

Лекция Доброслава

There are so many young people here. It is very encouraging that young people came here to listen to me. I see your inspired faces, thinking faces.

In general, you are all extraordinary people. At least because you are thinking. You challenged the system, the terrible system.

You do not float on the current. You do not pay attention to the incomprehension, to the laughter of the cattle that surrounds you. You do your job.

You go your own way. Therefore, you are extraordinary people. You are all extraordinary people.

I have a question here. What is paganism? What is the essence of paganism? I will try to explain in two words how I understand paganism. Paganism is not faith.

It is the worldview. The worldview is the most profound, the most whole, harmonious and elevated. The main difference between paganism and the so-called monotheistic religions, Judaism and Islam, is that in paganism there is no God as the creator of nature, the creator of the universe.

According to paganism, nature itself is divine, the mother of all gods. If you understand the power of nature under the gods. If monotheistic religions take God, the father of the palace, beyond the natural limits, they take him above nature.

Accordingly, nature, with such an understanding, turns out to be a creature, a creator and a creature. That is, something lowly, something created at the request of man. Here are the origins of ecological catastrophe.

Such an unclean attitude to the mother of nature. For a pagan, there is no such thing as supernatural powers. Gods, angels, and so on.

For a pagan, all visible and invisible nature is nature. Everything is in nature. The word supernatural is devoid of meaning.

I repeat again, nature itself is divine. You can read in more detail in my books. I will speak briefly, because the topic is inextricably linked.

The second main difference between paganism and monotheistic religions is that... I have already mentioned that there is no such thing as a miracle in paganism. For monotheists, a miracle is a free intervention of God or saints in the natural process. Divine creation.

This is a miracle. Everything that is natural and obvious is not a miracle, but a habit. But, as it was rightly said, the obvious is the most incredible.

For a pagan, everything is a miracle. A pagan does not need any supernatural miracles. Because if you dig deep, then everything is a miracle.

It is solid and unsolved. All sciences are very superficial. Only dust, so to speak, is swept away by the road.

And when they try to open some deep layers, it turns out that everything is a mystery. Everything is a secret. Nothing is clear.

Matter gradually disappears. Electrons, atoms, neutrons, protons, quarks. And then some leptons, which are not material particles, but just clumps of energy.

Matter acquires the properties of an illusion. As for physics, cosmology, astrophysics, everyone comes to the conclusion that 100 years ago it seemed that everything was clear. Even 50 years ago it seemed that the main laws governing the universe seemed to be clear, but it remained to clarify something, to add some lines.

But it turned out that our sun, Iril, was a mystery. Scientists do not know why the sun shines. It turned out that there is a non-thermo-nuclear fuel.

As you were taught at school. When they started to launch some probes closer to the sun, it turned out that the temperature was 18 million degrees lower than necessary for a thermonuclear reaction. The sun is cold.

Too cold for a thermonuclear reaction. However, for at least 5 billion years it shines incessantly and does not weaken the flow of its radiation. But the mystery is what is the source of this radiation, if not thermonuclear.

The sun turned out to be a mystery. Our mother earth turned out to be a complete mystery. Geophysicists cannot answer a seemingly simple question.

Why does the earth rotate around its own axis? Around the sun it is clear why. But why does it rotate around its own axis? It has been rotating for about 5 billion years. And what makes it rotate? Any wolf, if you start it, eventually falls to its side.

Deep drilling into the earth's core. By the way, the deepest well is 12 kilometers away. It is impossible to drill further.

The temperature does not allow it. And the strongest corundum storms cannot withstand it. So no one knows what is down there.

Modern scientists admit it. Now they are more careful in their optimistic predictions. They say that everything is clear to them.

They say that they will know everything in a little while. They are very careful now. The most long-sighted of them come to the ancient view of the earth.

The earth is like a living organism. It is not like a huge bun that runs between the stars. No, the earth is a super-organism.

A self-sufficient, self-sustaining super-organism. And we are just small particles on the surface. If you imagine a globe, the earth is like a ball with a diameter of 13 meters.

Can you imagine a globe with a diameter of 13 meters? How many times higher than this globe? If you put on the surface of this globe all the oceans, the oceans are roughly 4-5 kilometers deep, it will be the same as if you put a layer of blue paint on this 13-meter globe. That's all we know. And we don't know what is down there.

The earth is also a mystery. And the origin of man is also a mystery. It is a strict pattern.

They walked like on a parade to each other. First, Pithecanthro, then Neanderthals, and then Cromanians. But it turned out that Cromanians are not descendants of Neanderthals.

Neanderthals are a dead end. So the origin of man is a mystery. Take any science.

Serious scientists say that nothing is clear. For a linguist, everything is a miracle, if you look closely. The process we live and breathe is a process of photosynthesis.

This is also a mystery. How can plants accumulate sunlight and feed on it? In the literal sense of the word, plants are the children of the sun. They feed on solar energy.

But the process itself, how they do it, is a mystery. The word photosynthesis doesn't explain anything. Just like words don't explain anything.

Magnetic field, magnetic power lines, and so on. There are some tautological phrases in the textbook. What are magnetic power lines? They are lines that act in a magnetic field.

And what is a magnetic field? A magnetic field is a field in which magnetic forces act. That's all. And what is magnetism? What is cosmic magnetism? Thanks to which constellations and galaxies stick to their paths.

What is it? Nobody knows. Only the bravest scientists say that it's a great mystery. That's the essence of paganism.

Paganism is, first of all, worship of life. These monotheistic religions are deadly religions. Who is most afraid of death? Christians, of course.

What a horror they have their funeral rites, funeral funerals, all these rituals, ritual services. It's a horror. Paganism is completely different.

It's a pleasure to be on the funeral fire. It's a pleasure. Can you imagine how I will be put on a huge fire in the Shibalín forests? It's wonderful.

And, you know, to go to ancestors among healing relatives. And compare it with a gloomy

ritual, where you bury some pit. Paganism is adoration of life.

Life, love, beauty. That's the essence of paganism in a few words. I'll tell you in more detail.

It's all described in my book. Where, in your opinion, does the soul of a person go after death? Is the concept of the soul of a person permissible? It doesn't go anywhere. As I said, you can't go anywhere from nature.

The body goes away, not the soul. The body, yes, the flesh, our flesh, the dense shell goes away. It returns to its elements.

The soul can't go anywhere. Again, it's a difficult question. I can't explain it in two words.

What is the soul? It's an esoteric, occult interpretation. Paganism is an esoteric religion. It doesn't mean that it's only for the consecrated.

Everyone can understand the essence of this religion. I'm not only dedicated to some mysteries. Nature doesn't hide any mysteries from a person.

The mysteries were invented by priests. Nature doesn't hide anything from a person. All sorts of priests made this profession out of the oppression of all fears.

We believe that atheists can communicate with gods, demons, spirits, and so on. In ancient times, there was a saying about smiling augurs. They were smiling when they counted the number of victims.

They were Russians. By the way, there is a fashionable neo-paganism. They say that Russians are Russians.

Slavs are descendants of Russians. It's all nonsense. Russian religion is a very gloomy religion.

It's a religion of dead cults. It's a bloody religion. Famous gladiator games.

It's a bloody religion. It has nothing to do with solarism. In esoteric religions, unlike in prophetic religions, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam are monotheistic religions.

In esoteric religions, human nature is threefold. Spirit, soul, and body. The soul is a shell of the spirit.

The existence of the soul is not denied by modern medicine. It is called bioplasm or psychoplasm. It's a cold plasma.

But it's not a spirit yet. It's a shell. There is a thinner, high-energy matter, but it's not a spirit yet.

Once again, the soul does not go anywhere. The body goes away. We are part of our own existence.

We live in that world. It's not in vain that in our language the abode of ancestors is called that world. It's light, but not darkness.

It's that light. It's a very deep meaning. We are part of our own existence, and we live in that world.

We just don't realize it. It's under the threshold of our consciousness. Freud didn't invent the word subconsciousness.

Freud didn't invent it. It's something that can be described as intuition, things, whisper, soul. We are part of that world now.

And this subconsciousness is awakened. It's more correct to call it supra-consciousness. Only in the exclusive states of our psyche.

In some paranormal or anomalous states. As they are sometimes called. In trance, ecstatic, mediumistic states.

What used to be called shamanism. When a person is in a stupor. Again, this word has a very deep meaning.

When a person is in a trance, when he is out of himself. He comes out of himself. We have this expression in our language.

I came out of myself. I came out of myself. And then I calmed down and came back to myself.

It used to be understood literally. That a person comes out of himself in a trance state. The body does not come out of itself.

The body remains. But its inner essence can leave this mortal body. And touch that light.

With other worlds. As they are now called. Parallel worlds.

And so on. The necessary conditions for this are only the haze of our physical body. The haze of our mental, cerebral, and superficial creation.

Because the brain blocks. It does not allow us to penetrate those otherworldly worlds in the mirror. And when the brain turns off in a state of deep haze, shamanic trance, or even narcotic smoking, and so on.

Then our inner nature is awakened. A person lies with his eyes closed. But his soul can see something.

To see. There is nothing more inexplicable than in a normal dream. After all, not a single physiologist can explain what eyes a person sees in a dream.

The eyes are physically closed. But he sees. So clairvoyance is no more inexplicable.

Clairvoyance in time and space. I repeat again. The necessary condition is a complete haze of the mental consciousness.

The darker the night, the brighter the stars. The deeper the haze, the clearer our inner self is awakened. Of course, when our physical death is complete, this self will be free from the haze of matter, from the brain, which it does not need at all.

And it will continue its posthumous existence. But not for everyone, of course. Immortality is not given to us by nature.

It is given to us as the task of our earthly embodiment. The vast majority of people dissolve in astral elements in the same way as their physical body dissolves in earthly elements. Their astral essence, sometimes the soul is called the astral double, the fluidic double.

It also dissolves in the vast majority of people. The black hole of non-existence also disappears. That's it.

Forever. Without any hope of reincarnation or so on. Because they simply did not fulfill the task of their earthly embodiment.

They did not create their immortal core, their individuality. Individuum in Latin means indivisible, something like that. Immortal, indivisible.

They could not create it. Personality is completely different. Personality is a person.

What is a person? It is a mask. A mask that our individuum, that is, our spirit, puts on itself during each new incarnation. It puts on a new person, a mask.

It is a personality. But it is mortal. Of course, it is mortal.

And the immortal individuality, what is inside the personality, is a spark. A spark. A spark of the highest mind.

Believers call it God. We can call it an unrecognizable thing. A spark.

A spark of this eternal fire that lives in the Universe. The vast majority of people did not create it. You need to create a core in yourself.

To create your individuality. Your unique self. Those who are neither fish, nor meat, neither God, nor a candle, nor the devil, they are not needed.

Indeed, neither God, nor the devil. Cyprus has a wonderful ballad, which neither God, nor the devil took with them after death. He was supposed to hang out in intergalactic space for billions of years, billions, trillions, until the end of time.

But he did nothing. He did not create his core. There is such a concept as transcendental physiology.

There is a physiology that Pavel did. He cut dogs, and so on. He dealt with the human flesh.

There is transcendental psychophysiology, which deals with the inner, spiritual, spiritual essence of a person. When we talk about the gnawing of conscience, we need to understand from the point of view of transcendental physiology, that something gnaws. Our inner being gnaws.

Like a shagreen skin, it shrinks, shrinks. If a person constantly does some nasty things, then he repents, gnaws at conscience. In the end, there is nothing left of him, like a shagreen skin.

What will be there? It should be reincarnated. There is nothing to be reincarnated. He went into cosmic interweaving.

Henry Gibson has a wonderful play, *Per Gunt*. It is beautifully written there. A person goes into cosmic interweaving.

He did not create his ego, he did not create his core. So, the immortality of the soul, it is necessary to conquer, to deserve. In more detail, there is a whole chapter on this topic in *Svyatoslav*.

Where, in your opinion, does the soul of a person go? I said, it does not go anywhere. We go, our flesh goes. Is the very concept of the soul of a person permissible? Of course.

How do you feel about the reincarnation of the soul? Yes, it is a metempsychosis, reincarnation. Reincarnation is the most ancient belief of a person. Even the Christians, only at one of the village councils, in 525, they canceled the reincarnation of the soul.

There was also a dogma about the reincarnation of the soul. This is the most ancient and the most profound, and the most thought-provoking and highly moral idea about the soul. Of course, it is reincarnated, of course.

Of course, there is, I say it again, in Hinduism, in Buddhism, in Sintoism, in Daoism, in Tantrism, everywhere, there are their own concepts in this psychosis, their own. But, by and large, this very fact, of course, well, read the wonderful novel by Jack London, *The Humble Shirt*. In another translation, it is called *The Interstellar Skete*.

Jack London himself was a mystic, he was a pagan, the most real pagan, mystic. Now, in my opinion, he is not even re-published, because he swore capitalism. His novel is wonderful, *The Iron Spade*.

That's what we're going to see right now. *The Iron Spade*. He is no longer re-published.

He was a socialist, a socialist in a good sense of the word, an advocate of justice, and an opponent of all kinds of oppression of man to man. So, his novel, *The Interstellar Skete*, describes how a man sentenced to death, sitting in the cell of the dead, learned to get out of himself. His *Humble Shirt*, recorded for his riot there, and he learned to turn off his

consciousness, being so tight-fisted.

In general, you need to read it, because it's a long story. Jack London was based on the experiences of the French, the famous Albert de Rocha, his famous experiences of reincarnation, when Rocha was a great magnetizer. Now it's called a hypnotist.

He would immerse himself in the subject, in the center, when it was called a subject, in a hypnotic dream, in the deepest stage, the somnambulistic stage of a hypnotic dream, when all the wonderful abilities of a person are manifested. Somnambulism, or lunaticism, is manifested spontaneously, when a person is sleeping, in a normal state. Somnambulism or lunaticism is manifested spontaneously, when the hidden abilities of a human body are self-produced.

Sometimes, in a moment of incredible stress, an incredible physical ability is awakened in a person. Everyone knows the example of a person who picked up a car, when he saw that he had to pick it up in order to pull out a child. When a clerk, a bank clerk, had a fire, he grabbed a safe under his arm and ran outside.

When a person jumps over a three-meter fence, when he runs from a small dog, not from a tiger, because the inescapable physical abilities of a person are also inescapable. By the way, the intellectual abilities of a person are also inescapable. Everyone has heard of so-called miracle-calculators, people-calculators, who are sometimes even morons, natural morons, oligophrenics, microcephalists.

But ask him, what day of the week was it? October 4, 1592. He will not think for a second, he will say Friday. How does he do it? No one knows this.

He is a moron, naturally. I myself have seen such psychiatric restraints, psychological restraints, on the eternal bed. And in general, every psychiatrist, a practitioner, can always give such examples about his patients, about the morons, that they multiply six-digit numbers in their minds instantly, and they beat them with a computer, with an electronic calculator, with a competition, with some moron, and the computer is even more powerful, and they beat the moron instantly.

This is all serious, this is intellectual. Similarly, the spiritual abilities of a person are limitless, the strength and possibilities are limitless. Just wake them up, call them to life.

I forgot why I am telling this. I forgot. Reincarnation.

Well, yes. Yes, there is reincarnation. Yes.

Albert de Rocha, the great magnetist of the 19th century, plunged lunatics, mostly women, somnambulists, such innate women, some of such a psychopathic stock, they are very easily influenced, he plunged them into somnambulistic states, and said, influenced them, Josephine was there, Josephine, you are five years old, or what do you think, this is an adult woman, she behaved absolutely like a five-year-old girl, she demanded her favorite doll, she whispered, said

the words incorrectly, just like no actress can portray a child. Then they said, Josephine, you are two years old, and her coordination of movement was already broken, she walked, but it was all in somnambulistic sleep, somnambulism literally means sleepwalking, that is, a person sleeps, but at the same time he walks, just like a lunatic, he makes all sorts of acrobatic pirouettes, somewhere at a height, so she, Josephine, began to walk like a two-year-old child, then they said, Josephine, you are half a year old, you are six months old, Josephine lay down, it was difficult for her to turn over, like a six-month-old child, she tried to sit down, then they said, Josephine, you are a month old, she began to make suction movements with her lips, she did not say anything, of course, she did not answer, only suction movements, and then they said, Josephine, you are not yet born, and then she took shape, that is, she turned over, the position of the fetus in the womb of the mother, an adult woman with extraordinary flexibility, turned over, and lay down, without any signs of life, and then they said to her, and now, Josephine, remember what happened before that, this is where the most interesting thing began, by the way, all this is officially recorded, all the medical records are present, and the famous Parisian Charles Richer, Nobel laureate and others, were shining, and there were some tricks, and suddenly she began to speak in a male voice, and told the biography of a man who lived there several centuries ago, a man of some kind, a man of some kind, We checked it all. It turned out that the smallest details... Yes, but she also described the past, the morals of that epoch, the Middle Ages, which she simply could not know.

There are such small details, which even historians did not know. Everything coincided, that such a person lived, then lived, did something, was injured, and so on, and so on. In general, all this coincided.

This is why I say that there is a reincarnation, but it should also be earned. Next. How does paganism relate to suicides? What to do with them? How does it relate? You probably all know the wonderful feat of the last samurai Yukio Nishimura.

You know? You should know. The Japanese are pagans. The sun is a fan.

The country of the rising sun. Why did they throw atomic bombs at them? Although it was not necessary at all. Because the pagans were a victim.

And the Yagobis were a victim. A victim of this opium, which is fed by the evaporation of fried meat and blood. As a matter of fact, Yukio Nishimura... Has anyone heard of him? No one? But a brilliant essayist, poet and samurai Yukio Nishimura in 1974 tried to make a rebellion.

First, he raised one garrison. He was a member of his party, the Great Patriotic... Well, a protest against the Japanese occupation. At first, the Americans closed all the Shinto shrines.

In general, he protested against the Americanization, westernization of Japan. Well, a patriot, in short, a pagan, an intellectual. A brilliant poet, translator.

He was with a group of six people. They tried to raise a rebellion, but they failed. The garrison

did not support them.

They made a hierarchy. How did they do it? They went to the balcony. He held a speech in front of the garrison.

And there were five of his comrades standing next to him. When they realized that they were about to be arrested, his closest friend cut off his head. And the next one cut off the second, third, fourth, and so on.

That's how they all were killed. In front of the garrison. Why is he called the last samurai? Yukio Mishima.

A suicide bomber, yes. There were suicide bombers in ancient Rome and Greece. Yes, sometimes there is a situation when it is simply impossible to live.

These are Christians, for some reason. They are considered to be some kind of unclean dead. They even came up with a version that mermaids are the souls of some drowned people.

No, of course, it's all nonsense. Do you believe in fate? Yes, I believe. Do you think that non-traditional medicine is more effective than traditional medicine? Yes, of course.

Traditional medicine is not medicine at all. What is your attitude towards women in terms of paganism? I am generally a supporter of matriarchy. I have a book about pagan ideals.

This is my last one. There is a whole chapter about matriarchy. Matriarchy is a golden age.

According to the legend of all nations, it is a golden age. That is, a stone age. When a woman was the ruler of the family.

In general, matriarchy is not quite the right term. Matriarchy is the power of mothers. There was no power of a woman as such.

According to the legend of the Amazon, there was no such power. There was respect and respect for the will of the whole family. She was the ruler of the family.

She gave life to her kin. And only through her could the souls of the ancestors be reincarnated into their own kind. Therefore, it was believed that a woman was closer to the world of her ancestors.

This is really so. In general, a woman is endowed with the feeling of the world by nature. Sometimes, however, she is also sleeping.

Of course, she lives more by intuition. And intuition never deceives. In general, paganism believed that love is a sacrament of action.

Moreover, the act of initiation is a sacrament of action. There were special rites. The souls of the ancestors, heroes, rulers, and so on, were called.

Women were outstanding clairvoyants, prophets. Even in the Germanic and Slavic tribes. No battle began without asking the advice of the witch.

But this is more detailed in my books. In my other book, why did the Christians burn these witches? Why did they hate them so much? Why did they torture them? Why did they torture them in such a humiliating way? Imagine what it is like to be hanged for a nipple. Or to pour melted oil into a wetland.

Imagine what it is like. Why were such tortures made on the sex sphere of a woman? Who were the inquisitors? Monks. Dominicans, mostly.

Monks are perverts. They are women-haters. They are sodomites.

Only they could come up with such tortures for a person with a normal sexual orientation. It is impossible to imagine such tortures. But for them it is normal.

Your attitude to the Willis book? It is a fake, of course. But you don't need to be 75 years old to understand that it is a fake. There was a boy named Yuriy Korolyov.

He wrote it. And that's all. It is enough.

Compare the language of the Willis book with the language of Igor Polkui. It is a living, singing, magical language. There are some magic turns.

And compare the record of the Willis book with the record of the Willis book. It is clear that it is a fake. It is not serious to discuss it.

What place will you give to Prince Svyatoslav in our history? Svyatoslav? Yes, of course, he is a destroyer. Gaganat? Of course, he is a warrior, a great warrior. Yes, of course.

Is it possible to bring together the gods into a single pantheon? If we understand the gods as different hypostases of a single, unrecognizable deity, with different facets, multifaceted, I don't know. In general, the word God is not our word, it is not a Slavic word. And, again, the religious meaning is the secondary meaning of the word God.

Initially, it came to us from nomads, from the East, from the owners of the herds, where God is rich, the owner of the herds, the master, the master. Who are you? Rich, rich. And God is poor, that's what it is.

The owner, the master. The religious meaning is the secondary meaning. All these gods, you see, and now, in general, we have invented some other gods.

For example, Krishna, Vishnu, in Hinduism, Krishna is there. How much, of course, how much. It's all childhood, some kind of childhood.

Childish screams on the lawn. How can you achieve harmony with nature while living in the

city? Well, in general, you can't achieve it in any way. I was baptized in childhood against my will, I want to be baptized, what to do? And this is to come to me on Kupala, on Kupala, on June 22, so I perform such a rite once a year.

Like this. Well, okay, there is still time. Then that's it.

I repeat once again that you, people, are all dishonorable here. You still have to fight. You have to fight.

And you, surely, each of you feels some kind of calling. Of course, of course. Some kind of voice that forces you to act, to realize yourself.

This is very good. Maybe what I'm going to read to you now will help you in your development. I received a lot of letters where they ask, well, they read my books, where my thoughts are expressed about nature, and so on.

They ask to express, so to speak, the weight of my development. How I actually came to such a life. What does it mean? I left there, I live in the forest.

I live in the forest, I pray in the forest. And since I'm tired of answering everyone, you need to write a whole tractate, some kind of memoirs, some kind of memoirs. I made some sketches there, as I said, sketches of my development.

I'm going to read them to you now. Maybe it will help you. It will help you to realize your calling.

I repeat once again. If you came here, then you are already called. Don't be shy about it, you don't need any extra modesty.

You, people, already imagine something. You are already on the path of becoming. And I'm on this path, too.

I'm on the path of becoming. I'm going to read it to you. Maybe it... I mean, it may not be, but many of you will feel it for sure.

I began to intuitively realize my high calling quite early. But I didn't know what for. I didn't doubt that I was born for something very significant.

Even extraordinary. I was born to carry out the one and only action which is determined by the will of fate. I have always been secretly and indisputably convinced of it.

Things, magical feelings living in the hearts of strong people. And I have always been waiting for a revelation from above. A revelation concerning my whole future life.

Later, I realized my amazing, for a normal person, disdain for all the things that are commonly valued, things that were valued so much in the society around me, with my diploma, prestige, career, comfort, and so on. Now I understand the origins of this attitude. Subconsciously, a

person has an open future.

Intuition is a direct manifestation of this quality. In other words, in subconsciousness, or rather, in superconsciousness, the awareness of the extraordinary life has always been there. Hence, the intense inner search of my self, the desire to realize the gift of the guessed future.

From a young age, I was haunted by an obsessive idea to be myself, to be, not to seem. This main idea arose then almost unconsciously. Then I would go to it for a long time, and finally find it again.

But it would be expressed maturely and accurately. I always had an extremely acute sense of truth and a disgust for any falsehood. I felt that a person lying to himself would never do anything worthy.

Even at school, I was concerned primarily so that everything I said was true. I tried not to act on impulse with my beliefs, to agree with my words and deeds with conscience. And every time I cheated myself, I almost physically felt how my inner nature received painful wounds.

Do you know? In 1956, I filed an application to leave the LPR as a sign of protest against Khrushchev's humiliation of the cult of personality. I did it not because I was a Stalinist, but because I was sick of watching the cowardly jackals tormenting the dead lion like yesterday's Halloween. Perhaps it was then that I was completely disappointed in the government that falsely called itself Soviet.

Pythagoras believed that people received from the gods two blessed abilities, to speak the truth and to do good. Both, in his opinion, are similar to the nature of immortals. Precisely because the development of these abilities leads a person to a whole new level of the heart.

And only by embarking on this most difficult path of understanding the moral truths, a person begins to realize all his imperfections before the greatness of nature. But the measure of a person is not in what he has achieved, but in what he has been able to refuse. The best qualities of the soul are light sadness, discontentment, dissatisfaction with oneself.

And the weaker a person is in himself, the further he is from self-contentment, the closer he is to the possibility of communication with the higher mind inherent in the universe. The mystics and the pantheists have always felt a sympathetic connection between the divine spark in themselves and nature, which thought and perceived them as incomprehensible, but at the same time a benevolent deity. Nature is a loving mother and a just mentor, and only the one who has accepted it as such can teach others.

A true teacher is distinguished by an intuitively transparent penetration into the living element of paganism, and not by studying it with the help of philosophy, archeology, linguistics, and other soulless rationalistic methods of knowledge. Only this is the real knowledge, and everything else, no matter how cleverly it is called, is ignorance. At the age of 50, I consciously and forever abandoned all worldly reason, and finally broke with the so-called civilization and

its conveniences.

I changed them to the life of the natural environment, forgetting the vanity of actions devoid of appearance, but almost inaccessible to many. Is it not because my goals are fulfilled that I have no selfish and purely private goals? He who does not need anything is as rich as the owner of everything. I entered into my asceticism irrevocably, burning all the bridges behind me, not leaving even the smallest loophole for retreat, and completely relying on the will of the spirits.

It remains to do one's job without worrying about the consequences, for they are all in the vision and thought of nature. The best confirmation of my sincerity was the fact that the first faithful of my disciples were my adult sons, who took the pagan names Rodostav and Vyatich, who left their Moscow apartment and followed me into the forest wilderness. In other words, my ideas were deeply perceived by those who knew me well personally, and not by my lectures and articles.

I was almost always in the sight of my sons. They observed me every day in everyday life, and they could not but notice the falsehood, deceit, hypocrisy that is inevitably discovered when the profane, enveloping himself in people, mystical fog, behaves at home in a completely different way. My sons became dear to me not only in flesh and blood, but also in spirit, for they saw and felt in me the convinced, inspiring and sincere man that I really was.

I was, but not angry. Since I remember myself, I have always been a spontaneous pagan, that is, I adored the living, wild nature. I was a voice of blood.

The meaningful understanding that nature is wise and always right came with years, with knowledge, with direct experience, and so on. I began to consciously perceive what I used to perceive only through the prism of feelings. As a child, I was drawn to joy, I looked for it and found it, remaining one-on-one with nature in the forest.

The forest was a world where I found myself, but not only myself. Sometimes nothing came into contact with me, whose power exceeded any human understanding, but at the same time something very, very good. The forest spells are powerful and beneficial.

I finally fully found myself in the Shabalin forests, because for me to be a savage pagan means to be myself, as my mother nature gave birth to me. I am a barbarian in relation to modern civilization. I live exactly like this, because I cannot live otherwise.

I try to realize the great power that makes me live like this. Such a joyful mood even transforms the burdens of everyday, sometimes harsh, existence. Although they remain, their perception changes.

There are strange things in the taiga wilderness, there are unexpected meetings, there are all sorts of misconducts. But you can live, of course, on the condition that such a life has for you some special supreme meaning, which can be described only by religious concepts. The world in which we live is full of miracles.

How often, communicating with nature, I did not find enough high words to express the significance of my experiences. Living like this, a person becomes transparent, he catches many signs of fate, which she warns him about one or another event. Often the losses seemed to me depressing and unfulfillable, but later I recognized in them the necessary stage of becoming my own self, the stage of complete, deep meaning.

Now I see that none of the efforts have been unrewarded, and that every mistake led me to the decisive battle. One can, of course, put a simple game of chance but too many happy coincidences How many options should be played out to form a successful situation, which is supposed to be the beginning of the transition from chance to necessity? When you compare many different cases together, it is clear that they are all connected. And when they are separated, it seems as if everything happened by itself, purely by chance.

Tracing my life path, I realized that there were no coincidences in it. I sensed the inherent preconditions of every century on this path, be it victory or defeat. All the sudden changes, all the complicating circumstances in the light of such contemplation, all the trials consistently and purposefully prepared me for the fulfillment of my calling.

I felt and recognized the deep organic connection to the events of my life, thanks to which the necessity of these events can only be understood. My goal is, first of all, the realization of the desire to be free and independent of people around me and the circumstances. Living this way, I remain in relative agreement with my conscience.

It is easier for me to feel respect for any life, which I passively try to follow. The witches said that any human action and experience finds more or less response in a subtle... I'll wait until you talk on the phone. The witches said that any human action and experience finds more or less response in a subtle world of spirits.

And they largely set me free from what hinders the fulfillment of my purpose. I have nothing to do with hostile interference. As soon as I have to fulfill my mission, I will do everything in my power to fulfill it as successfully as possible.

If I were to make personal attempts to protect myself, I would not be engaged in my own business. Being pure-hearted, I am confident in my protection, but pure-hearted confidence is nothing if it is not illuminated by the dawn of a righteous battle with the forces of evil. If I were to try to fit the meaning of my life into one word, then this word would be a pagan.

If in two words, a pagan warrior, the organic alloy of the warrior and the nature of the witcher would be the root of my very existence. I have always felt a dual attitude to the world, a subversive admiration on the one hand and a desire for a decisive action on the other. I could not fully identify myself with anything.

I was full of inexhaustible explosive energy and yet in the depths of my nature there was something deeper, self-forgetting, involved in everything that came, which I find difficult to

express in words. But this did not lead to any particular inner dissonance. Both beginnings were peaceful.

I worked in two directions, natural knowledge and the Jewish question. At the beginning of the split, I let myself be known, I was in the way, I could not choose any of my activities as more significant. But somewhere at the lower level my intuition told me that sooner or later the parallel lines would intersect.

And they did. Then I realized that the ecological disaster is a logical means of the monotheistic Biblical institution of enslavement of the godforsaken creature of nature. I do not belong to any philosophical direction, to any religious system, to any historical school.

My worldview is one and multifaceted, but I cannot tie it to a single doctrine. I am inhabited by an anarchist and a nationalist, a socialist and a patron. Somewhere in my inner nature they intertwine and form a single, indivisible whole.

The incoming value of an idea is not in novelty, not in originality, but only in depth. The brilliant mind relates to the deep in the same way as an infertile sex relates to the sacred act of conception. A true, original thinker does not need fame.

He is opposed to any eloquence and artistry. He simply cannot be fashionable. He is characterized by lack of skill, and he is alien to any theater.

Neither Rousseau, nor Whitman, nor Toro, nor Skovoroda were elegant. Not only the alien, but also his own soul is dim. Any sincere soul cannot understand or measure itself.

It either rises to the greatest height or falls into a terrible abyss. Greed for excess leads it on the path of search. None of the modern ideologists I know, except for Andrei Svetov, cannot call me their universalist, because I always prefer to think on my own and not bow to any fetish.

At the very foundation of my character I am opposed to consent, inability and unwillingness to live in half. In general, for a thousand years, since the bloody times of Judeo-Christianization, our country has been a country of extremes, a country of god-fighters and god-seekers, a country of skits and ostrogoths, a country of irresponsible long-suffering and merciless revolts, an unpredictable element of the Russian soul in the incomprehensible West and the East, a merciless odol, a black khandroi, a hopscotch with sober nihilism, a mad passion with an exuberant self-assassination, an immeasurable compassion with fierce cruelty. But in spite of all this, our main and most impressive feature is the relentless thirst for the truth and justice and the tormenting search for it.

Shakespeare is such a great genius that he can already become a Russian man. These words of Apollo Grigoryev are quoted by Grigorovich in his memoirs. However, you don't have to go far for the truth.

It is contained in our folk proverbs. The truth is in the elbows, and the crookedness is in the

boots. On the case of rights, it is Dybya's fault.

I grew up with my moral and stubbornness, and it helped me when I began to create my self. The occult position says that a person of strong, sometimes unobtrusive passions, if only he manages to straighten them and solder them into a single, all-absorbing passion that draws him to good, will have such a success that no moderate, gray, unruly person can ever achieve. Even a villain can turn into an indifferent one.

It is known that a number of outstanding religious figures of antiquity, Indian yogis, Muslim Sufis, Buddhist and Taoist anacharists, at the beginning of their lives were deeply corrupt people. They became so great in their immobility because their nature gave them much more opportunities to become the spiritual lights of the world than the nature of weak, unruly people who do not shine a candle to God. Self-confirming spiritual alchemy and moral perfection enabled them to turn their personal, egoistic and spiritual qualities into the highest spiritual forces, to subjugate them to their good will and its limitless possibilities.

And if someone asks me what the purpose of earthly life is, I will answer that the purpose is to become a hero, because evolution does not end with man. Now my works have become a guiding thread for many people in their search for the meaning of their existence. These works comfort them in sadness, strengthen their confidence in victory, raise their fear of death.

They inspire and fight for the ideals of truth, freedom and beauty. My books were taken into service by the comrades of the Russian Liberation Movement. The lines of my poems are engraved on tombstones.

They are transcribed by hand, memorized in the zones and chambers of the special regime. They are translated into music and sung on solar pagan holidays and on the magical Kupala night. Quotes from my works are used as epigraphs in program articles in youth magazines, combat leaflets and resistance newspapers.

The flow of sympathetic letters from new and new supporters does not stop. Is it possible to wish for some more recognition of the fruitfulness of my works? But glory to nature, homeland of the people! I remember, I was 5 or 6 years old. I was standing in the meadow in the thickets of flowering grasses.

The sun was shining brightly. Bugs were buzzing, butterflies were fluttering. Suddenly a breeze blew.

The grasses rustled and whispered. I inhaled their wonderful honey aroma and I disappeared. Or rather, I became this flowering meadow, the breeze, the sunlight.

I seem to have dissolved in the gentle, warm, sympathetic verses. I don't know how long this wonderful moment, which was both a pit and a dream, lasted. When I came to my senses again, I saw myself again standing in the meadow.

Tears rolled down my eyes, but they were inexpressibly sweet tears of great joy. The unforgettable feeling of connection with something alive, native, maternal was imprinted forever. Later, at an adult age, it was repeated only twice more.

I have a premonition that this original, childish, dazzling enlightenment will visit me again in my mortal hour. Why are you silent? Read it. While I was reading, I noticed a mistake.

Give me your pen, please. You know, can you or someone else give it somewhere on the Internet? It's nowhere. I read it for the first time.

It's not printed anywhere, not in any magazine. A few days ago, before I left, I decided to make some sketches. Here, take it.

You can give it to me. You can print it, you can put it on the Internet, whatever you want. In addition, I will read you a poem by Kipling, which helped me in difficult times.

Of course, Kipling is a typical English colonialist, a singer of British imperialism, but as a personality, he is, of course, an outstanding person. He has a poem, which he dedicated to his son. Own yourself among the despised crowd, those who swear to you for the defamation of all.

Believe in yourself, at the crossroads of the universe, and let the unfaithful go to sin. Remain silent, when your own word brings forth a plow, to catch the fools, when all life is destroyed, and again you must recreate everything from dreams. Let the hour not pass, wait, do not get tired, let the deceitful steppes not descend to them.

Know how to forgive, but do not seem to forgive, more generous and wiser than others. Know how to dream, not becoming a slave of dreaming, and to think the thoughts of the ungodly. Equally apply success and scolding, not forgetting that their voice is lying.

Be able to put in joyful hope everything that you have earned with your work, lose everything and become a beggar as before, but never regret it. Remain simple, chatting with the nobles. Remain honest, speaking to the crowd.

Be straightforward with enemies and friends. Let everyone count their hour with you. Be able to leave your heart, nerves, body, and serve you, when in your breast everything is empty, everything is burnt, and only the will tells you to go.

Remember the meaning of every moment, hours and days, and do not be a beggar. When you take over the whole world, then, my son, you will be a man. Why are you all silent? Can you tell about your book? To whom is it dedicated? Yes, yes, of course.

Here it is. The book is called About Idols and Ideals. I dedicated it to Lavrat, to Dmitry Borovikov.

Here is the dedication. It is written like this. In the bright memory of Lavrat, Dmitry Borovikov,

from the back of a Russian-born, dedicated his work to Dobroslav.

And then I picked up the most impressive verses, for example, the verses of Tyutchev. Be brave, fight for a brave friend, as the battle is not cruel, the struggle is not stubborn, there are silent star circles above you, under you are silent, deaf coffins. Let the Olympians, with a jealous eye, look at the struggle of unyielding hearts.

Who fell happy, defeated only by a horn, he tore out of his hands the victorious crown. And here is the speech of Lucifer, addressed to his comrades. This is from the poem of John Milton, The Lost Paradise.

We unsuccessfully tried to shake his throne and the eagles, and lost the battle. What of that? Not everything died, the will was preserved, in spite of the immense hatred, the thirst for revenge, and the courage not to give up forever. And this is not a victory.

Your attitude to other organizations of such a spectrum to the pagan organizations, in particular, to the Union of Slavic Communities, which is located in the city of Kaluga, and, in particular, to other organizations of such a structure. On the one hand, this is better than going to the Orthodox Church. On the other hand, once again, there is a child's cry on the lawn, which is arranged by all these priests, and now there is a witch.

This is, of course, a profanation. Adult people come, look, and then tell me, well, some priest came out without a mustache, began to read some hymn to the gods, and got drunk, forgot a piece of paper, and a whore told him, well, what is it? Circus, theater, a mess, in short. Well, as they say, every kulik is great in his own swamp.

He has a dozen or a dozen and a half of such faithful gunmen. Well, that's enough for him, and then at least the grass does not grow. He is fascinated by politics as a dangerous thing.

He thinks that if he does not engage in politics, then they will not take care of him. He's been on the blacklist for a long time. In short, he is a showman.

Yes, that's all. As I said here recently, I personally know many such people. Usually, as they say, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty.

Fifty percent of them, of course, are mentally unhealthy. The mania of greatness is at one stage or another in everyone. Self-love is incredible.

Just even pathological self-love. And on the other hand, such a showman, such a profligacy. As far as I know, there is Veleslav, he is somewhere in the Moscow region.

Yes, yes. Oblinsk. Yes, Oblinsk.

He conducts rituals in Oblinsk. Maloyaroslavtsy. He lives in Moscow.

I don't know. He is a former seminarian. What do you mean by former? What do you mean?

Everyone who was baptized.

Everyone left. Yes, but I said not because... That's right, everyone left, but... They still have it. That's what I said.

It seems to me that there would be no such people as Kazakov, Veleslav, or someone else. In general, there would be even fewer of us. There would be no such people as Starkov, Trekhlevov.

There would be no such people at all. And where would we get it from, if we all sat in front of each other? Maybe there would be a dozen of them in front of us. After reading Trekhlevov, we can only wrap up.

I'm telling you in general terms. I'll give you two or at least three examples from his book. The Phoenix's Call.

I've read it all, I know it all. You need to say it better. Well, if a person decrypts it like this.

Sanskrit. It's Sanskrit. Valhveta.

Valov. Hovayushe. Achilles.

Who is Achilles? You know, there was Achilles. Yes. Achilles.

He is, of course, our Slav, Russian. Of course. The Greeks attributed him to themselves.

Hero of the Trojan War. He is our guy. What is A? Atheist means you don't believe in God.

A is a denial. That is, you don't believe in Achilles. You're a good guy.

That's the level of a three-year-old. No, I'm speaking figuratively. Because it was all paganism.

How do we know? It was thousands of years ago. Half of it has not been preserved. So don't suck it out of your fingers like the Cossacks.

Right? Nobody knows. We think that this rite is performed like this. Others think like this.

But we perform it as best we can. We are trying to restore something. To raise something.

And if everything is thrown away. I went to Bobnivsk. They do it one by one.

I went to Kolomna. They do it differently. Something needs to be recreated.

What if it's just bad? And nothing will happen at all. And nothing will be right at all. We don't need these sects.

We don't need this paganism. All these rituals. Hearts.

Pure-hearted relations. I don't need it. I'm not trying to convince you.

I think that this rite unites people. Just unites. If it's really a rite.

People are trying. It's showmanship. It's not a rite.

Showmanship means that you need to turn on some music. A disco. God will call you.

That's what we do. People like it. Last year, he came to our yard.

It was a holiday. It's an amazing thing. What do you think about people of Klin? What? I washed my hands after them.

Who do you think are the heroes of Russia? And what personalities inspire you the most in Russian history? Svyatoslav. I can't think of anyone else. Then came the millennial Christian Judaism.

Then came the socialist system. Then came the party nomenclature. Now it's the Zionist occupation regime.

There were historical figures. There were no such people. Wait, wait.

What did I say? Of course, Nestor Ivanovich Makhno. But first of all, Stepan Razin, Yemelyan Pugachev, Makhno, Ataman Antonov. These are the heroes.

They send me their heroes. Scandinavia, Germany, Odin, Valkyrie, Midgard, Udgard. I read the poem written by Nestor Ivanovich Makhno.

It's simple and clear. In Russian. You can write it down and read it later.

It has a deep meaning in every word. His wife Galina Kuzmenko She was already 73 or 74 when she came from Kazakhstan and we met in Moscow. Listen to this poem.

He wrote it in 1921. He was already defeated. I rushed into battle with my head not asking for mercy at death's door.

I'm not guilty even if I'm alive. We shed blood and sweat. We were honest with the people.

They defeated us. But they didn't kill our idea. Let them bury us now.

But our essence won't die in the summer. It will rise at the right time and will win. I believe in it.

Here's a poem for you. It's a poem about Freemasonry. Freemasonry is not black and white.

Freemasonry is not a simple concept. The greatest anti-Semites and anti-Semitism like Voltaire and Goethe were Freemasons. Freemasonry is connected with Catholic Church.

Freemasons fought against Catholicism. Freemasons were anti-Semitic. The first presidents of

the American Revolution in 1773 were Freemasons and anti-Semites at the same time.

It was the beginning of the Civil War. It was the beginning of the Civil War. The Revolution was liberating.

It's a mistake that in 1917 the Jews did something. Lenin was sent to prison. It's a primitive point of view.

Russia was pregnant with the Revolution. It was a thousand-year-old rot. It was an explosion.

A thousand-year-old Jewish-Christian crisis. They were looking for justice. It was an explosion of the national spirit.

Why did they disembowel all the Jews? They did it for different reasons. We take the ideals of the Soviet Union. Why did the Bolsheviks take the slogan of the Soviet Union? The Soviet Union was a secular system.

The Bolsheviks caught the idea of the Soviet Union. They called the newspaper the truth, the holiest word for Russia. They took the red banner.

It's our color. It had red flags. It's our red color.

It's the imperial flag. It's not ours. The book is a compilation.

It's a compilation. It can be divided into two parts. The first part is a critique of Jewish-Christianity.

It's a compilation of the works of Yemelyanov and my early works. It's a compilation. Almost everything in it is true.

It's not a difficult compilation. I made it myself. The second part is nonsense about the Russian god Ra.

It's a schizoid. Our greatest thinker about communism Bakunin is called a satanist. Satanism shows that neither God nor Satan denies it.

There is no God or Satan here. Starh is a good businessman. He makes money.

When he has money, he doesn't need to print millions of copies of his book. He hates communism. He hates the idea of communism.

The idea is the most beautiful. Social justice is our idea. It's our idea.

We are natural socialists. Our Christian community has been preserved until the revolution. In the West, there was feudalism and capitalism.

In our country, there is no feudalism. We are natural supporters of social justice. All our sayings

are taken by the people.

The other thing is that we had good ideas. Of course, those Jews are bastards. We didn't have any Soviet power.

There was the power of the party nomenclature, of the Politburo, and so on. There was no socialism. There was state capitalism.

Aristarkhov is either confused, or wrong, or has a bad mind. But he scolds communism as an idea. What kind of equality is there? It's the opposite.

There is equality in nature. There is equality among people. There is social equality.

There is equality before the law. Not that we are all equal as biological individuals. No, of course not.

Everyone has their own abilities. We are all not equal. But we must be equal before the law.

And have equal rights and duties of all citizens of the same state. That's it. That's what social equality means.

That's why those slogans of the French Revolution are beautiful. There is freedom of speech. What's wrong with that? Avdeev Rassovet always calls himself Rassolok.

He writes in his journal that he is casting and that he is not equal. He demands the return of caste, like in ancient India. But there it was a different caste system.

So that the Priscians wouldn't mix with the Shudas, Shandas, with the local Dravidians, Tamils. That's what it was about. They created a caste.

A tough one. And what the journal Ateneo propagates which is called International Rassovet Journal is also not the same. But what comforts me is that I get messages from young people who are so healthy that I admit that I didn't have 19- or 20-year-olds writing to me.

I was a fool when I was 19. Such bright heads come to me and write to me. And most importantly And all these Starkhofs, Avdeevs, Korchagins, I don't even want to mention them because I don't want them to be included in history even as negative characters.

Screw them. Among young people he will appear. He has already appeared but he hasn't appeared yet.

He is maturing. Young people are pure. They are idealistic and selfless.

They don't need to pay for rallies. They go and take risks. By the way, I was asked to tell you that you are invited to take part in the Russian March on November 4th.

In Moscow. I was asked to tell you that. Young people take risks.

Everyone understands that nowadays it is possible to take risks. Yes. They are given 40 years.

Not for killing but for 282nd article. They are given 2-3 years. It is too much to spend more than 3 years.

A year or two is even useful for self-knowledge and knowledge of people. To strengthen yourself. All great revolutionaries were fighting.

They were imprisoned. They were sent to prison. And so on.

But they won. You can treat Lenin But he was a genius organizer. A genius tactician.

A genius. He was purposeful. He was young.

Can you imagine? Before the first revolution Lenin was nicknamed an old man. Can you imagine? Thank you. Hello.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Good luck. I advise all revolutionaries to read Lenin's work What to do. I say it again.

I don't like it myself. But it is a genius work. It is about creating a party of professional revolutionaries.

A party of professional revolutionaries. It is necessary to teach to teach. He was able to create such a tough such a centralized organization which was able to seize power.

Of course, we are going anyway whether we want it or not we are going to some explosion. And what can a detonator do? No one knows. Everything can do.

It can move from one condom to another. There will be a chain reaction. It is uncontrollable.

Social scissors have grown up so much that the gap between a bunch of oligarchs and a dying people that even in my deaf bear corner everyone can understand what is going on. The only thing is that we are not going to go to the special forces. Maybe all these cataclysms social, political, military, ecological will merge as a domino principle.

An avalanche will begin. An avalanche And the authorities will not be able to do anything about it. It is an extreme situation.

They will not be able to do anything. Because the nature will be out of control. And no matter how Shaigub-Neshaman will do anything.

And any drop can fill a bowl like in a famous tale about a fish when a little mouse helped to catch it. The same here. How will it happen? Nobody knows.

But it will happen for sure. I am still alive. I am still alive.

But for now observe the conspiracy. Of course, don't get involved. Of course, it is a wonderful feat of Dima.

But don't do it. Don't risk your life or even prison because of these Don't do it. It is a severe punishment.

And it is not a solution. Cut the black people. No.

The reason is deeper. We are with the investigation. What to do with the investigation? For now, methods on the verge of legal.

Arrange exhibitions, concerts, meetings, interviews, clubs of interest, language, recruit people, check people, print something, publish, but not Trekhlebov, not Istakhov, of course. Because in the place of the authorities, who is the grey cardinal, Vladislav Surkov, I would give him a wide road Trekhlebov. Let him pass this mockery.

Because it is disgusting from paganism. Or there is Demin. In general, he writes that his channel opens, chakra here, he says, is spinning.

The third eye is here. Everything opens at the same time. And this information from space, not that from Arkaim.

From Arkaim, he says, this is there, this is small, this is Shalman, he says. I understood, I directly. From Orion, they say, some ancestors of anthropoids, some golden capsules, 20 million years ago, they were Russians.

And then they built Egyptian pyramids, of course, Troy. It was the most powerful people. That is, you see, all this is a Jew-Christian, only the opposite.

They say that we are God-chosen. And then they decided, no, we are God-chosen. We are the most ancient, Russians, we.

These are Russians, these are all of us, these are Russians. Yes, yes, yes. Here in St. Petersburg there are two morons, Gusev and Pelin.

Pelin, as Pelin had the right name. They give me a guest in secret. And he is for sale.

Allegedly, mythology, allegedly. Well, that's about the length of our Egyptian pyramids. It turns out that this is some potter from ancient Russia wrote on the pots, that this is a corn seed.

Like this. Fesky disk was deciphered, I am Yakov Platonovich. Grinevich.

Grinevich, yes, yes, yes. You can't say anything. That's how it is.

In general, it is a good idea that we, the Russians, don't get drunk, but it turned out that other people would say, wow, all this was done by Russians, and where are we? And what about Dasha? She has only one last name. It is clear, but she is always referred to as Vovanskaya.

Vovanskaya is considered a Russian genius, a spiritism.

Genius of whom? Spiritism. Spiritism? No. She herself could not stand spiritism.

She considered it to be a swear word. And the fact that she is referred to as... Here is a site of some faggots. Where are you going? Gay.

Gay. Gay. They call me gay now.

Not just a fag, but gay. Here is your Dobroslav. She is referred to as Dobroslav.

Let me see your hands. Let me take a look. Paper and silver.

Let me take a look. This young man also turned to Arkaim. Arkaim has nothing to do with the Slavs.

He has nothing to do with the Norsemen. He has nothing to do with the Neolithic people. He is from the Chelyabinsk region.

But he has nothing to do with the Slavs or the Russians. There was a woman named Globa. You must have heard of her.

She was an astrologer. And she had some kind of... Not just some kind of tremor. She had some kind of small tremor.

And she realized that she was getting information. And she started to look into it. And some women, psychopaths, started to go there.

And it seemed to them that they had some kind of tremor. Do we know each other? Do we know each other? Hello. Yes, we know each other very well.

What's your name? Nina Aleksandrovna Zinkova. I came here to meet you. Where are you from? From Tula.

Oh, from Tula. I thought we knew each other. Maybe I saw you in my dreams.

But it's as if we knew each other for a long time. So, you'll take the books, right? But some of them are already sold out. I don't know how much is left.

Well, see how much is left. How much is left. How much is left.

Well, I want to tell you one more thing. In order to become a linguist, a convinced connoisseur, you need to know a lot. I told you that it's easy to be a linguist.

For example, a child raised in a family of, let's say, Maliuts, Eskimos, Chukchis, Karyaks, Indians. He absorbs everything with his mother's milk. But in order to become a modern person, a convinced linguist, you need to know a lot.

And you need to know not so much history, archaeology, philosophy. It's all secondary. But you need to know, at least to have an idea of natural sciences.

Because the closest thing, as I understood, in my own experience, leads to the recognition of paganism, as the adoration of nature, that nature is wise and always right. This is exactly the study of biology. Zoology, botany.

It's amazing how much wisdom is embedded in nature. There is nothing meaningless. You know, it was believed that appendix is unnecessary.

Adults began to cut it out, and children began to get sick. There is nothing meaningless. Some rudimentary, obvious.

Also, sometimes in nature there is a case, which seems to be really bloodthirsty. It's nature. A female eats a baby.

She gives birth and eats. It turned out, when it was seriously studied, that she doesn't eat all of them, but the one, who has an innate heart defect, or some other vital organ. It happens, she gives birth to an innate heart defect.

How does she feel about it? Does she know it? She doesn't want him to suffer. She just deprives him of life. It's Darwinists, usually.

Darwin is a typical Englishman. He is a progressist, so to speak. They paint nature as a battle of fangs.

Blood, blood. It's just a superficial layer. It's some 0.1 percent, where blood is given.

Predators eat herbivores. 99.9 percent of all biomass, that is, of all living organisms on Earth, are plants. And insects.

Between plants and insects, there is a love relationship. There is no blood relation. They exist for each other.

And this is 99 percent of all biomass. And blood is 0.1 percent. So, when you study natural science... I have a book here, A Tale of Colours.

I don't know how much time it will take me to rewrite it. It's a book on botany. And when you read it, there are scientists, botanists, with a world-famous name, who admit that, yes, it turns out that flowers, flowers... In general, it's wrong to say that a person leads a vegetative life, some kind of unreasonable life.

No, flowers are capable of such things that you can't imagine.