





# THE ORDER

RELIGIOUS  
AND PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHT

No. 2.

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The Order

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## The Order's Banner

The Order's Banner be the symbol of the rainbow, and all the colours of all nations' flags be comprised within, and be united intimately as those of the world are comprised and united in the rainbow and the sunshine.

Its colours will be:

Red for heroism and sacrifice,

as red as the flame-coloured body of the knight's soul, when he is fighting against the Dragon of Evil, and as red as the flames of the fire on which the knight's life is burning as the holocaust on the Order's altar.

White for truth, order and peace,

as white as the stainless body of the knight's soul, when being full of pure love and fidelity to the Order's Ruler and the Order's Knights.

Green for faith and chivalry,

as green as the steppes of the Ukraine in springtime, as green as our planet's soul, called Life, and as green as the leaves of the evergreen Oak of Faith in Perun's Heaven, when the Order's religion rises in the world.

In the centre there be the golden symbol of God Sun and his Order as the Order is the sun of the earth and the sun of the Heavens.

In the Sun of the Order's Standard there shall freely

wave all the rainbow—coloured flags of all the nations  
united in the Order for all the beings and all the nations  
are the refractions and the reflexions of the beams  
coming from God Sun, and as in their development there  
unfolds his creative power the Unsearchable God of  
Gods - Perun.

Such will be the Banner of Aryavarta,  
the Standard of Majesty and Glory,  
the Standard of the planet Earth,  
the Standard of Light and Sun,  
the Standard of the Holy Knights,  
the Standard of the Order.

Be victorious the Spirit of Enlightenment!  
By God, Truth and Deed!

September, the 27-th, 1947.

*o Wolhodymyr*

## The Lord Spoke

Verily, whensoever law, truth and faith are perishing,  
and whensoever there is growing the might of lawless-  
ness, falsehood and unbelief, then I create myself,

and in every new epoch I give birth to myself in  
incarnation to go to the rescue of the righteous, to  
crush the evil-doers, and to establish the True Faith.

(Bhagavadgita — The Divine Song, IV. 7—8.)

\* \* \*

Infatuated men despise me when I appear in the in-  
carnation, as a human being, and they do not recogni-  
ze my highest essence, as the Great Ruler of Creation.

(Bhagavadgita — The Divine Song, IX. 11.)

\* \* \*

Even they, too, who worship other Gods, and devote  
sacrifices to them with ardent belief, they too, o son  
of Kunti, really immolate to me, though not according  
to the ancient rule,

For that is I who receives all these sacrifices, and I  
am the Lord of them, but they do not recognize me  
in truth, and hence they fall into decay.

(Bhagavadgita — The Divine Song, IX. 23—24.)

## Buddha Teaching the Knight's Duties

Once General Simha asked Buddha as follows: "... I am a warrior, o Lord, and I was chosen by my king to bring his laws into effect, and to wage his wars. Does the Sublime who teaches goodness beyond measure and compassion towards all suffering men, allow the punishment of criminals? And furthermore you, as the All-Astir, declare it to be wrong to wage war in order to protect our hearth, our wives, our children and our property? Do you teach total self-denial, that I ought to allow all evil-doers to do what they like, and that submissively I ought to give way to those threatening to take our property by force? Does the Sublime, the All-Awake, say that any combat, even warfare concerning a just thing, will be wrong?..."

Buddha answered and spoke: "... Injustice is involving sufferings, and those who suffer, in growing angry, turn against that which causes sufferings. This fury is exhibited by the punishment. He who has to be punished for his crimes, suffers harm, not by the judge's bad will but as the consequence of his misdeeds. His own actions have resulted in his punishment, that the executor of the law has to proclaim. When a judge is punishing he ought to feel no hate in his heart, but the murderer in suffering the capital punishment should bethink that it is the fruit of his own doing. As soon

as conceiving that the punishment purifies his interior, he will bewail no longer his fate, but submit to the expiation with resignation..."

And Buddha continued: «...all warfare, in which man is endeavouring to kill his brother, is deplorable. He who causes war is to be blamed. Buddha teaches total self-denial, but he does not teach subjection to bad powers, be that men, Gods or powers of nature. The whole life is a struggle of any kind. But he who combats, be intent that he does not fight against truth and justice on behalf of the ego. Who struggles on behalf of his ego in order to become great, mighty, or rich and famous will have no reward. But he who fights for justice, truth and humanity, will get great reward for he will be victorious even in being overcome...»

«...The ego is no adequate measure for great success, it is small and fragile and its contents will soon be spilled to other people's advantage and, may be, to other people's curse. Truth and humanity however, are great enough to absorb the striving and the efforts of all the egos, and when the individuals pass like soap-bubbles bursting into nothing, their contents will be permanent, in truth they will have eternal life...»

«...who sets out for war, General Simha, be it even for a just cause, must be prepared to be killed by the enemies for that is the warrior's destiny, and if his fate should overtake him, he, nevertheless, has no reason to complain. But he who is victorious, ought to be aware of the inconstancy of all earthly things. His success may be great, but however great it may be, the wheel of life may turn again, and throw him down into the dust. If a conqueror restrains himself, suffocates all the hate in his heart, lifts up the vanquished foe



and speaks to him: «Come now and make peace and let us be brothers!» he will carry off a victory that is no temporary success for its fruit will be everlasting. Great is a successful general, o Simha, but he who conquers himself is the greatest victor...»

„... my doctrine of self-denial, o Simha, is not taught to spoil men's hearts but to maintain them. Who overcomes the ego is more capable to live, to be successful and victorious than that which is its slave. Who is free from the delusion of the ego will not stagger and not fall in the struggle of life. Who is striving for honesty and justice will not fail, his undertakings will be successful and his success will be permanent. Whose heart is the home of love to truth and kindness to all beings, will live and will not die. And now, be a fighter for truth, justice and goodness, o Simha....”

# Skovoroda Teaching the Knight's Duties

There is the general and deeply rooted opinion as if Skovoroda's philosophy would be the expression of escape from life, of passivism, of the search for deliverance by transcendental contemplation and asceticism.

This opinion is quite unfounded. Really Skovoroda's philosophy creates a system of heroic activism. An outstanding characteristic of Skovoroda's personality is the highly tense will to fulfil his task in this world. He himself is a heroic fighter for the sake of new truths and his nation's spiritual awaking.

The most striking example of his heroic philosophy and world-wide feeling is his position as to the military service and the duties of the warrior.

In his work „The A B C of the World“ Skovoroda proclaims the fundamental principles which, in his opinion, will form the ABC of the world. There he is investigating the problem of human happiness, not only in the eschatological but also in the „mundane“ sense. This results in his conviction that the way to happiness is one to bliss, too. So he comes to the problem of the mutual dependence between practised profession and happiness.

A human being finds happiness in practising the profession and doing the work he is called to, owing to his inclination, his endowment, his character or, generally spoken, in virtue of his "nature" that means,

with Skovoroda, of the deepest power and essence of nature, hidden in the depth of the soul and striving for being displayed in human life.

It consequently leads to great national distress when an army division of hundred kossacks is guided by a man who really is destined to sit in an orchestra.

To-day Skovoroda would demonstrate us what a great national mischief would result from the fact that a man, destined by nature to be a corporal, imagines to be a philosopher.

You can practise a profession well — only in accordance with your nature.

For such knights really „good and noble by birth“ — that means with Skovoroda endowed and talented by nature — Skovoroda formulates the laws of his heroic knightly ethics:

„Who is born to be a warrior, has to keep himself armed and ready; you will learn it quickly by means of your nature.

Protect agriculture and trade from inward robbers and outward enemies. And therein your happiness and joy will be founded. Keep your profession like your eye. What may be sweeter for a born warrior than the combative deed.

To revenge injustice, to protect weaponless innocence from sufferings, to defend the base of society, the truth — that is the sweetest of all your breakfasts, lunches and dinners. Don't know any fear, with God it will be easy for you to endure hunger, thirst, cold and heat, sleeplessness, bleeding wounds, even the mortal fear. This effort of combat will be for you — if your deed is done with God — hundred times more vital than your ranks and income. Every man can have

a rank, but a deed can be done only by a nobleman by birth".

And he continues:

"Don't be afraid of dying corporally, else you will suffer spiritual death at every moment.

Depriving the soul of its inborn activity — means taking away its feeding. And that is the most painful and most dreadful death. I know that you are taking care of your body, but you kill your soul and that is a bad barter.

I don't know why you are carrying your sword unless for fight for which it was forged.

I don't know why you are carrying your body if you spare it for withdrawing that thing for which you have been clad with this body".

In his further considerations Skovoroda sees in a knight's life a pure divine service and sacrifice. And consequently a knight ought to fight fearlessly and to think his chivalry a sacrifice to God. In this way fulfilling his profession is combined intimately with his bliss and deliverance.

By these words we recognize Skovoroda, as a true Kossacks' son and grandson. As the Ukrainian Knight of the Order, having himself swung up to the height of prophetic greatness, and raising the Ukrainian Kossaks' fight of independence to the highest summit of the sacred struggle for truth.

So we see that there is not only no passivism and quietism in Skovoroda's philosophy, but, on the contrary, that it is penetrated by heroism, that it represents the expression of the national Ukrainian attitude to the Kossacks' combat, and thus it is bringing to light a revealing of the people's soul.

And moreover, it does not occur by chance that the greatest Ukrainian poet Shevchenko proclaims the same truths and the same rules of heroic knightly ethics:

"Fight and be victorious,  
Power and truth are with you,  
And the most sacred freedom!"

(Caucasus).

Furthermore it is no chance that in the two national prophets, Skovoroda and Shevchenko, these truths are combined with the purest religious feelings of bliss and sanctity.

\* \* \*

## Theses about Ideocracy

And consequently the dominion over the nation shall be exercised by the bearers of the creative ideas and by the representatives of the nation's brain.

And consequently the supreme dominion over the nation shall be exercised by the highest sacrificer of their brain and their conscience.

(from the Rule of the All-Ukrainian Unity Movement)

## Plato Prophecies Ideocracy

*"...in the perfect state the industrial forces would produce but they would not rule; the military forces would protect but they would not rule; the forces of knowledge and science and philosophy would be nourished and protected, and they would rule. Unguided by knowledge, the people are a multitude without order, like desires in disarray; the people need the guidance of philosophers as desires need the enlightenment of knowledge. "Ruin comes when the trader, whose heart is lifted up by wealth, becomes ruler" (434); or when the general uses his army to establish a military dictatorship. The producer is at his best in the economic field, the warrior is at his best in battle; they are both at their worst in public office; and in their crude hands politics submerges statesmanship. For statesmanship is a science and an art; one must have lived for it and been long prepared. Only a philosopher-king is fit to guide a nation. "Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and wisdom and political leadership meet in the same man, ...cities will never cease from ill, nor the human race" (473).*

(Will Durant: The Story of Philosophy 1943, p. 21)

\* \* \*

## CHRIST ABOUT THE HIGHEST LOVE

*„Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends”.*

*St. John, XV, 13.*

## **Plato Narrates the Myth of Metals**

"Citizens, you are brothers, yet God has framed you differently. Some of you have the power of command; and these he has made of gold, wherefore they have the greatest honour; others of silver, to be auxiliaries; others again, who are to be husbandmen and craftsmen, he has made of brass and iron; and the species will generally be preserved in the children. But as you are of the same original family, a golden parent will sometimes have a silver son, or a silver parent a golden son. And God proclaims... that if the son of a golden or a silver parent has an admixture of brass or iron, then nature requires a transposition of rank; and the eye of the ruler must not be pitiful towards his child because he has to descend in the scale to become a husbandman or an artisan, just as there may be others sprung from the artisan class who are raised to honour, and become guardians and auxiliaries. For an oracle says that when a man of brass or iron guards the state, it will be destroyed" (415).

(Will Durant: *The Story of Philosophy*, 1943, p. 25).

### **SUN AND SCIENCE**

"...In consequence of the modern cosmophysical investigation the Sun in the infinite space of the universe becomes to us again the venerable thing he was for the mankind already in the primitive times, but now filled with a new extraordinary meaning."

Prof. Dr. M. Waldemeier, — "Sun and Earth", —  
Zurich 1946.

## Mahatma Gandhi and Christianity

"For me, being born as a Hindou, Hindouism is the highest religion, but that does not exclude that I am adopting, too, the beautiful of Christianity. For mankind's great teachers of wisdom, Krishna and Buddha, as well as Jesus and Mohammed, in like manner were endeavouring to perfect mankind morally. They are teaching different ways, but they all lead to the same end."

Prof. Dr. Helmuth von Glasenapp, Tübingen:  
"India and the Occident" - "Universitas"  
annual set II, number 2, February 1947.

\* \* \*

Hryhory Skovoroda

## The Unequal Equality

"God is resembling an abundant fountain filling several pitchers according to their capacity. The fountain is crowned by an inscription: "Unequal Equality for All". From the several little tubes water is streaming into different vessels circling the fountain. The smaller container has a smaller capacity but it equals the bigger one in being filled alike. And what is more stupid than the equal equality the fools are endeavouring in vain to realize in the world. How silly is everything being in contradiction to the blissful essence."

(The A B C of the World)



**Hrihory Skovoroda:**

## **"THE SPIRITUAL MAN".**

"The spiritual man is free. Incessantly his flight goes to the height and into the width. He is stopped neither by mountains, nor rivers, nor oceans, nor deserts. He sees the far thing, he penetrates the secret, he has insight into the past, he advances into the future, he walks over the surface of the ocean, he enters through closed doors. He has the eyes of a pigeon, the wings of an eagle, the agility of a deer, the courage of a lion, the faithfulness of a turtle-dove, the gratitude of a stork, the good-natured soul of a little lamb, the quickness of a hawk, the vigour of a crane. His body is made of adamant, emerald, sapphire, jasper, crystal and carbuncle.

Over his head God's birds are flying: the spirit of beauty, the spirit of belief, the spirit of hope, the spirit of compassion, the spirit of circumspection, the spirit of enlightenment, the spirit of heart's purity.

His voice is the voice of the thunder. He is violent as the lightning, as the roaring spirit of the storm".

(The Dragons' Flood).

# The Mysterious Knowledge of Perun

(Introduction)

Most Honourable Guru,

Salutes from the great wood of solitude, salutes from the land of the white stars, from the worlds of the sunrise, from the silvery earth of ecstasy.

Overgrown are the paths of the past day. It is the jungle that devoured them, and we can walk on them no more.

Only the far echo comes to me and returns back, as if there were no jungles for it. The jungle that cannot be walked through.

And thence, on the wings of the echo I deliver the phrases of my gratitude, and the fruit of my enthusiasm and my work, having taken three years' time — the white sheets of my song.

\* \* \*

And already having turned my steps to the town, in order to bring the joyful message to my brothers, I met Zarathustra appearing on my way.

I greeted him with the respect due to the master.

For that was he who, many a year ago, had made my heart swing like a mighty bell and it was kept hanging amidst the storms of the dominating chaos, inciting me to search for the superman.

So I sought him full of courage in the abysses of my soul. And up to my death I shall be grateful to the master for the sake of this search. Numberless were the hells of doubt I had to pass through, and there was but one thing I immutably was aware of — that in the deepest profundity of these abysses — "I am" a lightning amidst the diabolical darkness.

And hence I found in the deepest currents of my soul, on the deepest bottom of the roaring Dniepr — ...Perun!

And the superman, once I had sought for, how turned he pale in my eyes!

And nevertheless, I love him so dearly, the old good master, who had announced the superman to me!

Thus I was full of joy to meet him, as it seemed, by chance.

And when he heard that after the long period of irresolution and interior struggles I made up my mind to dedicate my work to the Polish people, the old master was highly astonished.

He told me: I should not give good money for bad work, for it arouses shame and does excite nothing but wrath, and never any understanding.

"— You will be hated by your people and your people's brothers, he said. Do you rely perhaps upon the magnanimity of the Spotted Cow's towns-people? I think you will remember my words as to the eyes of grudge and the lonely men on the peaks of mountains!"

And he continued as follows:

"— Now you are thirty-one years old. In this age you ought to seek the solitude. And not before reaching your fortieth year you will recognize your error, and I know you are noble enough then to avow it to me".

But I answered quietly:

"—You do not know, o Master, the mystery of sacrifice, though you immolated all the mankind to the superman. But you did not tell them that this sacrifice has to give birth to the superman. Why did you not order your people to search for the secret power of the total sacrifice? Well, you do not yet recognize entirely, o Master, the seven devils in your soul, but sometimes there is a glamour of spirit in your words.

You did not know the superman — and in spite of all you announced him. Thus you proclaimed an unknown ideal. But, I think, human, all too human is your superman. Even his name shows the stigma of man. So I shall promulgate the unknown God. And — I declare this with emphasis — as for the Gods his ideal will arise from the highest total sacrifice like the golden miraculous bird.

And how could I not be ripe enough at every minute to offer me as a human being as I am speaking even to Gods!"

And Zarathustra replied:

"— But I have taught that God is already dead, and then you believed in my words."

And quietly I answered:

"— You taught so, o Master, for you saw the Demons' God Writra on the throne of Gods whilst Perun, subdued by his cunning and baseness, endured the greatest torments in the depths of the Dniepr. And at that time Writra led mankind to total ruin and

obliteration. Then you proclaimed the God's death and the truths of earth. You did not love old God for he was grim and pale and did not know how to dance.

You did not know Perun, o Master!

But you will learn to love him as dearly as I do, when you will see him teaching the young Gods in his celestial Romnowe how to dance the Arkan.

And knowing now that there is one God, I felt incited — and you taught it to me — to become a god. And thus I awake divine powers in men's hearts.

Human, all too human, I think is your superman, so I proclaim the God of the Lightning to you, o Knights of the God of the Lightning.

I am the Lightning inflaming your will to the highest heroism. I am the creative ecstasy of the new millenniums."

And then I continued:

" — You taught me, o Master, the joyful science that the superman is beyond good and evil.

And I have still a happier message to deliver to my knights, that there is no evil at all, and that their God will not blame their love to earth for he himself is the essence of all creative power.

And I shall declare to them that God loves the sun of their smile, for they have to cristallize HIM out of the sun of their souls."

And, smiling, Zarathustra spoke as follows:

" — O, I see, you never will be able to hide your love to men. And I recognize, too, that the wild horses of dionysic ecstasy are carrying you away. And you show such a hurry, as if there was something driving you to death. So I do not know myself whether I shall hold you back."

And then I answered:

"O no — do not make the attempt, o Master, and do not remind me of my age. Do you find fault with me for the eternal youth of my soul? Do you blame me for my wish to present the world with a word in which still is vibrating the living fire of my ecstasy?

Do you want to convince a roaring torrent not to squander its powers in the sparkling rainbow of the waterfalls?

Do you wish to warn a young eagle, soaring up above the clouds, flown up to his death-struggle, no — to the struggle for his life with the storms, and to tell him he ought to walk first in the valley and to learn how to live?

Do you want to convince a Knight of the Montsalvat that he should save his life and condescend to compromises a thousand times for the sake of the economy of human endeavours?

Or do you imagine perhaps that my foretelling Pegasus will allow to be broken in by the narrow collar of the official science?

Look at me how I shall mount him, how I shall spur him with the golden spurs, attaching the idol of the public opinion to his tail.

From you, o Master, I learned how to squander my sunny soul full of wantonness.

And if I should perish, would it not be better to rise to the world of the Gods with such a youthful soul?

Tell me, o Master, how I can count the poor years — as I am already feeling immortality in my soul".

And then I said, dipping into the blue of his eyes lost in the eternal:

"Look here, o Master, the young sun of my faith is rising above the world".

And Zarathustra's face was shining.

No longer he has hidden his love to me. And lost in the blue ether of his eyes, I drunk from them the sun of delight. I saw the sea of his deep love.

And Zarathustra spoke:

— "I know that you are my good disciple and hence I bless you".

And I was greeting him with the deep bow of love, but then I greeted him with the salute of the Knights of the God of Sun:

— Jayatu Vivasvan.

The Spirit of Enlightenment, be it victorious!

And it seemed to me as if the mute shadow left my way. But I did not see whether he was smiling.

\* \* \*

Salutes from the great wood of solitude, from the frontier-land of the white stars, from the country of the sunrise, from the silvery earth of ecstasy.

*June, 1939.*

*Wolhodymyr.*

## **Nation on the Cross**

(Introduction)

The fat earth grew dunged.

The black pit was digged up.

Thousands of half-rotted corpses are rising for the Judgement... the last one before the Doomsday.

The earth hollowed by black holes made in the epoch of the black caves and mass-interments.

Again and again we are digging out new caverns.

Again and again we are digging out larger caves,

The pit is growing to the volume of the whole earth.

The pit of the planet Earth.

\* \* \*

In what hollow will they bury you?

Will they kill you by manslaughter or will you implore in vain, still alive in the mass-grave:

"Shoot once more!"

Or are you feeling sure?

Do you think that there will not be your turn one day?

Or do you hope perhaps that it is your turn to shoot the others and not to be shot by them?

May be that the mass-grave does not concern you.

It is in another country, far remote to you and you cannot see it with your eyes.

You do not see how the black hollow is arising out of human brains.



You do not anticipate that an eye is spying you and that somebody enters your name in the black list for the black grave.

The black grave is existing in human brains.

The black cave is existing in the soul of mankind.

Frantic mankind is divided into mad groups burying one another in the black ditches.

Mad mankind is halved into two parts.

And the one of them is striving to crush the other half of this earth.

As if it would be possible that in the black space a fraction of the torn planet would left hanging.

\* \* \*

Anywhere the whole nation is tortured.

Anywhere the grave for forty-four millions was digged out.

Anywhere the soul was pulled out of the human heart and was replaced by an insatiable vamp, perpetually thirsty after human blood.

Anywhere the repressed cry is shouted:

"Save our Souls!"

— But this shout has no more any sense.  
For the human soul exists no more!

\* \* \*

And gaily the jazzband is playing and gaily you are tripping and leaping with all your body and your soul keeping time with your jazzband, —

for you are thinking that it is not yet your turn.

And you do not see the shadow of obliteration,  
sprailing its dreadful wings over the earth.

And you do not see the black shadow of the colossal cross hanging over you.

And you do not know that nowhere you can escape from this shadow,

\* \* \*

High upon the mountain of human skulls — a cross.

The dry earth is thirsty after gall and vinegar.

The yellow lightnings illuminate the black ghosts of the clouds. Torn curtain, of Death! The arms lifted up to eternity.

A shred of the human being is hanging down strengthlessly.

Powerlessly a head is bending down on you.

And looks into the soulless void of your eyes, in the empty hollow of your soul,

looks into the eyes of the millions of soulless skulls.

Soulless, empty skulls are tripping the dance macabre of life beneath the mountain of human skulls.

The corpses look at his face and continue to dance the dance of life, they rule, they rob, they murder, they get drunk with blood and the dead bodies are dancing the dance macabre of the so-called life on the mountain of the human skulls, empty human skulls.

He is looking at their faces.

They are looking at his face.

They turn away from death full of disgust. They do want to live.

They do not understand what his features announce, before one moment still distorted by the convulsions of pains and now freed from life, and now tender and delightful.

On the huge mountain of human skulls — a cross.  
Erected upon the centuries of human history — the  
symbol of shame and humiliation.

In hundred streams the blood is flowing out of the  
opened veins of the mankind's body,  
it is streaming out its ever fresh white brain into  
the rotting mire of the not yet benumbed puddle of  
the wounds of yesterday.

On the formless masses of the bodies moving in the  
convulsions of death the bloodthirsty ghost is sipping  
fresh blood.

And that is called: History of mankind.

On the horrors of wars, the fires of fire-brands, the  
glowing rubbish of ruins, the streams of blood — cru-  
cification.

We are digging up the graves, we are digging out  
the rotted corpses, we expose them under the sun, we  
revolte against beastliness and we are digging out new  
caverns and thousands of corpses not killed by mans-  
laughter, are heaped up to faint masses.

High upon the endless graves with the cross and  
without crosses, the harvest of death defeating every-  
thing, following the rows, the columns, the armies, the  
campaigns, the nations,

caves, caves, caves,  
crosses, crosses, crosses.

The mountains of human skulls towering above the  
bloody paths of Dschinghis-Khans,

above the Prussians, country, defeated, humiliated,  
slaughtered and converted to Christianity—the fire and  
the bloody cross of the Teutonic sword, put into the  
conquered soil by the Knights of the Cross,

above St. Bartholomew's Night — bloody ghosts —  
tall, high as heaven, like the cry of the slaughtered  
mothers shouting when they died,

the flaming crosses of the piles with the praying  
John Huss and his men are lifted up to heaven,

above the wild deserts of the Thirty Years' War  
fought for belief are rising the glimmering skeletons of  
burning villages, like the broken crosses, without arms,  
violated,...

The Golgathas are not enough, by far not enough!

On the ways of bloody revenge, above the Ukrainian  
Kossacks' sacred will to freedom —

are towering the stakes with the spitted living men  
— the torches of blazing pains,

on the ways of triumph of the hangmen of the Uk-  
raine — endless crosses of gallows,

on the paths of the tragic defeat of the fighters for  
independence — the Ukrainian knights burned alive,

the victims of the holocaust devoted to the unknown  
god,

the fire-hooks reaching to the eternity overwhelming  
time,

above the planet Earth gone astray and finding no  
way — the arms lifted up into the dark space,

above the Great Mountain of Human Skulls — is  
towering the Great World Cross.

\* \* \*

Every day you pass by.

His head hanging down powerlessly, looks at your  
face.

Do you suppose perhaps what his features signify?

The features of the face, before one moment still  
distorted by the convulsions of pains, and now freed

from life, and now tender and delightful...  
with the rapture of truth,  
with the rapture of the eternity,  
with the rapture of death,  
with the rapture of victory.

\* \* \*

You are pretending to be a Christ?

And that is you that still to-day — I emphasize—that is you that still to-day will pierce Christ's ribs with the cold spear of your hard-hearted nature and your despite of living truth.

May be that you do not believe in Christ, no more, though you proclaim to be a Christ for the sake of habit, of birth or of custom?

Do you not believe in Prometheus?

Is that for you only a mythology?

Do you not believe in a Titan in the human body, steeling the heavenly fire from the Gods in order to inflame it in the souls of men?

You do not believe that all dark powers of the world are rising against him and will crucify him

on the Caucasian rocks,

on the crosses of Golgatha,

on the piles of the heretics,

in the pits of Siberia,

in the torture-chambers of the Solovetzky-Islands,

in the torture-chambers of the Gestapo.

Do you not believe in Prometheus?

Do you not see in the mythology a deeper existence, by far truer than reality?

Do you not believe in Christ?

In the real man who was endeavouring to combine

human and divine nature in his heart,

in the real man who tried to set free his people from the chains of narrowness, from the fetters of awful haughtiness, from the frantic drunkenness of ruling the world, of slaughtering with the sword all the men in all the towns, of the frenzy of obliterating all that was not Jewish.

Do you not believe in Christ?

In the true man, feeling the divine dignity of man and teaching with the simplest word of the parable the most secret wisdom of the East about the divinity of men, about God's sons, about the unit of the individual soul of the sons with that of the father — God.

You cannot believe in man's being God's son for still too bestial is your soul and the divine spark was not yet kindled in it.

Verily, how could you understand your divinity, being not yet a man!

Do you not believe in the Prometheus "Man"?

Do you not believe that Socrates lived and emptied the cup with the poison fulfilling his people's will?

May be that you do not believe in the flaring of the pile with John Huss and Giordano Bruno?

Perhaps you do not believe that in Siberia the prophet of world truth, Taras, suffered — the holy fighter with the demon, embodied in the figure of the Russian czar?

Perhaps you do not believe that all these sons of Gods will live eternally, not before their human death — rising from the dead on the third day as the Holy Scriptures announce?

You do not believe that your father was murdered and your brother tortured to death in the caves of the

Ukrainisches Museum

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