

[Gurdjieff International Review](#)

# ***Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson***

***An Objectively Impartial Criticism of the Life of Man***

## **Table of Contents**

1. [The arousing of thought](#)
2. [Introduction: Why Beelzebub was in our solar system](#)
3. [The cause of the delay in the falling of the ship Karnak](#)
4. [The law of falling](#)
5. [The system of Archangel Hariton](#)
6. [Perpetual motion](#)
7. [Becoming aware of genuine being-duty](#)
8. [The impudent brat Hassein, Beelzebub's grandson, dares to call men "slugs"](#)
9. [The cause of the genesis of the Moon](#)
10. [Why "men" are not men](#)
11. A piquant trait of the peculiar psyche of contemporary man
12. The first "growl"
13. Why in man's reason fantasy may be perceived as reality
14. The beginnings of perspectives promising nothing very cheerful
15. The first decent of Beelzebub upon the planet Earth
16. The relative understanding of Time
17. The Arch-absurd: According to the assertion of Beelzebub, our Sun neither lights or heats
18. The Arch-preposterous
19. Beelzebub's tales about his second descent on to the planet Earth
20. The third flight of Beelzebub to the planet Earth
21. The first visit of Beelzebub to India
22. Beelzebub for the first time in Tibet
23. The fourth personal sojourn of Beelzebub on the planet Earth

24. Beelzebub's flight to the planet Earth for the fifth time
25. The Very Saintly Ashiata Shiemash, sent from Above to the Earth
26. The Legominism concerning the deliberations of the Very Saintly Ashiata Shiemash under the title of "The Terror of the Situation"
27. The organization for man's existence created by the Very Saintly Ashiata Shiemash
28. The chief culprit in the destruction of all the Very Saintly Labors of Ashiata Shiemash
29. The fruits of former civilizations and the blossoms of the contemporary
30. Art
31. The sixth and last sojourn of Beelzebub on the planet Earth
32. Hypnotism
33. Beelzebub as professional hypnotist
34. Russia
35. A change in the appointed course of the falling of the transspace ship Karnak
36. Just a wee bit more about the Germans
37. France
38. Religion
39. The Holy Planet "Purgatory"
40. Beelzebub tells how people learned and again forgot about the fundamental cosmic law of Heptaparaparshinokh
41. The Bokharian dervish Hadji-Asvatz-Troov
42. Beelzebub in America
43. Beelzebub's survey of the process of the periodic reciprocal destruction of men, or Beelzebub's opinion of war
44. In the opinion of Beelzebub, man's understanding of justice is for him in the objective sense an accursed mirage
45. In the opinion of Beelzebub, man's extraction of electricity from Nature and its destruction during its use, is one of the chief causes of the shortening of the life of man
46. Beelzebub explains to his grandson the significance of the form and sequence which he chose for expounding the information concerning man
47. The inevitable result of impartial mentation
48. From the author

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: April 1, 2000

# Gurdjieff

International  
Review

Current Issue

► Past Issues

About Gurdjieff

Anecdotes

► His Writings

The Music

His Pupils

Organizations

► Books

About this Site

Online Store

1 3 3 5 8 5

Copyright © 2000  
Gurdjieff Electronic  
Publishing

ISSN 1524-4784

April 1, 2000

# Gurdjieff

## International Review

*April 2000 Issue, Vol. III No. 2*

### In Memoriam: Some Pupils of Gurdjieff

Welcome to the Gurdjieff International Review—a source of informed essays and commentary on the history, writings, and teachings of George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff. Selected articles from each back issue continue to be available to provide a sound introduction to Gurdjieff. All back issues are available in their entirety as [printed copies](#).

#### Editorial Introduction

Our tenth issue continues our memorial focus on Gurdjieff in recognition of the 50th year since his death in Paris on October 29, 1949. In this issue, we draw upon accounts of some of Gurdjieff's first generation pupils.

#### Jane Heap As Remembered by Some of Those She Taught

A. L. Staveley recalls vivid impressions of her work with Jane Heap in London during World War II which prepared her to meet Gurdjieff in 1946. This sketch was first published in *Jane Heap 1887–1964: As remembered by some of those she taught* by Two Rivers Press, 1988 in a limited edition and is reproduced here with their kind permission.

#### Threads of Time Recollections of Jeanne de Salzmann

In this excerpt from his autobiography, *Threads of Time*, Peter Brook—who had attended Jane



Pencil sketch of Gurdjieff by Ziga Valishevsky, circa 1919

*The greater the height to which  
Beelzebub goes, the more the  
confusion of our usual jumble of  
ideas is dispelled. What emerges  
is the opposite—we see in high  
relief what was previously  
screened and misunderstood. The  
high has illuminated the low.  
Infinite spaces have ceased to  
frighten us.*

Manuel Rainoidr

*I can too easily assume that this  
“I AM” of Gurdjieff’s (or of the  
Bible) is all about me and my  
personal development. It may  
take years of inner work to come  
to the realization that this  
self-centered attitude of mine is  
the greatest barrier between me  
and the impersonal highest in me,  
which he calls “I.”*

James George

*Madame de Salzmann would  
always rise graciously to  
welcome a visitor. She would sit  
upright, still and contained, and  
would respond with laughter or  
seriousness, finding precisely the  
words and the idiom that*

Heap's group for more than a decade—offers a succinct and vivid cameo of Jeanne de Salzmann who was close to Gurdjieff for thirty years.

## William & Louise Welch

Patty Welch Llosa provides a candid glimpse of her parents as well as an account of their roles as leaders of Gurdjieff groups.

## For Dr. William J. Welch

Roger Lipsey's eulogy of Dr. Welch is deeply felt and conveys a life vibrantly lived. It was delivered during Dr. Welch's funeral at St. Thomas church in New York City on July 12, 1997 and here includes biographical details that were unnecessary on that occasion.

## A Remembrance of W. A. Nyland In the Ear and Eye of the Beholder

Terry Winter Owens, former student of Willem Nyland, notes that "With the passage of half a century since the death of Gurdjieff, it becomes increasingly obvious that there now flourish a number of different threads of the Gurdjieff work... As yet, little has been written about W. A. Nyland although he had a profound impact on many people."

## Louise March

Louise March was Gurdjieff's only follower fluent in German, and the translation of *Beelzebub's Tales* into that language fell largely to her. In the late 1950s, she established a community in upper state New York named the Rochester Folk Art Guild. A group of her pupils offer a brief account of her life followed by selections of her writing and sayings.

## Pamela Travers

The Gurdjieff Society of London offers an account of Pamela Travers—the creator of Mary Poppins—and points out how "her special

*corresponded to the age and understanding of the listener.*

Peter Brook

*Jane [Heap] seldom if ever said, "Go here—go there. Do this—do that." Her method of transmitting the teaching was to create learning situations, and from these you learned. Or did not learn, as the case might be.*

Annie Lou Staveley

*It's a question of emphasis. You put emphasis on its [negative emotion] strength, when it should more practically be on your weakness. And that relates to your understanding. All negative emotion has is momentum, but if you are there, it stops.*

George Adie

*The first step is to 'learn to listen,' to wish to listen, to wish to drop the chaos in oneself in the same way that we drop the body at physical death. This step means that we won't interfere any longer, will not change anything (in the beginning not even ourselves); that we will not quarrel, that we have no opinion to insist upon; that we will not translate what we hear into our automatic daily language—which would be equal to letting it go out the other ear.*

Louise March

*I have chosen to focus on what I remember and believe Mr. Nyland himself considered important: his unrelenting imperative to work on oneself and to do so correctly and in accordance with an accurate representation of inner effort and its relationship to the ideas as a whole.*

skill in connecting or linking the pearls of spiritual tradition ... was undoubtedly her greatest and perhaps her unique contribution.”

### **George Mountford Adie**

Joseph Azize—a long-time student of George Adie—describes Mr. Adie’s practice of Gurdjieff’s teaching and his singular contribution to establishing the Work in Australia; in so doing, he offers valuable observations on the pupil-teacher relationship.

### **Dr. John Lester**

David Kangas, a member of Two Rivers Farm, observes how the “fall of 1999 saw the passing of Dr. John R. Lester, and with his death we count one fewer who actually saw Gurdjieff with his own eyes, heard his voice with his own ears, sat at Gurdjieff’s table.”

### **Combining Good and Truth, Now An Homage to Maurice Nicoll**

The author, Bob Hunter, was a student of Beryl Pogson—Maurice Nicoll’s secretary and biographer. He emphasizes that Nicoll’s “special contribution to the Fourth Way is that his teaching, by leavening the method transmitted by P. D. Ouspensky, helps people to value the Work [and] showed how to see the good of it.”

## **Other New Features**

### **Gurdjieff Heralds the Awakening of Consciousness Now**

James George writes for this issue taking a bird’s eye view of the influence of Gurdjieff’s teaching over the past eighty years and noting that “now the spreading is amplified by the electronic revolution of the Internet, for worse or for better. The spiritualization of the global village has begun. Suddenly, there are rays to the sun everywhere. One of these rays—the one

Terry Winter Owens

*He turned his full attention towards me, which, I can tell you, was considerable, and said “Is more important that you say I am, than is that you breathe.”*

John Lester

*The hours of sleep were short; the hours of labor long. Gurdjieff constantly pushed his pupils past their states of “imaginary fatigue,” and on through their “second wind” to real fatigue.*

Gorham Munson

---

Copyright © 2000  
Gurdjieff Electronic Publishing

April 1, 2000

that has meant the most to me—is the ‘Work’ or teaching of Gurdjieff.”

## **[Beelzebub, a Master Stroke](#)** **[Belzébuth, un coup de maître](#)**

In this penetrating examination of *Beelzebub's Tales*, Rainoird emphasizes that Gurdjieff's master work “cannot be read as we commonly read our books—and which simultaneously attracts and repels us.” Rainoird's commentary was first published as *Belzébuth, un coup de maître* in *Monde Nouveau* (Paris) October, 1956 as a review of the publication of the first French edition. This translation is the first to offer the complete text in English.

## **[Copyright Conventions in an Unconventional World: A Note about the Writings of Gurdjieff and his Circle](#)**

Roger Lipsey, former editorial manager for Triangle Editions who hold copyright on Gurdjieff's writings, examines the question of legitimate and illegitimate publication of Gurdjieff's works.

## **[Brother in Elysium: Orage in Gurdjieff's Service](#)**

Michael Benham reviews Paul Beekman Taylor's *Brother in Elysium: Orage in Gurdjieff's Service* forthcoming Samuel Weiser, Winter 2000/2001. Drawing on a wealth of unpublished Orage family archives, Taylor assembles the most comprehensive Orage biography to date. He vividly reconstructs the 1922–1933 period to demonstrate that A. R. Orage's involvement with Gurdjieff was the natural evolution of his own search and not an aberration as presumed by Orage's literary biographers.

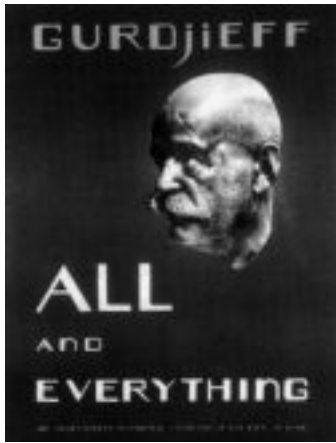
## **[The Strange Cult of Gurdjieff: an Insider's Story of the Most Mysterious Religious Movement in the World](#)**

First published in *Practical Psychology Monthly* around 1937. Although Gorham Munson propagates the false rumor that Gurdjieff was the Tibetan Lama Dorzhieff, his flamboyantly titled article presents the richest and most detailed account of the enigma of Gurdjieff available up to 1937. With more than ten years as a student of Orage's and occasional meetings with Gurdjieff, including a summer spent with him in France, Munson, writing under the pseudonym "Armagnac," describes Gurdjieff's school at the Prieuré and the teaching presented there.

### **Around the Theatre** **The Voice of Moscow**

On the first few pages of *In Search of the Miraculous*, P. D. Ouspensky describes his return to Russia in November of 1914 and how, working as a journalist, he came across this notice and put it in his newspaper that winter, shortly before his first meeting with Gurdjieff.





## *Gurdjieff International Review*

# Chapter I

## Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

### *The Arousing of Thought*

AMONG other convictions formed in my common presence during my responsible, peculiarly composed life, there is one such also—an indubitable conviction—that always and everywhere on the earth, among people of every degree of development of understanding and of every form of manifestation of the factors which engender in their individuality all kinds of ideals, there is acquired the tendency, when beginning anything new, unfailingly to pronounce aloud or, if not aloud, at least mentally, that definite utterance understandable to every even quite illiterate person, which in different epochs has been formulated variously and in our day is formulated in the following words: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and in the name of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

That is why I now, also, setting forth on this venture quite new for me, namely, authorship, begin by pronouncing this utterance and moreover pronounce it not only aloud, but even very distinctly and with a full, as the ancient Toulousites defined it, "wholly-manifested-intonation"—of course with that fullness which can arise in my entirety only from data already formed and thoroughly rooted in me for such a manifestation; data which are in general formed in the nature of man, by the way, during his preparatory age, and later, during his responsible life engender in him the ability for the manifestation of the nature and vivifyingness of such an intonation.

Having thus begun, I can now be quite at ease, and should even, according to the notions of religious morality existing among contemporary people, be beyond all doubt assured that everything further in this new venture of mine will now proceed, as is said, "like a pianola."

In any case I have begun just thus, and as to how the rest will go I can only say meanwhile, as the blind man once expressed it, "we shall see."

First and foremost, I shall place my own hand, moreover the right one, which—although at the moment it is slightly injured owing to the misfortune which recently befell me—is nevertheless really my own, and has never once failed me in all my life, on my heart, of course also my own—but on the inconstancy or constancy of this part of all my whole I do not find it necessary here to expatiate—and frankly confess that I myself have personally not the slightest wish to write, but attendant circumstances, quite



independent of me, constrain me to do so—and whether these circumstances arose accidentally or were created intentionally by extraneous forces, I myself do not yet know. I know only that these circumstances bid me write not just anything "so-so", as, for instance, something of the kind for reading oneself to sleep, but weighty and bulky tomes.

However that may be, I begin...

But begin with what?

Oh, the devil! Will there indeed be repeated that same exceedingly unpleasant and highly strange sensation which it befell me to experience when about three weeks ago I was composing in my thoughts the scheme and sequence of the ideas destined by me for publication and did not know then how to begin either?

This sensation then experienced I might now formulate in words only thus:  
"the-fear-of-drowning-in-the-overflow-of-my-own-thoughts."

To stop this undesirable sensation I might then still have had recourse to the aid of that maleficent property existing also in me, as in contemporary man, which has become inherent in all of us, and which enables us, without experiencing any remorse of conscience whatever, to put off anything we wish to do "till tomorrow."

I could then have done this very easily because before beginning the actual writing, it was assumed that there was still lots of time; but this can now no longer be done, and I must, without fail, as is said, "even though I burst", begin.

But with what indeed begin... ?

Hurrah! ... Eureka!

Almost all the books I have happened to read in my life have begun with a preface.

So in this case I also must begin with something of the kind.

I say "of the kind", because in general in the process of my life, from the moment I began to distinguish a boy from a girl, I have always done everything, absolutely everything, not as it is done by other, like myself, biped destroyers of Nature's good. Therefore, in writing now I ought, and perhaps am even on principle already obliged, to begin not as any other writer would.

In any case, instead of the conventional preface I shall begin quite simply with a Warning.

Beginning with a Warning will be very judicious of me, if only because it will not contradict any of my principles, either organic, psychic, or even "willful", and will at the same time be quite honest—of course, honest in the objective sense, because both I myself and all others who know me well, expect with indubitable certainty that owing to my writings there will entirely disappear in the majority of readers, immediately and not gradually, as must sooner or later, with time, occur to all people, all the "wealth" they have, which was either handed down to them by inheritance or obtained by their own labor, in the form of quieting notions evoking only naïve dreams, and also beautiful representations of their lives at present as well as of their prospects in the future.

Professional writers usually begin such introductions with an address to the reader, full of all kinds of

bombastically magniloquent and so to say "honeyed" and "inflated" phrases.

Just in this alone I shall follow their example and also begin with such an address, but I shall try not to make it very "sugary" as they usually do, owing particularly to their evil wiseacring by which they titillate the sensibilities of the more or less normal reader.

Thus...

My dear, highly honored, strong-willed and of course very patient Sirs, and my much-esteemed, charming and impartial Ladies—forgive me, I have omitted the most important—and my in no wise hysterical Ladies!

I have the honor to inform you that although owing to circumstances that have arisen at one of the last stages of the process of my life, I am now about to write books, yet during the whole of my life I have never written not only not books or various what they are called "instructive articles", but also not even a letter in which it has been unfailingly necessary to observe what is called "grammaticality", and in consequence, although I am now about to become a professional writer, yet having had no practice at all either in respect of all the established professional rules and procedures or in respect of what is called the "bon ton literary language", I am constrained to write not at all as ordinary "patented-writers" do, to the form of whose writings you have in all probability become as much accustomed as to your own smell.

In my opinion the trouble with you, in the present instance, is perhaps chiefly due to the fact that while still in childhood, there was implanted in you and has now become ideally well harmonized with your general psyche, an excellently working automatism for perceiving all kinds of new impressions, thanks to which "blessing" you have now, during your responsible life, no need of making any individual effort whatsoever.

Speaking frankly, I inwardly personally discern the center of my confession not in my lack of knowledge of all the rules and procedures of writers, but in my nonpossession of what I have called the "bon ton literary language", infallibly required in contemporary life not only from writers but also from every ordinary mortal.

As regards the former, that is to say, my lack of knowledge of the different rules and procedures of writers, I am not greatly disturbed.

And I am not greatly disturbed on this account, because such "ignorance" has already now become in the life of people also in the order of things. Such a blessing arose and now flourishes everywhere on Earth thanks to that extraordinary new disease of which for the last twenty to thirty years, for some reason or other, especially the majority of those persons from among all the three sexes fall ill, who sleep with half-open eyes and whose faces are in every respect fertile soil for the growth of every kind of pimple.

This strange disease is manifested by this, that if the invalid is somewhat literate and his rent is paid for three months in advance, he (she or it) unfailingly begins to write either some "instructive article" or a whole book.

Well knowing about this new human disease and its epidemical spread on Earth, I, as you should understand, have the right to assume that you have acquired, as the learned "medicos" would say, "immunity" to it, and that you will therefore not be palpably indignant at my ignorance of the rules and procedures of writers.

This understanding of mine bids me inwardly to make the center of gravity of my warning my ignorance of the literary language.

In self-justification, and also perhaps to diminish the degree of the censure in your waking consciousness of my ignorance of this language indispensable for contemporary life, I consider it necessary to say, with a humble heart and cheeks flushed with shame, that although I too was taught this language in my childhood, and even though certain of my elders who prepared me for responsible life, constantly forced me "without sparing or economizing" any intimidatory means to "learn by rote" the host of various "nuances" which in their totality compose this contemporary "delight", yet, unfortunately of course for you, of all that I then learned by rote, nothing stuck and nothing whatsoever has survived for my present activities as a writer.

And nothing stuck, as it was quite recently made clear to me, not through any fault of mine, nor through the fault of my former respected and nonrespected teachers, but this human labor was spent in vain owing to one unexpected and quite exceptional event which occurred at the moment of my appearance on God's Earth, and which was—as a certain occultist well known in Europe explained to me after a very minute what is called "psycho-physico-astrological" investigation—that at that moment, through the hole made in the windowpane by our crazy lame goat, there poured the vibrations of sound which arose in the neighbor's house from an Edison phonograph, and the midwife had in her mouth a lozenge saturated with cocaine of German make, and moreover not "Ersatz", and was sucking this lozenge to these sounds without the proper enjoyment.

Besides from this event, rare in the everyday life of people, my present position also arose because later on in my preparatory and adult life—as, I must confess, I myself guessed after long reflections according to the method of the German professor, Herr Stumpsinschmausen—I always avoided instinctively as well as automatically and at times even consciously, that is, on principle, employing this language for intercourse with others. And from such a trifle, and perhaps not a trifle, I manifested thus again thanks to three data which were formed in my entirety during my preparatory age, about which data I intend to inform you a little later in this same first chapter of my writings.

However that may have been, yet the real fact, illuminated from every side like an American advertisement, and which fact cannot now be changed by any forces even with the knowledge of the experts in "monkey business", is that although I, who have lately been considered by very many people as a rather good teacher of temple dances, have now become today a professional writer and will of course write a great deal—as it has been proper to me since childhood whenever "I do anything to do a great deal of it"—nevertheless, not having, as you see, the automatically acquired and automatically manifested practice necessary for this, I shall be constrained to write all I have thought out in ordinary simple everyday language established by life, without any literary manipulations and without any "grammarian wiseacings."

But the pot is not yet full! ... For I have not yet decided the most important question of all—in which language to write.

Although I have begun to write in Russian, nevertheless, as the wisest of the wise, Mullah Nassr Eddin, would say, in that language you cannot go far.

(Mullah Nassr Eddin, or has he is also called, Hodja Nassr Eddin, is, it seems, little known in Europe and America, but he is very well known in all countries of the continent of Asia; this legendary personage

corresponds to the American Uncle Sam or the German Till Eulenspiegel. Numerous tales popular in the East, akin to the wise sayings, some of long standing and others newly arisen, were ascribed and are still ascribed to this Nassr Eddin.)

The Russian language, it cannot be denied, is very good. I even like it, but ... only for swapping anecdotes and for use in referring to someone's parentage.

The Russian language is like the English, which language is also very good, but only for discussing in "smoking rooms", while sitting on an easy chair with legs out-stretched on another, the topic of Australian frozen meat or, sometimes, the Indian question.

Both these languages are like the dish which is called in Moscow "Solianka", and into which everything goes except you and me, in fact everything you wish, and even the "after dinner *Cheshma*"\* of Sheherazade.

It must also be said that owing to all kinds of accidentally and perhaps not accidentally formed conditions of my youth, I have had to learn, and moreover very seriously and of course always with self-compulsion, to speak, read, and write a great many languages, and to such a degree of fluency, that if in following this profession unexpectedly forced on me by Fate, I decided not to take advantage of the "automatism" which is acquired by practice, then I could perhaps write in any one of them.

But if I set out to use judiciously this automatically acquired automatism which has become easy from long practice, then I should have to write either in Russian or in Armenian, because the circumstances of my life during the last two or three decades have been such that I have had for intercourse with others to use, and consequently to have more practice in just these two languages and to acquire an automatism in respect to them.

O the dickens! ... Even in such a case, one of the aspects of my peculiar psyche, unusual for the normal man, has now already begun to torment the whole of me.

And the chief reason for this unhappiness of mine in my almost already mellow age, results from the fact that since childhood there was implanted in my peculiar psyche, together with numerous other rubbish also unnecessary for contemporary life, such an inherency as always and in everything automatically enjoins the whole of me to act only according to popular wisdom.

In the present case, as always in similar as yet indefinite life cases, there immediately comes to my brain—which is for me, constructed unsuccessfully to the point of mockery, and is now as is said, "running through" it—that saying of popular wisdom which existed in the life of people of very ancient times, and which has been handed down to our day formulated in the following words: "every stick always has two ends."

In trying first to understand the basic thought and real significance hidden in this strange verbal formulation, there must, in my opinion, first of all arise in the consciousness of every more or less sane-thinking man the supposition that, in the totality of ideas on which is based and from which must flow a sensible notion of this saying, lies the truth, cognized by people for centuries, which affirms that every cause occurring in the life of man, from whatever phenomenon it arises, as one of two opposite effects of other causes, is in its turn obligatorily molded also into two quite opposite effects, as for instance: if "something" obtained from two different causes engenders light, then it must inevitably engender a phenomenon opposite to it, that is to say, darkness; or a factor engendering in the organism of

a living creature an impulse of palpable satisfaction also engenders without fail nonsatisfaction, of course also palpable, and so on and so forth, always and in everything.

Adopting in the same given instance this popular wisdom formed by centuries and expressed by a stick, which, as was said, indeed has two ends, one end of which is considered good and the other bad, then if I use the aforesaid automatism which was acquired in me thanks only to long practice, it will be for me personally of course very good, but according to this saying, there must result for the reader just the opposite; and what the opposite of good is, even every nonpossessor of haemorrhoids must very easily understand.

Briefly, if I exercise my privilege and take the good end of the stick, then the bad end must inevitably fall "on the reader's head."

This may indeed happen, because in Russian the so to say "niceties" of philosophical questions cannot be expressed, which questions I intend to touch upon in my writings also rather fully, whereas in Armenian, although this is possible, yet to the misfortune of all contemporary Armenians, the employment of this language for contemporary notions has now already become quite impracticable.

In order to alleviate the bitterness of my inner hurt owing to this, I must say that in my early youth, when I became interested in and was greatly taken up with philological questions, I preferred the Armenian language to all others I then spoke, even to my native language.

This language was then my favorite chiefly because it was original and had nothing in common with the neighboring or kindred languages.

As the learned "philologists" say, all of its tonalities were peculiar to it alone, and according to my understanding even then, it corresponded perfectly to the psyche of the people composing that nation.

But the change I have witnessed in that language during the last thirty or forty years has been such, that instead of an original independent language coming to us from the remote past, there has resulted and now exists one, which though also original and independent, yet represents, as might be said, a "kind of clownish potpourri of languages", the totality of the consonances of which, falling on the ear of a more or less conscious and understanding listener, sounds just like the "tones" of Turkish, Persian, French, Kurd, and Russian words and still other "indigestible" and inarticulate noises.

Almost the same might be said about my native language, Greek, which I spoke in childhood and, as might be said, the "taste of the automatic associative power of which" I still retain. I could now, I dare say, express anything I wish in it, but to employ it for writing is for me impossible, for the simple and rather comical reason that someone must transcribe my writings and translate them into the other languages. And who can do this?

It could assuredly be said that even the best expert of modern Greek would understand simply nothing of what I should write in the native language I assimilated in childhood, because, my dear "compatriots", as they might be called, being also inflamed with the wish at all costs to be like the representatives of contemporary civilization also in their conversation, have during these thirty or forty years treated my dear native language just as the Armenians, anxious to become Russian intelligentsia, have treated theirs.

That Greek language, the spirit and essence of which were transmitted to me by heredity, and the language now spoken by contemporary Greeks, are as much alike as, according to the expression of

Mullah Nassr Eddin, "a nail is like a requiem."

What is now to be done?

Ah ... me! Never mind, esteemed buyer of my wiseacrings. If only there be plenty of French armagnac and "Khaizarian bastourma", I shall find a way out of even this difficult situation.

I am an old hand at this.

In life, I have so often got into difficult situations and out of them, that this has become almost a matter of habit for me.

Meanwhile in the present case, I shall write partly in Russian and party in Armenian, the more readily because among those people always "hanging around" me there are several who "cerebrate" more or less easily in both these languages, and I meanwhile entertain the hope that they will be able to transcribe and translate from these languages fairly well for me.

In any case I again repeat—in order that you should well remember it, but not as you are in the habit of remembering other things and on the basis of which are accustomed to keeping your word of honor to others or to yourself—that no matter what language I shall use, always and in everything, I shall avoid what I have called the "bon ton literary language."

In this respect, the extraordinarily curious fact and one even in the highest degree worthy of your love of knowledge, perhaps even higher than your usual conception, is that from my earliest childhood, that is to say, since the birth in me of the need to destroy birds' nests, and to tease my friends' sisters, there arose in my, as the ancient theosophists called it, "planetary body", and moreover, why I don't know, chiefly in the "right half", an instinctively involuntary sensation, which right up to that period of my life when I became a teacher of dancing, was gradually formed into a definite feeling, and then, when thanks to this profession of mine I came into contact with many people of different "types", there began to arise in me also the conviction with what is called my "mind", that these languages are compiled by people, or rather "grammarians", who are in respect of knowledge of the given language exactly similar to those biped animals whom the esteemed Mullah Nassr Eddin characterizes by the words: "All they can do is to wrangle with pigs about the quality of oranges."

This kind of people among us who have been turned into, so to say, "moths" destroying the good prepared and left for us by our ancestors and by time, have not the slightest notion and have probably never even heard of the screamingly obvious fact that, during the preparatory age, there is acquired in the brain functioning of every creature, and of man also, a particular and definite property, the automatic actualization and manifestation of which the ancient Korkolans called the "law of association", and that the process of the mentation of every creature, especially man, flows exclusively in accordance with this law.

In view of the fact that I have happened here accidentally to touch upon a question which has lately become one of my so to speak "hobbies", namely, the process of human mentation, I consider it possible, without waiting for the corresponding place predetermined by me for the elucidation of this question, to state already now in this first chapter, at least something concerning that axiom which has accidentally become known to me, that on Earth in the past it has been usual in every century that every man, in whom there arises the boldness to attain the right to be considered by others and to consider himself a "conscious thinker", should be informed while still in the early years of his responsible existence that

man has in general two kinds of mentation: one kind, mentation by thought, in which words, always possessing a relative sense, are employed; and the other kind, which is proper to all animals as well as to man, which I would call "mentation by form."

The second kind of mentation, that is, "mentation by form", by which, strictly speaking, the exact sense of all writing must be also perceived, and after conscious confrontation with information already possessed, be assimilated, is formed in people in dependence upon the conditions of geographical locality, climate, time, and, in general, upon the whole environment in which the arising of the given man has proceeded and in which his existence has flowed up to manhood.

Accordingly, in the brains of people of different races and conditions dwelling in different geographical localities, there are formed about one and the same thing or even idea, a number of quite independent forms, which during functioning, that is to say, association, evoke in their being some sensation or other which subjectively conditions a definite picturing, and which picturing is expressed by this, that, or the other word, that serves only for its outer subjective expression.

That is why each word, for the same thing or idea, almost always acquires for people of different geographical locality and race a very definite and entirely different so to say "inner-content."

In other words, if in the entirety of any man who has arisen and been formed in any locality, from the results of the specific local influences and impressions a certain "form" has been composed, and this form evokes in him by association the sensation of a definite "inner content", and consequently of a definite picturing or notion for the expression of which he employs one or another word which has eventually become habitual, and as I have said, subjective to him, then the hearer of that word, in whose being, owing to different conditions of his arising and growth, there has been formed concerning the given word a form of a different "inner content", will always perceive and of course infallibly understand that same word in quite another sense.

This fact, by the way, can with attentive and impartial observation be very clearly established when one is present at an exchange of opinions between persons belonging to two different races or who arose and were formed in different geographical localities.

And so, cheerful and swaggering candidate for a buyer of my wiseacrings, having warned you that I am going to write not as "professional writers" usually write but quite otherwise, I advise you, before embarking on the reading of my further expositions, to reflect seriously and only then to undertake it. If not, I am afraid for your hearing and other perceptive and also digestive organs which may be already so thoroughly automatized to the "literary language of the intelligentsia" existing in the present period of time on Earth, that the reading of these writings of mine might affect you very, very cacophonously, and from this you might loose your... you know what? ... your appetite for your favorite dish and for your psychic specifcness which particularly titillates your "inside" and which proceeds in you on seeing your neighbor, the brunette.

For such a possibility, ensuing from my language, or rather, strictly speaking, from the form of my mentation, I am, thanks to oft-repeated past experiences, already quite as convinced with my whole being as a "thoroughbred donkey" is convinced of the right and justice of his obstinacy.

Now that I have warned you of what is most important, I am already tranquil about everything further. Even if any misunderstanding should arise on account of my writings, you alone will be entirely to blame, and my conscience will be as clear as for instance... the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm's.



In all probability you are now thinking that I am, of course, a young man with an auspicious exterior and, as some express it, a 'suspicious interior', and that, as a novice in writing, I am evidently intentionally being eccentric in the hope of becoming famous and thereby rich.

If you indeed think so, then you are very, very mistaken.

First of all, I am not young; I have already lived so much that I have been in my life, as it is said, "not only through the mill but through all the grindstones"; and secondly, I am in general not writing so as to make a career for myself, or so as to plant myself, as is said, "firm-footedly", thanks to this profession, which, I must add, in my opinion provides many openings to become a candidate d-i-r-e-c-t for "Hell"—assuming of course that such people can in general by their Being, perfect themselves even to that extent, for the reason that knowing nothing whatsoever themselves, they write all kinds of "claptrap" and thereby automatically acquiring authority, they become almost one of the chief factors, the totality of which steadily continues year by year, still further to diminish the, without this, already extremely diminished psyche of people.

And as regards my personal career, then thanks to all forces high and low and, if you like, even right and left, I have actualized it long ago, and have already long been standing on "firm-feet" and even maybe on very good feet, and I moreover am certain that their strength is sufficient for many more years, in spite of all my past, present, and future enemies.

Yes, I think you might as well be told also about an idea which has only just arisen in my madcap brain, and namely, specially to request the printer, to whom I shall give my first book, to print this first chapter of my writings in such a way that anybody may read it before cutting the pages of the book itself, whereupon, on learning that it is not written in the usual manner, that is to say, for helping to produce in one's mentation, very smoothly and easily, exciting images and lulling reveries, he may, if he wishes, without wasting words with the bookseller, return it and get his money back, money perhaps earned by the sweat of his own brow.

I shall do this without fail, moreover, because I just now again remember the story of what happened to a Transcaucasian Kurd, which story I heard in my quite early youth and which in subsequent years, whenever I recalled it in corresponding cases, engendered in me an enduring and inextinguishable impulse of tenderness. I think it will be very useful for me, and also for you, if I relate this story to you somewhat in detail.

It will be useful chiefly because I have decided already to make the "salt", or as contemporary pure-blooded Jewish businessmen would say, the "Tzimus" of this story, one of the basic principles of that new literary form which I intend to employ for the attainment of the aim I am now pursuing by means of this new profession of mine.

This Transcaucasian Kurd once set out from his village on some business or other to town, and there in the market he saw in a fruiterer's shop a handsomely arranged display of all kinds of fruit.

In this display, he noticed one "fruit", very beautiful in both color and form, and its appearance so took his fancy and he so longed to try it, that in spite of his having scarcely any money, he decided to buy without fail at least one of these gifts of Great Nature, and taste it.

Then, with intense eagerness, and with a courage not customary to him, he entered the shop and pointing with his horny finger to the "fruit" which had taken his fancy he asked the shopkeeper its price. The

shopkeeper replied that a pound of the "fruit" would cost two cents.

Finding that the price was not at all high for what in his opinion was such a beautiful fruit, our Kurd decided to buy a whole pound.

Having finished his business in town, he set off again on foot for home the same day.

Walking at sunset over the hills and dales, and willy-nilly perceiving the exterior visibility of those enchanting parts of the bosom of Great Nature, the Common Mother, and involuntarily inhaling a pure air uncontaminated by the usual exhalations of industrial towns, our Kurd quite naturally suddenly felt a wish to gratify himself with some ordinary food also; so sitting down by the side of the road, he took from his provision bag some bread and the "fruit" he had bought which had looked so good to him, and leisurely began to eat.

But ... horror of horrors! ... very soon everything inside him began to burn. But in spite of this he kept on eating.

And this hapless biped creature of our planet kept on eating, thanks only to that particular human inherency which I mentioned at first, the principle of which I intended, when I decided to use it as the foundation of the new literary form I have created, to make, as it were, a "guiding beacon" leading me to one of my aims in view, and the sense and meaning of which moreover you will, I am sure, soon grasp—of course according to the degree of your comprehension—during the reading of any subsequent chapter of my writings, if, of course, you take the risk and read further, or, it may be that even at the end of this first chapter you will already "smell" something.

And so, just at the moment when our Kurd was overwhelmed by all the unusual sensations proceeding within him from this strange repast on the bosom of Nature, there came along the same road a fellow villager of his, one reputed by those who knew him to be very clever and experienced; and, seeing that the whole face of the Kurd was aflame, that his eyes were streaming with tears, and that in spite of this, as if intent upon the fulfillment of his most important duty, he was eating real "red pepper pods", he said to him:

"What are you doing, you Jericho jackass? You'll be burnt alive! Stop eating that extraordinary product, so unaccustomed for your nature."

But our Kurd replied: "No, for nothing on Earth will I stop. Didn't I pay my last two cents for them? Even if my soul departs from my body I shall still go on eating."

Whereupon our resolute Kurd—it must of course be assumed that he was such—did not stop, but continued eating the "red pepper pods."

After what you have just perceived, I hope there may already be arising in your mentation a corresponding mental association which should, as a result, effectuate in you, as it sometimes happens to contemporary people, that which you call, in general, understanding, and that in the present case you will understand just why I, well knowing and having many a time commiserated with this human inherency, the inevitable manifestation of which is that if anybody pays money for something, he is bound to use it to the end, was animated in the whole of my entirety with the idea, arisen in my mentation, to take every possible measure in order that you, as is said "my brother in appetite and in spirit"—in the event of your proving to be already accustomed to reading books, though of all kinds, yet nevertheless only those

written exclusively in the aforesaid "language of the intelligentsia"—having already paid money for my writings and learning only afterwards that they are not written in the usual convenient and easily read language, should not be compelled as a consequence of the said human inherency, to read my writings through to the end at all costs, as our poor Transcaucasian Kurd was compelled to go on with his eating of what he had fancied for its appearance alone—that "not to be joked with" noble red pepper.

And so, for the purpose of avoiding any misunderstanding through this inherency, the data for which are formed in the entirety of contemporary man, thanks evidently to his frequenting of the cinema and thanks also to his never missing an opportunity of looking into the left eye of the other sex, I wish that this commencing chapter of mine should be printed in the said manner, so that everyone can read it through without cutting the pages of the book itself.

Otherwise the bookseller will, as is said, "cavil", and will without fail again turn out to act in accordance with the basic principle of booksellers in general, formulated by them in the words: "You'll be more of a simpleton than a fisherman if you let go of the fish which has swallowed the bait", and will decline to take back a book whose pages you have cut. I have no doubt of this possibility; indeed, I fully expect such lack of conscience on the part of the booksellers.

And the data for the engendering of my certainty as to this lack of conscience on the part of these booksellers were completely formed in me, when, while I was a professional "Indian Fakir", I needed, for the complete elucidation of a certain "ultraphilosophical" question also to become familiar, among other things, with the associative process for the manifestation of the automatically constructed psyche of contemporary booksellers and of their salesmen when palming off books on their buyers.

Knowing all this and having become, since the misfortune which befell me, habitually just and fastidious in the extreme, I cannot help repeating, or rather, I cannot help again warning you, and even imploringly advising you, before beginning to cut the pages of this first book of mine, to read through very attentively, and even more than once, this first chapter of my writings.

But in the event that notwithstanding this warning of mine, you should, nevertheless, wish to become acquainted with the further contents of my expositions, then there is already nothing else left for me to do but to wish you with all my "genuine soul" a very, very good appetite, and that you may "digest" all that you read, not only for your own health but for the health of all those near you.

I said "with my genuine soul" because recently living in Europe and coming in frequent contact with people who on every appropriate and inappropriate occasion are fond of taking in vain every sacred name which should belong only to man's inner life, that is to say, with people who swear to no purpose, I being, as I have already confessed, a follower in general not only of the theoretical—as contemporary people have become—but also of the practical sayings of popular wisdom which have become fixed by the centuries, and therefore of the saying which in the present case corresponds to what is expressed by the words: "When you are in Rome do as Rome does", decided, in order not to be out of harmony with the custom established here in Europe of swearing in ordinary conversation, and at the same time to act according to the commandment which was enunciated by the holy lips of Saint Moses "not to take the holy names in vain", to make use of one of those examples of the "newly baked" fashionable languages of the present time, namely English, and so from then on, I began on necessary occasions to swear by my "English soul."

The point is that in this fashionable language, the words "soul" and the bottom of your foot, also called

"sole", are pronounced and even written almost alike.

I do not know how it is with you, who are already partly candidate for a buyer of my writings, but my peculiar nature cannot, even with a great mental desire, avoid being indignant at the fact manifested by people of contemporary civilization, that the very highest in man, particularly beloved by our COMMON FATHER CREATOR, can really be named, and indeed very often before even having made clear to oneself what it is, can be understood to be that which is the lowest and dirtiest in man.

Well, enough of "philologizing." Let us return to the main task of this initial chapter, destined, among other things, on the one hand to stir up the drowsy thoughts in me as well as in the reader, and, on the other, to warn the reader about something.

And so, I have already composed in my head the plan and sequence of the intended expositions, but what form they will take on paper, I, speaking frankly, myself do not as yet know with my consciousness, but with my subconsciousness I already definitely feel that on the whole it will take the form of something which will be, so to say, "hot", and will have an effect on the entirety of every reader such as the red pepper pods had on the poor Transcaucasian Kurd.

Now that you have become familiar with the story of our common countryman, the Transcaucasian Kurd, I already consider it my duty to make a confession and hence before continuing this first chapter, which is by way of an introduction to all my further predetermined writings, I wish to bring to the knowledge of what is called your "pure waking consciousness" the fact that in the writings following this chapter of warning I shall expound my thoughts intentionally in such sequence and with such "logical confrontation", that the essence of certain real notions may of themselves automatically, so to say, go from this "waking consciousness"—which most people in their ignorance mistake for the real consciousness, but which I affirm and experimentally prove is the fictitious one—into what you call the subconscious, which ought to be in my opinion the real human consciousness, and there by themselves mechanically bring about that transformation which should in general proceed in the entirety of a man and give him, from his own conscious mentation, the results he ought to have, which are proper to man and not merely to single- or double-brained animals.

I decided to do this without fail so that this initial chapter of mine, predetermined as I have already said to awaken your consciousness, should fully justify its purpose, and reaching not only your, in my opinion, as yet only fictitious "consciousness", but also your real consciousness, that is to say, what you call your subconscious, might, for the first time, compel you to reflect actively.

In the entirety of every man, irrespective of his heredity and education, there are formed two independent consciousnesses which in their functioning as well as in their manifestations have almost nothing in common. One consciousness is formed from the perception of all kinds of accidental, or on the part of others intentionally produced, mechanical impressions, among which must also be counted the "consonances" of various words which are indeed as is said empty; and the other consciousness is formed from the so to say, "already previously formed material results" transmitted to him by heredity, which have become blended with the corresponding parts of the entirety of a man, as well as from the data arising from his intentional evoking of the associative confrontations of these "materialized data" already in him.

The whole totality of the formation as well as the manifestation of this second human consciousness, which is none other than what is called the "subconscious", and which is formed from the "materialized

results" of heredity and the confrontations actualized by one's own intentions, should in my opinion, formed by many years of my experimental elucidations during exceptionally favorably arranged conditions, predominate in the common presence of a man.

As a result of this conviction of mine which as yet doubtlessly seems to you the fruit of the fantasies of an afflicted mind, I cannot now, as you yourself see, disregard this second consciousness and, compelled by my essence, am obliged to construct the general exposition even of this first chapter of my writings, namely, the chapter which should be the preface for everything further, calculating that it should reach, and in the manner required for my aim "ruffle", the perceptions accumulated in both these consciousnesses of yours.

Continuing my expositions with this calculation, I must first of all inform your fictitious consciousness that, thanks to three definite peculiar data which were crystallized in my entirety during various periods of my preparatory age, I am really unique in respect of the so to say "muddling and befuddling" of all the notions and convictions supposedly firmly fixed in the entirety of people with whom I come in contact.

Tut! Tut! Tut! ... I already feel that in your "false"—but according to you "real"—consciousness, there are beginning to be agitated, like "blinded flies", all the chief data transmitted to you by heredity from your uncle and mother, the totality of which data, always and in everything, at least engenders in you the impulse—nevertheless extremely good—of curiosity, as in the given case, to find out as quickly as possible why I, that is to say, a novice at writing, whose name has not even once been mentioned in the newspapers, have suddenly become so unique.

Never mind! I personally am very pleased with the arising of this curiosity even though only in your "false" consciousness, as I already know from experience that this impulse unworthy of man can sometimes even pass from this consciousness into one's nature and become a worthy impulse—the impulse of the desire for knowledge, which, in its turn, assists the better perception and even the closer understanding of the essence of any object on which, as it sometimes happens, the attention of a contemporary man might be concentrated, and therefore I am even willing, with pleasure, to satisfy this curiosity which has arisen in you at the present moment.

Now listen and try to justify, and not to disappoint, my expectations. This original personality of mine, already "smelled out" by certain definite individuals from both choirs of the Judgement Seat Above, whence Objective justice proceeds, and also here on Earth, by as yet a very limited number of people, is based, as I already said, on three secondary specific data formed in me at different times during my preparatory age. The first of these data, from the very beginning of its arising, became as it were the chief directing lever of my entire wholeness, and the other two, the "vivifying-sources", as it were, for the feeding and perfecting of this first datum.

The arising of this first datum proceeded when I was still only, as is said, a "chubby mite." My dear now deceased grandmother was then still living and was a hundred and some years old.

When my grandmother—may she attain the kingdom of Heaven—was dying, my mother, as was then the custom, took me to her bedside, and as I kissed her right hand, my dear now deceased grandmother placed her dying left hand on my head and in a whisper, yet very distinctly, said:

"Eldest of my grandsons! Listen and always remember my strict injunction to you: In life never do as others do."

Having said this, she gazed at the bridge of my nose and evidently noticing my perplexity and my obscure understanding of what she had said, added somewhat angrily and imposingly:

"Either do nothing—just go to school—or do something nobody else does."

Whereupon she immediately, without hesitation, and with a perceptible impulse of disdain for all around her, and with commendable self-cognizance, gave up her soul directly into the hands of His Truthfulness, the Archangel Gabriel.

I think it will be interesting and even instructive to you to know that all this made so powerful an impression on me at that time that I suddenly became unable to endure anyone around me, and therefore, as soon as we left the room where the mortal "planetary body" of the cause of the cause of my arising lay, I very quietly, trying not to attract attention, stole away to the bin where during Lent the bran and potato skins for our "sanitarians", that is to say, our pigs, were stored, and lay there, without food or drink, in a tempest of whirling and confused thoughts—of which, fortunately for me, I had then in my childish brain still only a very limited number—right until the return from the cemetery of my mother, whose weeping on finding me gone and after searching for me in vain, as it were "overwhelmed" me, I then immediately emerged from the bin and standing first of all on the edge, for some reason or other with outstretched hand, ran to her and clinging fast to her skirts, involuntarily began to stamp my feet and why, I don't know, to imitate the braying of the donkey belonging to our neighbor, a bailiff.

Why this produced such a strong impression on me just then, and why I almost automatically manifested so strangely, I cannot until now make out; though during recent years, particularly on the days called "Shrovetide", I pondered a good deal, trying chiefly to discover the reason for it.

I then had only the logical supposition that it was perhaps only because the room in which this sacred scene occurred, which was to have tremendous significance for the whole of my further life, was permeated through and through with the scent of a special incense brought from the monastery of "Old Athos" and very popular among followers of every shade of belief of the Christian religion. Whatever it may have been, this fact still now remains a bare fact.

During the days following this event, nothing particular happened in my general state, unless there might be connected with it the fact that during these days, I walked more often than usual with my feet in the air, that is to say, on my hands.

My first act, obviously in discordance with the manifestations of others, though truly without the participation not only of my consciousness but also of my subconsciousness, occurred on exactly the fortieth day after the death of my grandmother, when all our family, our relatives and all those by whom my dear grandmother, who was loved by everybody, had been held in esteem, gathered in the cemetery according to custom, to perform over her mortal remains, reposing in the grave, what is called the "requiem service", when suddenly without any rhyme or reason, instead of observing what was conventional among people of all degrees of tangible and intangible morality and of all material positions, that is to say, instead of standing quietly as if overwhelmed, with an expression of grief on one's face and even if possible with tears in one's eyes, I started skipping round the grave as if dancing and sang:

"Let her with the saints repose,  
Now that she's turned up her toes,  
Oi! oi! oi!

Let her with the saints repose,  
Now that she's turned up her toes."

... and so on and so forth.

And just from this it began, that in my entirety a "something" arose which in respect of any kind of so to say "aping", that is to say, imitating the ordinary automatized manifestations of those around me, always and in everything engendered what I should now call an "irresistible urge" to do things not as others do them.

At that age I committed acts such as the following.

If for example when learning to catch a ball with the right hand, my brother, sisters and neighbors' children who came to play with us, threw the ball in the air, I, with the same aim in view, would first bounce the ball hard on the ground, and only when it rebounded would I, first doing a somersault, catch it, and then only with the thumb and middle finger of the left hand; or if all the other children slid down the hill head first, I tried to do it, and moreover each time better and better, as the children then called it, "backside-first"; or if we children were given various kinds of what are called "Abaranian pastries", then all the other children, before putting them in their mouths, would first of all lick them, evidently to try their taste and to protract the pleasure, but ... I would first sniff one on all sides and perhaps even put it to my ear and listen intently, and then though only almost unconsciously, yet nevertheless seriously, muttering to myself "so and so and so you must, do not eat until you bust", and rhythmically humming correspondingly, I would only take one bite and without savoring it, would swallow it—and so on and so forth.

The first event during which there arose in me one of the two mentioned data which became the "vivifying sources" for the feeding and perfecting of the injunction of my deceased grandmother, occurred just at that age when I changed from a chubby mite into what is called a "young rascal" and had already begun to be, as is sometimes said, a "candidate for a young man of pleasing appearance and dubious content."

And this event occurred under the following circumstances which were perhaps even specially combined by Fate itself.

With a number of young rascals like myself, I was once laying snares for pigeons on the roof of a neighbor's house, when suddenly, one of the boys who was standing over me and watching me closely, said:

"I think the noose of the horsehair ought to be so arranged that the pigeon's big toe never gets caught in it, because, as our zoology teacher recently explained to us, during movement it is just in that toe that the pigeon's reserve strength is concentrated, and therefore if this big toe gets caught in the noose, the pigeon might of course easily break it."

Another boy, leaning just opposite me, from whose mouth, by the way, whenever he spoke saliva always splashed abundantly in all directions, snapped at this remark of the first boy and delivered himself, with a copious quantity of saliva, of the following words:

"Shut your trap, you hopeless mongrel offshoot of the Hottentots! What an abortion you are, just like your teacher! Suppose it is true that the greatest physical force of the pigeon is concentrated in that big



toe, then all the more, what we've got to do is to see that just that toe will be caught in the noose. Only then will there be any sense to our aim—that is to say, for catching these unfortunate pigeon creatures—in that brain-particularity proper to all possessors of that soft and slippery 'something' which consists in this, that when, thanks to other actions, from which its insignificant manifestability depends, there arises a periodic requisite law conformable what is called 'change of presence', then this small so to say 'law conformable confusion' which should proceed for the animation of other acts in its general functioning, immediately enables the center of gravity of the whole functioning, in which this slippery 'something' plays a very small part, to pass temporarily from its usual place to another place, owing to which there often obtains in the whole of this general functioning, unexpected results ridiculous to the point of absurdity."

He discharged the last words with such a shower of saliva that it was as if my face were exposed to the action of an "atomizer"—not of "Ersatz" production—invented by the Germans for dyeing material with aniline dyes.

This was more than I could endure, and without changing my squatting position, I flung myself at him, and my head, hitting him with full force in the pit of his stomach, immediately laid him out and made him as is said "lose consciousness."

I do not know and do not wish to know in what spirit the result will be formed in your mentation of the information about the extraordinary coincidence, in my opinion, of life circumstances, which I now intend to describe here, though for my mentation, this coincidence was excellent material for the assurance of the possibility of the fact that this event described by me, which occurred in my youth, proceeded not simply accidentally but was intentionally created by certain extraneous forces.

The point is that this dexterity was thoroughly taught me only a few days before this event by a Greek priest from Turkey, who, persecuted by Turks for his political convictions, had been compelled to flee from there, and having arrived in our town had been hired by my parents as a teacher for me of the modern Greek language.

I do not know on which data he based his political convictions and ideas, but I very well remember that in all the conversations of this Greek priest, even while explaining to me the difference between the words of exclamation in the ancient and in modern Greek, there were indeed always very clearly discernible his dreams of getting as soon as possible to the island of Crete and there manifesting himself as befits a true patriot.

Well, then, on beholding the effect of my skill, I was, I must confess, extremely frightened, because, knowing nothing of any such reaction from a blow in that place, I quite thought I had killed him.

At the moment I was experiencing this fear, another boy, the cousin of him who had become the first victim of my so to say "skill in self-defense", seeing this, without a moment's pause, and obviously overcome with a feeling called "consanguinity", immediately leaped at me and with a full swing struck me in the face with his fist.

From this blow, I, as is said, "saw stars", and at the same time my mouth became as full as if it had been stuffed with the food necessary for the artificial fattening of a thousand chickens.

After a little time when both these strange sensations had calmed down within me, I then actually discovered that some foreign substance was in my mouth, and when I pulled it out with my fingers, it

turned out to be nothing less than a tooth of large dimensions and strange form.

Seeing me staring at this extraordinary tooth, all the boys swarmed around me and also began to stare at it with great curiosity and in a strange silence.

By this time the boy who had been laid out flat recovered and, picking himself up, also began to stare at my tooth with the other boys, as if nothing had happened to him.

This strange tooth had seven shoots and at the end of each of them there stood out in relief a drop of blood, and through each separate drop there shone clearly and definitely one of the seven aspects of the manifestation of the white ray.

After this silence, unusual for us "young rascals", the usual hubbub broke out again, and in this hubbub it was decided to go immediately to the barber, a specialist in extracting teeth, and to ask him just why this tooth was like that.

So we all climbed down from the roof and went off to the barber's. And I, as the "hero of the day", stalked at the head of them all.

The barber, after a casual glance, said it was simply a "wisdom tooth" and that all those of the male sex have one like it, who until they first exclaim "papa" and "mamma" are fed on milk exclusively from their own mother, and who on first sight are able to distinguish among many other faces the face of their own father.

As a result of the whole totality of the effects of this happening, at which time my poor "wisdom tooth" became a complete sacrifice, not only did my consciousness begin, from that time on, constantly absorbing, in connection with everything, the very essence of the essence of my deceased grandmother's behest—God bless her soul— but also in me at that time, because I did not go to a "qualified dentist" to have the cavity of this tooth of mine treated, which as a matter of fact I could not do because our home was too far from any contemporary center of culture, there began to ooze chronically from this cavity a "something" which—as it was only recently explained to me by a very famous meteorologist with whom I chanced to become, as is said, "bosom friends" owing to frequent meetings in the Parisian night restaurants of Montmartre—had the property of arousing an interest in, and a tendency to seek out the causes of the arising of every suspicious "actual fact"; and this property, not transmitted to my entirely by heredity, gradually and automatically led to my ultimately becoming a specialist in the investigation of every suspicious phenomenon which, as it so often happened, came my way.

This property newly formed in me after this event—when I, of course with the co-operation of our ALL-COMMON MASTER THE MERCILESS HEROPASS, that is the "flow of time", was transformed into the young man already depicted by me—became for me a real inextinguishable hearth, always burning, of consciousness.

The second of the mentioned vivifying factors, this time for the complete fusion of my dear grandmother's injunction with all the data constituting my general individuality, was the totality of impressions received from information I chanced to acquire concerning the event which took place here among us on Earth, showing the origin of that "principle" which, as it turned out according to the elucidations of Mr. Alan Kardec during an "absolutely secret" spiritualistic seance, subsequently became everywhere among beings similar to ourselves, arising and existing on all the other planets of our Great Universe, one of the chief "life principles."

The formulation in words of this new "all-universal principle of living" is as follows:

"If you go on a spree then go the whole hog including the postage."

As this "principle", now already universal, arose on that same planet on which you too arose and on which, moreover, you exist almost always on a bed of roses and frequently dance the fox trot, I consider I have no right to withhold from you the information known to me, elucidating certain details of the arising of just that universal principle.

Soon after the definite inculcation into my nature of the said new inherency, that is the unaccountable striving to elucidate the real reasons for the arising of all sorts of "actual facts", on my first arrival in the heart of Russia, the city of Moscow, where, finding nothing else for the satisfaction of my psychic needs, I occupied myself with the investigation of Russian legends and sayings, I once happened—whether accidentally or as a result of some objective sequence according to law I do not know—to learn by the way the following:

Once upon a time a certain Russian, who in external appearance was to those around him a simple merchant, had to go from his provincial town on some business or other to this second capital of Russia, the city of Moscow, and his son, his favorite one—because he resembled only his mother—asked him to bring back a certain book.

When this great unconscious author of the "all-universal principle of living" arrived in Moscow, he together with a friend of his became—as was and still is usual there—"blind drunk" on genuine "Russian vodka."

And when these two inhabitants of this most great contemporary grouping of biped breathing creatures had drunk the proper number of glasses of this "Russian blessing" and were discussing what is called "public education", with which question it has long been customary always to begin one's conversation, then our merchant suddenly remembered by association his dear son's request, and decided to set off at once to a bookshop with his friend to buy the book.

In the shop, the merchant, looking through the book he had asked for and which the salesman handed him, asked its price.

The salesman replied that the book was sixty kopecks.

Noticing that the price marked on the cover of the book was only forty-five kopecks, our merchant first began pondering in a strange manner, in general unusual for Russians, and afterwards, making a certain movement with his shoulders, straightening himself up almost like a pillar and throwing out his chest like an officer of the guards, said after a little pause, very quietly but with an intonation in his voice expressing great authority:

"But it is marked here forty-five kopecks. Why do you ask sixty?"

Thereupon the salesman, making as is said the "oleaginous" face proper to all salesmen, replied that the book indeed cost only forty-five kopecks, but had to be sold at sixty because fifteen kopecks were added for postage.

After this reply to our Russian merchant who was perplexed by these two quite contradictory but obviously clearly reconcilable facts, it was visible that something began to proceed in him, and gazing up

at the ceiling, he again pondered, this time like an English professor who has invented a capsule for castor oil, and then suddenly turned to his friend and delivered himself for the first time on Earth of the verbal formulation which, expressing in its essence an indubitable objective truth, has since assumed the character of a saying.

And he then put it to his friend as follows:

"Never mind, old fellow, we'll take the book. Anyway we're on a spree today, and 'if you go on a spree then go the whole hog including the postage'. "

As for me, unfortunately doomed, while still living, to experience the delights of "Hell", as soon as I had cognized all this, something very strange, that I have never experienced before or since, immediately began, and for a rather long time continued to proceed in me; it was as if all kinds of, as contemporary "Hivintzes" say, "competitive races" began to proceed in me between all the various-sourced associations and experiences usually occurring in me.

At the same time, in the whole region of my spine there began a strong almost unbearable itch, and a colic in the very center of my solar plexus, also unbearable, and all this, that is these dual, mutually stimulating sensations, after the lapse of some time suddenly were replaced by such a peaceful inner condition as I experienced in later life once only, when the ceremony of the great initiation into the Brotherhood of the "Originators of making butter from air" was performed over me; and later when "I", that is, this "something-unknown" of mine, which in ancient times one crank—called by those around him, as we now also call such persons, a "learned man"—defined as a "relatively transferable arising, depending on the quality of the functioning of thought, feeling, and organic automatism", and according to the definition of another also ancient and renowned learned man, the Arabian Mal- el-Lel, which definition by the way was in the course of time borrowed and repeated in a different way by a no less renowned and learned Greek, Xenophon, "the compound result of consciousness, subconsciousness, and instinct"; so when this same "I" in this condition turned my dazed attention inside myself, then firstly it very clearly constated that everything, even to each single word, elucidating this quotation that has become an "all-universal life principle" became transformed in me into some special cosmic substance, and merging with the data already crystallized in me long before from the behest of my deceased grandmother, changed these data into a "something" and this "something" flowing everywhere through my entirety settled forever in each atom composing this entirety of mine, and secondly, this my ill-fated "I" there and then definitely felt and, with an impulse of submission, became conscious of this, for me, sad fact, that already from that moment I should willy-nilly have to manifest myself always and in everything without exception, according to this inherency formed in me, not in accordance with the laws of heredity, nor even by the influence of surrounding circumstances, but arising in my entirety under the influence of three external accidental causes, having nothing in common, namely: thanks in the first place to the behest of a person who had become, without the slightest desire on my part, a passing cause of the cause of my arising; secondly, on account of a tooth of mine knocked out by some ragamuffin of a boy, mainly on account of somebody else's "slobberiness"; and thirdly, thanks to the verbal formulation delivered in a drunken state by a person quite alien to me—some merchant of "Moscovite brand."

If before my acquaintance with this "all-universal principle of living" I had actualized all manifestations differently from other biped animals similar to me, arising and vegetating with me on one and the same planet, then I did so automatically, and sometimes only half consciously, but after this event I began to do so consciously and moreover with an instinctive sensation of the two blended impulses of

self-satisfaction and self-cognizance in correctly and honorably fulfilling my duty to Great Nature.

It must even be emphasized that although even before this event I already did everything not as others did, yet my manifestations were hardly thrust before the eyes of my fellow countrymen around me, but from the moment when the essence of this principle of living was assimilated in my nature, then on the one hand all my manifestations, those intentional for any aim and also those simply, as is said, "occurring out of sheer idleness", acquired vivifyingness and began to assist in the formation of "corns" on the organs of perception of every creature similar to me without exception who directed his attention directly or indirectly toward my actions, and on the other hand, I myself began to carry out all these actions of mine in accordance with the injunctions of my deceased grandmother to the utmost possible limits; and the practice was automatically acquired in me on beginning anything new and also at any change, of course on a large scale, always to utter silently or aloud:

"If you go on a spree then go the whole hog including the postage."

And now, for instance, in the present case also, since, owing to causes not dependent on me, but flowing from the strange and accidental circumstances of my life, I happen to be writing books, I am compelled to do this also in accordance with that same principle which has gradually become definite through various extraordinary combinations created by life itself, and which has blended with each atom of my entirety.

This psycho-organic principle of mine I shall this time begin to actualize not by following the practice of all writers, established from the remote past down to the present, of taking as the theme of their various writings the events which have supposedly taken place, or are taking place, on Earth, but shall take instead as the scale of events for my writings—the whole Universe. Thus in the present case also, "If you take then take!"—that is to say, "If you go on a spree then go the whole hog including the postage."

Any writer can write within the scale of the Earth, but I am not any writer.

Can I confine myself merely to this, in the objective sense, "paltry Earth" of ours? To do this, that is to say, to take for my writings the same themes as in general other writers do, I must not, even if only because what our learned spirits affirm might suddenly indeed prove true; and my grandmother might learn of this; and do you understand what might happen to her, to my dear beloved grandmother? Would she not turn in her grave, not once, as is usually said, but—as I understand her, especially now when I can already quite "skillfully" enter into the position of another—she would turn so many times that she would almost be transformed into an "Irish weathercock."

Please, reader, do not worry ... I shall of course also write of the Earth, but with such an impartial attitude that this comparatively small planet itself and also everything on it shall correspond to that place which in fact it occupies and which, even according to your own sane logic arrived at, thanks of course to my guidance, it must occupy in our Great Universe.

I must, of course, also make the various what are called "heroes" of these writings of mine not such types as those which in general the writers of all ranks and epochs on Earth have drawn and exalted, that is to say, types such as any Tom, Dick, or Harry, who arise through a misunderstanding, and who fail to acquire during the process of their formation up to what is called "responsible life", anything at all which it is proper for an arising in the image of God, that is to say a man, to have, and who progressively develop in themselves to their last breath only such various charms as for instance: "lasciviousness", "slobberiness", "amorousness", "maliciousness", "chickenheartedness", "enviousness", and similar vices

unworthy of man.

I intend to introduce in my writings heroes of such type as everybody must, as is said, "willy-nilly" sense with his whole being as real, and about whom in every reader data must inevitably be crystallized for the notion that they are indeed "somebody" and not merely "just anybody."

During the last weeks, while lying in bed, my body quite sick, I mentally drafted a summary of my future writings and thought out the form and sequence of their exposition, and I decided to make the chief hero of the first series of my writings ... do you know whom? ... the Great Beelzebub Himself—even in spite of the fact that this choice of mine might from the very beginning evoke in the mentation of most of my readers such mental associations as must engender in them all kinds of automatic contradictory impulses from the action of that totality of data infallibly formed in the psyche of people owing to all the established abnormal conditions of our external life, which data are in general crystallized in people owing to the famous what is called "religious morality" existing and rooted in their life, and in them, consequently, there must inevitably be formed data for an inexplicable hostility towards me personally.

But do you know what, reader?

In case you decide, despite this Warning, to risk continuing to familiarize yourself with my further writings, and you try to absorb them always with an impulse of impartiality and to understand the very essence of the questions I have decided to elucidate, and in view also of the particularity inherent in the human psyche, that there can be no opposition to the perception of good only exclusively when so to say a "contact of mutual frankness and confidence" is established, I now still wish to make a sincere confession to you about the associations arisen within me which as a result have precipitated in the corresponding sphere of my consciousness the data which have prompted the whole of my individuality to select as the chief hero for my writings just such an individual as is presented before your inner eyes by this same Mr. BEELZEBUB.

This I did, not without cunning. My cunning lies simply in the logical supposition that if I show him this attention he infallibly—as I already cannot doubt any more—has to show himself grateful and help me by all means in his command in my intended writings.

Although Mr. Beelzebub is made, as is said, "of a different grain", yet, since He also can think, and, what is most important, has—as I long ago learned, thanks to the treatise of the famous Catholic monk, Brother Foolon—a curly tail, then I, being thoroughly convinced from experience that curls are never natural but can be obtained only from various intentional manipulations, conclude, according to the "sane-logic" of hieromancy formed in my consciousness from reading books, that Mr. Beelzebub also must possess a good share of vanity, and will therefore find it extremely inconvenient not to help one who is going to advertise His name.

It is not for nothing that our renowned and incomparable teacher, Mullah Nassr Eddin, frequently says:

"Without greasing the palm not only is it impossible to live anywhere tolerably but even to breathe."

And another also terrestrial sage, who has become such, thanks to the crass stupidity of people, named Till Eulenspiegel, has expressed the same in the following words:

"If you don't grease the wheels the cart won't go."

Knowing these and many other sayings of popular wisdom formed by centuries in the collective life of

people, I have decided to "grease the palm" precisely of Mr. Beelzebub, who, as everyone understands, has possibilities and knowledge enough and to spare for everything.

Enough, old fellow! All joking even philosophical joking aside, you, it seems, thanks to all these deviations, have transgressed one of the chief principles elaborated in you and put in the basis of a system planned previously for introducing your dreams into life by means of such a new profession, which principle consists in this, always to remember and take into account the fact of the weakening of the functioning of the mentation of the contemporary reader and not to fatigue him with the perception of numerous ideas over a short time.

Moreover, when I asked one of the people always around me, who are "eager to enter Paradise without fail with their boots on", to read aloud straight through all that I have written in this introductory chapter, what is called my "I"—of course, with the participation of all the definite data formed in my original psyche during my past years, which data gave me among other things understanding of the psyche of creatures of different type but similar to me—constated and cognized with certainty that in the entirety of every reader without exception there must inevitably, thanks to this first chapter alone, arise a "something" automatically engendering definite unfriendliness towards me personally.

To tell the truth, it is not this which is now chiefly worrying me, but the fact that at the end of this reading I also constated that in the sum total of everything expounded in this chapter, the whole of my entirety in which the aforesaid "I" plays a very small part, manifested itself quite contrary to one of the fundamental commandments of that All-Common Teacher whom I particularly esteem, Mullah Nassr Eddin, and which he formulated in the words: "Never poke your stick into a hornets' nest."

The agitation which pervaded the whole system affecting my feelings, and which resulted from cognizing that in the reader there must necessarily arise an unfriendly feeling towards me, at once quieted down as soon as I remembered the ancient Russian proverb which states: "There is no offence which with time will not blow over."

But the agitation which arose in my system from realizing my negligence in obeying the commandment of Mullah Nassr Eddin, not only now seriously troubles me, but a very strange process, which began in both of my recently discovered "souls" and which assumed the form of an unusual itching immediately I understood this, began progressively to increase until it now evokes and produces an almost intolerable pain in the region a little below the right half of my already, without this, overexercised "solar plexus."

Wait! Wait! ... This process, it seems, is also ceasing, and in all the depths of my consciousness, and let us meanwhile say "even beneath my subconsciousness", there already begins to arise everything requisite for the complete assurance that it will entirely cease, because I have remembered another fragment of life wisdom, the thought of which led my mentation to the reflection that if I indeed acted against the advice of the highly esteemed Mullah Nassr Eddin, I nevertheless acted without premeditation according to the principle of that extremely sympathetic—not so well known everywhere on earth, but never forgotten by all who have once met him—that precious jewel, Karapet of Tiflis.

It can't be helped ... Now that this introductory chapter of mine has turned out to be so long, it will not matter if I lengthen it a little more to tell you also about this extremely sympathetic Karapet of Tiflis.

First of all I must state that twenty or twenty-five years ago, the Tiflis railway station had a "steam whistle."



It was blown every morning to wake the railway workers and station hands, and as the Tiflis station stood on a hill, this whistle was heard almost all over the town and woke up not only the railway workers, but the inhabitants of the town of Tiflis itself.

The Tiflis local government, as I recall it, even entered into a correspondence with the railway authorities about the disturbance of the morning sleep of the peaceful citizens.

To release the steam into the whistle every morning was the job of this same Karapet who was employed in the station.

So when he would come in the morning to the rope with which he released the steam for the whistle, he would, before taking hold of the rope and pulling it, wave his hand in all directions and solemnly, like a Mohammedan mullah from a minaret, loudly cry:

"Your mother is a —, your father is a —, your grandfather is more than a —; may your eyes, ears, nose, spleen, liver, corns ..." and so on; in short, he pronounced in various keys all the curses he knew, and not until he had done so would he pull the rope.

When I heard about this Karapet and of this practice of his, I visited him one evening after the day's work, with a small *boordook* of 'Kakheteenian' wine, and after performing this indispensable local solemn "toasting ritual", I asked him, of course in a suitable form and also according to the local complex of "amenities" established for mutual relationship, why he did this.

Having emptied his glass at a draught and having once sung the famous Georgian song, "Little did we tipple", inevitably sung when drinking, he leisurely began to answer as follows:

"As you drink wine not as people do today, that is to say, not merely for appearances but in fact honestly, then this already shows me that you do not wish to know about this practice of mine out of curiosity, like our engineers and technicians, but really owing to your desire for knowledge, and therefore I wish, and even consider it my duty, sincerely to confess to you the exact reason of these inner, so to say, 'scrupulous considerations' of mine, which led me to this, and which little by little instilled in me such a habit."

He then related the following:

"Formerly I used to work in this station at night cleaning the steam boilers, but when this steam whistle was brought here, the stationmaster, evidently considering my age and incapacity for the heavy work I was doing, ordered me to occupy myself only with releasing the steam into the whistle, for which I had to arrive punctually every morning and evening.

"The first week of this new service, I once noticed that after performing this duty of mine, I felt for an hour or two vaguely ill at ease. But when this strange feeling, increasing day by day, ultimately became a definite instinctive uneasiness from which even my appetite for 'Makhokh' disappeared, I began from then on always to think and think in order to find out the cause of this. I thought about it all particularly intensely for some reason or other while going to and coming from my work, but however hard I tried I could make nothing whatsoever, even approximately, clear to myself.

"It thus continued for almost two years and, finally, when the calluses on my palms had become quite hard from the rope of the steam whistle, I quite accidentally and suddenly understood why I experienced this uneasiness.

"The shock for my correct understanding, as a result of which there was formed in me concerning this an unshakable conviction, was a certain exclamation I accidentally heard under the following, rather peculiar, circumstances.

"One morning when I had not had enough sleep, having spent the first half of the night at the christening of my neighbor's ninth daughter and the other half in reading a very interesting and rare book I had by chance obtained and which was entitled *Dreams and Witchcraft*, as I was hurrying on my way to release the steam, I suddenly saw at the corner a barber-surgeon I knew, belonging to the local government service, who beckoned me to stop.

"The duty of this barber-surgeon friend of mine consisted in going at a certain time through the town accompanied by an assistant with a specially constructed carriage and seizing all the stray dogs whose collars were without the metal plates distributed by the local authorities on payment of the tax and taking these dogs to the municipal slaughterhouse where they were kept for two weeks at municipal expense, feeding on the slaughterhouse offal; if, on the expiration of this period, the owners of the dogs had not claimed them and paid the established tax, then these dogs were, with a certain solemnity, driven down a certain passageway which lead directly to a specially built oven.

"After a short time, from the other end of this famous salutary oven, there flowed, with a delightful gurgling sound, a definite quantity of pellucid and ideally clean fat to the profit of the fathers of our town for the manufacture of soap and also perhaps of something else, and, with a purling sound, no less delightful to the ear, there poured out also a fair quantity of very useful substance for fertilizing.

"This barber-surgeon friend of mine proceeded in the following simple and admirably skillful manner to catch the dogs.

"He somewhere obtained a large, old, and ordinary fishing net, which, during these peculiar excursions of his for the general human welfare through the slums of our town, he carried, arranged in a suitable manner on his strong shoulders, and when a dog without its 'passport' came within the sphere of his all-seeing and, for all the canine species, terrible eye, he without haste and with the softness of a panther, would steal up closely to it and seizing a favorable moment when the dog was interested and attracted by something it noticed, cast his net on it and quickly entangled it, and later, rolling up the carriage, he disentangled the dog in such a way that it found itself in the cage attached to the carriage.

"Just when my friend the barber-surgeon beckoned me to stop, he was aiming to throw his net, at the opportune moment, at his next victim, which at that moment was standing wagging his tail and looking at a bitch. My friend was just about to throw his net, when suddenly the bells of a neighboring church rang out, calling the people to early morning prayers. At such an unexpected ringing in the morning quiet, the dog took fright and springing aside flew off like a shot down the empty street at his full canine velocity.

"Then the barber-surgeon so infuriated by this that his hair, even beneath his armpits, stood on end, flung his net on the pavement and spitting over his left shoulder, loudly exclaimed:

" 'Oh, Hell! What a time to ring!'

"As soon as the exclamation of the barber-surgeon reached my reflecting apparatus, there began to swarm in it various thoughts which ultimately led, in my view, to the correct understanding of just why there proceeded in me the aforesaid instinctive uneasiness.

"The first moment after I had understood this there even arose a feeling of being offended at myself that such a simple and clear thought had not entered my head before.

"I sensed with the whole of my being that my effect on the general life could produce no other result than that process which had all along proceeded in me.

"And indeed, everyone awakened by the noise I make with the steam whistle, which disturbs his sweet morning slumbers, must without doubt curse me 'by everything under the sun', just me, the cause of this hellish row, and thanks to this, there must of course certainly flow towards my person from all directions, vibrations of all kinds of malice.

"On that significant morning, when, after performing my duties, I, in customary mood of depression, was sitting in a neighboring 'Dukhan' and eating 'Hachi' with garlic, I, continuing to ponder, came to the conclusion that if I should curse beforehand all those to whom my service for the benefit of certain among them might seem disturbing, then, according to the explanation of the book I had read the night before, however much all those, as they might be called, 'who lie in the sphere of idiocy', that is, between sleep and drowsiness, might curse me, it would have—as explained in that same book—no effect on me at all.

"And in fact, since I began to do so, I no longer feel the said instinctive uneasiness."

Well, now, patient reader, I must really conclude this opening chapter. It has now only to be signed.

He who...

Stop! Misunderstanding formation! With a signature there must be no joking, otherwise the same will be done to you as once before in one of the empires of Central Europe, when you were made to pay ten years' rent for a house you occupied only for three months, merely because you had set your hand to a paper undertaking to renew the contract for the house each year.

Of course after this and still other instances from life experience, I must in any case in respect of my own signature, be very, very careful.

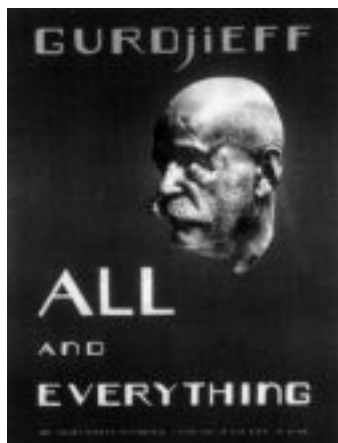
Very well then.

He who in childhood was called "Tatakh"; in early youth "Darky"; later the "Black Greek"; in middle age, the "Tiger of Turkestan"; and now, not just anybody, but the genuine "Monsieur" or "Mister" Gurdjieff, or the nephew of "Prince Mukransky", or finally, simply a "Teacher of Dancing."

~ • ~

\* *Cheshma* means veil.

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: October 1, 1998



## [Gurdjieff International Review](#)

# Chapter II

## Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

# *Why Beelzebub Was in Our Solar System*

It was in the year 223 after the creation of the world, by objective time-calculation, or, as it would be said here on the "Earth", in the year 1921 after the birth of Christ.

Through the Universe flew the ship *Karnak* of the "transspace" communication.

It was flying from the spaces "Assooparatsata", that is, from the spaces of the "Milky Way", from the planet Karatas to the solar system "Pandetznokh," the sun of which is also called the "Pole Star."

On the said "transspace" ship was Beelzebub with his kinsmen and near attendants.

He was on his way to the planet Revozvradendr to a special conference in which he had consented to take part, at the request of his friends of long standing.

Only the remembrance of these old friendships had constrained him to accept this invitation, since he was no longer young, and so lengthy a journey, and the vicissitudes inseparable from it, were by no means an easy task for one of his years.

Only a little before this journey Beelzebub had returned home to the planet Karatas where he had received his arising and far from which, on account of circumstances independent of his own essence, he had passed many years of his existence in conditions not proper to his nature.

This many-yearred existence, unsuited to him, together with the perceptions unusual for his nature and the experiences not proper to his essence involved in it, had not failed to leave on his common presence a perceptible mark.

Besides, time itself had by now inevitably aged him, and the said unusual conditions of existence had brought Beelzebub, just that Beelzebub who had had such an exceptionally strong, fiery, and splendid youth, to an also exceptional old age.

Long, long before, while Beelzebub was still existing at home on the planet Karatas, he had been taken, owing to his extraordinarily resourceful intelligence, into service on the "Sun Absolute", where our LORD SOVEREIGN ENDLESSNESS has the fundamental place of HIS Dwelling; and there Beelzebub, among others like himself, had become an attendant upon HIS ENDLESSNESS.

It was just then that, owing to the as yet unformed Reason due to his youth, and owing to his callow and therefore still impetuous mentation with unequally flowing association—that is, owing to a mentation based, as is natural to beings who have not yet become definitely responsible, on a limited understanding—Beelzebub once saw in the government of the World something which seemed to him "illogical", and having found support among his comrades, beings like himself not yet formed, interfered in what was none of his business.

Thanks to the impetuosity and force of Beelzebub's nature, his intervention together with his comrades then soon captured all minds, and the effect was to bring the central kingdom of the Megalocosmos almost to the edge of revolution.

Having learned of this, HIS ENDLESSNESS, notwithstanding his All-lovingness and All-forgiveness, was constrained to banish Beelzebub with his comrades to one of the remote corners of the Universe, namely, to the solar system "Ors" whose inhabitants call it simply the "Solar System", and to assign as the place of their existence one of the planets of that solar system, namely, Mars, with the privilege of existing on other planets also, though only of the same solar system.

Among these exiles, besides the said comrades of Beelzebub, were a number of those who merely sympathized with him, and also the attendants and subordinates both of Beelzebub and of his comrades.

All, with their households, arrived at this remote place and there in a short time on the planet Mars a whole colony was formed of three-centered beings from various planets of the central part of our Great Universe.

All this population, extraordinary for the said planet, accommodated itself little by little to its new dwelling place, and many of them even found one or another occupation for shortening the long years of their exile.

They found occupations either on this same planet Mars or upon the neighboring planet, namely, on those planets that had been almost entirely neglected on account of their remoteness from the center and the poverty of all their formations.

As the years rolled by, many either on their own initiative or in response to needs of general character, migrated gradually from the planet Mars to other planets; but Beelzebub himself, together with his near attendants, remained on the planet Mars, where he organized his existence more or less tolerably.

One of his chief occupations was the arranging of an "observatory" on the planet Mars for the observation both of remote points of the Universe and of the conditions of existence of beings on neighboring planets; and this observatory of his it may here be remarked, afterwards became well known and even famous everywhere in the Universe.

Although the solar system "Ors" had been neglected owing to its remoteness from the center and to many other reasons, nevertheless our LORD SOVEREIGN had sent from time to time HIS Messengers to the planets of this system, to regulate, more or less, the being- existence of the three-brained beings arising

on them, for the co-ordination of the process of their existence with the general World Harmony.

And thus, to a certain planet of this solar system, namely, the planet Earth, there was once sent as such a Messenger from our ENDLESSNESS, a certain Ashiata Shiemash, and as Beelzebub had then fulfilled a certain need in connection with his mission, the said Messenger, when he returned once more to the "Sun Absolute", earnestly besought HIS ENDLESSNESS to pardon this once young and fiery but now aged Beelzebub.

In view of this request of Ashiata Shiemash, and also of the modest and cognoscent existence of Beelzebub himself, our MAKER CREATOR pardoned him and gave him permission to return to the place of his arising.

And that is why Beelzebub, after a long absence, happened now to be again in the center of the Universe.

His influence and authority had not only not declined during his exile, but, on the contrary, they had greatly increased, since all those around him were clearly aware that, thanks to his prolonged existence in the aforementioned unusual conditions, his knowledge and experience must inevitably have been broadened and deepened.

And so, when events of great importance occurred on one of the planets of the solar system "Pandetznokh", Beelzebub's old friends had decided to intrude upon him and to invite him to the conference concerning these events.

And it was as the outcome of this that Beelzebub was now making the long journey on the ship *Karnak* from the planet Karatas to the planet Revozvradendr.

On this big space-ship *Karnak*, the passengers included the kinsmen and attendants of Beelzebub and also many beings who served on the ship itself.

During the period to which this tale of ours refers, all the passengers were occupied either with their duties, or simply with the actualization of what is called "active being mentation."

Among all the passengers aboard the ship one very handsome boy was conspicuous; he was always near Beelzebub himself.

This was Hassein, the son of Beelzebub's favorite son Tooloof.

After his return home from exile, Beelzebub had seen this grandson of his, Hassein, for the first time, and, appreciating his good heart, and also, owing to what is called "family attraction", he took an instant liking to him.

And as the time happened to coincide with the time when the Reason of little Hassein needed to be developed, Beelzebub, having a great deal of free time there, himself undertook the education of his grandson, and from that time on took Hassein everywhere about with him.

That is why Hassein also was accompanying Beelzebub on this long journey and was among the number around him.

And Hassein, on his side, so loved his grandfather that he would not stir a step without him, and he eagerly absorbed everything his grandfather either said or taught.

At the time of this narrative, Beelzebub with Hassein and his devoted old servant Ahoon, who always accompanied him everywhere, were seated on the highest "Kasnik", that is, on the upper deck of the ship *Karnak* under the "Kalnokranonis", somewhat resembling what we should call a large "glass bell", and were talking there among themselves while observing the boundless space.

Beelzebub was talking about the solar system where he had passed long years.

And Beelzebub was just then describing the peculiarities of the nature of the planet called Venus.

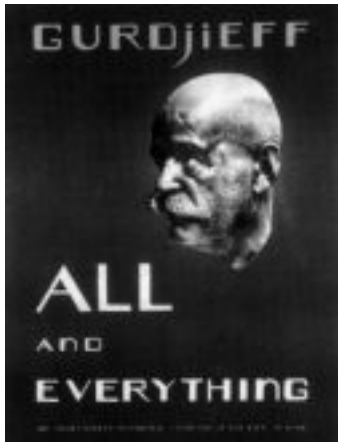
During the conversation it was reported to Beelzebub that the captain of their ship wished to speak with him and to this request Beelzebub acceded.

~ • ~

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff

Revision: October 1, 1998





## [Gurdjieff International Review](#)

# Chapter III

## Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

### ***The Cause of the Delay in the Falling of the Ship Karnak***

THE captain soon afterward entered and having performed before Beelzebub all the ceremonies appropriate to Beelzebub's rank, said:

"Your Right Reverence, allow me to ask your authoritative opinion upon an 'inevitability' that lies in the line of our course, and which will hinder our smooth falling by the shortest route.

"The point is that if we follow our intended course, then our ship, after two 'Kilprenos'\* will pass through the solar system 'Vuanik.'

"But just through where our ship must pass, there must also pass, about a 'Kilpreno' before, the great comet belonging to that solar system and named 'Sakoor', or, as it is sometimes called, the 'Madcap.'

"So if we keep to our proposed course, we must inevitably traverse the space through which this comet will have to pass.

"Your Right Reverence of course knows that this 'Madcap' comet always leaves in its track a great deal of 'Zilnotrago'\* which on entering the planetary body of a being disorganizes most of its functions until all the 'Zilnotrago' is volatilized out of it.

"I thought at first," continued the captain, "of avoiding the 'Zilnotrago' by steering the ship around these spheres, but for this a long detour would be necessary which would greatly lengthen the time of our passage. On the other hand, to wait somewhere until the 'Zilnotrago' is dispersed would take still longer.

"In view of the sharp distinction in the alternatives before us, I cannot myself decide what to do, and so I have ventured to trouble you, your Right Reverence, for your competent advice."

The captain having finished speaking, Beelzebub thought a little and then said as follows:

"Really, I do not know how to advise you, my dear Captain. Ah yes ... in that solar system where I

existed for a long time, there is a planet called Earth. On that planet Earth arose, and still continue to arise, very strange three-centered beings. And among the beings of a continent of that planet called 'Asia', there arose and existed a very wise three-brained being whom they called there 'Mullah Nassr Eddin.'

"For each and every peculiar situation great and small in the existence of the beings there," Beelzebub continued, "this same terrestrial sage Mullah Nassr Eddin had an apt and pithy saying.

"As all his sayings were full of the sense of truth for existence there, I also always used them there as a guide, in order to have a comfortable existence among the beings of that planet.

"And in the given case too, my dear Captain, I intend to profit by one of his wise sayings.

"In such a situation as has befallen us, he would probably say:

" 'You cannot jump over your knees and it is absurd to try to kiss your own elbow.'

"I now say the same to you, and I add: there is nothing to be done; when an event is impending which arises from forces immeasurably greater than our own, one must submit.

"The only question is, which of the alternatives you mentioned should be chosen—that is, to wait somewhere or to add to our journey by a 'detour.'

"You say that to make a detour will greatly lengthen our journey but that waiting will take still longer.

"Good, my dear Captain. Suppose that by making the detour we should save a little time, what do you think: Is the wear and tear of the parts of our ship's machinery worth while for the sake of ending our journey a little sooner?

"If the detour should involve even the most trifling damage to our ship, then in my opinion we ought to prefer your second suggestion, that is, to stop somewhere until the path is cleared of the noxious 'Zilnotrago.' By that means we should spare our ship useless damage.

"And we will try to fill the period of this unforeseen delay with something useful for us all.

"For instance, it would give me personally great pleasure to talk with you about contemporary ships in general and about our ship in particular.

"Very many new things, of which I still know nothing, have been done in this field during my absence from these parts.

"For example, in my time these big transspace ships were so complicated and cumbersome that it took almost half their power to carry the materials necessary to elaborate their possibility of locomotion.

"But in their simplicity and the freedom on them these contemporary ships are just embodiments of 'Bliss-stokirno.'

"There is such a simplicity for beings upon them and such freedom in respect of all being-manifestations that at times you forget that you are not on one of the planets.

"So, my dear Captain, I should like very much to know how this boon was brought about and how the contemporary ships work.

"But now go and make all arrangements necessary for the required stopping. And then, when you are quite free, come to me again and we will pass the time of our unavoidable delay in conversation useful for us all."

When the captain had gone, Hassein suddenly sprang to his feet and began to dance and clap his hands and shout:

"Oh, I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad of this."

Beelzebub looked with affection on these joyous manifestations of his favorite, but old Ahoon could not restrain himself and, shaking his head reproachfully, called the boy—half to himself—a "growing egoist."

Hearing what Ahoon called him, Hassein stopped in front of him, and, looking at him mischievously, said:

"Don't be angry with me, old Ahoon. The reason of my joy is not egoism but only the coincidence which chances to be happy for me. You heard, didn't you? My Dear grandfather did not decide only just to make a stop, but he also promised the captain to talk with him....

"And you know, don't you, that the talks of my dear grandfather always bring out tales of places where he has been, and you know also how delightfully he tells them and how much new and interesting information becomes crystallized in our presences from these tales.

"Where is the egoism? Hasn't he himself, of his own free will, having weighed with his wise reason all the circumstances of this unforeseen event, decided to make a stop which evidently doesn't upset his intended plans very much?

"It seems to me that my dear grandfather has no need to hurry; everything necessary for his rest and comfort is present on the *Karnak* and here also are many who love him and whom he loves.

"Don't you remember he said recently 'we must not oppose forces higher than our own' and added that not only one must not oppose them, but even submit and receive all their results with reverence, at the same time praising and glorifying the wonderful and providential works of Our Lord Creator?

"I am not glad because of the misadventure but because an unforeseen event issuing from above has occurred, owing to which we shall be able to listen once more to the tales of my dear grandfather.

"Is it my fault that the circumstances are by chance most desirable and happy for me?

"No, dear Ahoon, not only should you not rebuke me, but you should join me in expressing gratitude to the source of all beneficent results that arise."

All this time Beelzebub listened attentively and with a smile to the chatter of his favorite, and when he had finished said:

"You are right, dear Hassein, and for being right I will tell you, even before the captain's arrival, anything you like."

Upon hearing this, the boy at once ran and sat at the feet of Beelzebub and after thinking a little said:

"My dear Grandfather, you have told me so much about the solar system where you spent so many years,

that now perhaps I could continue just by logic alone to describe the details of the nature of that peculiar corner of our Universe.

"But I am curious to know whether there dwell three-brained beings on the planets of that solar system and whether higher 'being-bodies' are coated in them.

"Please tell me now about just this, dear Grandfather," concluded Hassein, looking affectionately up at Beelzebub.

"Yes," replied Beelzebub, "on almost all the planets of that solar system also, three-brained beings dwell, and in almost all of them higher being-bodies can be coated.

"Higher being-bodies, or as they are called on some planets of that solar system, souls, arise in the three-brained beings breeding on all the planets except those before reaching which the emanations of our 'Most Holy Sun Absolute', owing to repeated deflections, gradually lose the fullness of their strength and eventually cease entirely to contain the vivific power for coating higher being-bodies.

"Certainly, my boy, on each separate planet of that solar system also, the planetary bodies of the three-brained beings are coated and take an exterior form in conformity with the nature of the given planet, and are adapted in their details to the surrounding nature.

"For instance, on that planet on which it was ordained that all we exiles should exist, namely, the planet Mars, the three-brained beings are coated with planetary bodies having the form—how shall I tell you—a form like a 'karoona', that is to say, they have a long broad trunk, amply provided with fat, and heads with enormous protruding and shining eyes. On the back of this enormous 'planetary body' of theirs are two large wings, and on the under side two comparatively small feet with very strong claws.

"Almost the whole strength of this enormous 'planetary body' is adapted by nature to generate energy for their eyes and for their wings.

"As a result, the three-brained beings breeding on that planet can see freely everywhere, whatever the 'Kal-da-zakh-tee', and they can also move not only over the planet itself but also in its atmosphere and some of them occasionally even manage to travel beyond the limits of its atmosphere.

"The three-brained beings breeding on another planet, a little below the planet Mars, owing to the intense cold there are covered with thick soft wool.

"The external form of these three-centered beings is like that of a 'Toosook', that is, it resembles a kind of 'double sphere', the upper sphere serving to contain the principal organs of the whole planetary body, and the other, the lower sphere, the organs for the transformation of the first and second being-foods.

"There are three apertures in the upper sphere, opening outwards; two serve for sight and the third for hearing.

"The other, the lower sphere, has only two apertures: one in front for taking in the first and second being-foods, and the other at the back for the elimination from the organism of residues.

"To the lower sphere are also attached two very strong sinewy feet, and on each of these is a growth that serves the purpose of fingers with us.

"There is still another planet, a quite small one, bearing the name Moon, in that solar system, my dear

boy.

"During its motion this peculiar little planet often approached very near to our planet Mars and sometimes during whole 'Kilprenos' I took great pleasure in observing through my 'Teskooano'\* in my observatory the process of existence of the three-brained beings upon it.

"Though the beings of this planet have very frail 'planetary bodies', they have on the other hand a very 'strong spirit', owing to which they all possess an extraordinary perseverance and capacity for work.

"In exterior form they resemble what are called large ants; and, like these, they are always bustling about, working both on and within their planet.

"The results of their ceaseless activity are now already plainly visible.

"I once happened to notice that during two of our years they 'tunnelled', so to say, the whole of their planet.

"They were compelled to undertake this task on account of the abnormal local climatic conditions, which are due to the fact that this planet arose unexpectedly, and the regulation of its climatic harmony was therefore not prearranged by the Higher Powers.

"The 'climate' of this planet is 'mad', and in its variability it could give points to the most highly strung hysterical women existing on another of the planets of that same solar system, of which I shall also tell you.

"Sometimes there are such frosts on this 'Moon' that everything is frozen through and through and it becomes impossible for beings to breathe in the open atmosphere; and then suddenly it becomes so hot there that an egg can be cooked in its atmosphere in a jiffy.

"For only two short periods on that peculiar little planet, namely, before and after its complete revolution about its neighbor— another planet nearby—the weather is so glorious that for several rotations the whole planet is in blossom and yields the various products for their first being-food greatly in excess of their general need during their existence in that peculiar intraplanetary kingdom which they have arranged and where they are protected from all the vagaries of this 'mad' climate inharmoniously changing the state of the atmosphere.

"Nearest to that small planet is another, a larger planet, which also occasionally approaches quite close to the planet Mars and is called Earth.

"The said Moon is just a part of this Earth and the latter must now constantly maintain the Moon's existence.

"On the just mentioned planet Earth, also, three-brained beings are formed; and they also contain all the data for coating higher being-bodies in themselves.

"But in 'strength of spirit' they do not begin to compare with the beings breeding on the little planet aforementioned. The external coatings of the three-brained beings of that planet Earth closely resemble our own; only, first of all, their skin is a little slimier than ours, and then, secondly, they have no tail, and their heads are without horns. What is worst about them is their feet, namely, they have no hoofs; it is true that for protection against external influences they have invented what they call 'boots' but this

invention does not help them very much.

"Apart from the imperfection of their exterior form, their Reason also is quite 'uniquely strange.'

"Their 'being-Reason', owing to very many causes about which also I may tell you sometime, has gradually degenerated, and at the present time, is very, very strange and exceedingly peculiar."

Beelzebub would have said still more, but the captain of the ship entering at that moment, Beelzebub, after promising the boy to tell him about the beings of the planet Earth on another occasion, began to talk with the captain.

Beelzebub asked the captain to tell him, first, who he was, how long he had been captain, and how he liked his work, and afterwards to explain some of the details of the contemporary cosmic ships.

Thereupon the captain said:

"Your Right Reverence, I was destined by my father, as soon as I reached the age of a responsible being, for this career in the service of our ENDLESS CREATOR.

"Starting with the lowest positions on the transspace ships, I ultimately merited to perform the duties of captain, and it is now eight years that I have been captain on the long-distance ships.

"This last post of mine, namely, that of captain of the ship *Karnak*, I took, strictly speaking, in succession to my father, when after his long years of blameless service to HIS ENDLESSNESS in the performance of the duties of captain from almost the very beginning of the World-creation, he had become worthy to be promoted to the post of Ruler of the solar system 'Kalman.'

"In short", continued the captain, "I began my service just when your Right Reverence was departing for the place of your exile.

"I was still only a 'sweeper' on the long-distance ships of that period.

"Yes ... a long, long time has passed by.

"Everything has undergone change and is changed since then; only our LORD AND SOVEREIGN remains unchanged. The blessings of 'Amenzano' on HIS UNCHANGEABLENESS throughout Eternity!

"You, your Right Reverence, have condescended to remark very justly that the former ships were very inconvenient and cumbersome.

"Yes, they were then, indeed, very complicated and cumbersome. I too remember them very well. There is an enormous difference between the ships of that time and the ships now.

"In our youth all such ships both for intersystem and for interplanetary communication were still run on the cosmic substance 'Elekilpomagtistzen', which is a totality consisting of two separate parts of the omnipresent Okidanokh.

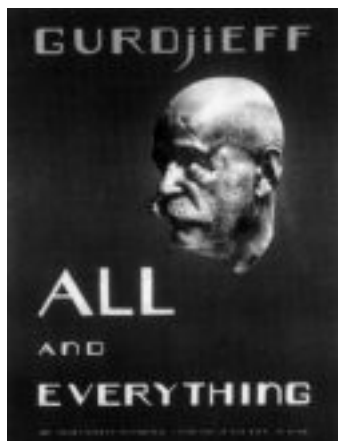
"And it was to obtain this totality that just those numerous materials were necessary which the former ships had to carry.

"But these ships did not remain in use long after you flew from these parts, having soon thereafter been replaced by ships of the system of Saint Venoma."

~ • ~

- \* The word "Kilpreno" in the language of Beelzebub means a certain period of time, equal approximately to the duration of the flow of time which we call an "hour."
- \* The word "Zilnotrago" is the name of a special gas similar to what we call "cyanic acid."
- \* 'Teskooano' means 'telescope.'

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: October 1, 1998



## *Gurdjieff International Review*

# Chapter IV

## Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

### *The Law of Falling*

THE Captain continued:

"This happened in the year 185, by objective time-calculation.

"Saint Venoma had been taken for his merits from the planet 'Soort' to the holy planet 'Purgatory,' where, after he had familiarized himself with his new surroundings and new duties, he gave all his free time to his favorite work.

"And his favorite work was to seek what new phenomena could be found in various combinations of already existing, law-conformable phenomena.

"And sometime later, in the course of these occupations, this Saint Venoma first constated in cosmic laws what later became a famous discovery, and this discovery he first called the 'Law of Falling.'

"This cosmic law which he then discovered, St. Venoma himself formulated thus:

" 'Everything existing in the World falls to the bottom. And the bottom for any part of the Universe is its nearest "stability," and this said "stability" is the place or the point upon which all the lines of force arriving from all directions converge.

"The centers of all the suns and of all the planets of our Universe are just such points of 'stability.' They are the lowest points of those regions of space upon which forces from all directions of the given part of the Universe definitely tend and where they are concentrated. In these points there is also concentrated the equilibrium which enables suns and planets to maintain their position.

"In this formulation of his, Saint Venoma said further that everything when dropped into space, wherever it may be, tends to fall on one or another sun or on one or another planet, according to which sun or planet the given part of space belongs to, where the object is dropped, each sun or planet being for the given sphere the 'stability' or bottom.

"Starting from this, Saint Venoma reasoned in his further researches as follows:



" 'If this be so, may it not therefore be possible to employ this cosmic particularity for the locomotion we need between the spaces of the Universe?'

"And from then on, he worked in this direction.

"His further saintly labors showed that although in principle this was in general possible, yet it was impossible fully to employ for this purpose this 'Law of Falling' discovered by him. And it would be impossible owing solely to the atmospheres around most of the cosmic concentrations, which atmospheres would hinder the straight falling of the object dropped in space.

"Having constated this, Saint Venoma then devoted his whole attention to discovering some means of overcoming the said atmospheric resistance for ships constructed on the principle of Falling.

"And after three 'Looniases' Saint Venoma did find such a possibility, and later on when the building of a suitable special construction had been completed under his direction, he proceeded to practical trials.

"This special construction had the appearance of a large enclosure all the walls of which were made of a special material something like glass.

"Then to every side of that large enclosure were fitted things like 'shutters' of a material impervious to the rays of the cosmic substance 'Elekilpomagtistzen,' and these shutters, although closely fitted to the walls of the said inclosure, could yet freely slide in every direction.

"Within the enclosure was placed a special 'battery,' generating and giving this same substance 'Elekilpomagtistzen.'

"I myself, your Right Reverence, was present at the first trials made by Saint Venoma according to the principles he had discovered.

"The whole secret lay in this, that when the rays of 'Elekilpomagtistzen' were made to pass through this special glass, then in all the space they reached, everything usually composing the atmosphere itself of planets, such as 'air,' every kind of 'gas,' 'fog,' and so on, was destroyed. This part of space became indeed absolutely empty and had neither resistance nor pressure, so that, if even an infant-being pushed this enormous structure, it would move forward as easily as a feather.

"To the outer side of this peculiar structure there were attached appliances similar to wings, which were set in motion by means of this same substance 'Elekilpomagtistzen,' and served to give the impetus to move all this enormous construction in the required direction.

"The results of these experiments having been approved and blessed by the Commission of Inspection under the presidency of Archangel Adossia, the construction of a big ship based on these principles was begun.

"The ship was soon ready and commissioned for service. And in a short time, little by little, ships of this type came to be used exclusively, on all the lines of intersystem communication.

"Although later, your Right Reverence, the inconveniences of this system gradually became more and more apparent, nevertheless it continued to displace all the systems that had existed before.

"It cannot be gainsaid that although the ships constructed on this system were ideal in atmosphereless spaces, and moved there almost with the speed of the rays 'Etzikolniahkhnian' issuing from planets, yet

when nearing some sun or planet it became real torture for the beings directing them, as a great deal of complicated maneuvering was necessary.

"The need for this maneuvering was due to the same 'Law of Falling.'

"And this was because when the ship came into the medium of the atmosphere of some sun or planet which it had to pass, it immediately began to fall towards that sun or planet, and as I have already intimated, very much care and considerable knowledge were needed to prevent the ship from falling out of its course.

"While the ships were passing near any sun or planet whatsoever, their speed of locomotion had sometimes to be reduced hundreds of times below their usual rate.

"It was particularly difficult to steer them in those spheres where there was a great aggregation of 'comets.'

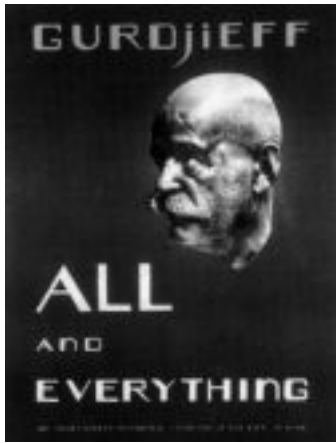
"That is why great demands were then made upon the beings who had to direct these ships, and they were prepared for these duties by beings of very high Reason.

"But in spite of the said drawbacks of the system of Saint Venoma, it gradually, as I have already said, displaced all the previous systems.

"And the ships of this system of Saint Venoma had already existed for twenty-three years when it was first rumored that the Angel Hariton had invented a new type of ship for intersystem and interplanetary communication."

~ • ~

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: October 1, 1998



## *Gurdjieff International Review*

# Chapter V

## Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

### *The System of Archangel Hariton*

AND indeed, soon after this rumor, practical experiments open to all, again under the superintendence of the Great Archangel Adossia, were made with this new and later very famous invention.

"This new system was unanimously acknowledged to be the best, and very soon it was adopted for general Universal service and thereafter gradually all previous systems were entirely superseded.

"That system of the Great Angel, now Archangel, Hariton is now in use everywhere at the present day.

"The ship on which we are now flying also belongs to this system and its construction is similar to that of all the ships built on the system of the Angel Hariton.

"This system is not very complicated.

"The whole of this great invention consists of only a single 'cylinder' shaped like an ordinary barrel.

"The secret of this cylinder lies in the disposition of the materials of which its inner side is made.

"These materials are arranged in a certain order and isolated from each other by means of 'Amber'. They have such a property that if any cosmic gaseous substance whatever enters the space which they enclose, whether it be 'atmosphere', 'air', 'ether', or any other 'totality' of homogeneous cosmic elements, it immediately expands, owing to the mentioned disposition of materials within the cylinder.

"The bottom of this cylinder-barrel is hermetically sealed, but its lid, although it can be closely shut, yet is so arranged on hinges that at a pressure from within it can be opened and shut again.

"So, your Right Reverence, if this cylinder-barrel is filled with atmosphere, air, or any other such substance, then from the action of the walls of this peculiar cylinder-barrel, these substances expand to such an extent that the interior becomes too small to hold them.

"Striving to find an outlet from this, for them constricted, interior, they naturally press also against the lid of the cylinder-barrel, and thanks to the said hinges the lid opens and, having allowed these expanded

substances to escape, immediately closes again. And as in general Nature abhors a vacuum, then simultaneously with the release of the expanded gaseous substances the cylinder-barrel is again filled with fresh substances from outside, with which in their turn the same proceeds as before, and so on without end.

"Thus the substances are always being changed, and the lid of the cylinder-barrel alternately opens and shuts.

"To this same lid there is fixed a very simple lever which moves with the movement of the lid and in turn sets in motion certain also very simple 'cogwheels' which again in their turn revolve the fans attached to the sides and stern of the ship itself.

"Thus, your Right Reverence, in spaces where there is no resistance, contemporary ships like ours simply fall towards the nearest 'stability'; but in spaces where there are any cosmic substances which offer resistance, these substances, whatever their density, with the aid of this cylinder enable the ship to move in any desired direction.

"It is interesting to remark that the denser the substance is in any given part of the Universe, the better and more strongly the charging and discharging of this cylinder-barrel proceed, and in consequence of course, the force of the movement of the levers is also changed.

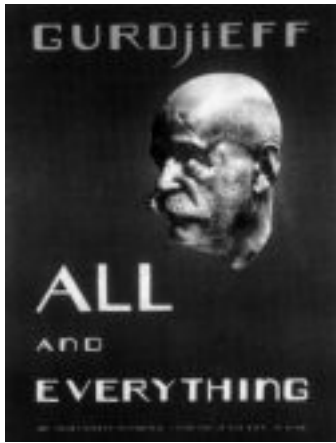
"But nevertheless, I repeat, a sphere without atmosphere, that is, a space containing only World Etherokrilno, is for contemporary ships also the best, because in such a sphere there is no resistance at all, and the 'Law of Falling' can therefore be fully employed in it without any assistance from the work of the cylinder.

"Further than this, the contemporary ships are also good because they contain such possibilities that in atmosphereless spaces an impetus can be given to them in any direction, and they can fall just where desired without the complicated manipulations necessary in ships of the system of Saint Venoma.

"In short, your Right Reverence, the convenience and simplicity of the contemporary ships are beyond comparison with former ships, which were often both very complicated and at the same time had none of the possibilities of the ships we use now."

~ • ~

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: October 1, 1998



## *Gurdjieff International Review*

# Chapter VI

## Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

### *Perpetual Motion*

"WAIT! Wait!" Beelzebub interrupted the captain. "This—what you have just told us—must surely be just that short-lived idea which the strange three-brained beings breeding on the planet Earth called 'perpetual motion' and on account of which at one period a great many of them there went quite, as they themselves say, 'mad', and many even perished entirely.

"It once happened there on that ill-fated planet that somebody in some way or another got into his head the, as they say, 'crazy notion' that he could make a 'mechanism' that would run forever without requiring any material from outside.

"This notion so took everybody's fancy that most of the queer fellows of that peculiar planet began thinking about it and trying to realize this miracle in practice.

"How many of them paid for this short-lived idea with all the material and spiritual welfare which they had previously with great difficulty acquired!

"For one reason or another they were all quite determined to invent what in their opinion was a 'simple matter'.

"External circumstances permitting, many took up the invention of this 'perpetual motion' without any inner data for such work; some from reliance upon their 'knowledge', others upon 'luck', but most of them just from their already complete psychopathy.

"In short, the invention of 'perpetual motion' was, as they say, 'the rage', and every crank felt obliged to be interested in this question.

"I was once in one of the towns there where models of every kind and innumerable 'descriptions' of proposed 'mechanisms' for this 'perpetual motion' were assembled.

"What wasn't there? What 'ingenious' and complicated machines did I not see? In any single one of these mechanisms I saw there, there must have been more ideas and 'wiseacrings' than in all the laws of

## World-creation and World-existence.

"I noted at the time that in these innumerable models and descriptions of proposed mechanisms, the idea of using what is called the 'force of weight' predominated. And the idea of employing the 'force of weight' they explained thus: a very complicated mechanism was to lift 'some' weight and this latter was then to fall and by its fall set the whole mechanism in motion, which motion would again lift the weight, and so on, and so on.

"The result of it all was, that thousands were shut up in 'lunatic asylums', thousands more, having made this idea their dream, either began to fail altogether to fulfill even those being-duties of theirs which had somehow or other in the course of many years been established there, or to fulfill them in such a way as 'couldn't be worse'.

"I don't know how it would all have ended if some quite demented being there, with one foot already in the grave, such a one as they themselves call an 'old dotard', and who had previously somehow acquired a certain authority, had not proved by 'calculations' known only to himself that it was absolutely impossible to invent 'perpetual motion'.

"Now, after your explanation, I can well understand how the cylinder of the system of Archangel Hariton works. It is the very thing of which these unfortunates there dreamed.

"Indeed, of the 'cylinder' of the system of the Archangel Hariton it can safely be said that, with atmosphere alone given, it will work perpetually without needing the expenditure of any outside materials.

"And since the world without planets and hence without atmospheres cannot exist, then it follows that as long as the world exists and, in consequence, atmospheres, the cylinder-barrels invented by the great Archangel Hariton will always work.

"Now just one question occurs to me—about the material from which this cylinder-barrel is made.

"I wish very much, my dear Captain, that you would roughly tell me what materials it is made of and how long they can last", requested Beelzebub.

To this question of Beelzebub's the captain replied as follows:

"Although the cylinder-barrel does not last forever, it can certainly last a very long time.

"Its chief part is made of 'amber' with 'platinum' hoops, and the interior panels of the walls are made of 'anthracite', 'copper', and 'ivory', and a very strong 'mastic' unaffected either by (1) 'paischakir' or by (2) 'tainolair' or by (3) 'saliakooriapa'\* or even by the radiations of cosmic concentrations.

"But the other parts," the captain continued, "both the exterior 'levers' and the 'cogwheels', must certainly be renewed from time to time, for though they are made of the strongest metal, yet long use will wear them out.

"And as for the body of the ship itself, its long existence can certainly not be guaranteed."

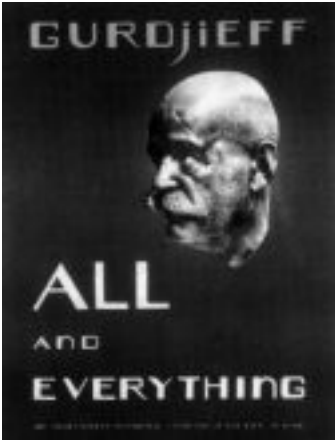
The captain intended to say still more, but at that moment a sound like the vibrations of a long minor chord of a far-off orchestra of wind instruments resounded through the ship.

With an apology the captain rose to leave, explaining as he did so that he must be needed on very important business, since everybody knew that he was with his Right Reverence and would not venture to trouble the ears of his Right Reverence for anything trifling.

~ • ~

\* (1) Cold, (2) heat, and (3) water

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: October 1, 1998



## *Gurdjieff International Review*

# Chapter VII

## Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

### ***Becoming aware of genuine being-duty***

AFTER the captain had gone, Beelzebub glanced at his grandson and, noticing his unusual state, asked him solicitously and with some anxiety:

"What is the matter, my dear boy? What are you thinking so deeply about?"

Looking up at his Grandfather with eyes full of sorrow, Hassein said thoughtfully:

"I don't know what is the matter with me, my dear Grandfather, but your talk with the captain of the ship has brought me to some exceedingly melancholy thoughts.

"Things of which I have never before thought are now a-thinking in me.

"Thanks to your talk, it has gradually become very clear to my consciousness that in the Universe of our ENDLESSNESS everything has not always been such as I now see and understand.

"Formerly, for instance, I should never have allowed such thoughts associatively to proceed in me, as that this ship on which we are now flying has not always been as it is at this moment.

"Only now have I come very clearly to understand that everything we have at the present time and everything we use—in a word, all the contemporary amenities and everything necessary for our comfort and welfare—have not always existed and did not make their appearance so easily.

"It seems that certain beings in the past have during very long periods labored and suffered very much for this, and endured a great deal which perhaps they even need not have endured.

"They labored and suffered only in order that we might now have all this and use it for our welfare.

"And all this they did, either consciously or unconsciously, just for us, that is to say, for beings quite unknown and entirely indifferent to them.



"And now not only do we not thank them, but we do not even know a thing about them, but take it all as in the natural order, and neither ponder nor trouble ourselves about this question at all.

"I, for instance, have already existed so many years in the Universe, yet the thought has never even entered my head that perhaps there was a time when everything I see and have did not exist, and that everything was not born with me like my nose.

"And so, my dear and kind Grandfather, now that owing to your conversation with the captain, I have gradually, with all my presence, become aware of all this, there has arisen in me, side by side with this, the need to make clear to my Reason why I personally have all the comforts which I now use, and what obligations I am under for them.

"It is just because of this that at the present moment there proceeds in me a 'process-of-remorse'."

Having said this, Hassein drooped his head and became silent; and Beelzebub, looking at him affectionately, began to speak as follows:

"I advise you, my dear Hassein, not to put such questions to yourself yet. Do not be impatient. Only when that period of your existence arrives which is proper for your becoming aware of such essence-questions, and you actively meditate about them, will you understand what you must do in return.

"Your present age does not yet oblige you to pay for your existence.

"The time of your present age is not given you in which to pay for your existence, but for preparing yourself for the future, for the obligations becoming to a responsible three-brained being.

"So in the meantime, exist as you exist. Only do not forget one thing, namely, at your age it is indispensably necessary that every day, at sunrise, while watching the reflection of its splendor, you bring about a contact between your consciousness and the various unconscious parts of your general presence. Try to make this state last and to convince the unconscious parts—not as if they were conscious—that if they hinder your general functioning, they, in the period of your responsible age, not only cannot fulfill the good that befits them, but your general presence of which they are part, will not be able to be a good servant of our COMMON ENDLESS CREATOR and by that will not even be worthy to pay for your arising and existence.

"I repeat once more, my dear boy, try in the meantime not to think about these questions, which at your age it is still early for you to think about.

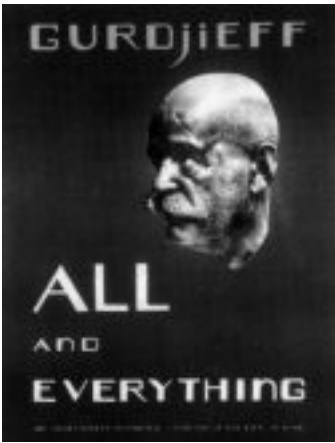
"Everything in its proper time!

"Now ask me to tell you whatever you wish, and I will do so.

"As the captain has not yet returned, he must be occupied there with his duties and will not be coming back so soon."

~ • ~

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: October 1, 1998



[Gurdjieff International Review](#)

## Chapter VIII

### Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

# *The impudent brat Hassein, Beelzebub's grandson, dares to call men "slugs"*

HASSEIN immediately sat down at Beelzebub's feet and coaxingly said:

"Tell me anything you wish, my dear Grandfather. Anything you tell me will be the greatest joy for me, if only because it is you who relate it."

"No," objected Beelzebub, "you yourself ask what interests you most of all. It will give me at the present moment much pleasure to tell you about just whatever you particularly wish to know."

"Dear and kind Grandfather, tell me then something about those ... how? ... those ... I forget ... yes, about those 'slugs.'"

"What? About what slugs?" asked Beelzebub, not understanding the boy's question.

"Don't you remember, Grandfather, that a little while ago, when you spoke about the three-centered beings breeding on the various planets of that solar system where you existed for such a long time, you happened to say that on one planet—I forget how you called it—that on that planet exist three-centered beings who, on the whole, are like us, but whose skin is a little slimier than ours."

"Ah!" laughed Beelzebub. "You are surely asking about those beings who breed on the planet Earth and who call themselves 'men.'"

"Yes, Grandfather, yes, just that. Tell me about those 'men-beings', a little more in detail. I should like to know more about them," concluded Hassein.

Then Beelzebub said: "About them I could tell you a great deal, for I often visited that planet and existed among them for a long time and even made friends with many of those terrestrial three-brained beings.

"Indeed, you will find it very interesting to know more about these beings, for they are very peculiar.

"There are many things among them which you would not see among any other beings of any other planet of our Universe.

"I know them very well, because their arising, their further development, and their existence during many, many centuries, by their time calculation, have occurred before my eyes.

"And not only their own arising occurred before my eyes, but even the accomplished formation of the planet itself on which they arise and exist.

"When we first arrived on that solar system and settled on the planet Mars nothing yet existed on that planet Earth, which had not yet even had time to cool off completely after its concentration.

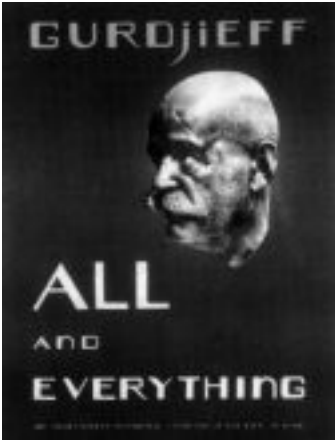
"From the very beginning, this same planet has been the cause of many serious troubles to our ENDLESSNESS.

"If you wish I will tell you first of all about the events of general cosmic character connected with this planet, which were the cause of the said troubles of our ENDLESSNESS."

"Yes, my dear Grandfather," said Hassein, "tell me first about this. It will surely be quite as interesting as everything you relate."

~ • ~

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: October 1, 1998



## *Gurdjieff International Review*

# Chapter IX

## Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

# *The Cause of the Genesis of the Moon*

BEELZEBUB began his tale as follows:

"After we arrived on the planet Mars where we were directed to exist, we began slowly to settle down there.

"We were still fully absorbed in the bustle of organizing everything externally necessary for a more or less tolerable existence in the midst of that Nature absolutely foreign to us, when suddenly, on one of the very busiest days, the whole planet Mars was shaken, and a little later such an 'asphyxiating stink' arose that at first it seemed that everything in the Universe had been mixed up with something, one might say 'indescribable.'

"Only after a considerable time had passed and when the said stink had gone, did we recover and gradually make out what had happened.

"We understood that the cause of this terrible phenomenon was just that same planet Earth which from time to time approached very near to our planet Mars and which therefore we had possibilities of observing clearly, sometimes even without a 'Teskooano.'

"For reasons we could not yet comprehend, this planet, it transpired, had 'burst' and two fragments detached from it had flown off into space.

"I have already told you that this solar system was then still being formed and was not yet 'blended' completely with what is called 'The-Harmony-of-Reciprocal-Maintenance-of-All-Cosmic-Concentrations.'

"It was subsequently learned that in accordance with this said 'General-Cosmic-Harmony-of-Reciprocal-Maintenance-of-All-Cosmic-Concentrations' there had also to function in this system a comet of what is called 'vast orbit' still existing and named the comet 'Kondoor.'

"And just this very comet, although it was then already concentrated, was actualizing its 'full path' for only the first time.

"As certain competent Sacred Individuals also later confidentially explained to us, the line of the path of the said comet had to cross the line on which the path of that planet Earth also lay; but as a result of the erroneous calculations of a certain Sacred individual concerned with the matters of World-creation and World-maintenance, the time of the passing of each of these concentrations through the point of intersection of the lines of their paths coincided, and owing to this error the planet Earth and the comet 'Kondoor' collided, and collided so violently that from this shock, as I have already told you, two large fragments were broken off from the planet Earth and flew into space.

"This shock entailed these serious consequences because on account of the recent arising of this planet, the atmosphere which might have served as a buffer in such a case, had not yet had time to be completely formed upon it.

"And my boy, our ENDLESSNESS was also immediately informed of this general cosmic misfortune.

"In consequence of this report, a whole commission consisting of Angels and Archangels, specialists in the work of World-creation and World-maintenance, under the direction of the Most Great Archangel Sakaki, was immediately sent from the Most Holy Sun Absolute to that solar system 'Ors.'

"The Most High Commission came to our planet Mars since it was the nearest to the planet Earth and from this planet of ours began its investigations.

"The sacred members of this Most High Commission at once quieted us by saying that the apprehended danger of a catastrophe on a great cosmic scale had already passed.

"And the Arch-Engineer Algamatant was good enough to explain to us personally that in all probability what had happened was as follows:

" 'The broken off fragments of the planet Earth had lost the momentum they received from the shock before they had reached the limit of that part of space which is the sphere of this planet, and hence, according to the "Law of Falling" these fragments had begun to fall back towards their fundamental piece.

" 'But they could no longer fall upon their fundamental piece, because in the meantime they had come under the cosmic law called "Law-of-Catching-up" and were entirely subject to its influence, and they would therefore now make regular elliptic orbits around their fundamental piece, just as the fundamental piece, namely, the planet Earth made and makes its orbit around its sun "Ors."

" 'And so it will always continue, unless some new unforeseen catastrophe on a large scale changes it in one way or another.

" 'Glory to Chance ...' concluded His Pantemeasurability, 'the harmonious general-system movement was not destroyed by all this, and the peaceful existence of that system "Ors" was soon re-established.'

"But nevertheless, my boy, this Most High Commission, having then calculated all the facts at hand, and also all that might happen in the future, came to the conclusion that although the fragments of the planet Earth might maintain themselves for the time being in their existing positions, yet in view of certain so-called 'Tastartoonarian-displacements' conjectured by the Commission, they might in the future leave

their position and bring about a large number of irreparable calamities both for this system 'Ors' and for other neighboring solar systems.

"Therefore the Most High Commission decided to take certain measures to avoid this eventuality.

"And they resolved that the best measure in the given case would be that the fundamental piece, namely, the planet Earth, should constantly send to its detached fragments, for their maintenance, the sacred vibrations 'askokin.'

"This sacred substance can be formed on planets only when both fundamental cosmic laws operating in them, the sacred 'Heptaparaparshinokh', and the sacred 'Triamazikamno', function, as this is called, 'Ilnosoparno', that is to say, when the said sacred cosmic laws in the given cosmic concentration are deflected independently and also manifest on its surface independently—of course independently only within certain limits.

"And so, my boy, inasmuch as such a cosmic actualization was possible only with the sanction of HIS ENDLESSNESS, the Great Archangel Sakaki, accompanied by several other sacred members of that Most High Commission, set off immediately to HIS ENDLESSNESS to beseech Him to give the said sanction.

"And afterwards, when the said Sacred Individuals had obtained the sanction of HIS ENDLESSNESS for the actualization of the Ilnosoparnian process on that planet also, and when this process had been actualized under the direction of the same Great Archangel Sakaki, then from that time on, on that planet also, just as on many others, there began to arise the 'Corresponding', owing to which the said detached fragments exist until now without constituting a menace for a catastrophe on a great scale.

"Of these two fragments, the larger was named 'Loonderperzo' and the smaller 'Anulios'; and the ordinary three-brained beings who afterwards arose and were formed on this planet also, at first called them by these names; but the beings of later times called them differently at different periods, and in most recent times the larger fragment has come to be called Moon, but the name of the smaller has been gradually forgotten.

"As for the beings there now, not only have they no name at all for this smaller fragment, but they do not even suspect its existence.

"It is interesting to notice here that the beings of a continent on that planet called 'Atlantis', which afterwards perished, still knew of this second fragment of their planet and also called it 'Anulios', but the beings of the last period of the same continent, in whom the results of the consequences of the properties of that organ called 'Kundabuffer'—about which, it now seems, I shall have to explain to you even in great detail—had begun to be crystallized and to become part of their common presences, called it also 'Kimespai', the meaning of which for them was 'Never-Allowing-One-to-Sleep-in-Peace.'

"Contemporary three-brained beings of this peculiar planet do not know of this former fragment of their planet, chiefly because its comparatively small size and the remoteness of the place of its movement make it quite invisible to their sight, and also because no 'grandmother' ever told them that once upon a time any such little satellite of their planet was known.

"And if any of them should by chance see it through their good, but nevertheless child's, toy of theirs called a telescope, he would pay no attention to it, mistaking it simply for a big aerolite.

"The contemporary beings will probably never see it again, since it has become quite proper to their

nature to see only unreality.

"Let us give them their due; during recent centuries they have really most artistically mechanized themselves to see nothing real.

"So, my boy, owing to all the aforesaid, there first arose on this planet Earth also, as there should, what are called 'Similitudes-of-the-Whole', or as they are also called, 'Microcosmoses', and further, there were formed from these 'Microcosmoses', what are called 'Oduristelnian' and 'Polormedekhtic' vegetations.

"Still further, as also usually occurs, from the same 'Microcosmoses' there also began to be grouped various forms of what are called 'Tetartocosmoses' of all three brain-systems.

"And among these latter there first arose just those biped 'Tetartocosmoses' whom you a while ago called 'slugs.'

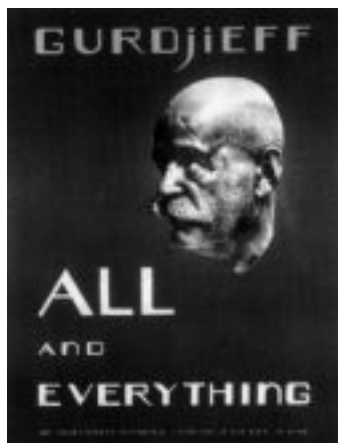
"About how and why upon planets, during the transition of the fundamental sacred laws into 'Inosoparnian', there arise 'Similitudes-of-the-Whole' and about what factors contribute to the formation of one or another of these, as they are called, 'systems of being-brains', and also about all the laws of World-creation and World-maintenance in general, I will explain to you specially some other time.

"But meanwhile, know that these three-brained beings arising on the planet Earth who interest you, had in them in the beginning the same possibilities for perfecting the functions for the acquisition of being-Reason as have all other form of 'Tetartocosmoses' arising throughout the whole Universe.

"But afterwards, just in the period when they also, as it proceeds on other similar planets of our great Universe, were beginning gradually to be spiritualized by what is called 'being instinct', just then, unfortunately for them, there befell a misfortune which was unforeseen from Above and most grievous for them."

~ • ~

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: October 1, 1998



## *Gurdjieff International Review*

# Chapter X

## Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson

by G. I. Gurdjieff

### *Why "Men" Are Not Men*

BEELZEBUB sighed deeply and continued to speak as follows:

"After the actualizing on this planet of the 'Inosoparnian' process, one year, by objective time-calculation, passed.

"During this period there had gradually been coordinated on this planet also the corresponding processes or the involution and evolution of everything arising there.

"And of course there began gradually to be crystallized in the three-brained beings there the corresponding data for the acquisition of objective Reason.

"In short, on this planet also everything had then already begun to proceed in the usual normal order.

"And therefore, my boy, if the Most High Commission under the supreme direction of the same Archangel Sakaki had not, at the end of a year, gone there again, perhaps all the subsequent misunderstandings connected with the three-brained beings arising on that ill-fated planet might not have occurred.

"This second descent of the Most High Commission to that planet was due to the fact that in spite of the measures they had taken, of which I have told you, there had not yet crystallized in the Reasons of the majority of its sacred members a complete assurance of the impossibility of any undesirable surprise in the future, and they now wished to verify on the spot the results of those measures.

"It was just during this second descent that the Most High Commission decided in any event, if only for the sake of their own reassurance, to actualize certain further special measures, among which was also that measure the consequences of which have not only gradually turned into a stupendous terror for the three-brained beings themselves who arise on this ill-fated planet, but have even become, so to say, a malignant sore for the whole of the great Universe.

"You must know that by the time of this second descent of the Most High Commission, there had already



gradually been engendered in them—as is proper to three-brained beings—what is called 'mechanical instinct.'

"The sacred members of this Most High Commission then reasoned that if the said mechanical instinct in these biped three-brained beings of that planet should develop towards the attainment of Objective Reason—as usually occurs everywhere among three-brained beings—then it might quite possibly happen that they would prematurely comprehend the real cause of their arising and existence and make a great deal of trouble; it might happen that having understood the reason for their arising, namely, that by their existence they should maintain the detached fragments of their planet, and being convinced of this their slavery to circumstances utterly foreign to them, they would be unwilling to continue their existence and would on principle destroy themselves.

"So, my boy, in view of this the Most High Commission then decided among other things provisionally to implant into the common presences of the three-brained beings there a special organ with a property such that, first, they should perceive reality topsy-turvy and, secondly, that every repeated impression from outside should crystallize in them data which would engender factors for evoking in them sensations of 'pleasure' and 'enjoyment.'

"And then, in fact, with the help of the Chief-Common-Universal-Arch-Chemist-Physicist Angel Looisos, who was also among the members of this Most High Commission, they caused to grow in the three-brained beings there, in a special way, at the base of their spinal column, at the root of their tail—which they also, at that time, still had, and which part of their common presences furthermore still had its normal exterior expressing the, so to say, 'fullness-of-its-inner-significance'—a 'something' which assisted the arising of the said properties in them.

"And this 'something' they then first called the 'organ Kundabuffer.'

"Having made this organ grow in the presences of the three-brained beings and having seen that it would work, the Most High Commission consisting of Sacred Individuals headed by the Archangel Sakaki, reassured and with good consciences, returned to the center, while there, on the planet Earth which has taken your fancy, the action of this astonishing and exceedingly ingenious invention began from the first day to develop, and developed, as the wise Mullah Nassr Eddin would say—'like a Jericho-trumpet-in-crescendo.'

"Now, in order that you may have at least an approximate understanding of the results of the properties of the organ devised and actualized by the incomparable Angel Looisos—blessed be his name to all eternity—it is indispensable that you should know about the various manifestations of the three-brained beings of that planet, not only during the period when this organ Kundabuffer existed in their presences, but also during the later periods when although this astonishing organ and its properties had been destroyed in them, nevertheless, owing to many causes, the consequences of its properties had begun to be crystallized in their presences.

"But this I will explain to you later.

"Meanwhile you must note that there was still a third descent of that Most High Commission to that planet, three years later according to objective time-calculations, but this time it was under the direction of the Most-Great-Arch-Seraph Sevohtartra, the Most Great Archangel Sakaki having, in the meantime, become worthy to become the divine Individual he now is, namely, one of the four Quarter-Maintainers of the whole Universe.

"And during just this third descent there, when it was made clear by the thorough investigations of the sacred members of this third Most High Commission that for the maintenance of the existence of those said detached fragments there was no longer any need to continue in actualization of the deliberately taken anticipatory measures, then among the other measures there was also destroyed, with the help of the same Arch-Chemist-Physicist Angel Looisos, in the presences of the three-brained beings there, the said organ Kundabuffer with all its astonishing properties.

"But let us return to the tale I began.

"Now listen. When our confusion, caused by the recent catastrophe that had menaced that whole solar system, had passed off, we slowly, after this unexpected interruption, resumed the settlement of our new place on the planet Mars.

"Little by little we all of us made ourselves familiar with the local Nature and adapted ourselves to the existing conditions.

"As I have already said, many of us definitely settled down on the planet Mars; and others, by the ship *Occasion* which had been put at the disposal of the beings of our tribe for interplanetary communication, either went or prepared to go to exist on other planets of the same solar system.

"But I with my kinsmen and some of my near attendants remained to exist on that planet Mars.

"Yes, I must note that by the time to which my tale refers, my first Teskooano had already been set up in the observatory which I had constructed on the planet Mars and I was just then devoting myself entirely to the further organization and development of this observatory of mine, for the more detailed observation of the remote concentrations of our great Universe and of the planets of this solar system.

"Among the objects of my observations, then, was also this planet Earth.

"Time passed.

"The process of existence on this planet also began gradually to be established and it seemed, from all appearances, that the process of existence was proceeding there just as on all other planets.

"But by close observation, first, it could be clearly seen that the numbers of these three-brained beings were gradually increasing and, secondly, it was possible sometimes to observe very strange manifestations of theirs, that is, from time to time they did something which was never done by three-brained beings on other planets, namely, they would suddenly, without rhyme or reason, begin destroying one another's existence.

"Sometimes this destruction of one another's existence proceeded there not in one region alone but in several, and would last not just one 'Dionosk' but many 'Dionosks' and sometimes even for whole 'Ornakras.' (Dionosk signifies 'day'; Ornakra signifies 'month'.)

"It was sometimes very noticeable also that from this horrible process of theirs their numbers rapidly diminished; but on the other hand, during other periods, when there was a lull in these processes, their numbers also very noticeably increased.

"To this peculiarity of theirs we gradually got used, having explained it to ourselves that obviously, for certain higher considerations, these properties also must deliberately have been given to the organ

Kundabuffer by the Most High Commission; in other words, seeing the fecundity of these biped beings, we assumed that this had been done with aforethought, in view of the necessity that they should exist in such large numbers for the needs of the maintenance of the common-cosmic Harmonious Movement.

"Had it not been for this strange peculiarity of theirs, then it would never have entered anybody's head that there was anything 'queer' on that planet.

"During the period to which the aforesaid refers, I visited most of the planets of that solar system, the populated and the as yet unpopulated.

"Personally I liked best of all the three-centered beings breeding on the planet bearing the name Saturn, whose exterior is quite unlike ours, but resembles that of the being-bird raven.

"It is interesting, by the way, to remark that for some reason or other, the form of being-bird raven breeds not only on almost all the planets of this solar system, but also on most of those other planets of the whole of our great Universe upon which beings of various brain systems arise and are coated with planetary bodies of different forms.

"The verbal intercourse of these beings, ravens, of that planet Saturn is something like ours.

"But in regard to their utterance, it is in my opinion the most beautiful of any I have ever heard.

"It can be compared to the singing of our best singers when with all their Being they sing in a minor key.

"And as for their relations with others, they—I don't even know how to describe them—can be known only by existing among them and by experiencing them oneself.

"All that can be said is that these bird-beings have hearts exactly like those of the angels nearest our  
ENDLESS MAKER AND CREATOR.

"They exist strictly according to the ninth commandment of our CREATOR, namely: 'Do unto another's as you would do unto your own.'

"Later, I must certainly tell you much more in detail about those three-brained beings also who arise and exist on the planet Saturn, since one of my real friends during the whole period of my exile in that solar system was a being of just that planet, who had the exterior coating of a raven and whose name was 'Harharkh.'"

~ • ~

Copyright © 1950 G. I. Gurdjieff  
Revision: January 1, 1999