thereby feeding hordes of dark forces.

¹The text of Anastasia's narrative is reproduced in this chapter without quotation-marks for each paragraph.

Whereupon the commander-in-chief said to the elder most advanced in age:

“I have heard about your barbarity and your unusual way of life. Your mind is incapable of even appreciating the correlation of forces here. With a mind like that you will never be free in a civilised Empire. You will either exist as slaves or not exist at all.”

And the Vedruss village elder replied:

“It is the one who is not capable of using Divine provisions for his food that is not allowed to exist. Look.”

And with these words the elderly Vedruss took two identical fresh and beautiful apples out of his pocket. He surveyed the officers, all glistening in their armour, but his gaze rested on a young private soldier. He went over to the soldier and held out one of the apples, saying:

“Take this, my son, may this fruit be a delight to your soul.”

The young private took the fruit and tasted it right there in the sight of all those standing around. His face lit up with a delight that provoked envy among the others.

Then the elder, still holding the second beautiful apple in his hand, turned again to the commander-in-chief, went over to him and said:

“My soul has no desire to offer this marvellous fruit to you. What that means, try to understand yourself.” And he placed the second apple at the feet of the commander-in-chief.

“How dare you, old man, answer back that way to a commander distinguished in battle?” a Roman orderly exclaimed, as he picked up the apple and gasped in amazement.

And all the commissioned officers and their subordinates were in shock from what they saw. For the beautiful apple had begun rotting right before their eyes in the orderly’s hands. And right before their very eyes a swarm of midges suddenly appeared and devoured the rotting fruit. And the Vedruss elder continued:

“Nobody can buy the fruit of Divine grace for gold or take it by force. You may call yourself a lord and master and imagine yourself defeating countries, but the only thing you will eat that way is rot.”



“This is not mysticism, Vladimir, you must understand. Fruits grown with love can give their grace only to those who themselves have instilled love in them, or to those to whom the growers give them of their own free will. This is the order of the Universe, and for proof of this you need only take a careful look at the present day. People are doomed to eat fruit which is far from fresh.”

“But what about the wealthy?” I queried. “And those that rule the world?”

“They face even greater problems with food. They are afraid of poisoned fruit and dainty dishes. And before they eat anything themselves, they have those around them taste it first. They post guards and special servicemen around their foodstuffs, but to no avail... Many a ruler has died in agony from eating bad food.

“You will note that many people are trying today to produce health-restoring cedar-nut oil. Only the healing properties of this oil vary, depending upon the thought of the producer.

“And that Vedruss elder was no mystic. He was merely outlining what every child growing up in Vedic Rus’ knew about all the time.”



But the aged Vedruss's remarks provoked anger and he was taken captive. He was put into a cage so that he could witness the torching of the houses and gardens in his village. And so that he could watch its men, women and children parade before him in chains.

The commander said to him spitefully:

"Look there, old man. There are your fellow-villagers, now they are slaves. You made fun of me in front of my retinue in a bad way, and the fruit you gave me showed immediate signs of decay. Now all your fellow-villagers are slaves, and they will now produce undecaying fruit for us under pain of death."

"Under pain of death," observed the elder, "one can only grow that which brings death, even though it may have a pleasant appearance. You are primitive. You will not be able to conquer my country. I have released a pigeon with information about you. Once they see it, my magi will tell everyone the news."

The commander issued an order. Runners fanned out to all the Vedruss settlements with a view to delivering the order. It demanded that each settlement send representatives to see how strong, well-trained and well-equipped were the Roman troops. And how they were capable of wiping any bravely resisting settlements off the face of the Earth and taking the children and young women as slaves. And for everybody to bring tribute to his warriors so fearsome. And from now on to collect tribute for the Empire, and deliver the tribute to the Empire in person.

On the appointed day, at dawn, ninety Vedruss lads appeared before the huge camp.

Out in front stood Radomir — whom you have heard about before — wearing a long shirt Liubomila had sewn for him with love. And all the young men with him had on light-coloured shirts.

No helmets of iron covered their light-brown hair. Their heads were framed instead by bands woven from grasses. They carried no shields to protect themselves from fatal blows. Only two swords hung from a belt around each one's waist. They stood silently holding their steeds by the bridle; many of their horses did not even have a saddle.

The officers in command of the five-thousand-strong well-trained troops, who had gathered together in council, stared at the ninety young lads. The commander-in-chief came over to the cage in which the head of the razed Vedruss settlement was being held, and asked:

“What can the presence of these lads possibly mean? I ordered the elders of all the settlements to come and hear the decrees of my country's Emperor.”

The Vedruss replied from his cage:

“All the village elders know what you want to tell them. They do not like what you have to say. And they decided not to go meet someone they do not like. In front of your troops' camp you see but ninety lads from the next village. They are wearing swords. Possibly they want to do battle.”

Oh you brainless barbarians! mused the commander-in-chief. *I could send a single detachment to fight them and it would be a light task, of course, to kill them off completely. But what good would come from a bunch of dead bodies? Would it not be better to explain the situation to them and bring them back hale and hearty to the Emperor for slaves?*

“Listen to me, old man,” the commander addressed the Vedruss elder. “The young people will pay heed to what you say. You explain to them the absurdity of such an unequal combat. Tell them they ought to submit to us. I'll spare their

lives. Of course they'll be taken captive and I'll make slaves out of them. But they will not be living in a barbaric land, they'll be provided with food and clothing if they become obedient slaves. You tell them, old man, how utterly absurd it would be to shed their blood in such unequal combat."

The Vedruss elder replied:

"I shall try. I shall tell them. I can see for myself the blood boiling in these young Vedruss lads."

"Then go ahead, old man."

The Vedruss elder began speaking from his cage in a loud voice so that the warriors standing before the camp could hear.

"My sons, I can see the two swords hanging from each of your belts. I can see the spirited steed that each of you has by his side. You are holding them by the bridle, you are not over-exerting them with your own weight, but you are saving their strength for battle. You have decided to go into battle, under the wise Radomir. Answer me."

The commanders and troops watched as Radomir stepped forward. After making a deep bow before the elder in the cage, he responded by confirming the elder's words.

"I thought as much," said the Vedruss elder, and went on: "You are their leader, Radomir. I believe you are aware that the forces you see before you are not equal to your own."

And once more Radomir bowed in acknowledgement of the elder's affirmation.

The officers were satisfied with this dialogue. But what they heard next astounded them like nothing they had ever heard before. The elder went on:

"Radomir, you are young and your thought moves swiftly. So spare the visitors' lives. Do not kill all of them. Make them depart and put down their weapons and not play with them any more."

At first the officers were in a state of shock upon hearing the elder's extraordinary words. Then the commander-in-chief exclaimed with irritation:

“You’re mad! You’re out of your mind, old man! Who is in a position to spare whose life here — you have absolutely no idea! You have just condemned all your fellow-villagers to death. I’ll give the orders now...”

“You are too late. Look, a few moments ago Radomir was standing there contemplating, but you saw how he acknowledged what I said. That means he understood my words and will not kill you.”

A second later the officers saw the ninety young men standing in front of the camp suddenly leap onto their steeds and head at full speed toward the camp. The commander-in-chief managed to order a detachment of archers to prepare themselves to meet the Vedruss warriors with a hail of arrows.

But when the warriors on horseback came within shooting range, they suddenly jumped down off their horses and began running alongside them.

As soon as they got close to the Roman troops, the Vedruss lads formed an oval encircling half their number along with the horses, while the other half cut through the Roman ranks, which had not yet completely come together, and started fighting. In each hand they held a sword, which they wielded equally deftly with either hand. But they simply knocked the weapons out of their opponents’ hands without fatally wounding them.

The reserve legionnaires had a hard time picking their way through the disarmed and wounded Roman soldiers lying on the ground to replace them in combat. In the meantime, the small Vedruss contingent determinedly pushed through to the tent of the commander-in-chief.

Radomir used his sword to hack open the lock on the cage where the Vedruss elder was being held captive. After bowing to him, he easily picked him up by the waist and set him on a horse.

Two of the young warriors of Radomir's contingent seized the Roman commander-in-chief, threw him over the rump of another horse and brought him into the centre of their oval.

The valiant warriors quickly pushed ahead, not back the way they came, but forward, and before long they left the crush of the Roman troops behind, jumped on their horses and dashed off. But after only a few minutes' ride they stopped at a small hillock and dismounted. Almost all of them then lay down on the grass, stretched out their arms and stayed motionless.

The captured Roman commander was amazed to see the Vedruss lads lying on the ground fast asleep. Pleasant smiles brightened their faces. In the meantime their steeds peacefully nibbled at the grass beside them. Only two watchmen kept an eye on the actions of the Roman troops.

Left without their regimental superior, the Roman officers argued for some time, blaming each other for what had happened, and then argued over who should take charge and how to proceed.

At long last they decided to despatch a thousand horsemen (almost all the cavalry) in pursuit of the Vedruss warriors. The remainder would follow the pursuers at a distance, in case of unforeseen events such as the appearance of reinforcements on the Vedruss side. The basic motivating factor behind this decision, however, was fear.

The thousand-strong detachment of well-equipped cavalrymen launched into the chase. No sooner had the ranks of the Roman cavalry begun leaving the camp than one of the warriors of Radomir's contingent, seated on his steed, gave a blast on his horn.

The warriors lying on the grass sprang up at once, seized their horses' bridles and began running. Having rested themselves after the battle, the Vedruss lads ran very fast, but gradually, very gradually, the pursuing Roman cavalry started catching up to them.

Anticipating victory, the cavalry commander ordered his bugler to signal an escalation of the pursuit, and the bugle sounded. But the thousand eager legionnaires were already spurring on their frothing horses in a mad rush to shorten the interval between them and the Vedruss lads running on foot ahead of them. There now remained a very small space between the two.

Again the agitated commander ordered an acceleration of the chase. And once again the bugle sounded forth. But by now the mad gallop proved too much for some of the broken-winded Roman horses and they fell in their tracks. Paying no attention to them, the horsemen were already drawing their swords to attack the fleeing Vedruss warriors, when suddenly...

At the sound of the horn all the Vedruss runners leapt onto their horses and... they soon began to put an ever-increasing distance between themselves and their pursuers.

The captured Roman commander-in-chief realised that the Vedruss warriors had been saving their horses' strength up 'til this point and now there was no way his men would be able to catch up. They changed both the Vedruss elder's and the Roman commander's horses. The commander also observed that the lads were not sitting upright, but lying prone along their horse's rump, clinging on to the mane, once more sound asleep. He wondered about their need to conserve their strength at this stage of the game. It was only later that he would find out why.

The Romans, stimulated by the chase, kept feverishly whipping their horses. Many of their steeds fell beneath them, while the sturdier specimens among them, given the weight of the heavily armoured soldiers on their backs, could not keep up with the Vedruss horses, which remained untired by the pursuit.

Once the cavalry commander was able to discern the folly of trying to overtake his opponents, he ordered all his men

to stop and dismount. But by now it was too late. A good number of the Roman horses were broken-winded and fell to their knees.

“All rest!” came the command to the Roman cavalry. And then the soldiers, who had just dismounted from their exhausted steeds, saw the Vedruss contingent sweeping down upon them like a whirlwind.

The young warriors held a sword at the ready in each hand. Bounding all along the edge of the circle of dismounted Romans, they inflicted light wounds on soldier after soldier, knocking their weapons out of their hands.

And the Roman legion was seized with horror. And they all began running for help toward the infantry that was following behind. The Vedruss contingent came after them on horseback, but for some reason kept their distance. Nor did they touch the Roman soldiers which had fallen from exhaustion.

The fleeing Romans — by this time no longer running, but swaying from fatigue as they walked — stopped dead in their tracks at the sight of Radomir with his two swords at the ready, along with his horsemen right behind him, all calm and full of energy.

The Roman soldiers dropped to their knees, and those that still held weapons placed them on the ground in front of them. Now utterly powerless, they began awaiting the anticipated vengeance at the hands of the Vedruss warriors.

Radomir and his companions walked among the Roman soldiers seated on the ground, their swords sheathed. And Radomir and his companions began talking with the soldiers about life. Taking off their grass headbands, they gave them to the legionnaires so they could apply the healing herbs to their wounds. The herbs stopped the blood flowing from the wounds and took away the pain. And they returned the commander-in-chief to his legion.



Some time later, upon returning from their campaign against Vedic Rus', the fine-looking columns of soldiers marched into Rome.

The Emperor had been informed by courier-runners about the strange events that had befallen the Roman legions' elite soldiers. After he had the opportunity to see his soldiers and officers for himself, he was overcome by a sense of embarrassment that lasted for several weeks.

Whereupon he issued a secret order to eliminate all the detachments from his army that had participated in the Vedic Rus' campaign, both soldiers and officers, and have them transferred — to various corners of the Empire. And he gave strict instructions that nothing should be heard about the campaign even by their friends and close relations, not even a word.

The Emperor himself sent troops to Rus' no more. And in a secret book written for his successors he implored:

“If you want to keep the Empire intact, as to a war with the Vedruss people, do not even think of such an act.”

The Emperor was no fool. He was alarmed to see his troops returning from their campaign all healthy and unharmed, but carrying no spoil with them. Indeed, their faces betrayed no anger or even a desire to serve in war again. If he let men such as these remain in the Imperial army, who knows whether they might infect the whole corps with the same desire not to go to battle any more.



All the same, the Emperor's successor made another attempt to conquer the Vedruss people. Having learnt a lot about their tactics from those that had had contact with them, he sent *ten thousand* soldiers on a second campaign to Rus'. Once more the soldiers arrived at a small Vedruss settlement, where they speedily made camp and set up fortifications. Runners were sent to summon the elders.

But at the appointed hour the Roman officers looked and saw coming toward them from the Vedruss village only a little girl about ten years old, accompanied by a little boy who could not have been more than five. The soldiers parted ranks to make way for them as they arrived, arguing with each other. Tugging at his sister's skirt, the boy said:

"Sis Palashechka,² if you don't let me conduct the talks myself, I shan't think proper of you."

"What improper thing would you think of me, you little scamp?" the sister asked her brother.

"I shall think of you, Sis Palashechka, that you were born a jolly naughty girl!"

"It's not proper to think that."

"It's not proper indeed. So let me conduct the talks with the enemies."

"And if I agree, how will you think of me then?"

"I shall think that you, Sis Palashechka, are the prettiest, cleverest and kindest girl of all."

²*Palashechka* (stress on second syllable) — an affectionate name in Medieval Russia.

"All right, brother, you start the talks. I don't find it proper to talk with addle-brained people."

The children presented themselves boldly before the Roman officers, and the girl's little brother addressed them, without the slightest hint of trembling:

"My daddykins told me to tell you all that in our village everybody is gathered round for a celebration at our feasting-ground. It is held there every year. And every year the people enjoy themselves at the feasting-ground. It's not proper, my daddykins says, it would be wrong for him to leave the celebrations and come and talk nonsense with you. So he sent me — and my sister tagged along."

The commander-in-chief even let out an audible squeal upon hearing the boy's audacious remarks. His face turned pale, and he grasped at his sword.

"You insolent young whelp, how dare you speak to me like that? I'll make you a slave in my stables well into your old age! Your sister, now..."

"Hey, there, gramps!" the sister interrupted. "Hey, there, gramps! Give up those silly playthings of yours — your swords and shields and spears — and run back home lickety-split. You better run while you still can. See that cloud coming? It won't talk with any visitors. It'll attack you without any words first."

With that the girl unwrapped the bundle she was carrying and, taking out a thimbleful of some kind of pollen-dust, sprinkled it over her brother. Then she took the remainder and sprinkled it on herself.

In the meantime the cloud-horde kept approaching steadily over the land, all the while buzzing and increasing in size, until it finally descended upon the camp. And before long the Romans' armour lay on the ground — their shields and spears and swords. The officers' and the soldiers' tents were left empty. The brother and sister stood

among the troops' discarded things, and the little brother said to his elder sister:

"You still didn't let me speak with the enemies, Sis Pala-shechka! I didn't finish telling them everything I wanted to."

"Anyway, you started. You mustn't be upset if I interfered a bit — you're a Vedruss warrior, a defender of your Motherland!"

"Well, okay. I shall still think that I have a well-behaved, kind and beautiful sister."

Picking their way through the discarded armour, the brother and his beautiful sister headed back to their village.

The receding cloud already looked quite small from where they stood. Even so, within it were ten thousand élite Roman warriors fleeing home in terror. They kept falling and getting up again. And kept on fleeing in panic.

Do not think there is any mysticism here, Vladimir. The Vedruss people simply made a decision. In each domain — and there were more than two hundred domains in the settlement — they opened up ten beehives,³ each hive containing approximately fifteen thousand bees. You can figure out the size of the cloud for yourself. A huge number of bee-stings will first cause serious itching and pain. A person could then fall into a fatal sleep.

And so the happy Vedruss people continued to live in peace of mind, knowing neither war nor trouble of any kind. No external foe posed a threat to them for a long, long time. And yet... Rus' was still conquered, after all. It happened when it fell prey to cunning snares, thereby producing a power which acted against its own self and brought about its fall.

³*beehives* — The Russian term here (*koloda*) designates a special kind of beehive, made out of a hollow log. For a description, see the section entitled "Who gets stung by bees?" in Book 1, Chapter 11: "Advice from Anastasia".



Thus Anastasia recounted several stories about life in Vedic Rus'. Possibly others might have information — in the form of ancient tales — about how people lived in those times. There's no point in looking for written records since, as we know from history, they were all carefully destroyed. They were burnt in Italy, England and France, and especially zealously in Russia.

But those who feverishly destroyed the culture of our forebears could not eradicate its imprint in the depths of human hearts and souls.

We must perfect the knowledge of our history. We must know it and respect it. But we must also reflect on the understanding that Vedism, Paganism and Christianity are all stages of our history. Not one of these stages should we neglect. By attacking one of them, we shall only go on attacking ourselves.

We should treat Christianity with understanding and respect. And other faiths as well. Only then will all the stages of our history form a solid foundation for a marvellous future. But this is what can follow from knowledge and understanding. From giving a proper evaluation to each stage of our history, from seeing each stage of our history as lessons for building the future. Otherwise we shall go on living in the world of the absurd.

Governments and legislators in various countries are currently struggling with terrorism. They pass laws forbidding the incitement of racial or religious hatred. And yet at the same time these countries officially permit and support denominational teachings in which acts of mass terrorism are carried out for political purposes, supposedly in the name of God.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO



The marvellous Vedruss holidays

We can get some idea of the Vedic culture by looking at certain holidays which have survived into our modern times. Even today they still remain among people's favourites, even though only a few elements of the original pristine rites have been preserved. What holidays are these? I'm talking about New Year's, Shrovetide¹ and Trinity Sunday.² Of all the many holidays I could mention I shall simply cite here this most prominent example, where the greatest changes have taken place.

This holiday occurs at the beginning of June. As you know, in current practice Trinity Sunday is a day when people go to the cemetery to visit their relatives' graves. Upon arriving at the cemetery they sanctify the graves and tidy up the enclosures.³ A lot of them bring a bottle of liquor with them; after

¹*Shrovetide* (Russian: *Maslenitsa*) — the week prior to the beginning of Lent (in February or March), marked by a carnival or public festivities. *Maslenitsa* (from *maslo* = "butter") is actually the ancient Russian holiday marking the coming of Spring. Even in its present-day form it includes a large number of old 'pagan' elements, such as the ritual making and eating of pancakes (symbolising the Sun) and the burning of a straw-stuffed figure representing Winter. After the Russian Orthodox Church's attempts to eradicate this and other pagan celebrations failed, the Church included these pagan festivities in its own calendar of 'Christian' holidays and continued to venerate Russia's ancient pagan gods under the guise of Christian saints.

²*Trinity Sunday* (Russian: *Troitsa*) — In contrast to western churches, which celebrate the Trinity the first week after the late-spring holiday of Whitsuntide (Pentecost), the Eastern Orthodox Church includes the Trinity in its Pentecost celebrations.

³In Russian Orthodox cemeteries family graves are usually located within a fenced enclosure.

having a drink at the gravesite, they leave a small glass and a piece of bread for the deceased. They talk amongst themselves, reminiscing about the deceased's life. Many people feel obliged to weep at gravesites.

The degree to which this original pagan ceremony has undergone profound change is confirmed by the following.

During Vedic times, and even later in the pagan period there were no cheerless, mournful rites as there are now. Each holiday gave people a charge of positive energy, and transmitted to young people the knowledge of their forebears.

And remembrance days in Vedic times were quite different from those of today. There were no processions to the cemetery or lamentations over the graves of the deceased. In fact, during Vedic times there were no cemeteries at all. The deceased were laid to rest in their own family domains without burial vaults or even headstones to mark the occasion. A small raised mound of earth was created, but even this over time became flattened to ground level.

The Vedruss people believed that the best memorial to their forebears was to be found in what they had created during their lifetime. Their knowledge of Nature and of Man's capacities led them to conclude that if all the relatives were to visualise death, their collective thought would prevent the deceased's soul from being reincarnated.

On the day of remembrance of one's forebears all the members of a family would gather in the morning in the oldest domain. In front of everyone the eldest — usually a grandfather or great-grandfather — would approach the youngest generation of children, and begin to talk with them, more or less as follows:

“When your Papa was the same height as you are now,” the grandfather would tell his grandson of about six, “he planted this little sapling. Time went by and now that little sapling has grown into a large fruit-bearing apple tree.”

Whereupon the grandfather led his grandson over to the apple tree and touched it himself as his grandson stroked the tree.

Next, the grandfather went around to other trees and bushes, telling who planted them. All the other members of the family were able to help the grandfather with their own reminiscences, telling amusing anecdotes or the impressions they had had at the time the trees were planted.

Finally, the family members all gathered around the domain's centrepiece — the family tree, which was usually a cedar or an oak.

“You see this tree,” the eldest family member continued. “It was planted by my great-grandfather’s great-grandfather.”

A general discussion then ensued as to why this variety of tree was chosen over some other. Why had the distant forebear planted the tree in this particular spot, rather than further to the right or left. Some people asked questions, while others answered them. Occasionally an argument would break out. And it often happened that, in the heat of the argument, all of a sudden one of the children, without being aware of it himself, came out with a strange-sounding declaration:

“How come you do not understand? I myself planted this tree in this particular spot, because...”

The adult family members realised at once that their little one harboured the soul and feelings and knowledge of one of their own distant forebears. And how proud they were that his soul was not aimlessly drifting through the waste spaces of the Universe, that it had not broken up into small particles, but continued to live in perfection, in life eternal.

Paganism, and especially Vedism, could scarcely be termed a ‘religion’. It would be more accurate to refer to it as *the culture of a way of life*. It was the greatest culture alive on the Earth, belonging to a highly spiritual civilisation. This civilisation did not need to *believe* in God — its people *knew* God.

This civilisation's people communicated with God, they understood the thoughts of the Creator.

They knew the designated purpose of every blade of grass, of every midge, of every planet.

This civilisation's people continue to rest in our souls even to this day. They will most certainly awake. The happy, life-delighted creators of a marvellous planet, the children of God — the Vedruss people.

These are not simply empty words. There is as much evidence to back them up as can be desired. One proof is found in Japan.

As is known, in the sixteenth century Christians began a considerable proselytising campaign in Japan. However, upon observing the results of the Christian missionaries' activity, Tokugawa Ieyasu,⁴ the Japanese ruler at the time, outlawed Christianity in his country.

Japan, with its native religion of Shintoism, is the closest country today to paganism. The word *Shinto* translates to 'pathway of the gods'. According to Shinto, Man's ultimate goal is harmonious co-existence with Nature.

What then? Is the Japanese people's way of life something terrible and uncivilised? That's how people see Man's life during the pagan period. But it's not true. Quite the opposite.

Many Japanese write poetry and have a reverent attitude toward Nature. The whole world is entranced with Japanese *ikebana*.⁵ And yet the attraction to this refined art is not restricted to Japan's professional florists. *Ikebana* is something you can see in practically every Japanese household.

The Japanese show special treatment to their children. Adults go the greatest possible lengths to ensure complete freedom for their children.

⁴*Tokugawa Ieyasu* (1543–1616; surname cited first) — the founder of the Tokugawa shogunate of Japan which ruled the country from 1600 to 1868.

⁵*ikebana* — the Japanese art of flower arranging.

A nation of poets and artists, it would seem. Yet the level of Japanese technology surpasses that of even the most developed countries of the world. It is a challenge to compete with them in the field of electronics or motorcar manufacturing. In referring to a modern pagan country like Japan, we are talking only of *elements* of paganism. Just think what type of Man one could have in a fully pagan culture!

One thing is clear: in terms of the level of knowledge and spirituality he would significantly surpass the type of Man prevalent today. But it was in somebody's interests to befool us by insisting upon our belief in the exact opposite.

Japan is not an exception — it is by no means the only example. From deep in our millennial past come names of such geniuses among poets, thinkers and scholars as Archimedes, Socrates, Democritus, Herculitus, Plato and Aristotle. They lived between two and six hundred years B.C. And where did they live? In Greece — which at that time was also a pagan country.

Japan, Greece, Rome, Egypt, with their ancient temple structures, classical art, holidays and traditions, all bear witness even today to the cultural level of these peoples. But what can our own historians tell us about *Rus'* of that time? Absolutely nothing.

How does one find tangible evidence that Vedic *Rus'* was home to artists and poets, not to mention glorious warriors who never attacked anyone but were skilful masters of weaponry?

I said to Anastasia:

“Unless we can find tangible proof of the culture of Vedic *Rus'*, nobody will believe in it. Your accounts of it will be treated as mere legends. Beautiful legends of course, but still legends. I'm convinced there's no point in searching historical works. So you are all that's left. Can you point to any tangible proof, Anastasia?”

“Yes, I can. For there is actually a great deal of proof.”

“Then tell me: in what spot should we go with excavation?”

“Why start with excavation? There are a great many human dwellings that offer proof of the Vedruss culture.”

“What kind of dwellings? What do you have in mind?”

“Look carefully, Vladimir, at the houses people are constructing today, and compare them with the houses that have been built in the village where you now live. Almost all the old houses in this village are decorated with traditional Russian wood-carvings. You also saw even older houses when you visited the museum-town of Suzdal.”⁶

“Yes, and they are all decorated with even finer carvings. And not just the houses — the portals and garden gates too, they’re all works of art.”

“In other words, the deeper you go into your people’s past, the more beautifully appointed human dwellings you see.

“In museums, too, you can see beautiful wood-carvings adorning distaffs, mugs and other household items which were in common use three to five hundred years ago. You will notice, Vladimir, that the artistry of the masters keeps increasing, the farther one travels back through the ages.

“Creativity like that on a massive scale has not been found over many centuries in any country in the world. Note, Vladimir, that these were not individual artists working on commission for a few rich bigwigs, but absolutely the entire population participated. Judge for yourself: if you see an ordinary distaff in a museum, it did not belong to the Tsar, or the Tsar’s wife, or some kind of bigwig. You are looking at an object which was found in every home. People used these

⁶*Suzdal* (pron. SOOZ-dal) — like the neighbouring town of Vladimir (about 30 km distant), one of the oldest cities in Russia. For further information see footnote 1 in Book 5, Chapter 6: “A garden for eternity”.

lacy wood-carvings to decorate all their buildings, including the fences; they decorated all their household items, and embroidered their clothes. If this had been done by master craftsmen, it would have taken an unimaginable number to produce all the examples we know about. Each Vedruss family did this on their own.

“The whole population were engaged in artistic pursuits. And this tells us that the whole population lived in plenty. A good deal of time is required if one is to spend a lot of time on artistic creations. Your historians are all wrong when they say that people in ancient times spent their whole day bent over, tending their agricultural lands. If that were true, they would have had no time for artistic pursuits. And yet they did. And as for their skill with weaponry, judge for yourself: if they were able to build such beautiful log mansions with an axe, they must have wielded it like a brush in the hands of an artist.

“Do you know what kind of competitive entertainment they thought up for Shrovetide? They drove into the ground two large upright logs about three metres apart. Two male competitors went up to these logs, carrying an axe in each hand. After being blindfolded, the men worked with both hands simultaneously, competing to see who could cut down their log first. But that was not all — they had to cut it down so that it would fall exactly on their competitor’s log and knock it over.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE



Significant books

One day I asked Anastasia's grandfather if he had ever had the opportunity to read any spiritual or scholarly books. His answer struck me as rather strange:

"If you mean taking a book into my hands, leafing through the pages and reading the words printed in the books, that's something I've done only on one occasion. But everything written in significant books is known to me."

"How so? And what are 'significant books'? If there are significant books, that means there must also be insignificant ones, eh?"

"Indeed. But why are you stuffing your head full of all this?"

"What d'you mean, why? A cultured and civilised Man ought to be well-read. When I speak at readers' conferences, I'm often asked whether I've read this book or the other. But I've only read just a few books in my lifetime. So I'd like to know which books I should read first. A lifetime isn't enough to read all of them, even if one read all day from morning 'til night. That's why I need to know about these 'significant books', so as not to come across as an utter ignoramus."

"You know, Vladimir, when you're asked at your readers' conferences what books you've read, you can say you're familiar with all of them."

"I can't do that unless I have actually read them all. They might ask me, for instance, what a particular author said in his book. If I've never even held his book in my hands, there's no way I could come up with any kind of answer."

“Simply tell them: ‘This author has nothing substantial to say.’ Tell the one who asked you the question to prove otherwise. You know, Vladimir, it only appears from the numbers that there’s a lot of books out there. In fact you can count the number of significant books on your fingers.”

“But how do I know whether a book is significant or not?”

“With the help of a criterion.”

“Can you let me have this criterion? At least to borrow?”

“Of course I can let you have it, and all your readers too. The point is that the criterion for determining the significance of a book is people’s way of life.”

“What d’you mean — their way of life? What’s that got to do with it?”

“People live in various parts of the globe. Human societies are conditioned by national differences. National cultures vary from country to country. As does their way of life, and their longevity. The culture of various peoples is shaped under the influence of, among other things, a significant book. Generally: a book that determines a people’s philosophy, gives rise to a particular religion and, consequently, a way of life.

“In China, for example, Confucius’ teachings¹ are considered significant. A special view of the world has been developing there since ancient times. To put it briefly, it views the world as a living organism.

“Part of this cosmic organism, or system, is the concept of *yin* and *yang*.² If you are interested in the Chinese people’s way of life, if you think it might serve as an example for the rest of mankind, then read Confucius’ book. If you are

¹ *Confucius (K’ung-fu-tzu)* (551–479 B.C.) — ancient Chinese thinker and philosopher whose teachings on morality, justice and social relationships (collectively known as *Confucianism*) are still respected and practised today in a number of Asian countries, including China, Japan and Korea. They are set forth in a publication known as *The analects of Confucius*.

interested in the Japanese world-view and their life-achievements, then read a book about that country's traditional religion — Shintoism. In many respects it helped shape the Japanese people's way of life.

“If you think that the happiest people live in the Christian world, then read the Bible. Significant books are those books which shape a particular way of life of a part of human society.”

“But in Christian spiritual literature, after all, there is a lot more besides just the Bible.”

“Yes, indeed. But there is absolutely nothing new in them. As a rule, in every significant book there are one or two basic thoughts or philosophical conclusions. All other books on a similar theme simply repeat this thought and contribute nothing new to one's world-view.

“Take, for example, one of the basic thoughts of the Bible — namely, that God must be bowed down to and his instructions carried out. This has given rise to a whole lot of books outlining the best way to do this. Some books say you should cross yourself with two fingers, others with three. They tell how to build temples with the best-looking outward appearance. They cite hundreds of examples of acts of worship by various people, devotees of genuflection. They talk of wars and arguments over particular methods of worship.

“People get immersed in these arguments and lose their ability to discern the basic thought. They no longer use the basic thought as a standard with which to compare others.

²*yin, yang* — the two opposite (though complementary) principles of Chinese philosophy, underlying both Taoism and traditional Chinese medicine. The *yin* (originally denoting a shady slope of a mountain or river-bank) represents a darker, passive feminine entity, symbolised by the elements of water or earth, while the *yang* (from the designation of a sunny slope) encompasses a brighter, active, masculine force, symbolised by fire and wind.

What happens is that in reading a whole lot of books about one and the same thing, they do not obtain any new information, but merely atrophy their analytical abilities. And they don't even bother trying to determine whether God really wants Man to bow down to Him, or whether He wants something quite different.

"As you can see, the hundreds of thousands of 'spiritual' books that have appeared over the past two thousand years all say pretty much one and the same thing.

"The appearance of a new well-grounded thought about the interrelationship of God and Man signals the appearance of a new significant book for the first time in two thousand years. With its appearance, its predecessor in the ranks of significant books passed into the ranks of historical documents."

"You're talking about the appearance of a new significant book? What's it called?"

"*Co-creation*. It contains new thoughts. And it is well-grounded. The main thought of this book states in a clear and well-grounded manner precisely what Gods wants of Man, and what Man's purpose is. You wrote this book from Anastasia's words, and you will remember, Vladimir, God's response to the question from the elements of the Universe:

'What do you so fervently desire?' everyone enquired.

And He, confident in His dream, replied:

*'Conjoint creation and joy for all from its contemplation.'*³

"But where is the proof that this declaration actually represents God's will?"

"The proof is everywhere. In the declaration itself. In the human heart and soul. In the logic of thinking. Judge for yourself:

³Quoted from Book 4, Chapter 2: "The beginning of creation".

if you accept as a premise God's creation of the Earth and Man, then the feelings ensuing from that on the part of God will correspond with those of Man — the parent of his children. All loving parents wish conjoint creation with their children.

"The second part of the declaration specifies what kind of creation God desires: 'and joy for all from its contemplation'. So tell me, what kind of creations can bring joy to absolutely everybody?"

"That's a hard question to answer. Some people get joy out of a good car, while others couldn't care less about cars. Some like eating meat, while others don't eat meat at all. There's even a popular saying: *There's no accounting for taste*. It'd be hard to find something that everybody could embrace."

"And yet, it is possible. Think about air, water, flowers, for example..."

"But those have already been created, while we're talking about conjoint creation."

"Yes, air, water and vegetation have already been created. But they're not always the same. Man is capable of making his air filled with dust, smoke and lethal gases, yet the same Man can fill it with ethers, aromas and flower pollen.

"Water can vary too. You can use chlorine-smelling water, for example, or you can drink genuine, refreshing water. And in among the great variety of plants you can either manufacture bloody chaos or create living scenes of extraordinary beauty and grandeur, attractive and delightful to the eye. There's a statement about that in *Co-creation*."

"If the book *Co-creation*, as you say, is significant, then isn't it also supposed to transform the life of society or somehow influence it?"

"Yes, that's a law. A new thought inevitably embodies itself in a new way of life for society."

"But when will this come about? Two years have gone by already since that book was published."

“To put it more accurately, not two years *already*, but *just* two years. In this relatively brief space of time, however, it has already co-created a great deal. You yourself were saying, weren’t you, that many people are already attempting to build a new way of life for themselves. They’re even creating national development programmes.”

“Yes, I did say that. There are indeed manifestations of this already.”

“You see? It took three hundred years to make Christianity noticeably felt, and here look at what’s been accomplished in just two years! Anastasia’s thoughts are materialising in a real way of life among many peoples, they are uniting their aspirations into a single creative impulse of universal co-creation.

“She launched a new way of thinking into Space, and this is an event of colossal proportions. This means that the book in which these thoughts were set forth for the first time will be accorded a similar evaluation.”

“I guess that means that I too will be one of the world’s significant writers?”

“You will not be *one of*... You will be *the* most significant, Vladimir. My granddaughter would not even think of secondary roles for her beloved.”

“It’s not working out quite that way. The popular newspaper *Argumenty i fakty* (Arguments and facts)⁴ published a book rating putting *The Book of Kin* in second place overall in Russia.”

⁴*Argumenty i fakty* — a leading weekly newspaper on current affairs. Founded in 1978 by the *Znanie* (Knowledge) organisation, it was designed primarily as a Soviet propaganda tool, but during the *glasnost*’ (openness) era of the late 1980s the paper was gradually transformed into a forum for real discussion. In the early 1990s it claimed to have a print-run of 33.5 million and was listed in the *Guinness Book of Records* as having the largest circulation in the world.

“After a time a great many people will become aware of the significance of the books you have written. And then a simple first place in the ratings won’t seem like all that much. A mere six years has passed since you wrote your first book. You were a nobody back then, but today — you are more than just famous. I’ve heard that you’ve been awarded recognition as a People’s Academician and presented with a certificate.”

“You’re right, only this recognition wasn’t from a traditional academy, but a public one.”

“Well, there you ago — a public academy.⁵ Treasure this award, it’s higher than the traditional variety. The people have spoken. The people who have realised the significance of your books, they’re the ones who’ve decided that *you* are significant. It means they’ve actually understood Anastasia’s thoughts and appreciated them. It’s not just ordinary people who have been able to do this, it’s people who will be able to go further and embody, understand and materialise her thoughts. That’s how it will be. Only don’t give yourself airs — hold out until the time comes, without giving in to pride.”

“I’ll try my best. I’ll read over Anastasia’s sayings again. It goes without saying that I won’t read crime novels or any kind of fiction. There’s really nothing in the way of new thoughts in them. Just light entertainment fluff.

“But I do have one question I’m unable to find an answer to. You can’t really tell whether a book is significant or not until after you’ve read it. But there’s a huge number of books out there — you walk into a library and the shelves are lined

⁵*a public academy* — In Russia today, apart from the state-sponsored and state-controlled Russian Academy of Sciences (known by its Russian acronym of RAN) and its branches, there are a large number of independent academies created by individuals or groups of citizens, or by other non-governmental organisations. These are sometimes referred to as ‘public’ (Russian: *narodny*) — in the sense that they have been created by members of the public rather than State.

with tens of thousands of books. Many of them have pretentious titles, even ones like *Conversation with God*, or *Truth unveiled* or *All the secrets of life*. In actual fact, however, you can read and read and still not come across any new thoughts. For every ten thousand there's maybe only one significant book, but then my chances of stumbling across it are one in ten thousand too. What to do?"

"Well, I'm telling you: before starting to read anything, take a survey of how people live in various corners of the globe, take note of situations that appeal to you in their lifestyle, and then read their book, and ponder it."

"But what if I don't find anything appealing? All peoples have similar troubles. There are differences, sure, but in the main... Take the environment, for example — there's nowhere in the world where it's not going downhill."

"Well, then, if you don't find anything appealing, then give some thought on your own as to how to build a harmonious way of life, and when you come up with something, you'll write a book about it yourself."

"All by myself? Without reading anything else?"

"You're contradicting yourself, Vladimir! You were the one that said you can't find any books worth reading, and behind those outrageous titles there's only a proliferation of words without any sense, without any new thoughts. And at the same time you are doubting — you think you can't be intelligent without reading a whole lot of rubbish. In any case I can tell you that every Man, right from birth, aspires to read the most important book — one whose language is distinct from printed letters — you remember: 'The Divine language has fragrance and colour...'⁶

"I understand."

"So read and ponder what you've read."

⁶Quoted from Book 4, Chapter II: "Three prayers".

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR



An exercise for teleportation

“You’re right, Vladimir,” Anastasia’s grandfather continued. “In terms of the present state of consciousness of most people today what Anastasia creates can seem incredible.

“Still, once the conscious awareness and state of mind belonging to our forebears at the time of our pristine origins are fully comprehended, these same people will look back and laugh at the astonishment they are now expressing.

“I’ll tell you now about just one exercise that will enhance your ability to easily teletransport your second self — that is, to transport yourself to a neighbouring town, or a different country or time period. Anybody can do this as long as they’re not lazy about it.

“Remember one time you saw Anastasia, in response to your request, move her body in a split second from one side of the lake to the other, and then move it back again?¹ And she didn’t hide the fact that any Man is capable of doing the same. One must mentally visualise all the cells of the body, down to the tiniest ones which aren’t even visible under a microscope, and disperse them into space with one’s thought, and then gather them together by the power of thought in the new place. Just watching this can astonish the imagination.

“Anyone can do this whose speed of thinking allows them to visualise in a single moment all the details of their body. Even a microscopic error, though, is enough to prevent the cells from gathering together after dispersal.

¹See Book 4, Chapter 21: “Where do we go in sleep?”.

“I’ve done this on just three occasions over my lifetime, and each time I prepared for it a year or more in advance. I can’t do anything like that any more. Either I’m just a bit past my prime, or I’ve got too lazy. But even my granddaughter, who was able to demonstrate her teleportation abilities so easily, said that this shouldn’t ever be done unless there is an acute need for it. And she explained why.

“Still, she transported you on several occasions to different times and cities. You saw images and you felt as though you were present at the events you witnessed. Am I right?”

“Yes, you are,” I confirmed. “It was when I described how she transported herself and me to another planet, without our bodies.² Our bodies remained on the Earth. A lot of people didn’t believe such a thing was possible.”

“They’ll believe it when they’re able to do something along those lines themselves. I’ll teach you how. Just listen carefully and try to make sense of what I say.

“Man is made up of a multitude of energies which comprise his being. Feelings, thought, imagination — that’s all Man too. But these energies cannot be seen by the eye. We shan’t say whether these parts of the body are material or not. In this case the degree of their materiality isn’t important. What *is* important is that they exist, and that these are also *you* — a Man.

“The material human body is one of many elements comprising a Man. Man can live without a material body, only then he would have to be called something else. The material body affords a visible opportunity to define the degree of harmonious balance among all the other energies.

“Now imagine that you or some other Man took all your energies, by your own free will, separated them from your body and transported them to a different space.”

²See Book 4, Chapter 22: “Other worlds”.

“Is that something anybody can do?”

“They can. It happens to a certain degree with everyone when they sleep. But don’t get carried away, keep on listening. I said that Man is capable of transporting, by his own free will, his whole complex of feelings to some other place.

“That requires just a bit of training. Here’s a training exercise.

“First, you need to find a spot where you won’t be disturbed. It can be just an ordinary room with a bed. As long as no distracting sounds can enter.

“So, you lie down on the bed and relax your body. See to it that your arms, legs and head are all lying freely in a comfortable position. Then, without moving, try to direct more of your blood toward one hand (as opposed to other parts of your body), purely by your will. If you don’t succeed right off, try again, until you feel a slight tingling in your fingertips on the hand you’ve been directing the blood — and your energy — toward.

“You should spend no more than thirty minutes a day on such attempts, but keep them up until you are able to freely direct the flow of energy and blood at will — first to one hand, then the other, then to your feet. Once you achieve the desired result, you should be able to direct energy to the brain as well.

“If you succeed at this, you will notice a significant benefit to your health. You’ll be able, for example, to remove a pimple or sore from your arm or leg or any other part of your body. You’ll be able to reverse hair loss. But, most importantly, you’ll be able to supply your brain with supplemental energy.

“I should also point out that in order to achieve such results, you should refrain from eating meat for several days before beginning the exercise. You should have a varied diet of fresh and easily digestible foods — foods containing ethers.

In your present living conditions these are hard to come by. But here are some foodstuffs which can give you a lot of things you're missing: take approximately ten grams of cedar oil each morning, then about twenty grams of honey and five of flower pollen. You should repeat this three hours before bedtime.

"Once you have completed this first part of the exercise, you can then go on to the second. For this part, tell me, what are some of the most common actions people perform every day around their home?"

"Probably food preparation is the most frequent. The majority of us, of course, prepare food every day. Peeling potatoes, for example."

"So, choose an action which you repeat most often. Which specific action it is doesn't really matter — the main thing is that it is one you are very familiar with. You mentioned peeling potatoes. This may well be the most familiar for some people; others can choose something else.

"Now take a watch and note the time as you begin this particular action. While you are carrying it out try not think about anything else. Remember all the details as well as what you feel while doing it. If you're peeling potatoes, for example, take note of how you hold the knife, where the scraps fall, how you washed them, and the sensation of the water. Remember how you put the potatoes into the pot for boiling and set it on the stove. Remember how you cleaned up the scraps when you were finished.

"When you decide that your actions are completed, look at the time and either remember or write down how many minutes you spent on them. Let's say it took twenty minutes altogether. Now set your alarm-clock to go off in exactly twenty minutes. Go into the other room, the one where you mastered the first part of the exercise while lying on the bed. Lie down on the bed again, relax, close your eyes and picture yourself in the room where you peeled the potatoes.

“It is essential to visualise everything down to the minutest detail. If you visualise everything correctly and consistently and in all the details, the alarm should go off at exactly the moment that you have finished your visualisation.

“If you’re lazy and leave out a lot of the details, you’ll finish your visualisation before the alarm goes off. If, on the other hand, you’re slow and lethargic in your thinking and visualisation, the alarm will go off before you’ve finished.

“Some people will need a whole year’s training to do this, others two years, while there are those who might learn it all in a month. Once you learn to make your visualisations coincide with real time, you’re close to being ready for teleportation. You can then go on to the third part of the exercise.

“In Part Three you have to mentally enter another room of your home and carry out a series of actions which you do only rarely. First measure the time it takes you to carry out the actions in visualisation. Let’s say you go into a room, fill a watering-can with water and proceed to water some flowers. After doing this and getting up from the bed, check your watch to see how many minutes the visualisation took you, and either memorise the figure or write it down.

“Then go into the room you recently entered in your mind and repeat the action of watering the flowers. The time should coincide right to the minute. If it doesn’t, well, that means you need more training. Once you’ve got the times to coincide, then you’ll be able to do a great deal with your second self — you’ll be able to visit not just other rooms in your home, but your neighbour’s home too and even other countries. For this you will only need a few reliable details. After analysing them, you’ll be able to re-create the whole environment in detail and actually go there.

“Not everyone will manage to do something like this, but I can tell you with certainty that once you have been in an

overseas city, you'll be able to go there again and again by transporting that second self of yours.

"Once you master this, though, you need to be mindful about one particular danger — you shouldn't detach your second self from your body for very long."

At this point I'll digress from Anastasia's grandfather's account and tell you in more detail about the danger involved.

After doing this exercise (for curiosity's sake) and achieving the results he spoke of, I tried teleporting my second self to the island of Cyprus, to the city of Paphos, which I had visited earlier.³

Lying on the sofa in my office, I relaxed and pictured myself getting ready for the trip, going to the airport, boarding the plane, landing at Larnaca and checking into the hotel I had stayed at in Paphos. Then I took a shower and walked down to the sea-side.

Coffee in the evening, the local music, a morning stroll on the beach, bathing in the sea — it was all there.

I returned — or woke up, I'm not sure which is the more accurate description here — three days later. And I could barely lift myself out of bed. My body, to put it mildly, had been wanting to go to the bathroom for a long time, and nobody had bothered to take it there. It was also very hungry, but nobody had fed it. I finally managed to get up and take a look at myself in the mirror. I wasn't happy with what I saw. A three days' stubble had sprouted on my face, and my facial expression was peeved and joyless. And I felt very sorry for my poor body, which had been abandoned the past three days.

The whole experience taught me a lesson: that Man's body is nothing but an utterly helpless piece of flesh without the

³See Book 5, Chapter 19: "Who controls coincidences?"

energy of the second — or is it the first? — human self. Yet helpless as it might be, it still belongs to me and I have no right to leave it unattended, even for the sake of a trip to some overseas resort. I also observed that when you travel without your body, though the sensation may appear complete, and you feel the sea water and the warmth of the Sun's rays, the body still doesn't get a tan.

At first I regretted the time wasted on the training. But later I managed to make profitable use of it in the ability to foresee, with the help of my second self, some events that hadn't happened yet. This is how I managed to write on several topics which I'm about to present to you now.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE



Give children their Motherland

In Ukraine there is a city called Kharkov.¹ In this city there is an orphanage. A fine orphanage, with cozy rooms, a handsome aquarium and a large swimming pool. It has received significant support from local authorities and the business community. In showing me the facilities, the head of municipal education department remarked that children from this orphanage go to the regular public school. As I looked out the window I could see groups of children on their way back from school. Only one little girl was walking apart from the rest.

“That’s Sonia.² She’s in Grade One,” the director explained. “She always walks alone. She thinks that she will soon be adopted by a Jewish family.”

“Why a Jewish family?” I asked. “She doesn’t at all look like a Jewish child, with her fair hair. She looks Ukrainian more than anything.”

“Someone at school told her that *Sonia* is a Jewish name, so she must be Jewish. Sonia agreed, and decided at once that she would definitely be adopted by a Jewish family. And she

¹*Kharkov* (known in Ukrainian as *Kharkiv*) — a major Ukrainian industrial and cultural centre, situated near the junction of the Lopan and Udy Rivers (tributaries of the Severski Donets), in the north-east of the country. With a population of a million and a half, it is the second largest city in Ukraine after Kiev.

²*Sonia* — an ancient Russian name (literally meaning ‘sleepy’), now often used as an affectionate form of the name *Sofia*, also appearing in variants such as *Sonechka* (pron. *SON-yetch-ka*).

always walks alone, thinking that if she walks with the group, her future parents might not notice her.”

Kharkov has a fine orphanage. There are orphanages, too, in other cities in Ukraine, Belarus and Russia. They are home to children. Yet no matter how cozy the rooms in these orphanages, all children dream of having parents and a family.

In her nondescript shoes, small and slender first-grader Sonia trod in a no-nonsense fashion across the asphalt courtyard, separately from her group of classmates. And Sonia, who lived in the orphanage, had a dream...

A day went by, then another, then months. Sonia wasn't aware that children's shelters had been around a long time in various countries, and that not all children ended up being adopted. Most of them, in fact, are doomed to spend their whole lives parentless. Sonia wasn't adopted either.

However, her life did not turn out in the usual way. At that time a group of Kharkov residents decided to build a community not far from the city. They managed to acquire a hundred and fifty hectares of land, and a hundred and twenty families decided to set up their own kin's domains, a hectare each in size.

One lot on the edge of the community remained unspoken for, so they decided to give it to somebody from the orphanage. It turned out that little Sonia was selected as the recipient. They brought the girl out to see her plot, accompanied by one of the housemothers. The housemother began to explain to Sonia:

“D’you see, Sonia, the stakes driven into the ground and the rope stretched between them? This rope marks off your land, a whole hectare. It is a gift to you from people who have also taken a hectare of land nearby to plant gardens and build houses on. When you grow up, you too will be able to build a house and plant a garden. Your land will be waiting for you.”

The little girl walked up to the rope, touched it, and asked the housemother:

“Does that mean that on the other side of this rope is my land and I can do whatever I want with it?”

“Yes, Sonechka, this is your land, and you alone are in charge of everything that will grow on it.”

“And what will grow on it?”

“Well, for the time being, as you can see, a lot of different kinds of grasses. But look over there, on your neighbours’ plots — they’ve already started planting apple trees and pear trees, and a whole bunch of other fruit trees, and they’ll soon have flourishing orchards. And when you grow up, you will decide what to plant on your land and where to put it, so that it will look beautiful, just like the others.”

Sonia bent over and crawled under the rope onto her hectare of land. She took several steps along the rope, carefully examining the ground and all the little creatures twittering and darting about on the grass. She walked as far as a little birch-tree growing on the plot and touched its slender trunk. She turned to the housemother, and in a somewhat excited voice asked:

“What about this little tree? The little birch tree? Is that mine too?”

“Yes, Sonechka, as of now the birch tree belongs only to you, since it’s growing on your land. When you get older, you’ll be able to plant other trees here... But now it’s time to go. It’ll soon be lunch-time and I have to get back to the group.”

The little girl turned to look at her plot and stood silently contemplating it.



People who have children know that when they play, children often build little rooms for themselves out of various things or, in the country, they set up little lean-tos for themselves to play in. For some reason, every child has a need to fence off a little world of their own from the big world outside, to create their own space. Children who live in orphanages have a common space, but this common space, even if it is very well appointed, can only have a negative effect on them.

Like other orphanage children, Sonia never had a corner to call her own, even a tiny one. And here she was standing on the other side of the rope, where everything belonged exclusively to her — including the grass, and the lively grasshoppers hopping across the ground, and the little birch tree. The slim little girl turned to her housemother and started to speak. Her voice combined tones of both pleading and decisiveness.

“I beg of you, very, very much, to please let me stay here. You go on ahead, and I’ll come back on my own.”

“How will you get back? It’s thirty kilometres!”

“I’ll make it,” replied Sonia firmly. “I’ll walk and I’ll make it. Maybe I’ll take the bus. Please let me have some time on my land all by myself.”

The driver of the *Zbiguli*,³ who happened to be the proprietor of the plot next door to Sonia’s, overheard the conversation and proposed:

“Let the girl stay here until this evening. I’ll take you back now, and bring her home tonight.”

After a moment’s thought the housemother agreed. How could she refuse, after seeing the face of this little girl standing behind the rope, awaiting her decision.

³*Zbiguli* — a car produced at Toliatti on the Volga River (see footnote 1 in Book 4, Chapter 22: “Other worlds”), here referring to the car which had brought Sonia and the housemother out to see the plot.

"All right, Sonia, you may stay here until this evening. I'll send along lunch with the driver."

"What d'you need to do that for?" responded the *Zbiguli* driver. "We'll be happy to share our lunch with our neighbour," he added, with a respectful emphasis on the word *neighbour*.

"D'you hear that, Klava?"⁴ he called out to his wife, who was busy preparing lunch on the porch of their house. Their house was still under construction. "Make dinner for four — our neighbour will be joining us today."

"Fine," answered his wife. "There's enough for everyone." And she added: "Just give us a shout, Sonia, if there's anything you need."

"Thank you," answered Sonia, now extremely happy.

After the *Zbiguli* had departed, Sonia walked along the rope strung between the stakes. She walked slowly, sometimes pausing to sit down on the grass and touch something with her hands before continuing on. In this fashion she walked around the whole perimeter of her lot.

Then she stood in the middle of her hectare and surveyed all sides of the perimeter. And then all at once, she threw her hands in the air and began running, jumping and spinning around.

After lunch Klava noticed how tired the girl looked after trotting around her plot, and invited her to have a nap on a folding cot. But Sonia, tired as she was, replied:

"If possible, can you give me some old clothing I can spread out to lie down on. I'll take a nap on my own piece of land, by the birch tree."

Nikolai⁵ set up the cot with a mattress and blanket beside the birch tree on Sonia's plot. The girl lay down and

⁴*Klava* — an affectionate form of the feminine name *Klavdia* (corresponding to *Claudia* in English).

immediately fell into a deep sleep. This was her first time sleeping in her own kin's domain.

But now the orphanage was faced with what initially seemed an insoluble problem. Not a day passed but Sonia would ask the housemothers to allow her to go to her own hectare of land. Their explanations — that she was still too young to take the bus all by herself, and the housemothers couldn't take her since they couldn't leave the other children — fell on deaf ears.

Sonia began talking with the orphanage's director. She explained to him that she absolutely *had* to go see her land. She had to, because on the neighbouring plots people were already planting trees, and would soon have flourishing orchards, while her land would be left abandoned. Nothing would be flourishing on it.

Finally the orphanage's director came up with a solution that was acceptable to Sonia. He told her:

“Right now, Sonia, it's not possible to take you out to your plot, since apart from everything else, you still have a fortnight's study ahead of you. Two weeks from now the summer holidays will begin. I'll have a word with the neighbours next door to your plot, and if they agree to watch out for you, then during the holidays we'll send you off to your plot for a time — for a week, at least, or maybe longer.

“By the way, you could spend this coming fortnight getting yourself ready for your land. Here, take these two brochures and read up. One of them tells how to make planting beds, and the other is a guide to medicinal herbs. If you can be on

⁵*Nikolai* (pron. *ni-ka-LYE*, rhyming with 'by') — a masculine name of Greek origin, now commonly used in Russia (corresponding to *Nicholas* in English). The ancient Russian name *Koby*a is now used as an endearing form of *Nikolai*. In this case it is the name of the driver, Klava's husband.

your best behaviour these next two weeks, I'll also get ready for you a selection of seeds for the holidays."

Sonia was on her best behaviour. She did all her lessons conscientiously, and devoted all (absolutely all!) her spare time to reading the two brochures the director had given her. When she lay down to sleep, she dreamt about the beautiful plants that would grow on her plot. On one occasion, while all the other children were fast asleep, the night-nurse noticed Sonia drawing sketches of trees and flowers by the moonlight streaming through her window.

The neighbours did agree to watch out for the little girl, and when the summer holidays began, the director himself helped load a number of items into the baggage compartment of the *Zhiguli*, including box lunches for two weeks, a small shovel and rake, as well as a packet of seeds.

Nikolai didn't want to take the box lunches from the orphanage, but the director assured him that Sonia was an extremely independent girl and would never want to be a burden to anyone, so it would be better for her to see she had her own supply of food.

And they also gave her a new sleeping bag — in spite of the fact that Nikolai's family had already fixed up a little room for Sonia on the finished ground floor of their house, complete with sheets and pillows.

As Sonia was getting into the car, a whole lot of people came out to see her off — not just the orphanage staff on duty that day, but a crowd who had come especially to look upon the little girl's face, which was beaming with happiness.

For the first three nights Sonia slept in the room her neighbours had fixed up for her, spending all day long on her own hectare of land which was so dear to her heart.

The third day was Nikolai's birthday, and a lot of guests came. One young couple arrived with their tent. On the

following day, when the guests departed, the tent was left behind.

“That’s a present for you,” the young couple said to Nikolai.

Then Sonia asked Nikolai if she could sleep in the tent. Nikolai gave her his permission.

“Of course, go ahead, if you like. What is it — do you find your room stuffy?”

“The room’s fine,” replied the girl. “But everybody here spends the night on their own land, while my land is all alone at night. There are lights burning on many of the other plots at night-time, but mine’s all dark.”

“So, does that mean you’d like me to set up the tent on your plot?”

“I’d like that very, very much, Uncle Kolya — if you could set it up beside the birch tree. Only if you have time, and if it’s not too inconvenient...”

Every night after that Sonia slept in the tent Nikolai set up on her plot beside the birch tree.

Upon awakening early in the morning, she would go at once to the bucket of water standing by the tent, and draw some water in a mug. After filling her mouth, she would let a thin stream of water splash onto the palms of her hands to wash her face.

Then she would take out a sketch-book in which she had made hand-drawings of the plan for her plot, and study them. After that, she would proceed to dig her flower and vegetable beds.

The small sapper’s spade the director had given her had a sharp edge, but Sonia was unable to get the full blade into the ground; she could only get it in only half-way. But she still managed to make her vegetable beds.

Her neighbour Nikolai offered to plough up any designated areas with a rototiller, but Sonia categorically refused. She was fiercely jealous of any encroachment on her territory.

People sensed this and endeavoured not to cross over the line (marked out by stakes and rope) without her knowledge. Even Nikolai, upon awaking in the morning, when he went to call Sonia to breakfast, would go only as far as the property line and call out to Sonia from there.

Perhaps it was some kind of extraordinary streak of aspiration toward independence on this young girl's part, or else the fear of becoming a burden to someone, that prevented her from asking anybody any favours. Even when one of the community residents tried to offer her clothing, or candy, or some sort of equipment, she would politely thank them, but categorically decline the offer.

In the two weeks she spent on her land, Sonia managed to dig out and plant three vegetable beds, with a huge flower-bed in the middle.

On the morning of her last day of her fortnight's stay, Nikolai went to the perimeter of her plot as usual, to call her to breakfast. The girl was standing by her flower-bed (in which nothing had come up yet). As she stared at it, she replied to Nikolai without turning around:

"Uncle Kolya, you don't have to call me to eat this morning, I don't feel hungry."

Nikolai would say later that he could hear her voice cracking, he could tell she was barely holding back her tears. He wasn't about to try to find out what the matter was. He went back to his place and began observing Sonia through his field-glasses.

The girl was pacing back and forth across her plot, first touching a plant with her hands, or straightening out something in one of the beds. Then she went over to her birch tree and put her arms around it. Nikolai could see her shoulders trembling.

By lunch-time the orphanage's ageing mini-van arrived. The driver stopped at the entrance to Nikolai's territory and sounded his horn. Nikolai would recount the subsequent events as follows:

When I saw her through my field-glasses gather up her simple little things, like the shovel and rake, and head over our direction with such a sad expression on her face, when I looked at that face close-up, I couldn't hold out any longer. I grabbed my mobile phone and rang the orphanage. Fortunately I was able to get through to the director right away. I told him I was willing to sign any papers required, accepting responsibility for the child, saying I would take the summer off work to spend the whole time here on the plot, just so the little girl could stay on her piece of land until the end of the holidays.

At first the director started to explain that all the children from their orphanage were to go to summer camp at the sea-side for rest and therapy — that he and his colleagues had spent a long time securing this opportunity, and that now they would be going to the camp, thanks to the generosity of a group of sponsors.

I then spoke with the director frankly, man-to-man, but he wasn't offended, and gave me an equally frank response. Whereupon he asked to have a word with the driver, promising to come out himself tomorrow.

I ran out to the road and handed the telephone to the driver, adding from myself:

“Okay, there, friend. Get out of here pronto!”

The driver left. Then Sonia came up to me and said:

“Uncle Kolya, didn't the van-driver come for me? But why did he leave?”

For some reason my negotiations with the orphanage director had left me rather tense. I lit a cigarette, my hands were trembling, and I responded to her:

“What makes you think he was coming for you? He simply came to see if you needed any food supplies, or anything else, and I told him everything was okay.”

She looked me straight in the eye. It seemed as though she understood what was going on. Then she said softly:

“Thank you, Uncle Kolya!” Then she began walking, and eventually running, back to her land.

The orphanage director came the following morning. I was already waiting for him. Only he didn’t head my way, but walked straight over in the direction of Sonia’s tent. I didn’t get a chance to warn him not to cross the line without an invitation. But, smart fellow that he is, he guessed as much himself. Again, in an apparent effort not to traumatise the child, this clever chap had the sense to say, as the little girl came to meet him:

“Good day, Sonia. I just stopped by to let you know we’re all going off to the sea-side. Would you like to stay here, or join us on our trip?”

“*Stay here!*” Sonia didn’t just say it, but screamed it.

“I thought as much,” responded the director. “So I brought you something by way of box lunches...”

“No need to trouble yourself, no need to waste your time. I don’t need anything.”

“No need? Then what would you have me do? The state provides us with funds for each child in our care. But you are here taking care of yourself, and feeding yourself. Tell me, how can I account for the state funds in a situation like this? No, please be so gracious as to accept these... Okay, Alexeich,⁶ you can go ahead and unload them.

“Will you allow us to come in, Sonia? Maybe you’ll show us your place here?”

⁶ *Alexeich* (pron. *a-lek-SAY-yitch*) — here a patronymic (see footnote 9 in Book 1, Chapter 1: “The ringing cedar”). Patronymics in Russian are occasionally used alone in certain situations, one of them being an employer addressing an employee he knows very well. The full form of *Alexeich* would be *Alexeevich*.

Sonia stared at the director for several moments, sizing up the whole situation. Then she noticed the driver of the mini-van unloading some heavy-looking bags, and once she finally realised that she would be staying put here on her land for the whole summer holidays, she joyfully exclaimed:

“Oh, what have I... Come in, come in. The gate’s over there where there’s no rope. Please be my guests. I’ll be happy to show you my place. You too, Uncle Kolya, come on in.”

She led us over to her tent and at once invited us to take a drink of water from the bucket standing alongside.

“Here, have some water. I get it from a spring. It’s good-tasting, better than tap water. Do please take a drink.”

“I shan’t say no to that,” replied the director, drawing a half a mugful of water from the bucket and downing it with gusto. “It’s jolly good!”

The driver and I both took a drink and complimented Sonia on her water, to her great delight. It was probably the first time in her life that Sonia had possessed anything of her own. Even if it was just water, it was still something that was hers, something of her own that she could offer to adults. Sonia began to feel like a real participant in the world.

After that, we sat there listening for maybe an hour and a half or two hours while Sonia regaled us with her report of what she had already planted and what she was going to plant. And she showed us her drawings of her future kin’s domain. Only there was no house in the plans she had drawn.

“It’s time for us to go,” the director told Sonia. “You can unpack your things on your own. I threw in a battery-operated flashlight. It’s an electric torch that can shine far into the distance, but if you switch it over to the daylight-lamp setting, you can use it to read by. And now you’ll

have something to read. I brought you some magazines on landscape design, and gardening books, and books on folk medicine.”

“Oh, I forgot something again,” spluttered Sonia. “Just a moment.” She pulled back one of the tent flaps, and we saw bunches of various herbs hanging on a tent wire stretched taut. She took out several bunches and offered them to the director.

“This is celandine.⁷ A special kind of herb... This is for Katya in our group, she needs to make a brew with it and drink it. She’s so often ill. I read up on celandine in the brochure you gave me. I’ve dried it already.

“Thank you...”

In sum, this director’s a pretty fine fellow, and he loves children. I had a talk with him later. He asked me how Sonia was behaving herself, and gave me some concrete advice.

Sonia spent the whole summer in her tent on her own piece of land. The bed at the centre of her garden blossomed with magnificent flowers, while the produce from the vegetable beds included onions and radishes.

In the evenings, when the days began to grow shorter, you could often see the light of the electric torch flickering in the tent. Every evening Sonia read books on folk medicine and made drawings of her future plans for her land in her sketch-book.

When the orphanage’s mini-van came to collect her at the end of the summer, I helped Sonia load up her things. And there was quite a bit to load! Just the bunches of herbs she had dried numbered around two hundred. Her yield also included a sack of potatoes and three pumpkins. The van had a full load. I asked Sonia:

⁷*celandine* — see footnote 4 in Book 3, Chapter 20: “Mediums”.

“What about next year? Shall I hold on to your tent for you?”

“I’ll definitely come again next summer. First day of the holidays, I’ll be here. You’re a good neighbour, Uncle Kolya. Thank you for being such a good neighbour!”

And she shook my hand just like an adult. And this time it was a much stronger handshake. Sonia had not only got herself a good tan, but she had got stronger and more self-confident as well.

When she came the next year she brought fruit-tree saplings along with her, as well as some kind of seedlings, and got down to business right off.

At a community meeting people from our settlement decided to build Sonia a little house.

But Zina,⁸ whose husband was an entrepreneur and had built the biggest mansion in the community, began to insist that Sonia’s house should be more than ‘little’.

“I’m ashamed to look visitors in the eye. The foundations of all the houses in the settlement are being set up as though they were palaces, and here’s one only child living in a tent. What can visitors think?”

Knowing the girl’s feelings, especially her resentment at any kind of offers of assistance, they entrusted me to negotiate with her.

I went to see her and said:

“Sonia, at a community meeting the residents decided to build you a little house to live in. All you have to do is show us where you would like it placed.”

In response, she asked me rather guardedly:

“Uncle Kolya, how much would a little house cost?”

Not suspecting anything, I replied:

⁸*Zina* — an endearing form of the name *Zinaida* (pron. *Zee-na-EE-da*).

“Oh, somewhere in the neighbourhood of two hundred thousand roubles. In other words, about two thousand per family.”

“Two thousand each? But that’s a lot of money. That means people would have to buy less of something for their own children — just to spend on me. Uncle Kolya, I beg of you: tell the people I don’t need a house right now. I haven’t even thought of a place to put it yet. I beg of you, Uncle Kolya, please explain to the people...”

She was greatly concerned, and I could understand why. Upon receiving her piece of land, Sonia felt independent for the first time in her life. Her plot of land substituted for her parents — it needed her and she needed it. By some kind of internal instinct the girl felt or imagined that her land didn’t want any outsiders laying their hands on it.

And God forbid anyone might criticise her after the house was completed, even tacitly. Her own sense of independence was far dearer to her than having her own house.

I tried to persuade the residents not to force any gifts on the girl. But then something completely unexpected happened. A group of kids on their way back from the lake ran past Sonia’s plot. Out in front, on a fine-looking bicycle was the entrepreneur’s son, Edik.⁹ He was always teasing Sonia, calling her *Malyavka*,¹⁰ even though he himself was only three years her senior.

⁹*Edik* — an endearing variant of *Edward*. A few foreign names have become popular among Russians at certain periods of history. But then Russian suffixes may well be added to satisfy the Russian penchant for diminutive (endearing) forms. By way of comparison, note the popularity among English speakers of certain endearing Russian names like *Tanya* and *Sasha*.

¹⁰*Malyavka* (pron. *mal-YAF-ka*) — a condescending nickname indicating someone younger or shorter than one’s self, something on the order of ‘Little One’ or ‘Shorty’.

“Hey, there, Malyavka!” Edik called out to Sonia. “You spend your whole time landscaping — aren’t you bored with that already? Why don’t you come with us to see the fireworks?”

“What ‘fireworks?’” asked Sonia.

“My Papa’s going to burn down the construction trailer his workers have been using. Come and you’ll see. We’ve already got a fire-engine there on stand-by.”

“Why burn it down?”

“Cause it’s spoiling the view.”

“But after it burns down, nothing will grow on that spot for a long time.”

“Why not?”

“Cause all the helpful worms, all the bugs, they’ll get burnt up too. I tried lighting a fire by my tent one time and see, nothing’s ever grown on that spot since.”

“Wow, Malyavka! You’re really observant! So, come and save our worms. Take the old trailer away, otherwise Papa won’t know how else to get rid of it.”

“How am I going to take it away? Isn’t it heavy?”

“What d’you mean, how? With a crane, of course! The crane’s coming the day after tomorrow to set up our wind-mill. So, either you take it or we’re going to have a big bon-fire.”

“Okay, Edik. I’ll agree to take your trailer.”

“Then let’s go.”

A crowd of adult neighbours, along with a whole lot of children, had gathered at Edik’s parents’ estate. A fire crew was standing by at the ready. Edik approached his father, who was already on his way over to the construction trailer, carrying a can of gasoline. To the disappointment of the younger crowd and the glad astonishment of the adults, he told his father:

“Papa, you don’t need to burn the trailer.”

“What d’you mean, I don’t need to? How come?”

“Cause I’ve given it away.”

“To whom?”

“To the Malyavka.”

“What Malyavka?”

“To Sonia, from the plot on the far side of the settlement.”

“Well! Did she agree? Did she agree to accept it from you?”

“Hey, Papa, if you don’t believe me, ask her yourself.”

Sonia was standing in the crowd of youngsters. Edik took her by the hand and brought her over to his father.

“Tell him, Sonia, that you agree to take this shack off his hands. Tell him.”

“I agree,” Sonia answered quietly.

Oh, how the entrepreneur just bubbled over with pride at his son’s accomplishment! Quite a coup! Here was this girl who never took anything from anyone, and now the capricious Sonia had decided to accept a gift from his Edik.

As soon as the children had left, the entrepreneur summoned the whole construction brigade that had been putting the finishing touches on his mansion, and said to the foreman:

“So, now, lads. Take any materials you need and start working around the clock — I’ll pay you double time, if you can only refit the trailer’s interior to modern European living standards in forty-eight hours. You can leave the exterior shabby, the way it is. But the interior...”

Forty-eight hours later, next to the birch tree where the tent had been standing on Sonia’s plot, the construction trailer with its shabby exterior was set up on a brand new brick foundation. The exterior was indeed shabby, but the builders had primed it for painting, and left tins of Finnish¹¹ paint and brushes inside.

Sonia later painted the exterior herself. She now had, for the first time in her life, her very own little house, standing on her own dear piece of land. By the following year this house had been transformed into a little fairy-tale château, covered with ivy and wild grapevines and surrounded by flower-beds.



Ten years went by. Sonia finished school and had already spent a whole year living in her domain. Mansions could be seen throughout the community, which was already dripping in lush green vegetation and flourishing orchards. But the best and prettiest estate belonged to Sonia.

While her classmates were leaving the orphanage and going off to parts unknown, trying to get accepted into any kind of academic institution just to get a roof over their heads, or to find any kind of work so they could at least feed themselves, Sonia was already a wealthy woman. The residents of the community would give their surplus fruits and vegetables to a manager. Products grown on domains fetched a higher-than-average price. They were exported to countries in the European Union, where they were sold in stores specialising in eco-friendly produce. Sonia gave what she grew on her plot to the manager as well. Though most of what she produced was bought by visitors from the city who had heard about this extraordinary girl and her fabulous domain.

¹¹*European, Finnish* — to Russians or Ukrainians, this meant significantly higher quality than was standard in their own countries.

Sonia had also been gathering medicinal herbs and had helped save a great many people from disease.

One day Edik came back for a visit to his parents, who were now living full-time in their domain. For the past three years he had been studying at a prestigious university in America. He was about to undergo a serious medical operation. He was suffering from liver and kidney disorders, probably caused by the poor quality of food and water abroad. Before the operation, Edik decided to spend a week visiting his parents. His mother, Zinaida, made a suggestion:

“Maybe, son, we should pay a visit to our local healer? Just in case she can help.”

“Now there, Mama, what century are we living in, eh? Medicine in the West has been highly developed for quite a while now. They just cut out and replace whatever they need to. Don’t worry. I’m not going to see any witch-doctors. That’s ancient!”

“I’m not suggesting you go to any witch-doctors. Let’s go see... you remember that little girl from the orphanage on the far side of our settlement who surprised everyone by fixing up the piece of land they gave her, all on her own?”

“Oh, you mean that Malyavka? I vaguely remember her.”

“Well, now she’s no longer a Malyavka, son, but a very respected woman. Managers are willing to pay double the price for anything grown by her hand. And people come from faraway places for her blend of medicinal herbs. Even though she doesn’t advertise it at all.”

“How did our Malyavka get to be such an expert?”

“Well, she’s been spending every summer since Grade One on her plot, and every day during the winter she’s been reading books on gardening and folk medicine. The child’s mind is sharp, and she picks up everything so quickly. She got a lot of it from books. Only people say her real understanding

came more from herself. They say, too, that the plants understand her. She talks with them.”

“Well, that’s our Malyavka for you! How much does she charge for treatment?”

“Sometimes she charges, but she’s also been known to offer help for free. One day last autumn I happened to meet her by the pond. She looked me in the eye and told me:

“Auntie Zina, the whites of your eyes don’t look too good. Here, take this herb, make a tea with it and drink it, and it’ll get better.’ And it did. And there was really something wrong with my eyes, since I had a liver complaint. Now that’s gone too.

“Let’s go, son. We’ll go and see her. Maybe she can help your liver too.”

“It’s not just my liver, Mama. They’ve already made their diagnosis and they’re going to remove one of my kidneys. And no tea’s going to help that. Anyway, let’s go pay her a visit — it’ll be interesting to see Malyavka’s domain. They say it’s like a Paradise there.”

“Yes, indeed! She’s done a fantastic job!” exclaimed Edik, as he and his mother approached Sonia’s domain. “Most people in the community seem to have put all their efforts into building mansions with stone fences, whereas she’s created a real Paradise. Just look, Mama, the fence she’s created from greenery!”

“You would have held some of that exclamation in reserve if you knew what her garden looked like,” observed Zinaida. “Only very few people get to see it.”

She opened the gate a little and called out loudly:

“Sonia! If you’re home, come on out. Sonia, are you home?”

The door of the little house — the former construction trailer — opened wide, and out onto the porch stepped a young

woman. With a deft movement of her hand she tossed her tightly woven braid of chestnut-coloured hair over her shoulder. When she caught sight of Zinaida accompanied by her son, her cheeks flushed with a rosy glow. She fastened the top button on her cardigan which fit snugly over her supple breasts, and with a soft and light but still gracious step this young and beautiful girl made her way down the porch steps and along the path to the gate, where Zinaida and Edik were standing.

"Hello, Auntie Zina! Welcome back, Edward! If you'd like, come into my house or into my garden."

"Thank you for the invitation. We accept with pleasure," replied Zinaida.

But Edik didn't say a word and didn't even return Sonia's greeting.

"You know, Sonia," Zinaida went on as they headed for the garden, "my son has a problem. He's about to have an operation. Even though it'll take place in America, it's still pretty upsetting to me as a mother."

Sonia stopped, turned around and asked Edik:

"What's the trouble with you, Edward?"

"My heart," Edik replied, gasping in his throat.

"What d'you mean, your heart?" exclaimed Zinaida. "You told me it was your liver and your kidneys. Does that mean you were lying so I wouldn't get overly concerned?"

"I wasn't lying. But now, Mama, my heart is beating so fast — can't you feel it right here?!" He took his mother's hand and placed it against his chest. "Listen — it's going to rupture and explode if you don't convince this beautiful maiden to marry me at once!"

"You're such a jokester," laughed Zinaida. "You practically scared me to death!"

"I'm not joking, Mama."

"Well, if you aren't joking," Zinaida gaily continued, "you ought to know that half the community have already sent

matchmakers over on behalf of their sons. But to no avail — Sonia doesn't want to get married. You can ask her yourself why she doesn't want to, but don't set your poor mother up for a fall."

Edik went up to Sonia and quietly enquired:

"Sonia, why have you never married anyone?"

"Because," Sonia softly responded, "I've been waiting for you, Edik."

"Oh you teasers! What are you making fun of a mother like that for?"

"Bless us, Mama, right now. I'm not teasing," Edik declared firmly, and took Sonia by the hand.

"And I'm not teasing either, Auntie Zina," Sonia said in a serious tone.

"You aren't teasing? That means you too, Sonia?... You're not joking? Well, if you're not joking, then what are you still calling me 'Auntie' for, instead of 'Mama'?"

"Fine. I'll call you Mama," replied Sonia, her voice trembling. She took a step in Zinaida's direction, but then paused in hesitation.

Zinaida couldn't immediately catch on to what was happening — was this some kind of stalemate, a joke? She anxiously glanced back and forth between Sonia's face and her son's. Then there came the moment when she realised how serious the young couple's intentions really were, and at this point she rushed over to Sonia, embraced her and broke into tears:

"Sonia! Sonechka! Daughter! I know you're serious about each other."

Sonia's shoulders were trembling too. She hugged Zinaida and repeated:

"Yes, Mama, we're serious. Very serious indeed."

Whereupon the young couple, holding hands, slowly and without eyes for anyone but each other, walked down the

community street to the domain belonging to Edik's family. Zinaida walked out in front. She was laughing and crying at the same time, and chattered on incessantly, accosting each person they met:

"We've just come... And they — *bang!* — they've fallen in love with each other... And I — *bang!* — I blessed them. At first I thought they were joking. But they — *bang!* — they fell in love right off. And I told them... And they said they wanted 'to get married, Mama, today!' Good people, how is that possible? There's preparations to be made — it all has to be done officially. That's just not possible!"

Presently they saw Edik's father, the entrepreneur, coming out of the house to greet them. Upon hearing this same (more or less) disconnected account from his wife's lips, he looked at the young couple and said:

"Well, now, you're chattering on as usual, Zinaida. And what d'you mean, a wedding today is impossible? Just look at these young'uns. We have to hold the wedding not just today, but right now!"

Edik went up to his father and embraced him.

"Thank you, Papa."

"What are you thanking me for? Let's not waste time hugging each other! Everybody say *Gor'ko!*"¹²

"*Gor'ko! Gor'ko!*" all the people cried out that had gathered round.

Edik and Sonia kissed each other for the first time in front of the residents of the community. Everyone who happened to be home at the time assembled for the wedding. An improvised table was set up in the fresh air and they all helped set it together. The ceremony didn't just 'buzz' the way things did at traditional Russian parties — it 'sang' well into the night.

¹²*Gor'ko!* (lit. 'Bitter!') — a call for the bride and groom to kiss at a wedding reception (in the sense that the wine is bitter and needs a kiss to make it sweet).

Despite the parents' pleadings, the young couple decided to settle down not in Edik's parents' mansion, which was actually more like a palace, but in Sonia's little house.

"You see, Father," Edik explained, "this palace we've built here with all its different wings takes up practically half a hectare. But we don't have the beauty that Sonia's domain has, or even the air. We've got to take half the additions down."

The entrepreneur started drinking, and kept at it for a whole week. But after that, to everyone's surprise, he started taking down the wings he had added to his mansion. He explained:

"We were pretty silly, putting up all the additions. Our grandchildren won't want to move into catacombs like these!"

And Sonia and Edik went on living happily...

Stop! Now I've already started talking about the future. And most certainly, it will be marvellous! But what about the present? At the present time, there is indeed a fine orphanage in the city of Kharkov. And there is a little girl named Sonia there. Sonia's in Grade Three now, but she doesn't have a hectare of land of her own, neither do Tanya, Seryozha or Katya, or any of the thousands of children living in orphanages. The Ukrainian *Rada*¹³ has not even put the question on its agenda yet — the question of granting a hectare of land to every resident of the country, including orphans, for lifetime use, on which to set up a family domain. Neither has the Belarus Duma or the Russian Duma considered it.

Will the children forgive them? Will today's parliamentary deputies be able to forgive themselves?

¹³*Rada* — the Ukrainian Parliament, corresponding to the *Duma* in Russia and Belarus.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX



A security zone of the future

For the past five evenings Nikolai Ivanovich¹ — the warden of a maximum-security correctional facility (in plain language, a *prison*) — had not been able to leave his office at the usual time. When his workday officially ended he turned his telephone ringer off and began pacing his office, deep in contemplation. Occasionally he would sit down at his desk, pick up the green folder lying on it and peruse its contents for the umpteenth time.

A convict serving time for an infraction of Article 93, Clause 1, of the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation had put forward a petition to him on behalf of a group of inmates in Cell 26, with what at first glance looked like an unthinkable proposal.

The convict, whose name was Khodakov, proposed acquiring for the facility a hundred hectares of abandoned or unused arable land, to be surrounded by a barbed-wire fence with a watch-tower at each corner — in other words, taking all due precaution to prevent escapes. On this fenced-in hundred hectares ninety prisoners would be engaged in agricultural labour. The applications of those interested were kept in a file in this green folder.

In their applications these prisoners committed themselves to supply the whole facility with vegetables, to the tune of half

¹*Nikolai Ivanovich* (pron. *Nee-ka-LYE i-VAHN-yeb*) — first name plus patronymic (cf. footnote 9 in Book 1, Chapter 1: “The ringing cedar”). The name *Nikolai* also has an endearing form: *Kolya*.

of all the produce they grew on the land. The other half they asked to be sent to their families. So far, nothing impossible in their request. In various correctional facilities prisoners are engaged in manufacturing activity. In some cases this involves crafting simple objects in woodworking shops, in others — organised textile production, where prisoners sew simple items of clothing, such as quilted jackets or underpants, and receive a nominal wage for their work. The low wage is also due to the rather low level of productivity involved.

According to the proposal in the file, the prisoners wanted to take up agriculture. Well, no problem there either. A payment of half of their produce was entirely feasible. No need to bother with selling stuff, or shipping off products on consignment and then waiting months for the proceeds to come in. But that wasn't all...

Khodakov, on behalf of the other prisoners, asked that the hundred hectares be divided into one-hectare plots, each plot to be assigned to a specific prisoner. In addition, they asked that each prisoner be granted the right to build a one-room cell-hut on their plot. There was also a request that any prisoner who wished to, be allowed to stay on their land after serving their sentence, and then for the prison not to collect as a levy but to purchase surplus produce from them, as well as to allow them to enlarge their dwellings.

The file containing the proposal, or request, had been given to Nikolai Ivanovich as far back as six months ago. Along with the ninety applications and the text of the proposal, the file also included plans for the future plots, handsomely executed in coloured pencil. The drawings showed the watch-towers, the barbed wire and the controlled-entry point.

After his initial reading Nikolai Ivanovich tucked the green folder away in the bottom drawer of his desk. From time to time he would mentally go over its contents, but he had not given any answer to the prisoners.

A certain circumstance had come about, however, which caused the warden to spend every evening over the past five days in intensive contemplation of the prisoners' proposal. An order had come from the national administration to take steps, beginning the following year, to enlarge the facility and construct additional cells, with a view to being ready to accept a hundred and fifty new convicts by the year's end. The order was accompanied by plans for additional wards to be attached to the existing buildings, along with a financing schedule. It was proposed to use prisoner labour in the construction.

Nikolai Ivanovich mused as follows: *The financing will be delayed as usual, and there will be problems procuring low-cost materials. They put one set of prices for construction materials into the budget, but when it comes to the actual building, it's something else already. Prisoner labour is never very efficient. The order is patently impossible to carry out.*

But there was no question that it *had* to be carried out. Nikolai Ivanovich's retirement was only five years away. He had already attained the rank of colonel. He had been the warden of this facility for twenty years now, without a single black mark on his record. And now this order.

But these concerns were not uppermost in the colonel's deliberations. The green folder! In his memo Prisoner Khodakov stated that his proposal would fulfil the principal objective of incarcerating prisoners in such institutions — namely, rehabilitation.

The fact that modern correctional institutions seldom succeed in their rehabilitation efforts — indeed, quite the contrary, they end up producing more experienced criminals — was not lost on Nikolai Ivanovich. If this were not so, you wouldn't get them coming back to prison for the second or third time. Nikolai Ivanovich had given a great deal of time and energy to his calling, and was extremely disturbed by this situation.

His life was getting on now, his term of service was coming to an end, and what was there to show for it? A nursery for criminals, as it turned out.

The green folder! How infectious it was! If only he could confidently conclude that there was something unacceptable in the proposal the file contained! But no. Something inside him would not let him reject it out of hand. But neither could he bring himself to fully support it. It was an offbeat, unconventional proposal.

The next morning, the colonel's first order of the day was to have Prisoner Khodakov from Cell 26 brought to his office.

"You can take a seat, Mr Khodakov," said Nikolai Ivanovich to the man who had just come in, accompanied by an escort guard. The warden gestured to a chair.

"I've just been looking over the contents of your file. I have a specific question for you."

"Sir!" the prisoner hastened to reply, getting up from his chair.

"Sit!" the guard commanded.

"Yes, do sit down," the prison warden replied softly. "No need to jump to your feet the way they do in court." Turning to the escort guard, he added: "You can wait for us outside."

"So, Sergei Yurevich Khodakov, I must say you've submitted a rather strange proposal."

"It only seems strange on the surface. In fact, the proposal is extremely reasonable."

"Then tell me directly, flat out, what kind of cunning plan have you thought up here? Are you aiming to set up the conditions for a mass escape? The ninety candidates applying are all serving sentences of between five and nine years. Does this mean you want your freedom sooner?"

"If there's any cunning plan in this proposal, it has nothing to do with escape, sir." Again the prisoner rose and showed signs of concern. "You've got the wrong impression..."

“Just sit down and relax. And let’s dispense with the ‘sir’. I’m Nikolai Ivanovich. I know from your file that you are Sergei Yurevich. You used to be a psychologist. You defended your thesis, and then went into business. Your sentence was for major embezzlement — right?”

“Yes, I was sentenced — it was back at the beginning of *perestroika*, after all, Nikolai Ivanovich. You just get used to one set of laws, and suddenly new ones come out...”

“Okay, okay. That’s not the issue here. Explain to me what you have in mind with this agricultural zone with a barbed-wire fence, or is there another name for it?”

“I’ll try to explain, Nikolai Ivanovich. Only it’s hard for me to do that, because of a particular circumstance.”

“What circumstance?”

“You see, we’ve been reading this book — it’s called *Anastasia*. Then along came another book, a sequel. Well, anyway, the book talks about Man’s purpose in life. About how if everyone living on the Earth took a hectare of land and created a corner of Paradise on it, the whole Earth would be transformed into a Paradise. The book explains this very simply and convincingly.”

“Sounds pretty simple to me! If everyone took... and created..., well, then, of course, the whole Earth would be transformed... But what’s this got to do with your proposal?”

“I’m trying to tell you: it’s all outlined very persuasively in these books. Now some people might just glance over them superficially, and not get everything. But *we* have the time — we’ve been reading and discussing them, and we understand them.”

“So, what have you got out of it?”

“After reading these books, a whole lot of people have the desire to acquire their own land and create a Paradise oasis in their own kin’s domain. They’re free, they can do this. So we’ve decided: even if it’s behind barbed wire, we can still each take a hectare of land, work on it, and make it into something

beautiful... By way of a penalty, we suggest handing over half or even more of our produce either to the facility or to the public at large. But we do have a special request — that our plot is not taken away from us when we've served our sentence — in other words, those who want to stay on there can remain."

"So, what does that mean — that you're going to live out the rest of your lives under the guards' rifle muzzles?"

"After we've all served our sentences, you can take away the barbed-wire fences and cart them off for use somewhere else, along with the towers. You can use them in another location for a new group of prisoners who want to fix up their own domains — while we stay put on ours."

"Aha! And then when their time is up, we switch the towers and barbed wire to a third location, while they go on living on their land. Is that it?"

"You've got it."

"Some sort of phantasmagoria! What is it — you want me, the warden of this facility, to create Paradise oases for my prisoners? And are you certain that this can really work?"

"I'm absolutely convinced it will be a success. As a psychologist I'm convinced. And it's something I feel in my heart. Judge for yourself, Nikolai Ivanovich: someone serves nine years behind bars, and then walks free. He hasn't any friends. His friends are back in the prison's security zone, or in their cells. His family doesn't want anything to do with him. Neither does society at large. Let's face it, who'll give an ex-con a decent job? Most job categories are up to their ears in unemployed professionals, and look how many highly qualified people are standing in queue at employment centres. Our society provides no positions for ex-convicts. There's only one road ahead for them — back to the old routine. And so they follow it, and they end up back here with you again."

"Yes, I know the scenario. What's the point in merely stating the obvious? But tell me, as a psychologist, why

did the cons who read these books suddenly change and go for the idea of getting a piece of land behind a barbed-wire fence?”

“Well, you see, they all got a glimpse of eternity on the horizon. Like, people believe you’re still alive, even in a prison cell. Whereas in fact you’re not. You’re dead. Because there’s nothing left for you on life’s horizon.”

“What were you saying about ‘a glimpse of eternity?’”

“I told you, it’s hard for me to explain it right off. It’s all in the books...”

“Okay, I’ll read these books, and try to figure out what’s made you wax so lyrical over this. Then we’ll talk again. Guard, take him away.”

Prisoner Khodakov got up, put his hands behind his back, and asked:

“May I ask one more question?”

“Go ahead,” the colonel agreed.

“When we were working out the plan for this security zone, we took all existing regulations for prisoner holding into account. The proposal does not allow for any violation of these regulations.”

“I say, you’ve thought of everything! The regulations... No violation... I’ll check it out.” Then Nikolai Ivanovich ordered the guard:

“Take him away.”

Subsequently the warden called in the prison’s legal counsel. He handed him the file and said:

“Here, take this. Study it thoroughly and determine where there are any violations of prisoner-holding regulations. Report back to me in forty-eight hours.”

Forty-eight hours later the legal counsel was sitting in the warden’s office. He began his report with a few evasive phrases, atypical for his profession.

“The thing is, Nikolai Ivanovich, that from the point of view of the law and the regulations governing the holding of prisoners in so-called places of confinement, the proposal in question cannot be treated as an open-and-shut case.”

“What kind of spin are you trying to give me here, Vasily,² like a lawyer in court? You and I have known each other for fifteen years...”

Nikolai Ivanovich got up from his desk. For some reason he appeared flustered. After pacing around the room for a while, he sat down again and continued:

“Tell me specifically, what have we here by way of regulation violations?”

“Specifically... Well, if you want it specifically, I’ll have to take it one step at a time.”

“Okay, then. One step at a time.”

“We’re talking about forming a new security zone here. The proposal allows for the isolation of this area from the outside world. This hundred-hectare zone will be fenced off with two rows of barbed wire. Watch-towers are also provided for. The zone is secured in full accordance with regulations.

“The document goes on to propose the dividing of the security zone into individual plots of one hectare each and assigning each plot to a particular prisoner. Well, what is there to say? The regulations state we should accustom the unconscientious citizens in our charge to hard work, create workshop units for basic production, as well as set up a subsidiary farm and work toward partial self-financing. After all, the law allows for the setting up of institutions such as ours with special

²*Vasily* (pron. *va-SEE-lee*) — a masculine name of Greek origin, now commonly used in Russia. Note that Nikolai and Vasily, because of their long friendship, often omit the patronymic in conversation with each other. In Russian they also call each other by the informal pronoun *ty* (similar to *tu* — instead of *vous* — pin French).

provisions for economic activity and multi-purpose use of forest reserves.* In our case this proposal envisages the setting up of a subsidiary farm which will provide those in our charge with a supply of fresh vegetables, with maybe some left over for sale. So far, we're entirely within the limits of the law."

"Don't draw things out. What's next? Where do we go beyond the limits?"

"Well, next it's proposed to construct a separate cell on each plot to provide living accommodations for the prisoner — the one the plot is assigned to as a work-space."

"That's right — each one will have his own individual cell on his piece of land. The thing is, we don't have enough funds to buy regular beds. And here they're asking for a separate cell with all the amenities and furnishings. A utopia!"

"I guess you didn't take a thorough look at all the details of the proposal, Nikolai."

"What d'you mean, not a 'thorough' look? I practically memorised the thing."

"I don't know about that. Don't know about that... But there's an attachment here giving plans and a description of the interior of this individual cell. Everything is strictly according to regulations — one bed, one toilet, one table, one chair, one bookshelf, one night-stand; a metal door with a peep-hole and an exterior lock, bars on the windows. As for financing, it's spelled out here specifically: each prisoner is responsible for funding the construction of his own individual cell."

"That wasn't in the document I saw."

"I don't know about that. Don't know about that... Take a look for yourself — it's there. And the sketch, and the working drawings for the builders, and the description."

* *Editor's footnote from the Russian edition:* Law of the Russian Federation of 21 July 1993, amended 9 March 2001: "On institutions and agencies administering criminal punishment in the form of confinement".

“What d’you mean, ‘it’s there’? It wasn’t there when I handed you the file to go over. I distinctly remember that it wasn’t. I’ve been over that file a dozen times from cover to cover. And here you... In two days?”

“Yes, I did it, Kolya. I was the one. Only not in two days. They gave me a similar file three whole months ago. I recently put in my own additions and corrections, to which they agreed.”

“Why didn’t you say anything to me about this earlier?”

“You yourself only asked for my opinion two days ago.”

“Okay. Let’s hear what you have to say about all this.”

“Here’s what I think, Nikolai. If this proposal comes to fruition, there’ll be a significant decrease in the number of prisons and labour camps in the country, and the crime-rate will be cut in half. And you, Nikolai Ivanovich, will go down in history as a genius of a reformer.”

“Never mind history. Let’s look at the nitty-gritty. Will it fly from a legal standpoint?” Nikolai Ivanovich once again got up from his desk and began pacing the room.

The legal counsel turned to the warden, who was still pacing the room in serious contemplation, and enquired:

“What are you so concerned about, Nikolai?”

“Me, concerned? Now what have I got to be concerned about? Anyway... No, you’re right, Vasily. I *am* concerned. I’m concerned because I can’t decide what I should say about this proposal in my brief to the general.”

“Aha, so that’s it! So you’ve decided to support it after all? You’ve been thinking about taking it to the general?”

“I’ve been contemplating it. I was thinking you might shoot the proposal down and persuade me not to go see the general. That’d be a weight off my shoulders. So I guess you’re in favour of it?”

“Yes, I am.”

“That means I’ve got to go,” Nikolai Ivanovich concluded, in a rather cheerful tone, as though he had actually been

afraid his friend might shoot the proposal down. The warden stepped over to a cupboard and took down a bottle of cognac, along with some lemon and two shot-glasses.

“Let’s drink, Vasily, to our success! Tell me, when was it that you found yourself so favourably disposed toward this file?”

“It wasn’t right away.”

“Same here.”

“My daughter’s doing a law degree at an institute. She’s in the middle of writing her graduating essay on “The influence of incarceration on the eradication of criminal acts”. She gave me a draft to read. I read it, and just listen to what she says:

Ninety percent of those who serve their time in incarceration reoffend. The underlying cause behind these depressing crime statistics is the following:

- a person’s upbringing, which has led him to the committing of a criminal act;
- the challenge of adapting to society following the period of incarceration;
- the formation of a criminal world-view during the period of incarceration in a criminal environment!

“Do you realise what her conclusions mean, Nikolai? It turns out that you and I, just by honestly trying to do our duty, are actually helping shape a criminal world-view?”

“We don’t ‘shape’ anything. We act in accord with regulations, the law and the orders we’re given. Although, you know, I too have a lurking sense of dissatisfaction here. I used to put it out of my thought. I’ve been trying to convince myself it’s none of my business.

“But then this file appeared... I’ve been contemplating it for six months now. And I’ve finally decided to go see the general. Only even though I’ve sat down several times to rewrite a report, to make it sound more intelligible, it’s still not coming.”

“Let’s try it together. I think the main thing is not to scare the general off by making it sound too original and outlandish. We’ve got to simplify it.”

“I agree. It should be simpler. But how? Especially since they’re asking to have the land turned over to each prisoner for lifetime use after they’ve finished serving their sentence.”

“Yes, that aspect doesn’t seem realistic for the time being. We don’t have any federal law at the moment on the allocation of land for lifetime use. I’ve thought about this point. We’ll have to be honest with them. When they’ve finished serving their time, the question will be taken up in the context of the land legislation in existence at that time. I think they’ll understand. Everybody knows you can’t go above the law. We don’t make the laws. But we should also point out the direction we see things heading. Right now it all seems to be leading to a law permitting private ownership of land.”

“God willing,” affirmed Nikolai Ivanovich as he poured out a second round of cognac. “Let’s just have another wee dram... To success!”

They clinked glasses. Then all at once Nikolai Ivanovich put his glass down on the table and once more began pacing the room.

“Don’t tell me you’re concerned again?” asked the legal counsel.

“You see, Vasily,” Nikolai Ivanovich rattled on anxiously without pausing, “you and I here have been dreaming big dreams, like youngsters. We’ve got carried away with our dreams, forgetting that we’re dealing here with criminals. There are some among them, of course, that simply took a wrong turn, and may be sincerely willing to get their lives back together within the limits of the law. But the majority of them are hard-core criminals, rounders through and through. They’ve got an entirely different agenda, and what kind of gimmick are they trying to pull here?”

“I’ve thought about that too, Nikolai. But let’s do a test first, and afterward you can decide whether to report to the general or not.”

“How are we going to test them?”

“Here’s how. Tell me, when did they give you this file?”

“About six months ago.”

“That means they’ve been discussing this project for *more* than six months now, working out the drawings and plans. Then they put it all beautifully into a folder and attached ninety application forms. So, let’s you and I gather all the applicants together, suddenly and without warning, in the auditorium. We’ll invite specialists — let’s say, agronomists, specialists in vegetable growing, and have them examine the lot. The examiners can ask questions about things like what to plant in the soil and when, and we shall see how many would-be responders there are. You know, if they’re really serious about this, and they’ve got hold of this idea without any ulterior motives, if it’s a real dream with them, they wouldn’t just sit on their fannies, would they now, and wait ’til their proposal’s answered. They’d have to be studying agrotechnology.”

“Now that’s really something, Vasily! Can you imagine rounders spending half a year boning up on how to plant flowers and cucumbers? That’s really steep! Maybe a chap raised in the country might know the answer. But for these...”

“That’s why I’m telling you, let’s test them before deciding whether to go see the general or not.”

Upon entering the auditorium they found not ninety, but two hundred prisoners sitting there. By the time the warden had invited the specialists in agrotechnology — two instructors from the agricultural institute and one from the college, the number of would-be domain dwellers had reached two hundred prisoners.

The prisoners had taken their seats in the auditorium, not suspecting that they were to be given a test. They saw the three people sitting behind the table on stage, but had no idea who they were. Then the warden came out and announced:

“In connection with the proposal to organise a subsidiary farm, we needed to consult people acquainted with agriculture. Anyway, I am happy to present to you three instructors from specialised educational institutions. They will be asking you questions, and after that we shall decide who among you may be entrusted with a plot of land.”

Nikolai Ivanovich introduced each of three instructors in turn and invited them to put questions to the gathering. The first to ask a question was an elderly instructor from the agricultural college, seated at the right of the stage:

“Who among you, sirs, can tell me what time of year tomato seeds should be planted for the propagation of seedlings? When should the seedlings be transplanted in the ground? And if you’re familiar with the term *singling out*, tell me then, please, what signs indicate the need to use it?”

He’s got ‘em on the run now! thought Nikolai Ivanovich. *A bunch of questions all together in one. I bet even my wife, who’s a veteran dachnik, couldn’t even handle those from memory. She always checks in the books before planting anything. And look how quiet everybody is — not a stir.*

The silence in the hall disturbed Nikolai Ivanovich. He secretly hoped that the project would actually come to fruition. The only reason he was being so picky about it was not that he wanted to reject it but because he wanted to eliminate any flaws or defects in advance. The silence in the hall indicated that the project was being treated as less than serious by the participants most involved, which augured poorly for its chances of success.

Come on, now! he agonised. *Not a single answer? Isn’t there at least one country lad out there? Though, in the country, it’s more often the women than the men who do the vegetable planting.*

To somehow compensate for the awkward pause, Nikolai Ivanovich stood up from the table and said in a severe tone:

“What’s up, lads? Didn’t you get the question?”

“We got it,” replied a young prisoner seated in the front row.

“Well, if you got it, then answer the question.”

“Who do you want to answer? You haven’t called anyone to come to the chalkboard.”

“What d’you mean *who*? What *chalkboard*? If anyone knows the answer, put up your hand.”

Instantly all two hundred prisoners present raised their hands.

The examining instructors, who had been conversing amongst themselves, at once fell silent. Nikolai Ivanovich was overcome with mixed feelings. On the one hand he felt a sense of pride in his charges, as well as a renewed hope that the project might indeed come to fruition. On the other hand — a sense of alarm over whether any of the two hundred who had raised their hand could give a satisfactory response to the question.

“How about *you* answering?” He gestured to the talkative young prisoner sitting in the front row.

The young man got to his feet. Stroking his bald head with a tattooed hand, he began to talk quickly and volubly:

“The time for starting tomato seedlings will not be the same each year. It all depends on the onset of reliable frost-free weather, which, of course, varies from year to year. If we take into account the need to plant the seedlings in the ground before they bloom, along with the period of maturation, we can calculate the time the seeds should be planted for propagation under greenhouse conditions or on a window-sill.”

“That will do, young man,” said the college instructor, interrupting the young prisoner’s discourse. “Put up your hand, whoever can continue.”

Again two hundred hands were thrust in the air. The instructor gestured to an elderly prisoner, by all appearances an old-time criminal with a gold filling in his mouth. The old fellow quickly rose to his feet, and began speaking in sedate tones:

“They need good regular soil, not some kind of useless crap. You need to put in some worm-processed humus, or peat-moss. But you shouldn’t plant seeds directly into *pure* peat moss like that. They quickly get used to the peat, then when they’re put into the garden they’ll be knocked for a loop — it’ll be too different for them. So you need to take the peat and mix it with just a bit of sand, using soil from the garden to dilute it at least by half. And you have to warm up their little earth-nest for them — say, up to about 25 degrees³ — before sticking the seeds in the earth.”

“That will do,” the instructor interrupted. “Basically you explained everything correctly. Next one continue,” and he pointed to a decent-looking, bespectacled prisoner in the third row. “So, your colleague left off saying: before planting tomato-seeds in the prepared soil, you have to... What do you have to do?”

The prisoner rose to his feet, straightened his spectacles and continued:

“Before planting the seeds in the soil you have prepared for them, you must put them in your mouth and hold them in the saliva under your tongue for at least nine minutes.”⁴

The examiners seated at the table, as well as the warden, were shocked by this amazing declaration, and stared at the

³The Celsius (Centigrade) scale common throughout Russia, Europe and Canada, is used throughout the Ringing Cedars Series. 25° C = 77° F.

⁴See the section entitled “The seed as physician” in Book I, Chapter II: “Advice from Anastasia”.

bespectacled prisoner. After a brief pause one of the institute instructors asked again:

“Do you mean to say that before planting in the soil it should be moistened in water?”

“Never in water, certainly not in chlorinated or boiled water, where all the vital bacteria are destroyed. It must be moistened in one’s own saliva, to infuse it with information about one’s self. After it has been in a Man’s mouth, after being in his saliva at a temperature of 36 degrees⁵ (i.e., normal body temperature) for nine minutes, the seed will awaken from its dormancy and know right off what it is to do, and for whom it is to bear fruit. If a Man is suffering from any ailments or abnormalities, the seed will try to bear fruit to remove such abnormalities.”

The three instructors held an impromptu discussion amongst themselves, then turned to Nikolai Ivanovich. The college instructor queried:

“Who taught your charges — what institution did you invite specialists from to teach them?”

Even days later the warden still couldn’t figure out how he could have tripped up on answering this question. He responded this way:

“I don’t really remember where they were from. I wasn’t involved with that aspect, but I know they came from Moscow. A high-profile professor came.”

The prisoners in the auditorium caught on to the warden’s fib at once. They realised he was trying to protect them, not letting the latest responder be made fun of by the examiners, and, silently and gratefully, they in turn extended their support. The young prisoner in the front row (who had been the first to respond to the question) added:

⁵36° C = 96.8° F.

“We thought he wasn’t just a professor, but an academician.⁶ And he knows a lot about the Siberian taiga, about life in general.”

“That’s right,” added the prisoner sitting beside him, “he’s a real clever chap, a super scholar.”

From various corners of the hall could be heard rumblings of approbation of the professor from Moscow, whom none of them had ever seen in the first place.

The second institute instructor, who had not spoken up to now, all at once began talking, trying to sound imposing:

“Yes, colleagues, I seem to remember seeing this theory somewhere myself, although I can’t remember where it was. Science today is moving in this direction. I find something intriguing in this — 36 degrees, actual human saliva permeated with all different kinds of vital bacteria... There’s definitely something to this.”

“Yes, yes. I seem to recall it too,” the college instructor echoed thoughtfully and in an equally grandiose manner, giving the impression that he too had heard something. “This is one of the new tendencies in vegetable-growing. Theoretically, of course, it is scientifically grounded, but we shall have to see how it works in practice.”

The prisoners seated in the hall gave fluent responses to a whole series of questions on agrotechnology. Their answers were not always of the standard variety. But the invited examiners were no longer in a hurry to offer counter-arguments. Quite the contrary, they listened with great interest.

While the assistant warden went to see off the instructors, Nikolai Ivanovich sat silently at the table in front of the hushed auditorium. A deathly silence hung over the hall as he leafed through the contents of the green folder. Then the

⁶ *academician* — a member of the Russian Academy of Sciences (a very high rank indeed).

warden raised his head, surveyed the whole auditorium and began to say:

“I can tell you this, lads. I still don’t have a complete understanding of what you’re proposing. No, not completely. So I’ve decided... In any case, I don’t know what will come of it. I’m going to try to push it through with the central administration.”

The hushed auditorium, as though on command, suddenly rose to its feet and erupted in spontaneous applause. Taken completely by surprise at the reaction, Nikolai Ivanovich rose to his feet as well. Overcome by an inexplicable embarrassment, he felt a pleasant and joyful sensation in his heart. But he managed to put on his best poker face befitting his status as a no-nonsense warden, and said:

“What’s all this noise about? Take your seats!” But even as he spoke he could feel the inappropriateness of excessive severity in the given context, and added: “We’ll still have to invite the professor from Moscow, all the same!”

Upon receiving Nikolai Ivanovich, the head of the Correctional Facilities Central Administration, General Pososhkov, got down to business right off:

“It’s not just you. Others, too, have been advised to upgrade their facilities, some just by five or ten places, some by as much as a hundred and fifty. You should be ready to accept an additional contingent of prisoners within a year. They all say it’s a challenge, unrealistic, and so our prisons are overcrowded. What would you have me do? Here I’ve got an order from the Justice Minister to make room for an additional six thousand prisoners. But you’ve given me cheer, Nikolai Ivanovich. I heard you say you’ll be ready to receive your share and right on time.”

“Yes, I’ll be ready. Only there have to be some modifications to the project, as I outlined in my report.”

“I know, I know. I read it. Only not everything’s clear to me in your report. You want to get involved in agriculture. That’s great! Assigning a separate plot to each prisoner — who’s stopping you? What makes you think you need my approval on this? But the notion of building a separate cell on each plot, now that *does* sound rather strange — it’s unreasonable. Go build one or two barracks. They can march to work each morning under guard. Less expensive. You’ll get no additional financing for individual cells.”

“But I’m not asking for any additional financing.”

“What *are* you asking for, then?”

“I just need you to approve the overall plan for individual cells on each plot.”

“And where’s the money going to come from to build these units?”

“From sponsors’ subsidies.”

“You must have some pretty eccentric sponsors... Look, okay then, I don’t have time to go into it. I’m going to write on your proposal: ‘Review and complete’ — but I’ll ring them up myself and tell them they should review and complete it with due process — no delay. Is that it?”

“There’s just one minor problem...”

“What problem?”

“I don’t have any land I can use for a subsidiary farm.”

“So, go see the governor. Ask him.”

“I spoke with his deputy. They’re considering, but that’s all they’re doing at the moment.”

“Okay, I’ll do what I can. I’ll ring him up... That’s it?”

“Yes, sir.”

“So, you can proceed. All the best.”



Nikolai Ivanovich's facility obtained the land — 200 hectares — by the autumn. The land was in an isolated area, far from the nearest population point. They managed to truck in the barbed wire and five-metre-tall posts required to construct the enclosure before the seasonal rains washed out the road. Nikolai Ivanovich realised that if the enclosure wasn't ready by the autumn, there was no way they could start cultivating the land on the plots the following spring. But how to get the posts into place, if even the back country road stopped two kilometres short of the allotted area? They wouldn't be able to get either the manpower or the equipment they needed for drilling the post-holes to the designated site.

When the prisoners learnt about the problem, they put forward a proposal to the warden: they would dig the post-holes by hand, and cross the two-kilometre stretch from the end of the road to the construction site on foot, under guard.

Every day, even under the cold autumn rain, a convoy of fifty prisoners marched out to the site, wearing homemade oilskins they had glued together from plastic sheeting. There had actually been even more volunteers, but because of a shortage of guards only fifty could be accommodated at a time. The future landholders gave their all to their work. By the first frost all the fence-posts had been set up and connected by barbed wire, and the watch-towers erected. Back at the cellblock they constructed a log cabin for the guard at the controlled-entry point and put it in place, too.

The order was also submitted that autumn for the construction of the huts — individual cells for the prisoners to live in, at a cost of 30,000 roubles each. But there was no money left to pay for these. The prisoners set about raising the money where they could. Some had savings stored up from before their incarceration, others were helped by relatives, but there

were a few who found it impossible to raise such a sum from any source.

They sent a memo to the warden letting him know of their willingness to live in tents. But this was against regulations, and they were turned down.

One hundred and eighty huts were transported to the new security zone over the winter road and set up on the piles driven in the autumn. And early in the spring one hundred and eighty prisoners were installed in these primitive huts with bars on the windows.

One fine spring day the warden stood in one of the watch-towers and surveyed the extraordinary scene before him. On the two hundred hectares of barbed-wire enclosure a hundred and eighty plots had been delineated, divided from each other by stakes and brushwood, with the occasional border marked by a length of stretched wire.

Those are the wealthy ones, decided the warden. *Their relatives must have sent them money not just to build their cell, but for their border markings too.*

Lanes and foot-paths ran between the plots, with a common space for meetings at the centre. In some of the low-lying areas the snow hadn't completely melted. But on the little hills the first green blades of grass were already showing. On almost every plot the warden could make out the dark outlines of isolated human figures — figures which appeared faceless and identical in their warm prison jackets, cloth caps with ear-flaps, and rough, artificial-leather boots.

What could these isolated, faceless figures possibly create on this empty ground? Why weren't they staying in their cells? The warden peered through his field-glasses and focused in on one of them. It turned out to be Prisoner Khodakov, thrusting his spade into ground, which was still partly frozen as he dug another hole. Shifting his field-glasses around, Nikolai

Ivanovich counted nineteen holes already dug in the half-frozen ground around the perimeter of Khodakov's plot.

All over the zone, figures in dark jackets were doing exactly the same thing — digging holes around the perimeter of their plots.

“Why so many holes?” Nikolai Ivanovich wondered aloud.

“They're for the saplings and bushes which will grow into a green hedge surrounding each plot,” the guard explained.

“I see. Couldn't they wait a week or two until the ground is thawed and the digging will be easier?”

“I told them as much, but they don't want to wait. They're afraid they won't get it all in on time. Each one has four hundred metres of hedge to plant — that's no light undertaking. And once the ground thaws out, they'll have to start work on their vegetable beds.”

The warden spent quite a while longer observing the zeal and dexterity each of his charges displayed as they worked, and he mused:

There must be some kind of cosmic link between the soul of a Man and the soul of the Earth. If that link is there, Man is in harmony with the planet. If it isn't, then there's no harmony. Corruption sets in, and crime goes up.

Of course, that book, Anastasia, must be quite exceptional. All the cons have read it, and something inexplicable has erupted in their hearts. It's happened with me too — I read it and now I've started looking at life differently. Of course this book is playing its part — prisoners all over the country are reading it. But the book's strength is really in how it brings out Man's relationship with the Earth. In other words, that relationship is primary, and one should never attempt to sever it. And all this talk about high morals and spirituality is nothing but idle chatter without this mysterious relationship which is not yet fully comprehended!



By autumn all the plots in the 'new zone', as the prisoners themselves called it, were framed by still only partly-grown saplings of apple trees, pear-trees, rowans, birches and all sorts of plantings, which with their leaves decked out in their multi-coloured autumnal hues, created a most pleasing picture to the eye. Approximately fifteen hundred to two thousand square metres of each hectare had been planted with forest saplings. Even by that very first autumn the view from the watch-towers over the two hundred hectares below gave a distinctly different and positive impression compared to the desert-like black earth that could be seen everywhere the preceding spring. It was abundantly clear that the whole enclosure was being transformed into an exceptional oasis of green.

All summer long the new zone provided the prison cafeteria with fresh greens, then cucumbers, tomatoes and beets.

In the fall each prisoner offered up — from the plot of land entrusted to him — five sacks of potatoes, along with several dozen jars of salted and canned cucumbers and tomatoes. The prison commissary was provided with a whole winter's supply of beets, carrots, horseradish and other vegetables.

An unusual scene took place in the autumn at the new zone's controlled-entry point. In contrast to all other prison facilities in the world, where foodstuffs and other treats would be passed to the prisoners from outside, in this new zone they were moving in the opposite direction.

The soldiers handed out jars of preserved vegetables to the prisoners' relatives. Many had come by car and left with a wealth of produce in their baggage compartments.

Prisoners who did not have any relatives living close by sold their part of the harvest, through the soldiers, to food wholesalers at a handsome profit.

Nobody came to see Prisoner Khodakov, however. He did not have any relatives. He had grown up in an orphanage, and asked to have his portion of the harvest sent to the nearest children's home.

Nikolai Ivanovich earned the administration's gratitude for a successful carrying out of their order. He was the only warden able to accept a new contingent of one hundred and eighty prisoners without a worsening of holding conditions for the remainder.

The past year had been the busiest one for Nikolai Ivanovich in all his twenty years of service. Apart from his usual duties, he was also responsible for 'prying' seeds or saplings for the new zone out of whatever source he could. But he felt a shiver of delight every time he saw the old prison *Zil'* pull up, loaded to the gills with young saplings.



⁷*Zil* (pron. *ZEAL*) — a standard lorry or truck produced by the major Russian (Soviet) automobile factory known as *Zavod imeni Likhacheva* (acronym: *ZIL*) in the city of Nizhny Novgorod on the Volga river, which has been operating under one name or another since 1916. From 1927 until his death in 1956, it was run by Ivan Alexeevich Likhachev, when it was renamed in his honour. The factory also produces passenger cars (marketed under the *Volga* brand) and luxury limousines (*Chaika*) which during the Soviet period were the motorcars of choice for higher-placed government officials.

Five more years went by. Then on one fine July day a helicopter appeared and began to circle over the new zone. Nikolai Ivanovich stood at the controlled-entry point and watched the helicopter fly over. He knew that on board were General Pososhkov and members of a committee despatched by the Ministry of Justice. Perhaps someone had sent in a complaint about the warden, or it might have been simply rumours, but in any case word had spread about a 'peculiar' prisoner-holding régime.

After the helicopter landed, the committee members, all highly-placed officials, stepped out onto the open space in front of the entry point. But Nikolai Ivanovich kept standing and thinking only about the zone's security perimeter:

Yes, it is clear that I shall be charged with a violation of regulations here. Why did I ever give permission for these climbing perennials to be planted around the security perimeter? They've already climbed up three metres, the full height of the barbed wire and formed a hedge, so that the wire can't even be seen behind all the different flowers.

The barbed wire, you see, they didn't find aesthetically pleasing. They even put in climbing plants and flowers around the watch-towers, which have wound their way right up to the guards' lookout. Now the whole thing doesn't even look like a security zone any more, more like some sort of a Paradise oasis amidst fields overgrown with tall grasses.

"Here, if you please, is the first violation, already quite evident," said the general representing the Ministry. "What kind of security perimeter have you got here? Anyone who wants to, can climb over a barrier like that, all wound around with vines," the general went on, turning to Pososhkov, the administration chief. "Any soldier will tell you that. Am I right?" The Ministry representative addressed the lieutenant on duty at the entry point.

"Permission to answer, General, sir!" the duty officer responded, standing to attention at his post.

“Answer when you’re asked a question! Is there any violation of regulations here?”

“Negative, sir, General, sir! In this instance you are simply looking at a tactical improvement of the security perimeter of the prisoner-holding zone.”

“Wha... what’s that?” one of the Ministry committee members was taken aback. “What kind of tactical improvement are you talking about? What kind of drivel is that?”

All the committee members stopped beside the lieutenant standing at attention.

Oh, that jokester, mused Nikolai Ivanovich, feeling ultimately let down — that Lieutenant Prokhorov again with his endless jokes. If only he could control himself in front of the committee! Now for certain they’ll never pardon this ridicule. And he just stands there at attention without so much as a blush.

The lieutenant began talking, spitting out his words:

“Permission to answer the question on improvement, sir!”

“Answer, if you can,” ordered the general from the Ministry. “By ‘tactical improvement’, do you mean your flowers?”

“Exactly, sir. If any criminal tries to escape by climbing over the barbed wire intertwined with flowers, he won’t get very far.”

“Why is that?” asked the general in astonishment.

“In the process of climbing over the perimeter fence intertwined with fragrant flowers, his whole body will be infused with their scent, which means that even an inexperienced dog will be able to easily track him down and bring him back.”

“So, he’ll be infused!” The general broke into a loud guffaw and all the committee members joined in. “And the dog will follow the scent of the flowers! Pretty nifty, Lieutenant. Imaginative. And how many escapees have your dogs brought back that way?” asked the general through his laughter.

“Not a single one,” replied the lieutenant, and continued in all seriousness: “Since the criminals realise the futility of

any attempt at climbing the fence, there hasn't been a single escape attempt in the past five years."

The committee members felt even more exhilarated by the lieutenant's serious look and his declaration.

"D'you mean to say that there has not been a single attempted escape from this security zone in the past five years?" the committee head asked the administration chief.

"That's right, not a single one," replied Pososhkov.

The committee members, clearly pleased by the lieutenant's sharp-witted responses, put the following question to him:

"Tell us, Lieutenant, if no criminals even attempt to escape from this security zone, then why the armed soldiers in the watch-towers?"

"To protect the zone from the outside world," replied the lieutenant.

"What does that mean — 'to protect from the outside world'? Does anyone try to break *in* to the zone?"

"Affirmative, sir!" the lieutenant responded. "Many of the prisoners' wives have declared their wish to live with their husbands in their cells. Some of them have requested permission to spend the summer in the cells along with their children. But our strict warden's strict enforcement of regulations won't permit any such lawlessness. So a few unconscientious wives took it upon themselves to try either getting through the hedge or tunnelling underneath. But all such brazen attempts have been thwarted by the zone's excellent security force."

Uncertain as to whether the lieutenant was joking or speaking seriously, the committee chair enquired of Nikolai Ivanovich:

"Have there really been instances like this?"

"Affirmative," replied Nikolai Ivanovich. "Two such attempts have been thwarted. I received ninety-six applications

from prisoners' wives wishing to spend the summer with their children on their husbands' plots. But apart from the conjugal meetings provided for in the regulations, nothing like this can be permitted."

"I wonder what it is that attracts them to the security zone, especially with the children?" mused the committee chair aloud, adding: "In any case, colleagues, let us go in and take a look for ourselves."

"Open the gates!" Nikolai Ivanovich ordered the lieutenant.

The wooden gates, decorated with traditional Russian carvings, quickly opened up, and the committee members entered the security zone. They had hardly gone a few paces when they all at once spontaneously stopped.

Seen through the helicopter's viewports, the zone had had the appearance of a beautiful green oasis. But here on the ground it was not only the delightful foot-paths of mowed grass, not only the multicoloured living fences around the perimeter, that struck the committee members. Accustomed to the odours of their offices and city streets, they were now gracefully enveloped by the delicate fragrances of summer plants and flowers. The silence was broken only by the singing of birds and the humming of insects — sounds which by no means irritated, but soothed people's ears.

"We should visit one of the plots," said the committee chair, for some reason in a hushed tone, as though afraid of disturbing the general atmosphere.

The prominent officials walked up the pathway of the first plot they came to, heading for the cell-hut. The little hut was actually surrounded by a metal cage, though this was scarcely visible unless one examined it at close range. From a distance it looked like a little green hillock. Wound around with various vines and surrounded by flower-beds, it blended in most harmoniously with the surrounding space.

At the entrance to the hut stood a man in a white T-shirt, his back to the approaching visitors. The prisoner was oiling a metal lock bolt, energetically trying to slide it back and forth. This was something of a challenge, and the prisoner was so absorbed in the task that it was a while before he became aware of his visitors.

“Hello, Kharlamych!”⁸ Nikolai Ivanovich greeted him. “Make our guests feel at home, introduce yourself.”

Kharlamych quickly turned about. After momentarily losing his bearings upon seeing visitors, he quickly regained his composure and introduced himself:

“Prisoner Kharlamych, sentenced according to Article 102 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation to twelve years. Served six years in the cellblock, five years now in the new zone.”

“And what have you been doing here with your door?” asked the committee chair.

“I’ve been oiling the exterior bolt, Chairman, sir! It’s started sticking quite a bit, the metal they produce today’s not very good quality, it rusts quickly.”

The committee chair went over to the door leading into the cell, closed it and tried shoving the bolt into position. It didn’t budge on the first attempt, but he finally got it to work. Then he turned, and, with a meaningful glance to the administration chief Pososhkov, declared:

“So, you claim you’re following all the regulations for prisoner-holding to the letter. Does that mean that after completion of their workday they’re all locked up in their cells?”

⁸*Kharlamych* (pron. *har-LA-mitch*) — a patronymic derived from the prisoner’s father’s name *Kharlam*. The use of the patronymic alone here indicates the highly informal relationship that has developed between the warden and his charges.

The administration chief was silent. Everyone realised that the metal bolt had rusted and was hard to budge for the simple reason that it had not been used for a long time.

Prisoner Kharlamych realised that he had let his superiors down. And thoughts began running through his head:

I should have fixed this damn bolt a long time ago. How can I explain to these people that this lock is completely unnecessary? Nobody here would even think of leaving the zone, of running away from his land. To what purpose? Where would they go?

As for Kharlamych, here was his native space, here was his Motherland. It was here that he was greeted every morning by the singing of the birds and the waving of the branches of trees he himself had planted. He had even been raising a little goat, which he had named Nikita, along with a dozen laying hens, and had a couple of beehives. Others had their own homesteads, setting them up just a little differently, but for each one it was his own homestead, on his own piece of land. And here he had gone and let down his warden with this damn bolt!

Kharlamych was really upset. He began talking quickly and excitedly.

“I’m the world’s worst son-of-a-bitch when it comes to this bolt, Chairman, sir! And I have no excuse if it should reflect badly on my buddies. Only I want you understand — let me have one last word here. Let me... Let me tell you: my whole life has changed. Not even ‘changed’ — in fact, my life has just begun in this place. I’m free here. Out there, outside the gates — there’s no freedom there — indeed, that’s where all hell breaks loose. The soldiers up there in the watch-towers — they’re like angels to us. We pray that they don’t let any scum in here...”

The prisoner’s voice with its heart-wrenching emotion and the content of what he had to say worked its own unique effect on the people standing by. All at once one of the committee

members, a woman deputy from the State Duma, suddenly burst out:

“What’s all the fuss over this measly bolt? Don’t you see it rained last night? The bolt’s started shrivelling.”

The committee chair glanced at the metal bolt, then at the woman, and burst out laughing.

“Shrivelling, you say? Why didn’t I think of that before? It did rain, after all, and the bolt began to shrivel, and it rusted... And up in the towers — those are angels, you say?”

“Angels,” Kharlamych echoed.

“Tell me, when is your time up?”

“In eleven months and seven days.”

“How do you propose to live after that?”

“I’ve applied to have my sentence extended...”

“What? How could it be extended? Why?”

“Cause out there there’s no freedom. There’s no order in that kind of freedom. There’s no freedom without land.”

“And who’s stopping you from going free, getting a piece of land and creating the same kind of homestead that you have here, only as a free man? You could get yourself a family!”

“You know, Chairman, sir, that’s something I’ll never understand. Who’s stopping us here in Russia from giving each Russian a hectare of land? I’ll never understand. Does Russian land belong to Russians or not?”

“Right now, according to the law adopted by the State Duma, everyone has the right to buy land,” observed the woman deputy.

“And what if I don’t have the money even to buy a single hectare of land? Does that mean I have no Motherland? That’s the way it looks — I don’t have it and never will have. But if Russia is my Motherland, just who am I supposed to buy it from? It turns out somebody’s seized my Motherland for themselves — the whole country, down to a single hectare — and is now demanding a ransom from every last Russian!

There's some monkey business going on here. Beyond the law and beyond our understanding.

"You, Chairman, sir," Kharlamych addressed the committee chair, "I see by your stripes that you're a general. So, liberate our Motherland from whoever seized it and is demanding a ransom. Or are you too going to be paying a ransom for your own little piece of the Motherland?"

"Prisoner Kharlamych, cease and desist!" Nikolai Ivanovich intervened. He could see the scar on the war-wounded general's cheek turning purple, and his fists clenching. The general stepped up to the prisoner. They stood staring each other in the eye, without a word between them. Then the general quietly said:

"Show me around your homestead, Russian citizen," and added even more quietly, almost to himself: "your piece of the Motherland behind barbed wire."

Kharlamych showed the committee members around his young garden, with its budding fruit on the branches. He treated them to currants and raspberries. He showed them the tomato beds, along with the more than 200 square metres he had planted with cucumbers. He showed them the pond he had dug himself with a spade. Standing beside the pond was a neatly arranged row of barrels.

"Kharlamych has a particular know-how here," Nikolai Ivanovich explained to the committee members, pointing to the barrels. "He salts away a hundred fifty-litre barrels of cucumbers every year. He's developed a superior, first-rate pickling method. And he's invented an original preservation system. First he fills each barrel with cucumbers and brine, then he caulks them and stores them in the pond, underwater. They'll keep that way until the spring. As soon as the restaurant wholesalers arrive from Moscow, Kharlamych chops a hole in the ice and drags a barrel over to the entry point. We sell them at five hundred roubles a barrel. Kharlamych gets 250, and the rest goes to the prison coffers."

“And how much does each enterprise make annually for your facility?” enquired one of the committee members.

“On average, around a hundred thousand roubles a year,” responded Nikolai Ivanovich. “Though, according to contract, half of it goes to the workers on the plots.”

“A hundred thousand?” the committee member was astonished. “And you’ve got here a hundred and eighty hectares all told. That means you have a net profit of ninety million a year from them?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“And the prisoners each make fifty thousand a year?”

“Yes, that’s how it works out.”

“In the whole country we’ve got over a million citizens being held in incarceration. What if we switched them all over to such a system? What a tremendous source of income for the country! Plus the number of criminals, judging from what we can see, would significantly decrease.”

“Switch over... all of them?” another committee member broke into the conversation. “But we’re facing quite a different question here: this zone may even be closed down. Why were we brought here anyway? To find out what’s really happening. There’s something funny going on here — prisoners living in better conditions than people at liberty. And these prisoners, no matter how you put it, are criminals. Anyway, what are you going to do, Nikolai Ivanovich, when these people’s terms are up?”

The warden answered without hesitation:

“If I had my way, I would let every last one of them look after their own plot. I’d take down the barbed wire and move it somewhere else — start setting up a new zone.”

In their report to the Ministry of Justice the committee members reported that they found no violations of regulations on prisoner-holding.

“What about these rumours that the prisoners are living in better conditions than many free citizens?” asked the Minister.

“Then it is the lives of our free citizens that have to be improved,” the committee chair observed. “We need to give people land. Not lip-service, but in actual fact.”

“But that’s not within our jurisdiction,” said the Minister, dismissing the proposal. “Let’s get right to the essentials.”

“In terms of essentials, it comes down to this: we need to replicate this experience in all the facilities under our jurisdiction,” the committee chair stated firmly.

“I second that,” affirmed the woman deputy, adding: “and I fully intend to introduce a bill in the Duma to grant every Russian family a hectare of land for lifetime use, whereon to establish their own kin’s domain.”



The Duma passed the law. At one swoop millions of Russian families began planting gardens and little forests on their own family lands. And Russia flourished...

In what year did this happen?... What — it hasn’t happened yet? Why not? Who’s stopping us? Who is preventing Russia from flourishing?

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN



A law for deputies elected by the people

I realised that Anastasia's grandfather possessed not only extraordinary psychoanalytic abilities but also information about the societal structure of various nations. But I wondered how specific his knowledge was about state institutions. After all, here he was living out in the taiga, without access to radio, telephone or television. So how would he get information, let's say, about our national government agencies? There was no way. Which meant he did not have any specific information. Still, I decided to ask him:

"You know that in our Russian state there is a body known as the State Duma?"

"I know," came the reply.

"And d'you know who works there, and how it functions?"

"I know that too."

"And do you have information on each deputy?"

"Yes, on every single one."

"And the laws they pass — is that something you know about too?"

"Not only about the laws they pass, but about the laws they *will* pass in the future. I know about them in advance. But, again, why are you so surprised, Vladimir? For a priest that is the simplest of tasks — it's not all that interesting."

"Yes, I *am* surprised, because I don't understand how you can possibly know about every single deputy, let alone what laws the Duma is going to pass in the near future. It's some sort of inexplicable mysticism."

“There’s no mysticism here, only the most primitive of tasks.”

“Well, could you explain this phenomenon to me? The depth of information you have, I mean.”

“I can, of course. It’s really all very simple. You see, back five thousand years ago the pharaohs had their Council. In the Roman Empire there was the Senate. The tsars had their Boyars’ Duma.¹ Now what can I say more? The names may be different, but the essence is always the same. After all, the law doesn’t depend on how a legislative body is named, but on what influences parliamentary delegates are subjected to — on the living conditions surrounding them and the perspectives for the future to which they are bound. But all the conditions were pre-programmed for them a long time ago. If one knows the programme, one knows what’s ahead as well — including what decisions the legislators are capable of reaching.”

“What do the law and the deputies’ living conditions have to do with it? How are they connected with a broader programme? Anyway, what can you yourself possibly know about how a modern Duma deputy lives?”

“It’s very simple. Of course, I’m not talking about how any particular deputy sleeps, what they eat or how they dress. That’s not something I care to know, nor do I find it of interest. I’m talking about what’s significant.

“I’m sure it’s the same now as in earlier times: people are elected as deputies only after going through a whole lot of wheeling and dealing. That’s fact number one. In their

¹*Boyars’ Duma* — an advisory council comprised of the *boyars* (in Russian, stress on second syllable), a hereditary caste of nobility which prevailed in Russia from the ninth to the seventeenth centuries. The Boyars’ Duma, instituted in the 15th century, was involved in various aspects of affairs of state, including legislation, financing and military support.

striving for power, many of them fall into the hands of those who are in control of the material world. But after going through all their trials and tribulations, they find themselves in a tight spot. The programme is always attempting to cut them off from significant information, and generally succeeds in doing this.

“What perks does the deputy receive? I think — I’m sure — that today, just as before, he gets an individual office, a new place to live, along with (nowadays, at least) a car. Not to mention two or three assistants, some get more than that.”

“Yes, that’s more or less it,” I confirmed. “Are you trying to say that all this fits in with a programme worked out millennia ago?”

“Of course it does. But wait, let me finish. Tell me if I’m mistaken about what happens today. Apart from that, I believe that just like a whole lot of people, deputies have to go to work each day. They have to be present at Duma sittings, and make laws.”

“Yes, you’re right.”

“And each one serves for a set term — four or five years...”

“It’s four at the moment.”

“Okay, four. When their term is up, they have to be re-elected. But even before the next election they’re all thinking about it.”

“Quite right.”

“Hold on, there — how do you know that? Think how surprised you were when I told you I know what laws are going to be passed. And now you claim you know how deputies think about their future. What, have you suddenly become a clairvoyant? Or a celebrated prophet?”

“Nothing of the sort. Any fool would know this. If election time is coming up, than anyone wanting to be re-elected will be thinking about it and taking appropriate action.”

“Slow down, there. Note what you just said: ‘thinking about re-election’.”

“Yes, that’s what I said.”

“But surely deputies should be thinking about new laws.”

“Of course. They’re thinking about them at the same time.”

“When? At what time of the day? In short, believe me, the programme doesn’t leave them any time for thinking. For ages now, as you too well know, the people have been choosing parliamentary delegates on the expectation that they will then pass wise laws. What the people don’t understand is that their basic programme does not allow them to think.

“Think about this yourself some time.”



I did subsequently think about this situation — over and over again, in fact. And truly, our traditional laws on the election and duties of Duma deputies began to seem more and more absurd.

Let’s take a more detailed look at the practice as it has evolved up until now. Let’s say a relatively smart fellow — above-average, that is — has decided to stand for office. He wants to participate in passing wise legislation that will help people lead a good life.

In running the gauntlet of an election campaign, he is very likely to find himself dependent on funding (some become more dependent than others). This in no way means that someone from the world of the wealthy offers financial assistance to every single candidate in return for future considerations.

It is enough to point out the various levers that can be moved with the help of money. We are shown this in the press and on TV through stories about so-called 'dirty technology'. But we watch it all through the eyes of an outside observer.

On the other hand, the actual participants in election campaigns are far from being outside observers. They know what it's like to be the target of smear tactics. Even if you haven't experienced it yourself, you can, of course, well imagine what kind of weapons can be used against you when big money's involved. A defensive reaction is only natural — you have to cover your behind at all costs. And *behind* you, in this case, is some pretty big money. So you have to tie yourself, for safety's sake, to some kind of solid financial shore. Or, as people say today, to the oligarchs.

An alternative is to throw your fortunes in with some political party. It doesn't really matter which one — you're still going to have to pay off your debt to them later.

And what about wise laws? Ah, yes. It is simply a question of no appropriate conditions having ever been created to facilitate them.

Of course, deputies do enjoy a host of perks — including parliamentary immunity with law-enforcement agencies. But the question still remains: if you put the deputies' perks on one side of the scale and the intensity, scheming and stress associated with their work on the other, it's anybody's guess as to which will win out.

There is another paradoxical circumstance. The history of mankind has never known a single individual, a single super-wiseman, capable of making only and exclusively wise decisions hour after hour, day in and day out. It is no secret that even prominent rulers and regimental commanders occasionally make mistakes.

The deputies' work schedules are arranged in such a way that they have sittings every single day. Not only that, but

daily sittings for several hours a day. At each sitting they are supposed to pass a number of legislative bills relating to different spheres of human life.

History has shown that the adoption of wise legislation is impossible under such an overloaded work schedule — on either a theoretical or a practical plane. It is impossible because of the lack of time for contemplation. Nevertheless, this absurd order of things is what prevails in most countries on the various continents of the globe.

Who instituted it? Well, it must have instituted itself, many might think. But there's no way that could have happened. It's too carefully thought through and goal-specific. Besides, for some reason, it is not being discussed in any meaningful way.

You can argue as cogently as you like for its destructive nature. You can prove its destructive nature scientifically, with the help of psychoanalysts. That, of course, is important, but it's not the main thing. The main thing is: what's the alternative? But there is nothing in the way of an alternative on the horizon. Indeed, who would even have one come to mind when such a phenomenon has practically become the norm in almost all countries?

But since Anastasia's grandfather was the first to raise this question, and since he was familiar with the work of bodies similar to our current legislative assembly over the course of thousands of years, it was possible he might be able to suggest an alternative. And so I enquired:

“Well, could you suggest your own ideal version of how elections should be run and how legislators should subsequently proceed in organising their work?”

And this is what I heard in reply:

“There's no point in talking about the elections themselves until the deputies' working and living conditions are changed.”

“And what kind of working and living conditions, in your opinion, should there be?”

“First of all, the deputies need to be taken away, at least for part of the time, from their artificial information field.² They need to be supplied with nourishment capable of sustaining the complete functioning of the brain. An image needs to be created which attracts the respect of society and which any deputy cannot fail to follow.”

“What does it mean to ‘create an image?’”

“Judging by what you told me about today’s deputies, their outward trappings suggest that the public has formed a negative image of government officials in general and elected deputies in particular.”

“Yes, generally speaking, the public does have a pretty negative image of them.”

“That’s very bad. People build up negative thought-forms regarding their deputies, and so what happens is that they themselves make them negative. An image is the most powerful, concentrated energy of a large number of people.”³

“And how are people to think of them positively if their own life doesn’t improve?”

“You see, we’ve got what amounts to a closed circle here. Each time, you elect those who seem to be the best people for the job, but then, no sooner are they elected than you start calling them the worst people.”

“But just how do we get out of this vicious circle?”

“For the past five thousand years there has been no better way than the one proposed by Anastasia, and there won’t be in the foreseeable future.”

“What d’you have in mind here?”

²*artificial information field* — see Book 6, Chapter 9: “A need to think”.

³On the science of ‘imagery’, see Book 4, Chapter 19: “A secret science”.

“Land.”

“She said we need to give each willing family at least a hectare of land — for lifetime use, whereon to establish one’s own kin’s domain. But she didn’t say anything about parliamentary deputies.”

“In actual fact, she specified ‘every willing family’. Don’t deputies have families?”

“Indeed they do.”

“So, why not start with them?”

“The public would say that’s going too far — they’ve got enough perks as it is.”

“You need to explain to the public on whose behalf this step is being taken. They need to know what the most favourable conditions are for passing the legislation the public expects.”

“But on what basis should the deputies be granted land — on special terms or the same as for everyone else?”

“The same as for everyone else, though not exactly. Every deputy should be allotted at least a hundred and fifty hectares of land on which a new type of community will be established, according to the principles Anastasia talks about. Of the hundred and fifty hectares granted for lifetime use, the deputy may keep one for himself, as long as his family is small and no additions are in the offing. In cases where the deputy has children who are already forming their own families and they want to set up domains of their own, a hectare should be set aside for each of his children’s families. Thus the deputy himself will end up with one, or three, or five hectares of land, depending on the size of his family.”

“And what about the remaining hectares? You mentioned a hundred and fifty, all told.”

“Thirty percent of the remainder he can give away to whomever he likes. But after that the plots should be offered to people from different social strata — soldiers, academics, artists, entrepreneurs and so forth. In each community one

or two hectares should be definitely set aside for refugees and children from orphanages. But two deputies should not be given land in the same community.”

“So, what then? If each deputy has his own family domain, does that mean that the laws will get better right away?”

“Of course they will. Our country will have the wisest laws in the world!”

“How so?”

“At the moment, deputies spend long periods of time in their offices and at parliamentary meetings, cut off from the public. At the moment, they do not receive any gratitude for good laws or censure for bad ones. At the moment, following their natural inclinations, they try to provide for the material well-being of their families. After their term of office is up, they may change their place of residence and even move to another city or another country, where nobody will reproach them or hound them for any violation of expected norms. A change of residence or country will not affect their financial status. As long as they have money, they can go wherever they like and find shelter, food and clothing. But money won’t be able to buy them a kin’s domain of their own, a piece of their Motherland.

“Today the concept of *Motherland* is terribly distorted. ‘Motherland’ is nothing but a territory someone has defined by borders. But, when you stop to think of it, one’s Motherland always begins with one’s family land and extends to encompass all the people who are of a kindred spirit to you. Those who begin to establish their own domains will obtain their Motherland in perpetuity. The loss of one’s family domain is the loss of one’s Motherland in perpetuity. This is the greatest tragedy for one’s family.

“It is not their laws or their morality that will prevent deputies from making wrong decisions, but their kin’s domains. And for people who have their Motherland, money will lose

its primary importance. Only in his kin's domain can Man obtain the complete range of nutrition he needs, including nourishment for the proper functioning of the brain. But this is extremely important for people who have a lot of thinking to do.

"The sittings of the State Duma should run no more than three days a week. The rest of the time the deputies should spend in their kin's domains — a place they can really think things through, and lay the real groundwork for the making of laws.

"The deputies' wives should not be employed in any position that is not connected with their husband's work. The family domains will shield deputies, at least for a time, from the influence of artificial information coming from the artificial world. It will facilitate the thinking process. In the case of the great philosophers, great thoughts were always born in conditions of solitude, and not during public speeches."

"And what if some of the deputies are unwilling to accept land and refuse to set up their own family domains?"

"This is where we come to the election of public representatives. If any deputy refuses to set up a family domain, the public should not re-elect him for a subsequent term. Even though he holds citizenship in the country where he was elected, in reality he is a foreigner. He doesn't need this Motherland. And no matter what good things are said about him, his actions, in fact, will bring no good to the people."

"But once they know that voters will give preference to candidates who have a family domain, some deputies may just take the land and erect their own palace-like mansions on it, along with tennis courts and brick walls, and won't plant any trees or garden or living fence as Anastasia recommended. What then?"

"Then they'll show what they're really made of. But here too people will be able to make the right choice. Why do you

think every Man in Rus' was endowed with a patronymic?⁴ Back in the early days of Rus' a Man would introduce himself by saying: *I am Ivan from Nikita's domain*, citing the name of his father or grandfather who had established his kin's domain. In other words, the domain was something to be proud of. In referring to it, a Man would describe himself, as well as his character and abilities, in the fullest possible manner. Anyone who could not point with pride to his domain was considered an outcast."

The more Anastasia's grandfather went on about the kin's domains, the more distinctly the joyful picture of our country's future became etched in my consciousness. Can you just imagine?! Imagine! Three hundred and sixty deputies of our State Duma each taking a hundred and fifty hectares of land and organising three hundred and sixty marvellous new-style communities! Each deputy will then be showing not just in his words, but in his actions, what he is capable of achieving.

And Russia will bear witness to the first three hundred and sixty oases in which Russian Federation citizens will begin to live in actual human conditions. Then these deputies will pass legislation. And, naturally, there will be not a single law harmful to the environment.

They will pass laws guaranteeing the right of each citizen to obtain his own small piece of the Motherland. They will stand up for this right, because each of them will have their Motherland.

⁴*patronymic* (Russian: *otchestvo*, derived from the Russian word for 'father' — *otets* — and related to the word for 'Fatherland' — *otechestvo*) — the middle name of every Russian citizen, derived from one's father's first name. Cf. footnote 9 in Book 1, Chapter 1: "The ringing cedar".

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT



To the readers of the Ringling Cedars Series

My dear readers!

I thank you heartily for your understanding and moral support. I thank all who have openly expressed their thoughts in Internet communications and the *almanac*,¹ who have tried to organise discussions of the ideas outlined in the Ringling Cedars Series through letters to the press.

My thanks to you, scholars of Russia — first and foremost, to Boris Minin,² who openly appeared on the stage of the Podmoskov'e Concert Hall with his evaluation of Anastasia's ideas.

A special note of gratitude is due the fine actor, Distinguished Artist of Russia Alexander Mikhailov,³ who took part in the conference.

¹*the almanac* — a quarterly periodical that was published by Anastasia Foundation (in conjunction with the Russian publisher of the Series) between 2001 and 2004. The *almanac* contained readers' art-work, poetry and letters, articles on ecological building-design, permaculture and other topics relevant to the creation of kin's domains, as well as news on the newly formed eco-villages, readers' clubs and forthcoming events. The functions of the *almanac* are now largely fulfilled by a range of on-line resources and periodicals.

²*Boris Alexeevich Minin* (1936–) — professor of economics; president of the International Academy of Social Development; director of Russia's Federal Certification Centre for eco-friendly products; member of Russia's parliamentary committee on questions of social tolerance.

³*Alexander Yakovlevich Mikhailov* (1944–) — a popular Russian film and theatre actor, who has appeared in several dozen films and received a number of awards, including Actor of the Year (1982 and 1985), as well as the title of Distinguished Actor of Russia (1992).

My thanks also to the economist Dr Viktor Medikov,⁴ who has written a number of papers on his research of the ideas expressed in the books.

And to Anatoly Eriomenko, Active Member of the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences, for his marvellous poetry:

TO A DEITY

Age and health and sloth all notwithstanding,
Here I am before you on knee bending,
Simply 'cause I've seen in you from far
Life's renown. A Deity you are.

Instantly you scattered all illusions
Rising from dark forces' sly intrusions.
Your depiction of a future bright
Helped me banish sorrow's fearsome night.

In you I see Man's true being ascending,
Possibly, another age's ending,
Where my granddaughters, just like a Muse
Will embody you and your bright views.

Though at heart I quietly resist
Every time you need say "I exist!",
'Tis no sin to talk of your appearing
In a place where others might be hearing.

⁴*Viktor Yakovlevich Medikov* (1950–) — professor of economics; member of the Russian State Duma (Parliament) for two consecutive terms (1993–1999). Author of several books on Russia's new national idea of kin's domains, he has founded a Kin's Domain Academy to collect and disseminate information on the establishment of family domains. He was one of the first political figures in Russia to lead by example and set up his own kin's domain in an eco-settlement some 240 km (150 miles) east of Moscow.

Therefore send I from my heart a gleam
 Rays of warmth to you, my living dream.
 And, in night-time vision or tomorrow,
 In the taiga I shall see your shadow.

TO THE ELDERS OF RUSSIA

Oh, you wise-hearted elders of Russia,
 Have you nothing to lone hearts to say?
 For the blue eyes that grow ever lusher
 Will still shine o'er the world with their ray.

They will waken dull tribes and refresh them
 With humanity's flourishing wave.
 If there's no other means of expression,
 A tall cedar to chips she will shave.

And in secret will give them like manna
 To all people eternity-bound,
 And will call us with this unknown manna
 To the place where our future is found.

With our knees now already unbended,
 And our backs straightened tall and so proud,
 All our worries and idle contentment
 We forsake not tomorrow, but *now*.

Let us still hear the voice of the ages,
 That has whispered to us as a friend:
 "You are singular children of Nature,
 Death and treason do not spell your end.

“Nor do mud-slingings, fury unleashing,
Nor do stone walls or home-destroying hail,
But for those who accept the true Teaching
Their connection with Nature won't fail.

“We are given a power immortal
From the Earth-gods and God high above,
By a heavenly hand incorporeal,
That our hearts may awaken to love.

“Let us all, then, as singular brothers,
With our heart-strings stretched taut in a bow,
Now extend our embrace to all others,
Send our ray out wherever we go.

“Then in spring over all the Earth's nations
All the cherry-tree gardens will bloom.
For humanity's new generations
There will be no more danger or doom.”

Oh, you wise elders, sons of *Rossiya*,
Do not slacken, but say the word true.
May the joy of dear Anastasia⁵
Now shine forth in its heavenly blue.

I thank Viktor Pavlovich Garkavets, the Superintendent of Education for the City of Kharkov, as well as the instructors, workers and administration of the tractor factory in this Ukrainian city, for organising a fantastic meeting with my readers.

⁵*Rossiya, Anastasia* — a reminder: both these words rhyme with *Maria* (pron. *ras-SEE-ya, a-na-sta-SEE-ya*). The phrase *On a star see ya* (= *See ya on a star*) might be a helpful hint in remembering the pronunciation of Anastasia's name.

My thanks, too, to all the organisers of readers' conferences in other cities.

Thank you, Russian emigrants in Germany and Canada.

Thanks to the bards who have written more than five hundred songs now, and the artists who sent in their pictures. They are already posted on the site www.Anastasia.ru, and the best of them have been published in the almanac *Zveniasbchie kedry Rossii* (Ringing Cedars of Russia). One of their works may be seen on the cover of [the Russian original of] the present volume.

My thanks go out to the tens of thousands of people who have expressed their appreciation for my books in their sincere and inspired letters.

I thank you all for your open support. Without it, it would be a lot harder for me to write!

However, I would like to share with you — especially with those public figures who are only just contemplating coming out with their support of Anastasia's ideas — the following points.

You should understand that there is considerable opposition to these ideas — a planned and organised opposition. It is still not completely clear specifically who is spreading the false rumours and what levers of power they are using.

You should be aware of this so that you can determine for yourself whether it is worth it to you to openly support the ideas outlined in these books.

I know first-hand how unpleasant all the slander and provocations have been, but it is many times harder for me when they are directed against you, my readers. All the more so when they are personalised and intensive — as, for example, the attacks against the children and teachers of Academician Shchetinin's school.⁶

I wouldn't want any others to be subjected to similar attacks.

I am not merely convinced — I now know for absolute certain that the ideas outlined by Anastasia are irreproachable. Their materialisation can, of course, be temporarily held back, but they will still be revived in human beings with ever-increasing force.

From where I stand, the most vital and important steps required today are the following:

First. Organisation of schools, courses and seminars at the local level. It is vital to adapt general designs of family domains and communities to specific locales.

You need to study the healing properties of herbs and plants growing in your area in particular. You need to know exactly which vegetables and fruits will grow under natural conditions in your climate.

You need to prepare working designs — specified down to the minutest detail — for your family domains and communities.

Second. You need to bring in specialists who have a good understanding of what is happening and plug them in to work on creating a programme of development for the Russian Federation. This should be a universal programme, capable of solving all the problems of orphans, refugees and low-income families through the idea of establishing kin's domains. The security and well-being of each family will ensure the security and well-being of the nation as a whole.

It is vital to flesh out the details of your dream, then it will most certainly come true.

Let every person do as much as they can along this line, starting from their own resources.

⁶*Academician Shchetinin's school* — See description in Book 3, Chapter 17: "Put your vision of happiness into practice" and Chapter 18: "Academician Shchetinin".

We should see the birth of dozens, hundreds of designs for kin's domains and communities — designs for the economic, ecological and spiritual development of individual regions and the whole nation.

You know, when I first saw Anastasia, she was standing on the shore of the Siberian River Ob.⁷ She was wearing an old long skirt and a quilted jacket, with a kerchief on her head and rubber galoshes over her bare feet. This taiga recluse looked like an unassuming and lonely woman.

But today I have the impression that it was our *Rossiyya* that was standing there in the Siberian wilds with rubber galoshes over her bare feet. It was our dream of the future that was standing there so lonely on the deserted Siberian riverbank. But now, *it is within us!*

And the time will most certainly come when our dream will stride openly and free in a beautiful ball-gown across all of Russia — and not just across Russia.

The greatest energy in this dream is *the energy of life!*

To be continued...

⁷See Book 1, Chapter 2: "Encounter".

FOR NOTES & POETRY

THE RINGING CEDARS SERIES AT A GLANCE

Anastasia, the first book of the Ringing Cedars Series, tells the story of entrepreneur Vladimir Megré's trade trip to the Siberian taiga in 1995, where he witnessed incredible spiritual phenomena connected with sacred 'ringing cedar' trees. He spent three days with a woman named Anastasia who shared with him her unique outlook on subjects as diverse as gardening, child-rearing, healing, Nature, sexuality, religion and more. This wilderness experience transformed Vladimir so deeply that he abandoned his commercial plans and, penniless, went to Moscow to fulfil Anastasia's request and write a book about the spiritual insights she so generously shared with him. True to her promise this life-changing book, once written, has become an international bestseller and has touched hearts of millions of people world-wide.

The Ringing Cedars of Russia, the second book of the Series, in addition to providing a fascinating behind-the-scenes look at the story of how *Anastasia* came to be published, offers a deeper exploration of the universal concepts so dramatically revealed in Book 1. It takes the reader on an adventure through the vast expanses of space, time and spirit — from the Paradise-like glade in the Siberian taiga to the rough urban depths of Russia's capital city, from the ancient mysteries of our forebears to a vision of humanity's radiant future.

The Space of Love, the third book of the Series, describes author's second visit to Anastasia. Rich with new revelations on natural child-rearing and alternative education, on the spiritual significance of breast-feeding and the meaning of ancient megaliths, it shows how each person's thoughts can influence the destiny of the entire Earth and describes practical ways of putting Anastasia's vision of happiness into practice. Megré shares his new outlook on education and children's real creative potential after a visit to a school where pupils build their own campus and cover the ten-year Russian school programme in just two years. Complete with an account of an armed intrusion into Anastasia's habitat, the book highlights the limitless power of Love and non-violence.

Co-creation, the fourth book and centrepiece of the Series, paints a dramatic living image of the creation of the Universe and humanity's place in this creation, making this primordial mystery relevant to our everyday living today. Deeply metaphysical yet at the same time down-to-Earth practical, this poetic heart-felt volume helps us uncover answers to the most significant questions about the essence and meaning of the Universe and the nature and purpose of our existence. It also shows how and why the knowledge of these answers, innate in every human being, has become obscured and forgotten, and points the way toward reclaiming this wisdom and — in partnership with Nature — manifesting the energy of Love through our lives.

Who are we? — Book Five of the Series — describes the author's search for real-life 'proofs' of Anastasia's vision presented in the previous volumes. Finding these proofs and taking stock of ongoing global environmental destruction, Vladimir Megré describes further practical steps for putting Anastasia's vision into practice. Full of beautiful realistic images of a new way of living in co-operation with the Earth and each other, this book also highlights the role of children in making us aware of the precariousness of the present situation and in leading the global transition toward a happy, violence-free society.

The book of kin, the sixth book of the Series, describes another visit by the author to Anastasia's glade in the Siberian taiga and his conversations with his growing son, which cause him to take a new look at education, science, history, family and Nature. Through parables and revelatory dialogues and stories Anastasia then leads Vladimir Megré and the reader on a shocking re-discovery of the pages of humanity's history that have been distorted or kept secret for thousands of years. This knowledge sheds light on the causes of war, oppression and violence in the modern world and guides us in preserving the wisdom of our ancestors and passing it over to future generations.

The energy of life, Book Seven of the Series, re-asserts the power of human thought and the influence of our thinking on our lives

and the destiny of the entire planet and the Universe. It also brings forth a practical understanding of ways to consciously control and build up the power of our creative thought. The book sheds still further light on the forgotten pages of humanity's history, on religion, on the roots of inter-racial and inter-religious conflict, on ideal nutrition, and shows how a new way of thinking and a lifestyle in true harmony with Nature can lead to happiness and solve the personal and societal problems of crime, corruption, misery, conflict, war and violence.

The new civilisation, the eighth book of the Series, is not yet complete. The first part of the book, already published as a separate volume, describes yet another visit by Vladimir Megré to Anastasia and their son, and offers new insights into practical co-operation with Nature, showing in ever greater detail how Anastasia's lifestyle applies to our lives. Describing how the visions presented in previous volumes have already taken beautiful form in real life and produced massive changes in Russia and beyond, the author discerns the birth of a new civilisation. The book also paints a vivid image of America's radiant future, in which the conflict between the powerful and the helpless, the rich and the poor, the city and the country, can be transcended and thereby lead to transformations in both the individual and society.

Rites of Love — Book 8, Part 2 (published as a separate volume) — contrasts today's mainstream attitudes to sex, family, childbirth and education with our forebears' lifestyle, which reflected their deep spiritual understanding of the significance of conception, pregnancy, homebirth and upbringing of the young in an atmosphere of love. In powerful poetic prose Megré describes their ancient way of life, grounded in love and non-violence, and shows the practicality of this same approach today. Through the life-story of one family, he portrays the radiant world of the ancient Russian Vedic civilisation, the drama of its destruction and its re-birth millennia later — in our present time.

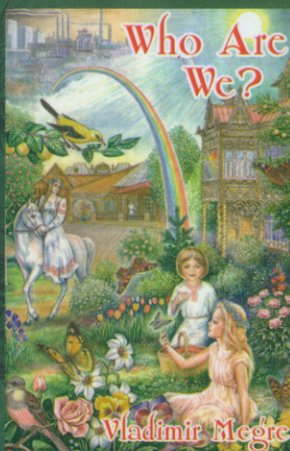
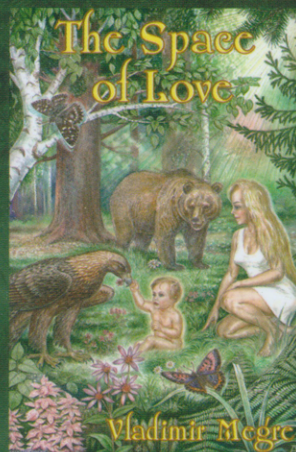
To be continued...

The Energy of Life by V. Megré

Book 7 of The Ringing Cedars Series

Spirituality /
Nature

Re-asserting the power of human thought and its influence on our lives and the destiny of the entire planet, this book brings forth a practical understanding of ways to consciously control and build up the power of our creative thought. It sheds further light on the forgotten pages of humanity's history, on religion, on the roots of inter-racial and inter-religious conflict, on ideal nutrition, and shows how a new way of thinking and a lifestyle in true harmony with Nature can lead to happiness and resolve personal and societal problems.



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