



Leo Needle

Searching
for the Secret
Knowledge

SEARCHING FOR THE SECRET KNOWLEDGE

The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true art and true science. He who knows it not and can no longer wonder, no longer feel amazement, is as good as dead, a snuffed-out candle. It was the experience of mystery – even if mixed with fear – that engendered religion. A knowledge of the existence of something we cannot penetrate, of the manifestations of the profoundest reason and the most radiant beauty, which are only accessible to our reason in their most elementary forms – it is this knowledge and this emotion that constitute the truly religious attitude.

Albert Einstein

WARNING

I request you earnest **not** to read further, if you are a very religious person. This book contains a mass of opinions and expressions, which could seem to you insulting, whatever confession you belong.

This book is addressed only to that kind of people, who are searching for the Truth, their faith or world outlook. So, I beg a pardon of those believers, who will decide to continue reading.

Author.

PREFACE

The greatest capacity of the human mind is the capacity to deceive itself.

Osho "And Now, And Here", chapter 3.

The reason of this book is simple. Ordinary – one more attempt to change the world to good. Please, don't ask me, if it can be better than now. I think it can.

How do you think, what would the normal, usual man answer, if you tell him, that you regularly sit before the inverted cross and try to call Satan? I bet, he would react like: "Are you sick!?". But you would find out surprising, that he reacted so not because he considers that it is "childhood", something senseless or useless. The fact is that most of the people, including most ardent atheists, who beating their breasts declare that they are hundred per cent materialists, have a panic terror of all the supernatural things.

Many books are written about supernatural things, but there is no consistent theory. Nobody knows, is magic just a fairy-tale or reality, helps wearing a cross or not, and whether God exists, or there is no God.

Also significant is the statement of these questions itself. From my present point of view all three questions, which I designated just for example, are incorrect in their very foundation, and, therefore, no adequate answers on them can be given.

On the other hand, another tendency can be observed. Such a sensation, that searching for Truth and Knowledge people take as something rather intimate. Even more intimate, than sex. About latter all in all is a lot of literature, which is easy to get and to read. From this follows that the rule has its exceptions, and some peoples find sex so normal and natural to write books about it. About searching for Knowledge and Truth nobody writes.

While working on this book, one day I sent Victor – my nearest companion-in-arms in all set forth below – next additions to it. He just had to make some critical notes for me, but he showed this text to one of his female friends.

Well, reaction of this friend seemed to me so tendentious that induced me to mention it separately. The point is that a large number of people (including this girl) in some periods of their lives was interested in supernatural things, or had so-called “mystical experience”. But this mass of people and this girl in particular preferred nobody enlarge upon it.

Generally, I’m already starting to get used to it, but up to now, when such circumstances of somebody’s life emerge, I got an unpleasant feeling. What can be more interesting than unknown? Why people give dealing with it up, tell nobody what they have discovered, and seem like trying to forget it all?.. Unfortunately, I cannot feign that I don’t know excellently the answer on this question, but anyway it hurts me much.

Yes, I realize it and warn you without delay, my dear reader, that if you earlier were interested in things beyond what is normal or natural, you will find nothing, absolutely nothing essentially new in this book. All this you already know. The question is that, whether you want to use it for your benefit or not. This is first of all, the point of fear, secondly – the point of the herd instinct (many prefer just to live “like others” – well, it’s their choice).

I set myself as an object, certainly on that condition that this book will be published, firstly to hear critique against me because there is no development without critique, and secondly to find people who could prompt or help me somehow. Searching for “adherents“ is not my goal. It is senseless to teach people something. Generally... About this I think that, if bring Jesus Christ at a modern Christian church, he would laugh himself into convulsions...

Some will consider this story rubbish, some will believe in it, but it will not touch them, but some may be will fall to thinking and join the banner of impartiality, skepticism, spirit of experimentation, positive egoism and belief that everything is possible, if you want it. On such people I rely.

Everything written here is true. I “answer” (as they speak in Russia nowadays) for all the facts (though I could make a couple of mistakes with a chronology, generally it doesn’t matter all that much, and hardly will take anyone’s attention, but I beg a pardon just to make sure), and theoretical conclusions sure I will revise, if it will be distinctly shown, that they are wrong.

Photos that are placed in text as illustrations are not photos of that churches and places, where the scene is laid. It is made for that reason, not to discredit someone or something.

Let’s start.

THE BEGINNING

We grew dismal; they called us fatalists. Our fate – it was the fullness, the tension, the storing up of powers. We thirsted for the lightnings and great deeds; we kept as far as possible from the happiness of the weakling, from "resignation"... There was thunder in our air; nature, as we embodied it, became overcast – for we had not yet found the way. The formula of our happiness: a Yea, a Nay, a straight line, a goal...

F.Nietzsche "Antichrist"

Victor is my familiar since seventh class. We are considered best friends. Why so? I don't know. So is. In a matter of fact, why people become friends?

In any case, we started to go to the same class of gymnasium of one of the dusty provincial Russian towns, associate with each other on extremely philosophical themes, and surprising find out that we catastrophically fail to keep pace with life. Just as our classmates who consider us dumb as a fish, drank vodka, smoked, and, as I suspect, have close relations with girls, we didn't do such things, and devoted to quiet envy, walking and wagging our tongues on these philosophical themes.

So, owing to these libidinal problems, once in the usual baking holyday summer between 9th and 10th classes, we invented a new way of "superintellectual" pastime – in different places we found addresses of our classmates and, especially, female classmates, and went on a visit without telling before.

Almost every time they didn't let us set feet on a threshold. To have a little conversation, standing in the hallway – that was maximum of what we were vouchsafed.

Besides, already since the third class of school I, and Victor on follow, were dead keen on so-called "secret companies" – we invented ourselves "name", "form of activity", invented and signed with each other a huge number of papers of all sorts, made stamps of different improvised materials, generally, it was funny and very futile. Generally, these "secret companies" and such a dubious activity as coming at the addresses of classmates without telling before were really bad for our reputations, because what was normal for the 5th class, for 9th class was no more normal. That's why everybody who could little by little started considering us idiots.

Probably, it seems strange, that the story about religion, esoteric and mysticism I open with making mention of such things, but as it usually happens, cause-and-effect relationships can unite absolutely different things. In this case it is so too – if we didn't do what we did, most likely nothing mysterious happened at all. As one of the great ones of the earth said – "post hoc propter hoc" ("After this, therefore because of this").

Once – it was already in the autumn – we already went to school, the weather kept nasty, and

we felt bad moral impotence – without rhyme or reason we decided to visit one of Victor's female classmates Inna. It was already 10th class, in our classes the majoring began, so Victor and I separated into different classes – he chose a fate of physician, and I preferred to stay in free and easy business of physics and mathematics.

If earlier, when we came to anyone, we always made a detailed plan of what we say, how, and in which order, predicted what they will reply to us etc, when we came to Inna – I don't realize why, may be we were fallen into extreme despair about our own fate – but this time we didn't plan nothing. We simply came, and an absolutely spontaneous conversation sprang up, without previous stiffness and artificiality.

For Victor all this became a prolonged love story, and I didn't disturb them. But it's not a point.

The difference in the case, when we planned and discussed everything in details, and in the case when we did everything absolutely spontaneously, was really evident. We came to decision nevermore to plan nothing – sure, not exactly in the absolute sense, but simply not to try to imagine something before we make it.

So, two first „planks“ of the agreement between me and Victor that we called „October convention“ was born. Here they are:

„Not to sign any papers or contracts with each other“ (so we finally kissed our secret companies goodbye) and **“Generally not to make detailed plans of anything, because situation will be sure to go totally unforeseen way”** (it was understanding as the more spontaneity – the better).

Later another two were added, those supplemented and partly commented initial two: **“Not to build far-reaching plans, for the more plans far-reaching are, the less chances to come true they have”** (this one Victor devised) and **“If plans nevertheless were built, they must at all costs be converted into a fact independently of degree of their idiotism”** (this one I devised).

I'm in a hurry to note, that in that time we knew and read nothing neither about Transurfing, nor about Simoron, nor about anything else of this sort.

„Exactly refusal of mind and spontaneous living a life I call sanyasa“. (Osho, “The master is a mirror”)

(Generally, as Victor has this quotation commented, sanyasa is what the completely self-realized people do – such a spiritual seeking to while away the time on a pension. But Osho evidently uses this term in a broader sense.)

That's how we accidentally invented what Osho called such a terrible, apparently Sanskrit word.

PLANING A LOG

Above all is not to overstrain yourself in spiritual seeking.

Ra-Hari

In 1999 into my and Victor's heads came an idea to make our own rock-band. In conditions of Russia it wasn't easy to do, because even instruments cost money, and, I would say, not few money. We needed a bass-guitar. Such a guitar (of the cheapest model) could cost in commission shop about 1200 roubles. We both were almost out of cash, Victor had a certain sum but it was sure thing, that it's not enough.

So we got nothing for it but to make a guitar ourselves.

Knowing nothing about Simoron, we began to do something totally stupid – we found a cracked squared beam of the section of 15x15 centimeters, sawed a large piece off with a hack-saw (oh, it was not so easy!), I brought a plane from my home, and we began to plane it. We planed strenuous about 3 days and nobody knows how long it could go on, as Victor found an ad of an electric bass-guitar in "For Sale" column of some paper. He called under specified number and found out that they only want 200 roubles for it. Victor had this sum, and we immediately went and bought it. As a matter of fact the reason for such a low price was that some man who have gone away from our town have left this guitar as a "legacy" to his friends, and they just didn't know what to do with it and even how much it costs.

This story became the first (at least, the first of that that we gave a meaning) story in the series of the analogous, and went down in our chronicle as "parable about bass-guitar".

At that time surely we had not enough of personal experience, but we already made as a suggestion, rather indistinctly and with a mass of reservations, an assertion, that I think is most close to Simoron – **"To reach any specific result one can do anything"**.

In addition, formed and became finally formulated the **"Rule of the white toilet bowl"**

There is a joke:

A black man crawls in a desert. The water, of course, is over, everything is very bad, but suddenly appears god, angel, genie, it doesn't matters who - whoever you want. And says: "Yeah, man, you behaved yourself good in your life, and I decided to make your any thee wishes come true". The black man says: "Well, firstly, I want the water always to be. Secondly, I would like to be white. Thirdly, I want many women to be with me". So became the black man a white toilet bowl in a ladies' restroom.

Such a sad story. As a matter of fact this joke illustrates that one needs to wish correctly. Otherwise you get what he ordered – under the list – cannot carp, cannot tell that didn't say that – but you will get it in a somewhat strange form. Either not in time, or not for you, or wrong way – to put it briefly all defects of your wish will come to light lightly.

I guess everyone has his proofs that the "Rule of the white toilet bowl" works.

A quotation to the theme from the famous Russian writer-satirist Mikhail Jvanetsky: “I got what I wanted. But how few I wanted!”

SEARCH OF THE BUTTON NEARBY THE SUMMER COTTAGE

*Truth and faith: here we have two wholly
distinct worlds of ideas, almost two
diametrically opposite worlds...*

F.Nietzsche “Antichrist”

Discussions about this result one way or another little by little in due course drove us to such an idea to create an original “theory of wishes”. We simply argued about of what one needs to do to obtain one thing and another. We thought about the dependence of the delay of the realizing wishes on the intensity of making efforts. We thought what will be in a case of contradictious wishes – when one wants one, and another one wants nothing but the opposite. The axiom that we took as a foundation was indispensable aspiration of the entire world to make every, even the most stupid and incongruity wish of every human being come true.

By the way, this axiom is not so stupid and strained as it seems. A lot of esoteric doctrines says, that the thought (and, therefore, the wish too) – is an action, quite definite deed, accomplished on the outer world. Taking into consideration, that every action on the outer world increases its entropy, it is “profitable” for it to make the wishes come true. At least from two alternatives – to make a wish come true or not, coming true seemed to be more favorable for the Universe.

This analogy with the entropy can be drawn much further. For example, the “Rule of the white toilet bowl” can be explained with it. But this analogy is rather slippery, so I will not develop this theme more in order to not to get into the maze of logical paradoxes, to learn the ropes of those there will be no chance.

All this took place in the environs of the Victor’s summer cottage, when we walked in the night in the empty highways and had long conversations. That outing we forged ahead in our conception, because for the first time we introduced the concept of potential.

Generally, the idea was like following:

Everyone has some “potential”, that is meant to be used for fulfillment of the wishes. Let it equal 1 or 100%. And it is divided in some unequal proportions – every part for a certain wish. That, what you want and try to obtain more intensive, is of a bigger percent, than what you almost don’t want at all.

So, the more potential one wish takes, the more effectively it comes true.

When the wish comes true, it vacates the potential, that it occupied, and other wishes redistribute – every of them gets “more room”.

This idea had three most significant weak points, or rather defects, with those we didn't know what to do. Firstly, it was incomprehensible what does it mean, that a wish comes true "the most effectively". Has "effectively" the meaning of "rapidly", or the meaning of "the most undistorted by the Rule of the white toilet bowl"? Secondly, I as a physicist familiar with all sorts of higher mathematics, offered Victor to examine the extreme case. Let some wish take 100% of potential. What will happen?

We didn't find the answer on that question, and decided for the presents as a rough variant, that in this cases the wish comes true undistorted and immediately.

Thirdly, what is to be done in cases of contradictory wishes, both of different people and a single man?

Quite a few years after, practically during writing this book, I met in "Avesta" (it's a "Holy Writ" of Zoroastrians) following fragment, that repeats itself more than one time in the text, and with a very simple metaphor gives the most trivial answer on the third question, that in spite of triviality, excellently conforms to the whole theory. Here it is (it's from the "Hymn to Mithra"):

On whichever side
he has been worshipped
first in the fullness of
faith of a devoted heart,
to that side turns Mithra,
the lord of wide pastures,
with the fiend-smiting wind,
with the cursing thought of the wise.

Got it? One needs to want first – and one gets everything! In the final part of this book, in the chapter "Summing up" you will find the stricter explanation.

...So, putting on this the principle, that for making wishes come true one can do whatever he wants, we came to conclusion (but again not knowing that this idea isn't new), that if one for example, knock with his bald head against the parquet to make Rolls-Royce appear in his garage, it will simply materialize there.

...Suddenly a button from Victor's clothes came off and fell somewhere on the road in the dark. It was a crazy idea try to find it. But Victor said: let's do this way – for the sake of finding it we will go down on our hands and knees and crawl a certain distance on the asphalt.

We did exactly so, and after a couple of meters Victor ran against his button with his hand.

In spite of total weakness of this experiment, we decided, that this result is better than nothing. We decided that augurs well, the more so it happened during the same discussion.

But the fact is that, also the idleness is in the way of being „doing whatever you want“. One can simply sit and wait. But above all is to do this so intensively, that one's wish occupies if not the whole potential, than a largest possible part.

This way, if we thought everything right, this conception must work. Otherwise we ought to search for mistake.

We couldn't find a mistake. The conception at least in extreme conditions didn't work. No more experimental corroborations followed. So, we thought that everything is exactly so – one can do whatever he wants or nothing at all. And we stood in this point of view for several years.

This idea is absurd, but nevertheless without it we should have made no subsequent conclusions. We had to go through it.

Nevertheless, Osho in one of his books (they say, in fact, that he wrote nothing by himself, as it befits for the true guru, but how can I call it another way except “his book”?) told about the book named “Think and grow rich”, and also about Christian sect “Christian science”. Members of this sect came to the same conclusions as we, and tried to follow them. I wonder what they obtained.

In a matter of fact, our theory still was a perfect phrase-mongering, devoid of any practical consequences, except maybe a new principal that it is useful to fulfill even no more actual wishes. That is to say, if you for example, in your childhood wanted a toy-railroad but didn't get it, just by it now. Thereby you vacate a part of the potential, occupied with this "cold case" (so we called unfulfilled in time wishes).

By the way, I try myself to follow this principal, and really when I buy something for myself that I didn't receive in childhood I get a relief and feel much pleasure. It must be the potential clearing.

Besides, it drove optimism into us that this idea completely justified previously unsubstantiated two principles that one must make less plans, but if one made some, to implement them all, whatever they are. By our new idea it just helps not to obstruct one's potential.

This logical accordance till now seems to me rather strong, so it's a small wonder, that in that time we found it a good proof of our correctness.

CROSS

I have one more friend – Dmitry. The man who in many senses shows a contrast to Victor by himself – he likes to drink and to drink a lot, likes to raise the devil to the heavy metal music, what was never noticed about Victor, and additionally, he has a summer cottage in ten minutes of walking from his home. (This cottage was never used as a summer cottage; it was used just like a shed, and the ground nearby was used in part as a kitchen-garden, and in other part wasn't ever cultivated – there was a fireplace, and a lot of weeds were growing around).

We gathered on this „summer residence“ (I'm sorry, there is no way to reproduce the full sense of the Russian word “dacha”, I hope, my little explanation in the previous paragraph makes it a little bit more clear) by different gangs, since it's within the precincts of the town, and it's easy to go there with a tramway, but it established so, that my visits to Dmitry in the summer of 2004 started to have a character of especial regularity.

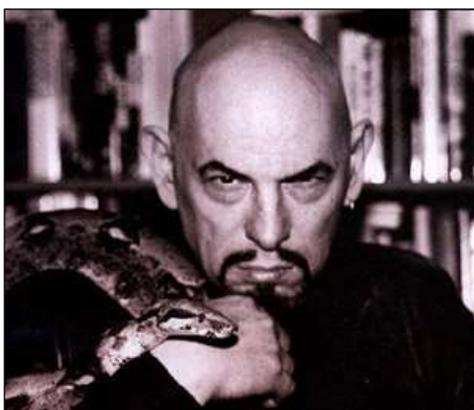
Actually, the thing was I have already finished the university, and got a job as an employee of the photolaboratory. That is, I had though very few, but a certain money were found in my pocket, and so there were funds to buy beer.

We arranged with Diman (everybody called Dmitry so) to while away the time to make a

repair at his cottage, and than to celebrate there his and Victor's birthdays. In a strange contingency they both have birthdays in the same day – 6 of November. So, we got such a far-fetched supertask, and additionally it served as a reason to have a drink.

Diman brought to the cottage his old cassette tape recorder, I brought heaps of cassettes with music like DIO, UDO and WASP, and to all these stuffs we drank beer and not only beer, discussed about philosophy, and sometimes when concentration of alcohol in our blood became higher than certain constant, we went crazy, we jumped to the music and yelled that we are fucking loony Satanists. To the repair, as you probably understand, we spared quite small percent of time.

Though Diman doesn't have such a correctly logical king of mental make-up as Victor, he easily upheld and set any philosophical themes. In addition, it's has to be mentioned that Diman's mother is a faithful person (orthodox Christian), and furthermore is interested in certain amateurish level... I don't know how to call them... in all sorts of folk fortune-telling, prayers, healing – such a stuff in general. And in this atmosphere Diman has spent the whole childhood, in the course of fifteen years careful went to church with his mother, but little by little for different reasons (but in the main for the reason of absurdity of literal understanding of the Bible) became disappointed with orthodox Christianity, and began to look for something else. He even was by Mormons, but he didn't like this so much, and in the time of that sit-round gathering in the summer 2004 was in such a rushing state between Christianity, I don't know what, and the Satanism.



I make a reservation that Satanism as we understood it has nothing to do with something, connected with human sacrifices in the moonless night in the graveyard on the altar filched (in a moonless night) from the ruins of the ancient Druid temple after the six hundred sixty sixth cry of the owl. Most likely Satanism for us was as a symbol of antireligiousness (the word “religiousness” I use here just in its common narrow usage) for me and as a symbol of anti-orthodox Christianity for Diman. The same position of antireligiousness I met later by Osho, and exactly this made me love and read him. In general, the sensation of Satanism is not bad reproduced by laVey in his “Satanic Bible”, though it's too extreme in many aspects. (I could not resist the temptation to put laVey's photo into the text – such a picturesque man!)

So religion was an important and integral part of our conversations at the summer cottage.

The first conclusion to which we came was that point, that Christianity is totally unacceptable for us. Besides I recollected one quotation from some book concerning to the freedom of the choice, and we decided for the beginning and to relieve the monotony of our boring lives to renounce church, to set this way ourselves free and to get the opportunity to start our way already consciously and to start it from scratch. By the by, though totally formal but my religion was also orthodox Christianity, that's why that decision was actual for me too. I was baptized at an unconscientious age still in Soviet times, and my grandmother, who called a priest to our apartment made it

confidential, because she was a member of the Party and upon the whole awesome communist. And may be just as a token of the protest I had a great pretension to the Christianity, because I was made adopted such a way, without my consent at all.

We agreed with Diman on a certain date - it was already august or september – came to the Trinity Cathedral – I think, the most old and smart church of our town, and asked a lay-sister how could we speak with a parson. The parson was busy – may be he was christening someone or something like this, but anyway, that time we got nothing, and we had to come one more time another day.

In that another day, we have found the parson after all. He turned out a very very old man, who, maybe because of his age and general impression that he needs nothing more from the life, impressed us favorably and adequately for the cleric.

So Diman and I told him in cliches, that we don't want to be in church because of hypocrisy, violence, injustice... bla-bla-bla... and absence of peace in the entire world, and we want to renounce.

The parson reacted rather calmly and said thoughtfully: "There is no such a prayer. But if you have thought so, you have already renounced". We have found this remark quite convincing and wise, thanked this old man and went away.

According to unverified till now information from unreliable sources, I heard that in orthodox Christianity actually exists an official procedure for renunciation, or rather "dischristening", but we decided not to persist. In addition we, generally staying in the mystical-philosophical point of view, found this argument "thought – then renounced" jolly good.

On the exit out of cathedral's gates a large bottle of kvass has been given to us for free, and we in elevated state of mind went back where we came from.

A little digression, which simply seems to be amusing as an illustration. Diman had a friend, Vladimir. He is of our age; I have seen him only a couple of times – he impressed me quite flat and uninteresting. Such a thin guy, who was languidly interested in oriental martial arts and computer games. And this character approximately in that time step by step started to become a schizophrenic from quite a normal man, and actually this finished so that he in a few months has fallen into a mental hospital. But it's not a point.

Once Diman told him about our renunciation, he burnt with this idea and decided to do the same by himself.

In general he really raised hell in the same cathedral during the divine service, knocked out the door with a leg, after that the security pinioned him and than kicked his ass out.

„Now“ – said I to Diman – „I think, followers of any religion have the same difference from founders of this religion, as Vladimir from us“. This idea made us laughing for a long time.

Sit-round gatherings at the summer cottage were continued. The fucking loony state of Satanists increased more and more, and till November we were – how shall I put it? – mentally we were ready.

In our discussions we reached that point, that we started to express aloud a wish to communicate with Satan, to have such a private conversation, and if it can be done, to sell him our souls for a good price.

It was very fantasious, in our imagination we attached to Satan the most various appearances, and this all was very interesting for us.

To tell about our wishes that we could tell to Satan if he appears, in general, not including all standard delirium as eternal youth etc, Diman wanted to learn magical tricks of all sorts as throwing lightnings, and also to be the great master in his martial arts. What for he needed both simultaneously I don't understand, but Diman is crazy about such films as "Star Wars", that's because I can quite explain it. And besides, may be even stronger, he wanted Knowledge. Well, I thing I haven't to decipher what it is.

As for me, I wanted something within the limits of another standard set – money, fame, the greatest rock-band of the world, stadiums of girls-fans and rivers of beer. About Knowledge I was softer and said that if it will be given to me, I'll take it.

Nowadays, taking a glance to the past, I have such a feeling that in the matter of fact this formulation – that if it will be given to me, I'll take it – much more strong from the point of view of everything that is called esoteric, than trivial "I want!".

Besides, Diman took a great interest in different information consumer goods as "Behind the limits of reality" (there is such a telecast and, may be, a magazine). He awfully wanted to believe in aliens, in the Bermudian Triangle, in ancient civilizations etc. When he started one more time to tell about something like that, I tried as far as possible, hardly recollecting university classes on physics, to react in an adequate way, to produce some proofs, to convince Diman of something. But sometimes he put me beside myself after all; I began using bad language to tell him that he slipped to the level of agent Mulder from "X-files".

Eventually Diman has got used to this comparison, and once after his usual story he asked: "So what? Have I again slipped to the agent Mulder's level?" I said: "Now you have never risen from it!" We laughed.

In general, this comparison had its historical consequences for me. Just a little explanation for those who didn't see this teleserial. Agent Mulder in this film (the role is performed by David Duhovny) is an agent of FBI, who was assigned to X-files to deal with all sorts of aliens, phantoms and other nonsense, and he tried hard to find any proofs of aliens' existence, and also that American government made a contact, joined in a conspiracy with them, or even they have stolen his parents... everything like this. So, this man demonstrates a classical example of the adherent of so-called "theory of the conspiracy". And he also had a partner – agent Scully, the much more skeptical woman, but step by step during the film she takes more and more the side with Mulder.

Here I should tell, that to the end of this story (I mean not „X-files“, but that, that has happened with us) I began to resemble agent Mulder to myself. Those conclusions, which we after all made in relation to the religion, are just like classics of the psychiatric genre.

I have already begged a pardon in the preface, but I would like to say one more time that after years have elapsed and because of absence of any diaries or something of this sort, I remember the

chronology of the events not enough clear. But, generally, it would be wrong to say that it is important for understanding of the entire story.

To put it briefly, it seems to me that approximately in one week after celebrating of Diman-Victor's birthday, it was already the middle of November, Diman and I were sitting as usual on his verandah drinking beer, on the threshold of the cottage stood cassette tape-recorder playing loud, we yelled that we are fucking loony Satanists, well, everything was as usual – funny and cool. And suddenly from nowhere came an idea to knock together an inverted cross.

We took a long (about 2 meters) platband which stood in the same place on the verandah, very quickly and practically not aiming sawed it in 4 parts (one – the vertical stick, two – the left and the right parts of the cross-beam, and one – the smallest, which were applied to others and fixed them together), and constructed the cross by knocking all parts together with six nails. After that we hitched a fine wire to it, came inside the cottage, drove a nail into a cement wall, and set this cross head over heels on the wall in the most prominent place.

In that moment came a crash – that's the metal entrance door has slammed. In the same moment automatic electrical fuses have switched off. So we found ourselves in the total darkness. We, hardly alive of fear groped our way to the exit and tried to pull the door's handle. It didn't yield. Diman took his lighter. Made a light. It appeared that the door has been closed with the door-bolt (that is by the way extremely hard, because nobody ever closed the cottage from the inside, and so nobody ever used this door-bolt in practice). OK, we opened the door, fell outdoors (from the moment of our entering the cottage to hang the cross have passed as maximum five minutes). Outdoors blew the strong wind and it snowed. That was the first snow in that year.

We quickly and nervously discussed all this, and in the state of the deep shock have gone home. Till tomorrow.

FOLLOWING MIRACLES AFTER THE CROSS

...Everything is possible. The impossible just takes longer.

Dan Brown "Digital Fortress"

We were coming to our senses after that evening with the cross about a week. I cannot even approximately remember, about what we spoke, gathering at the cottage directly after that evening. But anyway, as the saying is, we had our hearts in our mouths.

But soon we received the next „message from above“. It was already rather cold; we didn't sit on the verandah anymore, and began to warm ourselves inside the cottage. It would be wrong to say, that inside it was much warmer, but at least there was no wind.

Even after that, that we re-floored one room, threw out all the dust, debris and rubbish and made a lot of things to make it possible at least to sit inside the cottage, only one room could be used for this.

We sat on the sofa, drank, gazed on the inverted cross, and all this made us feeling super.

And so we sat, sat, than we went out to the verandah as the saying is „to answer the call of the

nature“, and than correspondingly returned back in the room.

- Dimaaaaaan? – I asked with a trembling voice – now was this here before?

- No-o-o-o-o... - answered Diman, and we have stood like idiots in the middle of the room staring at the wall before the sofa.

On the wall with large sprawling handwriting was scratched: „PASS”. And this world was twice underlined. Almost in the very middle of the wall, a little bit more to the right from the cross.

(Comment: it’s a hard business to try to translate that world on the wall. In English transliteration it looks like “but”. There is no such a word in Russian language.

Maybe, I looked not good for, but no dictionary of Russian and Old Slavic languages contains such a word or some grammatical form of some word. And moreover, maybe I looked bad for, but no alphabet from Aramaic to the writing of Cherokee contains any letters, which could be interpreted like these letters of the Russian alphabet.

It is something like a result of mixing of two words: “bud” – it means “be” in imperative form, and “put” that means “path”. I didn’t find any better possibility to show this in English than the word “pass” – let’s imagine that it joins meanings of “let it be!” and “path”.

But in that time we couldn’t think up nothing but literal treatment – distorted “be!”).

It’s obvious that before we went out of the cottage, we, sitting on the sofa, looked at the same wall. We couldn’t not to take notice of this inscription. That means, it has appeared in those two minutes, while we were out on the verandah. And there could be no strangers, but if it could be so, we would hear them – we went out just in the distance of about 3 meters from the entrance.

The first thing that we tried to do was to find out, with which tool it could be scratched. We tried all metal things that we could find, but nothing left such a trace in cement. Generally, this hollow looked like someone applied a huge stamp – the granular structure of cement was neither distorted, nor filled with dust, that is inevitably when one scratches with some tool.

After this Diman and I simultaneously started to suspect each other in scratching of this stuff, though we clearly realized the impossibility of that in physical (we always were nearby each other) and in mental (neither I nor Diman would crumple the wall in such a way) aspects.

I can say at once, that till now we are lost in conjectures, what this word “PASS” could mean.

However, certain time after, I think, in one and a half month, I looked at in a bookstore, where accidentally a book on numerology caught my eye. A novelty, you know. I have looked through a little bit, made myself sure that to write or especially read it it’s necessary to be a seriously sick person, but in one page I’ve found an algorithm, with which “numerological roots” of words can be calculated. I didn’t know this before. It’s very easy – we give to every letter a number in accordance with its number in the alphabet, than sum all these numbers up, than sum all digits of the result up, etcetera we sum all digits of results till we get a simple number. Than from these simple numbers numerologists make further deep conclusions.

I didn’t go into details of these inferences, but the following circumstance seemed to be amusing. The numerological number of the word “PASS” is equal to 1.

Let’s calculate. We extract numbers of letters. «P» - 16, «A» - 1, «S» - 19, «S» - 19. Sum them up, and get 55. Sum digits of this result – 5+5=10. And now – digits of this result – 1+0=1. So we

did it.

(Comment: A numerological root of Russian «ВУТЬ» is also equal to 1).

That's why appeared another standing-crazy idea, that this "1" is a sign of that, that we are, for example, on the first level. Of something. Nobody knows of what. Though however, we got no confirmation of this till now.

In general we, letting our imagination run away with this all since we had a good ground, were diligently followed our wishful thinking. We really wanted "Supreme Forces" to teach us something.

We excellent realized that Knowledge cannot be given to anybody at once, and that we need step by step to go through some stages. But in a matter of fact we understood it in different ways. Diman, who thirsted for mastering the magic in very "Hollywood" variant, thought that if a person mastering magic is not enough ready for it, this person will get pissed, will go stone cold crazy and that's all – twitter-fucking-pissing-poo, as he expressed himself. I considered differently, as it turns out, in Buddhist's manner. I thought that Knowledge is rather brief and concentrated stuff that just cannot be understood without certain training before.

By the way I would like to tell, that on the example of myself, and also on the example of Diman, I for the first time in my life with my own eyes have seen that psychological phenomena, about that I only have read before in books.

Yeah, I must tell you, instinct of self-preservation works industrious, and together with it and as a consequence of it defense mechanisms of mentality. In spite of total impossibility of any explanation of what's going on, we both Diman and I desperately clung to any rational explanations. I for the first time clearly and distinctly felt, that if we not clinging such a way, shall we both be in madhouse.

So, this „PASS“ has set us a riddle, but we still wanted to meet with Satan, if you remember. Unfortunately we didn't know how to make it. We couldn't think of anything more sensible than to drink and to shout something like "Satan, come to us!".

Nevertheless, the first step, which we took in a practical channel – decided to draw a pentagram. It is known, they say, it is possible to call spirits from a pentagram. Well, through them we would send our best regards to their boss. But additionally we knew, that pentagram is not only the sign of black magic and Satanism. In addition, it is a symbol of defense in white magic, and many other things.

When we decided to make a pentagram, it was surely in the same place at the summer cottage, we got no trivial thing – something to draw it with. That's why we agreed for the next day, within that before my visit to Diman I pledged myself to buy a black marker. Diman, besides, in the evening of that day had to go to his English courses, and said to his mother that he went there. But really he went with me to the cottage to order to draw a pentagram.

We drew in our classical style of terrible banana trucks – we took a large sack for sugar measuring about one meter by one and a half, laid it of the table, right through this sack we drove a nail into the table-top, and having the marker bound to the nail with a lace, I drew a rather crooked circle. How to draw all other lines we didn't relize at all. To inscribe rectilinear pentagon into a

circle – it's the problem that can be solved with compasses and a ruler, but alcohol in blood didn't let me to recollect how they do it. So we simply took a plank, and having it taken as a ruler, drew no end asymmetric five-pointed star. One of the beams turned out obviously longer than others. We decided that it will be the upper one. Symbols that are to be pictured inside the pentagram, we – all but the central one – have copied from a CD with some computer game that we specially took from home with. And the central symbol Diman have spied in his book on magic at home. With its help he also made himself sure, that symbols, pictured in that CD, strange as it may seem, are correct.

Oh, while I didn't forget. Once Diman's neighbour-“sorceress” unspecified number of years ago before she died presented him a book on magic. The second volume. Firstly, the question is why only one volume, secondly, the question is what for she presented it to Diman. We don't know this. But anyway, this book is a mixed salad of different charms-spells using all sorts of everything from pentagram and Star of David to some burnt threads and some other rubbish. The book Diman kept at home and it had some strange status – although it belonged to Diman, he usually asked permission of his mother before he looked something in it. That's why... well, that's why I cannot guarantee that the central symbol of the pentagram we have drawn correctly.

By the way, apropos to this neighbour-sorceress I have called to mind a story by Robert Louis Stevenson (yes-yes, exactly that author of the great piratic hit about Treasure Island) which title is “The Bottle Imp”. Its plot is simple and unoriginal – there is a bottle with an imp living inside that can grant every wish of his owner. No “but” except one – if the owner of this bottle dies before he sell it to somebody else, his soul will exactly go to hell. After that I've recollected this story, I, recalling some other tales and legends, thought that all these “sorceresses” for some reason must pass on their experience to someone else. Maybe, Diman's neighbour had no complaisant and obedient grand-daughter near at hand, which could be able to adopt this knowledge, and because of this she foisted this book off on Diman. Who knows... Moreover, taking into account that putting it mildly I don't believe in hell in its literal sense.

Well, how shall I put it?.. as it turned out, we have extremely faulty eyes. Symbols turned out totally ugly and unproportional. In general, we were satisfied.

In that evening we have went away in a rather short time, because Diman had to feign that he was on the courses. And what was strange. From that moment, when we have drawn the pentagram, some invisible forces have begun to protect us. When Diman came that evening home, his mother practically in the same moment was hanging up the telephone receiver. “Now I just called you on the courses” – she said. Diman hardly haven't a fall. “I think, numbers are changed...” – she added. Though not earlier, and not later this moment nothing happened with telephone numbers of these courses. And, surely, they even were not going to change.

I began to pay an attention too, that problem situations of all sorts stubbornly and obtrusively began to turn to my own advantage, and besides some of my little wishes began to come true. Well, for example, I said to myself in the morning: “I want to drink much beer today!”, but I'm totally out of cash. And during the day I drink much beer. I don't know, where from it began to appear, but there were no such things before.

In that moment would I recollect the “October Convention”, but I didn’t. I have felt the connection just a considerable time later.

How shall I put it?.. Pentagram really protected us. It was felt absolutely clear till the spring 2005.

A strange story has happened with Diman. It has formed so that in that club, where Diman went on his trainings in oriental martial arts (I don’t remember, what’s the exact name of this art) in the same days trained a group on aerobics. So that one came, when other went away. It’s clear that mainly persons of rather female sex go in for aerobics, and Diman is, so to say, a handsome guy, in short, one girl has fallen for him. It was perfectly clear for Diman, but as ill luck would have it – he absolutely didn’t need her. Not a bit. And he distinctly made out to her that so it is. It didn’t suit her, and than a strange chain of events has happened, intercommunication of those Diman even didn’t see for the first time. Firstly, they contrived to be photographed somewhere, and they both were in the same phoro together. Secondly, this young lady for a long time and quite pressing asked to bring her the film with this shot, because this photo was made by some another guy with his camera. Thirdly, once when Diman wanted to drink, this girl in proper time had an opened bottle of Cola. Fourthly, after that Cola Diman began just to dream for this lady in the nights with all consequences, although he excellent realized, that nevertheless, he don’t need her at all.

What’s a connection? There is very powerful love incantation, which point is to burn out a photo of the beloved (or where he and she are together?), and give him to drink some beverage with ash of this photo dissolved in. Certainly, reading some “magical” text. Isn’t it a marasm? But when we discussed this at the cottage, and Diman realized, what this girl has done, literally in the next day her grandmother died. And Diman didn’t dream about this young lady anymore. It has turned out funny, hasn’t it?

And surely thieves stopped to get into cottage, although earlier there was no getting rid of them.

In general, taking into account, that pentagram laid on the table, we often used it as a table-cloth. Very soon it was soiled with the oil from sprat, with the cigarettes’ ash, and a large purple stain of spilt red wine gave go this sight some special coloring. This spilt wine will play its role later.

We decided, as far as that goes, to make on our own black candles. How we made them is special joke.

I went to the hardware store, and bought six ordinary paraffin candles (although, by the way, is Satanism it is common to use church wax ones). I went to “Children’s world” and bought a phial of black ink. With all these goods and chattels I went to Diman. A long time we repaired his electric stove, which heating spiral had not ten centimeters without a gap. In any case, we melted all candles in a tin, fished the wicks up, poured ink into this paraffin (by the way, it’s very spectacular – if one melts paraffin in a tin, and than pours something that contains water into it, than even if this tin was taken off the fire about ten minutes ago, the water will boil up, and this process will be going on for a rather long time – imagine: the tin stands on a ordinary table, and for about fifteen minutes its content awfully boils, splashing itself in all directions), and than we poured this paraffin out into two plastic glasses, from which we just now drank beer. Than we fixed wicks in them... and in three hours two ribbed candles of the form of plastic glasses of mouse-grey color were ready.

As matter of fact, in the beginning we planned to make 5 or 7 candles, but than decided that it's not fated – we said, that will do!

With the same ink we drew on a sheet of plywood another symbol, which was absent in this story – “the Solomon’s key”. According to one version, it must be in front of the pentagram – in the direction, which is pointed by its upper ray. And he hung this piece of plywood on a lace under the ceiling.

Approximately in the same time we have recollected that it seems that the pentagram must be turned to the east. We went out in the garden, stared at the sunset, and plus-minus much turned the pentagram obliquely, to make it looking in the opposite of sunset direction.

That’s how we amused ourselves till New Year. I agreed with Diman to meet the New Year at the cottage. Partly just for the hell of it, partly because we thought that new-year’s night is ideal in aspect of energy, because the energy of entire nation is directed to clapping champagne and everything of this sort. We thought that with such energy background we have the highest chances to obtain audience with Satan.

It was extravagant. We had two bottles of champagne, one bottle of cognac, pentagram, six church candles put into photographic film-cassettes used in the capacity of candlesticks, two that mouse-grey candles, inverted cross and two dunces. Fortunately, in new-year night the weather was relatively warm, but nevertheless...

One bottle of champagne we killed at Diman’s home, in the same place we began the cognac, so we crept to the cottage already plenty loaded.

In the adjacent to Diman's cottage plot lived, as it's the custom, neighbours. In one house - two brothers - uncle Misha and uncle Seryoga, and in another - one more family their were friends with. Very nice people, but, as it is the custom there, alcoholics. We dropped to them in about half to twelve, they treated us to tea, fed us, we treated them to cognac, sat for a while, and than in five minutes to twelve, in spite of general bewilderment, went to Diman's cottage, lit candles, struck the prayerful attitude and read The Lord's Prayer three times back to front (of course, we took this prayer in Russian). Well, the truth is that the effect was equal to zero.

Although, the view from Agafonovka from the hill of the glittering with fireworks city was simply splendid.

I think, it was one of the most strong impressions in all of my life - all the people celebrate at their homes, and we are here - in Agafonovka at the dark not heated summer cottage before the pentagram... Yeah...

After New Year the intensivity of what was happening gradually began to abate.

We were up just to the monkey business. However, it had its moments of joy. For example, we thought that the ground under the cottage itself has a certain power. I borrowed from Victor a couple of divining-rods (it's the name of such metal wires bent at the right angle capable to rotate in their handles, which are to be used by different psychics to recognize places of energy activity), and we with Diman after series of experiments "recognized" some energy point in the middle of the snow-bound tomato bed. Because of the winter, we decided to defer subsequent research to the spring, and not to forget the place, we stuk a stick there. Diman simply took it and drove it into a snow-drift. By

the way, by coincidence on this stick was pictured the central symbol of the pentagram - Diman trained before imaging it fair.

But in the fifth of April, when for the first time the ground became being seen under the snow, we found out, that we are not capable to pull this stick out from the ground. It was drowned into the frozen ground for about 40 centimeters. Can you imagine? The stick, which was simply carelessly stuck into a snow-drift, master of sports in taekwondo and the man who went in for bodybuilding for 7 years pulled out of the ground together, and it took about 10 minutes.

We were found to be helpless before such a mystery of nature - owing to what such a physical process the stick has dipped into the frozen soil almost for half a meter - and we think it's a manifestation of Supreme Forces.

Besides, we as true experimentators tried to drive the same stick into to same soil. To hammer it to such a depth was possible only with a huge sledge-hammer, and of the stick itself remained only bits and pieces.

The further, the deeper. When the snow finally came off, and the ground thawed out, we organized excavations. In that place in four days we dug a hole of one and a half meters deep (we measured with measuring-tape). It must be said it's a very hard business. Who thinks that not - simply doesn't conceive, what is it - one and a half meters deep. It was a colossal hole. I can proudly announce, that we maimed the tomato-bed capitally and fundamentally.

What we wanted to find there? I dont' know. Talisman. Pentagram. Casket with an ancient book. Coffin. Note: "Here were Supreme Forces". Something of this sort. But we didn't find.

We were sad and vexed at this all, and we permanently discussed reasons why Supreme Forces visit us no more. But, Diman and I from the very beginning had an agreement - rather strict, most likely of the character of a vow, that we must execute every agreements with each other. Suit actions to every word. In a matter of fact, it is a duplicate of one of items of "October Convention", but Victor because of total dawdleness of his nature was ready to support such things only by word of mouth. I tell this only to make clear, what a force could make us to spend so many winter and spring evenings at this summer cottage. During our discussions of what was happening, in our heads was coming a mass of ideas, and almost all of them we converted into facts (by the way, when it came to digging the hole in the tomato bed, we were eager not to do this, but it could not be helped - we have agreed; now we can be proud).

For example, it has occurred to us that the plot of land under the cottage "contains in itself" a pentagram. And we understood this in all senses at once, and I distinctly remember that we climbed onto the roof, and sitting with our legs dangling and sipping beer, looked for silhouette of pentagram in the thicket of weeds.

So where was I? Before this tragical end, when everything decayed and stopped to occur, there was a lot of interesting things. So...

GEORGE, ACQUAINTANCE

Diman has a friend. His name is Georgiy. But he called him George (with French

pronunciation). The man, who was looking very young for his age - he was about thirty two, when we were correspondingly, one - 21 and another - 23. Diman has made an acquaintance of him by Mormons, and since that time they began to communicate.

What is George? He's a man with historical education, interested in linguistics, not a Mormon, but the man who knows about Mormons much more than Mormons themselves.

Who are Mormons? Perhaps, I start step by step to speak about them, otherwise many things will be not clear. Mormons - one of the oldest pseudo-Christian sects, which exist nowadays. In fact, this popular formulation I understand roughly so: Mormons - the first aspirants to turn their status from "sect" to more recognized by society "church".

One of the first mentions of them in literature is in Conan Doyle's first Sherlock Holmes novel - "A Study in Scarlet". Nowadays what he writes about them is perceiving as something quite comical, and that is no wonder - in that time no one knew nothing about Mormons; there were only vague rumors that somewhere there is such a strange mysterious sect.

The name of their founder was Joseph Smith. He was born in the first half of nineteenth century. He was an illiterate man from country-side, who lived an eternal dream of freebie, and the most part of his youth he with his farther instead of learning to read and write well, was going in for searching for hidden treasures. It must be said, his success in this business was small, that's why he decided to try himself as a founder of a sect. Unexpectedly an angel came down to him and began to tell different amusing revelations, about which mr. Smith did not fail to tell the public. Amusing also is that fact, that this angel "visited" our hero several times, and every time reiterated telling the same things.

In general, the point was that Joseph Smith must write a book, which he read out of his hat. I.e. he laid on a couch, his face was covered with a hat, and he dictated to his secretary what to write.

I don't remember exactly, but also there was the Ancient Egyptian language somehow mixed up in this, from which he tried to translate something. Although he had a bad want for English. To put it briefly, as a result so-called "Book of Mormon" appeared - to the highest degree unique product, for a greater delirium, I guess, no one ever read before. It's point is that in about 650 year b.c. Jewry (well, of course, always Jewry) sailed to America and... began to live there, in a matter of fact. This idea is at least dubious by itself, besides the "Book of Mormon" contains absurdities in dates, population and their mode of life.

In other points this writing was also beneath any criticism, because, for example, there was exactly stated the place of the great battle, but there was no any archaeological corroborations of it. It was yet in times of Smith himself, and when they said him something like: "Wadda you write that on some side of some hill there was a battle? There is nothing at all!", he answered, shrugging his shoulders, something like: "Well, then on another side of the hill..."

But anyway George considered there is something in it. His field of interests was to prove that Jews really were in ancient America in about 600th year b.c. That is although the illiterate seeker of hidden treasures sir Joseph Smith, who founded the sect of Mormons, couldn't have any information on that score, he has guessed something like this with such a supersensual capability.

Methods, which George manipulated in order to ground his theory, don't seem to me rather

upright, although nevertheless they earn to pay attention on them. Their "dishonesty" consists in that, George tried to make conclusions, proceeding from linguistic analogies of different languages. It is always very slippery matter, and, I think, it's a little bit hasty to make any conclusions from that, for example, some symbols of the Ancient Egyptian hieratic writing are the same as in the writing of some Indians.

But in general, George spent time mainly on Ancient Egyptian, and managed to wash brains of poor Mormons so well, that they at expense of church furnished him with highly expensive literature (only two volumes of Gardiner for 200 dollars each volume count for a lot - 200 dollars in Russia is a sum about a good monthly income; or the textbook on hieratic writing - by the way, an interesting stuff - the only such a book of its kind was issued as a photocopy of the manuscript, surely in English written with a rather bad hand, to put it briefly, there is no making head or tail of it).

It's a pity, but I started to forget details of this story, I think also because of that instinct of self-preservation. The mind tries to tear the alien matter away with all its strength. But one sample I remember distinctly. The "Book of Mormon" abounds with a turn widely used in beginnings of sentences "And it came to pass...". But the same expression exists in Ancien Egyptian.

On the other hand, in the book "Sectology" is some information that this turn of speech Joseph Smith nicked from some other bible of some little known Christian community-sect-don't-know-what of that time. Besides, the same turn can be found in English translation of Torah (although much more seldom), and in many other writings. So, in hebrew it also exists.

Although, it must be admitted, that Ancient Egyptian language is really the oldest of all above-mentioned. That's why George, perhaps, had some indirect reasons to consider the existence of the turn "And it came to pass..." in the "Book of Mormon" the ground to learn Ancient Egyptian. But anyway it's no evidence of any supersensual capabilities of Joseph Smith.

A little digression aside. A couple of pure linguistical illustrations to the question, what can it look like, if in historical linguistics a dilettante is engaged. Here is an example of the standart course of reasonings of such a person.

Let's take, for example, the english word "devil".

According to assertion, for example, of Osho (and also laVey and other), the word "devil" came from the Sanskrit stem "dev" that means divinity. In Sanskrit the word "devah", for example, is nominative case singular form of the word "god".

On many superfluously impressionable people that produces a great impression, and they make a mass of conclusions down to that, that all religion was turned upside down by someone in former times, and we two thousand years instead of worshipping God, worshipped Satan. But they can be not in such a hurry.

There is another language, which is in quite near relations with Sanskrit - Avestian. That is, in a matter of fact, the language of zoroastrians, in which "Avesta" was written - their holy writ. And in Avestian language the word "daeva" means "daemon", "evil spirit".

If our impressionable dilettante accidentally hit upon this, he will probably breathe with relief and consider that "devil", surely came not from Sanskrit "God" but from Avestian "daemon".

But let's take even more intent look.

This is Sanskrit "deva".

देव

Investigate what is what. This alphabet is Devanagari, the letters are to be written from left to right. The first flourish that hangs down the top horizontal line, corresponds to the syllable "da". The stroke above this flourish shows, that the vowel "a", that follows all the consonants by default, in this case changes to "e". So, we got the first syllable "de". The second paunchy flourish is the syllable "va". That's "deva". It's a piece of cake.

And this is Avestian "daeva".

𐬢𐬀𐬎𐬌𐬭𐬀

This alphabet was invented in another age, and the letters are to be written from right to left. Let's investigate. The very right hook with a small paunch and a long horizontal tail is the sound "d". More to the left above it's tail hangs such a little stuff corresponding to the short "a". Still more to the left - the beautiful symbol that looks like Cyrillic "Ю". They pronounce this letter as "ay" in the English word "way". The combination of the short "a" and "ay" forms a diphthong (who can tell what is it?). Then two identical vertical strokes that look like a huge commas - it's the sound "v". And finally one more short "a". In a result it turns out that this word is to be pronounced though similar, but all the same different way. Something like "da(ay)va".

So, their relationship is far from being so obvious in a matter of fact. May be, all the same, from Sanskrit "god"?..

Don't you want to dig even more deep? You're welcome, but without me - spare me. And how many times, I wonder, will you change your opinion to the opposite during these rummages?..

I make a reservation, that I never went in for linguistics this way, tried to make no conclusions, and my knowledge of languages I just try to maintain in such a level to be able to regard with criticism to categorical peremptory statements of all sorts. My position in relation to language analogies is simple: nothing follows from these analogies.

By the way, the word "Lucifer" in translation from Latin means "light-carrying". I hope, you will not investigate why?

In point of fact, what for am I writing this all? I can tell straight out, that the communication with George brought no positive result. In point of fact, I just wasted my time.

But I think it's **extremely important** to tell about these events in as much detailed way as it

possible, to make feasible readers know, with what is the way to the Knowledge fraught. The matter is that all these historical riddles, all these findings-out who is right and who is wrong are very interesting and fascinating, one can devote all his life to them. However, it's impossible to achieve the truth anyway. One can't know all and read all. Perhaps, I'll never know whether George was right, or the truth was in "Sectology" by A.Dvorkin and George just drew hasty conclusions... It's not a point. Simply I've made sure on my own experience that on this Path one will have to run into many cynical people, which have a lot of bats in their belfries, or people who became victims of their influence. Their reasons can seem to be very-very convincing, but one must never let them to involve him in anything. One must always remember about himself and be the most critical to himself and to the others.

And so, one day at beer Diman told George about that, what we have made in the cottage, and what have followed this. George became interested, and interested so much that he wanted to have a talk with both of us, at the same time having got acquainted with me.

And someday, most likely it was in the first days of the new 2005th year, we came to him on a visit. His wife was on a trip, we were only three together, we drank beer and had a conversation.

In a matter of fact, it was a one-man show. George spoke much, with a schizoid shine in eyes, very convincingly, and the main point of what he said comes to the following:

In our world exist two conflicting with each other (but the active phase of the war was already over very long time ago) and diametrically opposite forces. "Light" and "Dark". That, what we've created at the cottage (George witty called it "installation"), he surely, as any normal man would do in his place, attributed to Dark. He scolded for a long time, told us different tales about Pater Falcem ("Father of Lie"), and the main point of what he told was that, anyway anyone who connected with Satan, will be the loser. Noone in the world is able to conclude the treaty with the devil eventually to be the winner. But if one is able, the devil will not agree on such a deal. George considered, that what we made is rather similar to a little boy who pokes his fingers into an electric socket. The only difference is that we managed to poke arms into the socket up to elbows. However, he was sure that one who "connected" with us was no Satan, but so - someone from his minor subordinates. Although, he insisted that anyway the cottage "installation" must be liquidated.

Apropos of the Light the following was told: unlike the dark forced, which lie always by definition or at least play on ambiguities and reticences so adroitly, that it's not much better than the lie, the light forces simply don't tell all truth.

Although "color fair brochures" of the Light as well as the Dark "are almost on every cross-road", it is made according to the same rules of advertising. One that decides with which force to have dealings, never knows what he gives and what he receives in exchange. Anyway George has said that it makes sense for me to get acquainted closer with Mormons (Diman was already acquainted, you know), and promised his help with this. However, this part of the story is yet to come.

So, as you can see, it turns out that in George's opinion no force is deserving to have anything to do with it. As I told this rather emotionally, he answered: "Exactly!". I got stunned. George obviously drove at something other what I wasn't understanding yet.

Then he told the bible story, how the God was at war with the Devil.

To put it briefly, the God and the Devil decided to play in war. And the God gathered on his side 1/3 of angels...

...Actually, that's all. This was the most interesting.

Really, in some bible or apocryphal texts there was such a mention. The question is, why the God has got involved in such a battle, where enemy forces surpassed his own twice? The answer is: who ever said, that on the side of the Devil there were 2/3 of angels?

This way little by little George drove me and Diman to the idea of the existence of the third force, so-called "Greys", which unlike the light and the dark ones don't give any information on them at all, issue no fair brochures, and only from time to time and only on their own initiative involve in their ranks somebodies, who are the most pleasant for them. To become "pleasant" there is a condition. As a rule, absolutely insufficient, but indispensable. The condition is that one must consciously renounce the Light as well as the Dark.

In that time I didn't say it aloud, but exactly because of this we went to renounce the church. George duplicated my idea about freedom of the choice and renunciation, and the truth is that it drove me puzzled and strained.

In order to make me obtain such a freedom, George wanted me to communicate with Mormons. He knew that I wouldn't stay by them (and it proved to be so), but he wanted me to understand their doctrine to renounce it consciously. Of course, he didn't tell me all this aloud, and I write about this backdating as I understand it now.

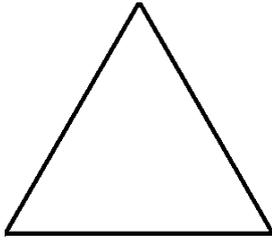
Why George associated the Light exclusively with Mormons? He had rather weighty, it must be said, reasons for it. It would be wrong to say that the Mormons' doctrine has radical differences with classical Christianity, but it represented, so to say, full logically completed construction, what no Christian confession can be proud of. In fact, it is not necessary to speak and write about this, but I as a nasty creature will break the secret of the Mormon church, and a little bit later when it will be turn of my visits to Mormons, in a couple of wide cynical dabs of the brush will illustrate, what is what.

Besides, George wanted me to learn Ancient Egyptian language.

This by itself has seemed to me just an amusing coincidence, because shortly before this discussion by the way of "clearing the potential" I've driven true my very very old almost child's wish - I've bought myself a textbook (more truly, the primer for the beginners) on Ancient Egyptian. In my childhood I was interested in it very much, than my interest somehow faded away because of some reasons including that I had no good literature, and when that textbook caught my eye I've bought it more because of reasons of nostalgia.

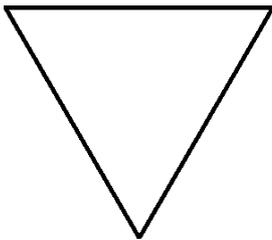
Egypt, if follow George, also has a direct relation to that very "Greys". Firstly, ancient jews anyway left exactly Egypt after Moses obviously with the voice of Louis Armstrong said to local pharaon "Let my people go!". Secondly, such a geometrical figure as pyramid associates exactly with Egypt .

What has the pyramid to do with? Let's take a look:



Firstly, the pyramid, if regard it as a material object, looks like something, I apologize, rather sticking out, and this way it's a symbolical designation of man's genital. Secondly, the pyramid looks like a pointer. To the sky. That's why it can be considered a sign of the "Light Forces". Kind gods of every (or almost every) people of the world including Egyptian Ra, live above for some reason, that's why there's no stretch in such interpretation of the pyramid. Thirdly, the pyramid looks like the Babel Tower, which as it was usual for all towers of that age, was narrowed at the top. Fourthly, the pyramid is a symbol of any hierarchical structure, that's why, in particular, the metaphorical sense of the Babel Tower can be linked with the pyramid too.

Here is the inverted pyramid:

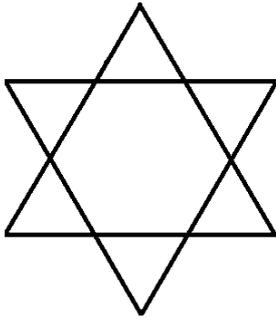


Correspondingly, it resembles, firstly, a hollow. So it is a symbol of the female beginning. Secondly, it looks like a pointer downwards, that is at the hellfire, and thus serves a sign of the "Dark Forces". There is a version, that exactly because of this women were often considered to be bound with evil spirit, especially in Middle Ages. And at last it personifies the hierarchical structure on the contrary. I'll explain on the sample of the metaphorical sense of the Babel Tower.

There is a lot of people who know nothing. Less of that who know something, but not everything. And only very few of that who know almost everything. It can be illustrated with a diagram that represents a pyramid, looking upwards.

On the other hand, if one depicts the quantity of knowledge of these people on the same diagram, one will get an inverted pyramid.

Now if we take and connect both pyramids in one picture, we get the symbol of the absolute harmony. Harmony of the male and female principles, or the harmony of the Light and the Dark. Or the picture that gives a full illustration of the legend about the Tower. Here it is:



George told us with Diman about this trick with pyramids, applying the second variant of interpretation to it. He told that this is the unification of the Light and the Dark, their harmonious combination, and thus the star of David is a symbol of the Grey Forces.

Here was though incomplete, but a good explanation of the connection between the Light, the Dark, "Greys", Egypt, Jews and the "Book of Mormon" approximately in that way, in that George imagines it.

Later, when cottage miracles were already at the stage of fading away, we decided that for the completeness of the picture we need to hang the star of David up there. So we drew it on the precisely same sack for sugar to that we've drawn the pentagram on, and hung it onto the wall.

The motives for it were, in fact, in what was stated above. But as addition to this, we got some more reasons. Firstly, some absolutely insensible obscure force started to drive me in the direction of Judaism. By that time I already sad aloud, that I would like to adopt this religion. Secondly, we openly raised a question about meaning of symbols by themselves. In other words, we had to choose from two alternatives – either the symbols have a “mystical force” by themselves and it suffice just to draw or make them, or their power is in complete dependence on that, with which qualities they are provided by, so to speak, their owner. The experience prompted, that the second option is true, but the idea of the power of symbols is so archetypal, it is so ingrained into the consciousness of all people including us, that it needed the most meticulous experimental check. Thirdly we suddenly ascertained, that the Judaism is almost the single world's basic religion, that has its mystical system – cabala.

That third reason has given us grounds to the particular interest in this religion and its symbolics.

In general, mysticism accompanies, in some way or another, all religions — take granny-healers, for example, with their icons and candles. But Judaism is the only word's main confession, that owns such a teaching in a completed documented form, recognized by the church.

Well then... We drew it, hung it, and a couple of days later I've found somewhere some symbols (some sort of Greek or Hebrew letters), that could be drawn in beams of the star by analogy with the pentagram. Did it. Then I saw an instant vision, that the David's star hangs not in that place, where we've hung it, but in the corner so, that the plane of the figure looks at the east. Hardly moved it in the corner...

To cut a long story short, nothing has changed as we've hung it, nothing has changed, as we've

moved it, and nothing has changed, as we've taken it off. Thereby we considered the fact proved, that the paramount role in the efficiency of symbols plays the emotional state, that, firstly, had a creator of the symbol in the moment of the creating (like our inverted cross, for example), and, secondly, has that one, who, so to speak, contemplates that symbol afterwards.

Or rather the last statement is not a fact, actually, unlike the first one.

We didn't stand in any special awe of the sight of the David's star, we were aware that it was drawn in a totally drowsy state of mind, and therefore it can carry no energies unlike the cross or the pentagram. So we cindered it on a bonfire with the words: «Goodbye, hollow stuff!»

BABEL TOWER

Once, I even don't remember exactly when, Diman and I sat as usual at the verandah of his summer-cottage and had a drink. We spoke about the Bible, then about magic, then suddenly I got an idea in my head.

That was that idea, that the Old Testament story about the Babel Tower has a transparent metaphorical sense. The sense that earlier, ages ago, people possessed some deific Knowledge, and they could use it rather successful. But then, it seems, they started to use this Knowledge for really much too bad and egoistical purposed, not to mention, that during the exploitation, so to speak, they forgot God and so on. And the God did the following: he took the Knowledge from the people away and divided it into parts. Every part he placed into a separate religious trend: well, for example, into Judaism, Hinduism and Zoroastrianism. Thereby not destroying the Knowledge by itself, he achieved that nobody could properly use it anymore.

By the way, on a subject of Christianity I untiring repeated a witty quotation from some book: «Chistianity is a sect of Judaism». So I hope you understand the reasons why we've never taken this relatively young religion seriously.

That idea was so good, that Diman as he came next time by some order of his mother in a church, decided to speak about it with a batiushka* (*parson in Russian orthodox church). The conversation was like this: Diman recounted briefly the point of my idea and asked batiushka, what



does he think about it. His jaw dropped, and he said: «Where do you know about it from?!» Diman explained that, generally, «we with a friend of mine hit a little bit sauce at my dacha», and so such an idea has come. The clergyman told to Diman, that as a matter of fact many of eastern yogis use drugs to reach all kinds of interesting states, and it's no wonder that we got such a right idea being gassed when the consciousness was uninhibited. Diman said that yeah, that's surely right, but simply to drink is

not a way out — this way one can become a drunkard. «Yes, it's not a way out» - sighed the

batiushka. «But to serve the Lord isn't a way out too» - said Diman. «Yes, it's not a way out» - sighed batiushka, but immediately came to his senses and went on in a different way: «How come it's no way out! God loves you all!..»

That was a funny batiushka to be sure. That conversation we considered to be the first confirmation of my idea about the Tower.

Then I borrowed „Apocrypha of the Old Testament“ from one acquaintance of me in the hope that they could throw some light. The only thing I discovered was that if one believes the information given in the preface, the Old Testament has been written throughout approximately twelve centuries. Within this time – oh, what wasn't written! Take the “Book of Sibyl” alone with its dense antique gods, but in every other paragraph it recurs, that we all have the One God – indivisible, etc., etc. Absolutely different texts both in stylistics and in content. But something didn't undergo any changes within all these centuries. It was the story of the Tower of Babel. Not a single word information was added anywhere, what it was. Against the background of totally different from each other texts, the story of the Tower is everywhere the same, just the same as it is in the modern conventional Old Testament.

I considered this if not an affirmation of my idea then anyway a strange historical-philological fact, that needed some explanation.

Later on we visited our former school teacher of history — let's call him Oleg. This man, after he has worked in the school for some time, forsook the vanities of the world and founded in our town some kind of institution with a Hindu-Buddhist-oriented esoterical bias, that was engaged in all kinds of yoga, psychological trainings, Sanskrit, ordinary lectures on the history of Buddhism and more in the same vein. Sometime we visited him. «We» means generally my schoolmates inclusive of Victor, and me - although I never maintained any close contact with Oleg, I came sometimes for keep them company.

Well then, once, telling about Judaic writings, Oleg flung a remark with that sense, that «they contain at least two keys to the Universe.

The sense of that phrase and also it's context were a direct confirmation of the hypothesis on the score of the Babel's Tower.

In addition this remark, though absolutely unsubstantiated, identified pieces of the Knowledge - «the keys to the Universe» - with that symbols, that are to be drawn in pentagram. That symbols as we knew from Diman's book on magic, were also named «the keys to the Universe».

In general there are quite a few quotations, that could be interpreted as an information about some suppressed and guarded knowledge. For example according to Torah, When the Lord God drove Adam out, *"he placed at the east of the garden of Eden the cherubim, and the flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way to the tree of life"...* But in the original stays not “*derekh laets ahayim*”, but “*derekh ets-ahayim*” (דֶּרֶךְ עֵץ הַחַיִּים) - “*The way, that is the tree of life by itself*”. (Ye.Svirsky “Torah and Psychology”, Hebrew text in brackets is from the original text of Torah, Bereshith 3:24). I'm not sure at all, that my interpretation is true, but I want to point that such an interpretation is also possible. An additional argument for it – a quotation from the “Book of

Proverbs” (III:18): "She [wisdom] is a tree of life to them that lay hold on her".

Besides it's amusing that the whole «life» in its flow we also presented in the final model as a tree. We'll come in the last chapter to it.

Modern authors almost one and all write on an «ancient Knowledge». For example: «Unfortunately, the capability of the modern man to operate the external intent* is almost atrophied. People managed even to forget about that, that they had this capability once. Vague mentions slip out only in ancient legends». (V.Zeland «Transurfing of Reality») [*External and internal intents are the fundamental notions of Zeland's philosophy.]

Moreover it is widely known, that some rulers of the past devoted themselves to searching of the «true religion», that contains the deific Knowledge. Naturally they didn't find anything as a result, because the Knowledge, at least as a whole, is not located in any religion.

The single thing that I can't understand is why me, the man that doesn't read too few, didn't come across these quotations earlier, before I hit upon the Tower of Babel? It is even a pity someway — so much time is lost for nothing.

In that time we got mixed up once and for all. We couldn't sort out connections between the pentagram, the Tower of Babel and the Knowledge.

KEEPING GEORGE OUT

You have no responsibility to live up to what other people think you ought to accomplish. I have no responsibility to be like they expect me to be. It's their mistake, not my failing.

Richard P. Feynman "Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!"

Well, now I'm going to tell you that part of the story, that's still making me and Diman flipping our lids.

In short, it all came to that, that George volunteered to go with us to dacha to liquidate our «black socket» using some Ancient Egyptian spells, which, as we understood, George was going to write with blood.

That's alright. We, particularly I, cause I spoke with George for the first time in that evening and wasn't used to his manner of speaking (which was really very convincing), began to make bulky doubts about our rightness concerning the inverted cross etc., and, in short, we agreed to converge and to go to dacha three together.

So it happened. It was morning of the 7th January 2005. Thaw, roughly -1 C, sunny, it was the most splendid day, and, what's significant, Christmas*. [*orthodox Christmas is on the 7th January]. George and I came to Agafonovka together, and the first thing that George asked about, as we met Diman and got to a place, where we could speak not fearing to be heard, was: «Didn't you spill any

liquid on the pentagram?». Diman and I got our jaws dropped — we immediately recollected the spilled wine, that so much resembles us blood...

George said, that he has thought of it right away, as Diman told him about our installation, but decided not to ask at that time, but generally it is very bad.

We walked up the street to the dacha, and there happened something unexpected.

Diman's dacha is surrounded by a high (higher than a human height) fence and has a metal gate with a such a refined lock, like that that one usually cuts into apartment doors. It's problematical to steal into the dacha without a pressing need, especially in winter. I remind once again that it was thaw. Diman inserted a key into the lock, but it appears, that the gate couldn't be opened. It was impossible to unlock it, the key just didn't turn in it, although everything worked excellent even when it was -20 outdoors. It has happened for the first time in the whole history of the dacha. George was quite well-dressed, and he wasn't going to climb any fences. We began to think, what we could do. We decided that Diman should climb over, pick some tools from the dacha and delve into the lock. He's climbed over. He's successfully unlocked the dacha's door, picked up the tools, come back to the gate, tinkered around with it for some time, than spit upon it, brought everything back into the dacha, locked it up and climbed back over. There I got angry. «OK,» - I said - «Give me the keys. I'll climb over and look, what we can do». George and Diman have hardly rolled me over the two-meter-high fence, I walked across the snowdrift to the house... and there repeated the same thing as with the gate — I couldn't turn the key in the lock however much I tried. Climbed over back. As George commented afterwards: «And there you took a look at me. No, the point was — how did take that look! Perhaps, you expected me to bark some spell in Ancient Egyptian and get lightnings from my eyes and fireballs from my ass falling thick and fast...»

Yeah. It was the blow below the belt, that we didn't expect. However, we, walking down from the dacha to minibuses, already knew from our previous experience, that the lock in actual fact works excellent, and it's not broken down. And this has turned out. In the next day we've easily opened the gate and after that the dacha's door too without any effort.

Before we broke up that day, George has given to Diman a sheet of paper with that spell, that he has been going to write to remove «the darks» from the dacha. He gave it to Diman personally, and didn't show it to me; I became alerted. Later I took it from Diman and tried to translate from Ancient Egyptian. Firstly, I caught George at a mistake in one of the words. After that I told him about it, he seemed to start to pay some respect to me. Secondly, the translation by its structure seemed to me pretty doubtful, and could be understood at one's own sweet will. I've caught, there was something about God and «gates of evil», but I haven't understood the verb phrase and in general the connection of the words in text well. I considered, that the text could be quite the opposite — of the satanic sense, and that George could have an intent not to eliminate the «gates of evil» but quite the contrary.

After that we stopped to trust George. After it all happened, Diman and I ceased to realize, where is the Light, where is the Dark, where is who and who is for who. The most various kinds of ideas started to cross our minds up to that, that satanism is in fact the Light, and Christianity is in fact hidden satanism. It was terrible. We decided to cling together to the maximal extent, and to trust no conclusions except our owns.

FULFILLMENT OF WISHES - GIRLS

*You give me what I have refused, and
refuse me what I have begged.*

Michelangelo Buonarrotti

I've already wrote that after we knocked up our installation in the dacha, some our wished began to come true in the most amazing way.

So, for example, I had no girlfriend, and actually I wanted to have one. And it seems to me, that not long before the New Year I, sitting on the sofa in the front of the cross when Diman went out of the room for some need and didn't hear me, said this wish aloud like: «I say, I wish to have a girl, you gotcha, Supreme Forces? If you're so tough, cum-on, damned!» In addition, I repeated this wish an encore directly in the New Year's night, when we were standing at the pentagram by candlelight and reading «Our Farther» prayer contrariwise.

In general, one could easily chalk it up to a coincidence, but exactly in a week, on the 7th of January in the same Christmas, when George wasn't admitted to the dacha, but in the evening, our extensive company gathered together to celebrate the birthday of Christ by one common friend of us — Constantine and his charming wife.

Well, it's a long story. The point is, that we agreed to meet in a certain time in the afternoon, and meant just to take a quick ride with George to Agafonovka and back and than go to Constantine (without George, he wasn't a part of our company). But Constantine, as he often used to do, gave us a telephone call and carried our meeting over till in about four hours. Diman and I had a big and heavy bag, stuffed with wine and champagne, and we didn't think up anything cleverer as to go on a balcony of a staircase in an apartment house, where lived one more common friend of us, and in spite of not very cold, but not summer weather, to stay there and to drink what we had with for three hours.

As we came to Konstantin, I was simply out on the roof, and Diman, although he was hunky and still could hold his own, actually was pretty loaded too.

And just in the same evening without rhyme or reason I noted an unambiguous attraction to me of a girl, with which I was actually acquainted for a quite quite long time. Her name was Lilia, she attended the same school as we did, but was a couple of years below, and was a neighbor of Victor — she lived just behind their partition wall. She just had an occasion — to take pity on dead drunk me.

Then after a few days, she came over with a female friend of her to my workplace and began to invite me to drop around sometime. I agreed. Then I just came by. So an extremely outrageous for our company romance has begun, that went on exactly for two months.

However we've parted in two months — there were a lot of things in our relations, with which I was not at all happy, and the most deplorable was, that I couldn't change anything because of all various kinds of reasons. It still makes me sad, that it happened this way, but... well, it could be nice, but it was a bit too inopportunely.

But it doesn't matter. I, because of coherent reasons thinking, that it couldn't do without Supreme Forces in this story, began to lament to them over that very unfavorable circumstances, and, standing in front of the much talked-about cross, I said something like: «Yes, yes. You've fulfilled my wish precisely according to the rule of the white toilet bowl. Wanted a girl — you got it. But this all is not convenient for me!..» And soon after I've said this, I parted with Lilia. May be, it was the easiest parting in my life — I just stopped to call her all of a sudden. Then after approximately half a year we continued to communicate just as friends.

Diman was certainly already let into that, that I voiced my wish for a girlfriend to Supreme Forces, and after some time after parting with Lilia, we with Diman — already two together... oh... it was very funny! - we drank terribly cold beer straight from the bottle, smoked, cracked jokes, scratched, picked our noses, turned the air blue like troopers, and in the same time enumerated that qualities, that my girlfriend should possess, not forgetting favorable circumstances of the life too. A playful bird, all in all – not a nuisance, always responsive, not a potential mummy, and it should provide a decent nook for nookie and plenty of dough for later, and so on and so on.

In general, I'm hard pressed for fair sex. A girl is a rare event for me, and can happen only by a special inspiration. And such a girl, that possesses all of these qualities... That's because I cannot chalk it up to coincidence noway.

After we with Diman devised it all about my girl, Supreme Forces became thoughtful for two or three months. Maybe they thought out, where such a girl could be found. But as a result, in that two or three month I met Marina, who satisfied all the requirements from A to Z, although that list of requirement in our with Diman make was really too long and hard for implementation.

We've met each other in an optimal time, in an optimal place, and Marina has parted with her previous love, as it has turned out, literally a couple of days after we with Diman puzzled Supreme Forces with my problem. That two or three months Marina spent, recovering herself after that parting.

That's that.

CIRCLE, CATS AND OTHER

Hallucinations often appear by acute intoxications and infectious psychoses, by delirium tremens.

Hesel. Magic: Attack and Defence

In a middle of January, when everything seemed to begin to settle back marginally to its routine, on a wall, which was adjoining to that, where our paraphernalia hung, appeared a circle. A perfectly smooth circle, pressed in cement the same incomprehensible way as «PASS». It was clear for us, that one couldn't draw it by hand. We, as true experimentators, tested what could come out if we'd strike against the wall with a bottom of a bucket. I must tell you, that the bucket didn't imprint anything, that would look like a smooth circle. In addition the diameter of that circle was absolutely nonstandard. The single thing that precisely matched up by its size was a watering can, - but what a

problem! It had no edges on the bottom, which could leave any dint at all. The sense of that circle was even more mystical for us, the the sense of the «PASS». The only thing we've found out was that a numerological root of the word «КРУГ» (that means «circle» in Russian) is equal to 1 too.

By the way, Diman and I subconsciously didn't trust each other. Our minds violently clutched at any rational explanations of what has been happening, and for absence of alternatives, we still tried to shift the blame onto each other, although we both had not a faintest idea, how could one of us do it without being noticed by the other. And that fact by itself, that we stuck around by relentless frost in absolutely not heated dacha almost every day, tells its own tale — not a single normal man, who doesn't suffer from an especially perverse form of masochism, wouldn't go so much beyond the joke.

And the end of it all was, that we've bought in a kiosk a pack of five blades for a safety razor, cut our hands and sworn on a blood... all in all, «...and nothing but truth, and to go together till the end». Then we've cut our hands three times more. Firstly, we renewed our oaths, and secondly, «sanctified» with a blood the cross, the pentagram, the picture, in general, everything, that met our eyes. We decided nevertheless to walk our way till the end, non listening to any George and those of his ilk.

At least, we felt emotionally better in account of that. To trust each other is easier than not to trust. Not to trust anyone else is easier, than to struggle against the feeling of the ground, giving way beneath the feet. But from that very moment I seriously started to fear for our mental health, because with the blood oath we killed the last chance to put on rational causes what was going on.

I began to catch myself on thoughts that I think about Supreme Forces and all this story twenty four hours a day. The mystic seemed to me to appear there and everywhere. I was crazy of my wish, that something else would happen in the same mystical vein. Diman had night hallucinations. Somebody opened a sliding-door (which was out-of-order and didn't function normally, so, although there were some cats living by Diman at home, it couldn't be they purely physically), entered his room, roamed about for sometime, then went out in the lobby and disappeared without leaving a trace. The parents, as it turned out, slept peacefully. Well, after what has happened, I cannot be sure of anything. Where could I know from? Maybe somebody was wandering indeed...

So Diman and I began to lose our marbles in two opposite ways. He thought that it was too cruel from the very beginning, and, if Supreme Forces are interested in us, they shouldn't scare us that way. He gently entreated that the “education” (we however accepted the hypothesis, that Supreme Forces teach us something) would pass as far as possible without such excesses.

On the contrary, I, like a scuba diver, who has dove too deep, started to be absolutely self-confident (not realizing that not so much separate me from a loony-bin), and spoke something of the sort, that this is not enough for me, I want more show. Bread and circuses. Or beer and Supreme Forces.